

I'm glad that I am here tonight
to look upon this audience
to read the words that I have written
hoping some of them make sense
You're in your world, I'm in mine
but if these words make sense to you
then we have crossed a certain line
because, of course, to me they do

Poem for Marie Brozova

The view we see outside our moving train
or from the window of our speeding car
goes by so fast we cannot see it plain
but everything becomes a sort of blur

When you're on foot, each second is distinct
Each tree, each bush, each blade of grass, each stone
When you have time to contemplate, and think
each moment forms an image of its own

And when the day is done and you reflect
on all the memories that you have got
a clear result is what you should expect
the slow exposure took the cleaner shot

Although it's true that speed gives us a thrill
we see more clearly when we're standing still

The 7 Billion

There are 7 billion people on this Earth
the number is increasing every day
the deaths cannot keep pace with all the births
and usually, I think that that's O.K.

We love to touch a pregnant woman's belly
We're thrilled to hear a newborn infant's cry
When they smile, we all turn to jelly
but oh, we are so sad when someone dies

It's instinctive, this urge we have to breed
but very soon we will run out of space
and food, and other things that we all need
to make the world a pleasant sort of place

If we don't want the world to turn to shit

Perhaps we need to slow things down a bit

These 7 billion living, breathing souls
have 7 billion different pairs of eyes
and so they see their 7 billion roles
in 7 billion very different ways

each vision of the world is quite distinct
but there is love in 7 billion hearts
we will have conflict, but I also think
that we will have great music, and great art

there are 7 billion pairs of hands
to make light work of all that must be done
and so I find it hard to understand
why those hands should have to carry guns

If we all work together, we can thrive
but if we don't, then we may not survive

Poem for Jean

At Hallowe'en, you see the pumpkin's leer
reminding you of Hallowe'ens gone by
that ghastly smile's the same in every year
among the autumn leaves so brown and dry

at Christmas you will see the brilliant lights
and remember your sweet child's joy
the way his eyes grew large, and shined so bright
at the opening of a brand new toy

Easter's eggs, the fireworks in July
for most of us, spark memories quite pleasant
reminding us of holiday's gone by
a happy link between the past and present

but to a parent who has lost a child
these touchstone days will bring more tears than smiles