

## The Treadmill Revisited

By David Clarke

Treading the way of quiet tranquility  
Laminating on the ocean  
Of thought that perplexes  
And cause doubt to emerge  
My inner thought was once a prison  
Has become a lighthouse  
For many have fallen by the way  
Of reason and foreboding  
Thoughts gloomily reappear  
Then disappear a week later  
Destroying, creating havoc  
Really it is easier to dance  
A merry tune is all that is needed  
No clamoring over rocks  
Just subdued and dreamy  
As upon a hazy dawn  
Of hope reappearing  
And submerging me in all that is well  
Bitterness not overcoming peace  
Just letting the moment overtake my mind  
I have fallen into a methodical nothingness  
The method is a necessary evil  
To define what I am not  
Something to rebel against  
Subdued again but feeling a blast of emotion  
That defines me  
Treasure the moment

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## Cynic

By David Clarke

I am condemned to write  
Upon a sodden page  
For ancestry sake  
I must emerge a great writer  
Topple the crass revolution  
Of study techniques  
My cynicism is emerging  
So cynical I can't stop  
Careless abandonment  
Of thought, creep upon me in the still  
Of night and free my inner emotion  
From a damned spell of motion  
Constant unrelenting  
It jars my brain  
Brings me to inactive bliss  
Cursing my nation  
With a vile spit  
I wipe my sleeve and off I go again  
Gallivanting wild and seeking  
Clear thought of the approaching  
doom and seeing quite clearly  
That I don't give two pence

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## Beyond the Obvious

By David Clarke

Wearily placing my thoughts on hold  
Hope of future contentment kept alive  
Straining in the present moment  
I wish for a reprieve  
Of duty and endless working  
Towards what and where  
I have gone beyond the obvious  
To a place of constant questioning  
A creative outlet  
Where zeal is found in so called pointless  
Activities which define my identity  
Where I am going  
It's not taught, not driven  
But born in my mind  
A bold mind not of endeavor  
But writing a lyric that has never before  
Been written or sung  
In a working class bar  
In East London  
Where a beer can and a shaved head  
Are accepted not disgraced  
Being me is enough  
I don't appear stupid or publicly disgraced  
I never did  
As a child I made fun of newsreaders  
I still do  
There was never trouble if I got it wrong  
Why should there be  
A questioning mind  
I have gone beyond the obvious  
I love the day  
To be conceived in my mind  
Not driven  
Never again driven

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