

## In the Beginning

It was dark. It always was, and always had been, for as long as he could remember. So dark that he didn't know whether his eyes were open, or closed.

And it was quiet, usually, apart from the thrumming that was his constant companion....thump, thump, thump. Although, there were times when other sounds invaded his solitude. He didn't know what they were, or where they came from. They were rarely heard over the incessant thrumming, though when they were, they were muffled, muted. Little more than a hum, though a hum with their own rhythm. Some were familiar after so long, but so elusive.

His world was all he knew, encroaching on his very existence at all times. He could feel the boundaries of this small universe. As his hands reached out, he felt the fabric of the universe at his hand, strong, but yielding under the strength of his fingertips. And as he, himself, yielded to the walls, so they came back to envelop him.

And all the time, accompanied by his constant companion, thump, thump, thump.

He would have invented his own world – a civilisation of people just like him, but his mind was incapable of weaving the intricate web that civilisation required. He had only ever known nothingness, and the warm hug of the universe. And, of course, the sound of the void...thump, thump, thump.

He didn't have an identity. No name by which to call himself, but it didn't matter. There was only him. Why should he be identified? He knew nothing of sunlight, of flowers, of streams glimmering, or the snow on a frosty morning. Here it was always dark, and warm. Here there was nowhere to go. Here, he was alone, though he felt that he wasn't.

Here, the universe would yield when he touched its outer edges. He was the master, the only, the one. Well, apart from thump, thump, thump.

He had been here, in the dark, forever; since the beginning of time. It was all he knew.

He never ate. He was never hungry. But, since he had never experienced the taste of strawberries and cream, of steak, of vegetables, he did not miss them. Food was, quite simply, absent, although, he was well nourished. He didn't know this. It just was.

With every passing day, he grew stronger, though he didn't know this. As with everything else, it just was. A part of existence ever elusive to him. Something was building, coming to be, approaching, but the significance of this was lost on him. Mostly. But the day was fast approaching when things would change.

After sleeping, though he would not recognise it as such, there was a change. The universe was less yielding, enclosing upon him with a greater force than he had ever known. The thrumming had grown faster, more menacing. He was being pushed, directed, forced along a path he did not know. The accompaniment of the thrum, thrum, thrum growing stronger. He was, for the first time, afraid, and powerless to stop it.

The universe above him, or below him, he did not know which, receded as the sides undulated with a previously unknown force, driving him in a single direction. He tried to resist, but it was useless, he must succumb to the superior force of a world which had hitherto always been so comforting.

He struggled, he resisted. He tried to fight back, in a battle that lasted hours, though with no measure of time, he did not know this. It was no good, he could not win, and eventually, he gave up and let the universe do with him as it wished.

And as he was born, and the doctor held him by the legs and smacked him, he cried for the first time.

## Bank Holiday Monday

Up with the lark, The sun in the sky,  
A sliver of light in the room.  
A walk in park, As people pass by,  
The tulips are standing in bloom.

The tinkling bells, The chattering run,  
The sunlight glinting so bright,  
On the river bank swells, Cleaned up by the sun,  
At the end of one more lonely night.

Young mothers with sons, Pet lovers with dogs,  
And couples in love all walk past.  
A young boy who runs, The football he hogs,  
A young man who won't finish last.

A butterfly floats, On a current of air,  
His wingtips emblazoned in red.  
Children's paper boats, A fox in his lair,  
Young lovers, recently wed.

The beauty surrounds, Wherever I go,  
To promise a wonderful day.  
The visions abound, The seeds men do sow,  
In bloom for the sun's golden ray.

But I am alone, as I walk through this land,  
I cannot look hard at this view,  
To enjoy this vista, I need the soft hand,  
That would tell me that I am with you.

## Missing You

As I sit at home, alone  
I wonder where you are  
Two weeks ago you were close by  
And now you are so far

I sit and ponder on the things  
About you that I miss  
Your lips so soft and tender  
I really miss your kiss

I miss your hand in my hand  
So fragile and so small  
I miss you there beside me  
I miss you, I miss all

I miss the way I hold you  
Your body in my arms  
I miss the way you hold me too  
I miss your tender charms

I miss the scent upon your hair  
The softness of your cheek  
I miss the way you should be there  
Each day of the next week

And as I sit here missing you  
For all the world to see  
I cannot help but wonder  
If you are missing me

*Dedicated to Leanne*

## Public Transport

Sitting still

Never Talking

Never communicating

iPods

Telephones

MP3 players

Jacked into your ears

Talk to me

Communicate

But you can't hear me

Pop songs blast your eardrums

Rock songs rock your soul

Or maybe that inane call

On your cellphone

The call you didn't want

Or didn't want to make

But still

You can't hear me

Your ears are busy

Maybe one day

Fifty years ago

We could talk

But today

Technology rules

And on the railways

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We don't talk

Anymore