

LIONS

And now I am aware of some little children
Happy singing and playing in the sunlight
And in this wonderful moment my mind is calm and strong
Watching and absorbing my motionless responses

Is this my psychological house?
Am I the analyst sipping wine?
Dream trace and possibilities
Am I the lioness and the lion?
And are those little children part of me?
Dream trace and possibilities

I dream I'm in a majestic room space
Three walls open to land trees and sun
To the right of me my psychologist and companion
Whimsically sips his red wine uncertainty

And now I am aware of an enormous lion
Placing his heavy paw on my fragile left hand
And in this fearful moment my mind is calm and strong
Watching and controlling my motionless responses

And holding my absolute terror inanimation
I watch his lioness prowling to and fro
Feline eyes transfixing into mine
Curiously radiating animal love.

HER HAND IN MINE

Dreaming down hill down street
Passing Belford Avenue
Front door open wide open at her now empty house
Inside feel her presence
Hear her brilliant sound
Playing two piano romantic melodies and climb

I can feel her hand in mine
Pressing down

PROMISE IN MOTION

Don't look now these two old friends
Are traveling through landscapes
The patterns of connections say
What do they hear on thin air

The difference between thinking and dreaming
Promise in motion
Everything you can imagine is real
Promise in motion

Two kinds of twilight and
The power of smokey eyes
Lullaby for liquid tread
Collisions and blue sky

We are happening people like them seeking desperately
I remember getting excited running and dancing
Like the dawn of escape

Don't look now those two old friends
Are traveling through landscapes
They say goodbye to everything
Letting go that pair of hands

The EDIBLE WOMAN AGAIN

I stand there so silently aware
Caress your disembodied stare

I find your soft space of breath and dream

I feel you powering my visions
I sense your surrendering collisions
I find you crossing paradise

And in the rush of this imaginary sorrow
She kept pretending she could see you
In the unconscious lighting of her cigarette she was the edible woman again

As well as counting all her momentary lapses
She kept pretending she could see you
And even when she tried and tried to sublimate it
She kept pretending she could see you

And all that time long spent in fruitless contemplation
She kept pretending she could see you

So thinking back into the sheer fragmented landscapes
She kept pretending she could see you
In the unconscious lighting of her cigarette she was the edible woman again

I find you crossing paradise
I sense your feeding on my sighs
I find your soft space of breath and dream
I feel your powering my visions
I sense your surrendering collisions
I find you crossing paradise

Instead of coming to the end of no tomorrows
She kept pretending she could see you
I find your soft space of breath and dreams

YOU MISREMEMBER ME

Change all the gardens
Cue in the storms
Believe in the mountains
Soaking in the sun
You misremember me
You misremember my name

We grow in prosperity
Adapting to change
Lifting heavy loads
And trimming our sails
You misremember me
You misremember my name

Lie back and close your eyes
Visions colliding but into the soft cake of life

Absorbing the shocks
Whatever that means
Watching the harlequin
Ascend the air stream
You misremember me
You misremember my name

Victoria Valerie Veronica Vivienne Vanessa

BEES

Go wireless de/electrify
Offset your carbon footprint
Activate your microwave shadow de/electrify

The disappearance of the honey bees
Is a mystery far from being solved
And some people say
If honey bees disappear so will we

The greatest suspect of this tragedy
Is cell phone mast harmful radiation
And Einstein said
If honey bees disappear so will we

(The Bees)

Colony collapse disorder we've lost our way
Colony collapse disorder
Tell me how we find our way home please
Tell me how we find our way home
When our electro communication is jammed.

I heard a programme on the radio
About a Londoner
Keeping his bees in a high rise life shaft
If honey bees disappear so will we

CLYDE

You are in my mind calling me over
I hear your gentle sound murmuring so clearly
You kiss the distant shores tracing a new dawn
You are the river voice of my dreams
Shimmering in memories illusive and unseen
Crossing the open fields near your dark waters
I see the ancient story of my fathers home land
You are the river Clyde

Virginia Aurora Scott