

Songs from the Edge

Don't look down

Don't look down.
A tightrope spans the gaping deep, darkness yawns on either side.
Don't look down
A doorway to a dream of sleep, promise of a place to hide.
Deafening clouds of endless chatter swirling round my head.
Silence has a siren-call, the stillness of the dead.
Maybe falling is like flying, no reason for my fears.
Darkness could be comforting, a solace for my tears.

Don't look back.
The voices of the past have gone and taken their parts of me.
Don't look back
What's left of me is hanging on this sliver of sanity.
A dwelling place of darker angels, gently beckoning.
Sweetness of oblivion is softly welcoming.
The tightrope wavers, frayed and fading, a silver shining thread.
Silence has a siren-call, the stillness of the dead.

According to Albert

According to Albert, reality is merely an illusion,
The lines between the then and now are notional, a fictional diversion.
But now I'm here, not knowing what to do with yesterday's confusion.

According to Albert, identity is only a delusion,
A prison wall of me and you, of mine and thine, a wall of separation.
I'm separated from the outside world, a house of limitation.

But if I can't believe myself, how can I believe in you?
Was I invented by my mind? and who invented you?
I change my mind from time to time, from day to day, from hour to hour-
I know I'm not alone in here, there's two or three of me and more..

According to Albert, freedom is a circle of compassion,
An all-embracing sympathy, a tenderness and love for all creation.
But Albert said: the world is just an optical delusion.

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Little Lives

Shut the doors, turn the key, close the curtains.
Hide me from those enquiring eyes.
Barricade, bolt and bar the windows and
Leave me here with my private lies.
(Close the door and turn the key, hide me from enquiring eyes,
Barricade and bar the windows, leave me with my little life)

A mind enclosed by fictive walls, imaginary borders.
Confined by who I think I am and self-appointed warders.

The world out there's too big for me,
I need my walls to contain me.
Without the walls, where do I end?
Without them, where do you begin?

Shut the doors, turn the key, close the curtains.
Hide me from those enquiring eyes.
Barricade, bolt and bar the windows and
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Mask

My face is just another mask, presented to the world, a chosen role.
My eyes behind the mask are watching.
Behind the mask I watch your eyes
To judge my words, adjust my smile.

I watch myself adjust my smile, approve or criticise.
The inner mask laughs at the judge for falling for the lies.
Are you conversing with the mask or talking to the eyes?
Is it the watcher or the judge who will commit or compromise?

So many voices peopling this inner world of lies,
That I myself no longer know which parts of me are in disguise.

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Mirror

There's someone in the mirror, she looks at me and smiles,
But the serpent here inside me is telling me she lies.
There's someone in the mirror, she's telling me her name,
Her shallow smile is saying that we are just the same.

As the darkness gathers and the night begins to fall,
Her image blurs and shivers in the mirror on the wall.
It shatters into fragments, the splinters flying wide
As the darkling mirror fractures and is cracked from side to side.

The watchers are all waiting in the shadows of the night
To pocket all the pieces, claiming ownership by rights.
There's no-one in the mirror, she cannot tell me why.
Each piece was part of who I am, so tell me, who am I?

My Sisters and I

We keep each other company, my sisters and I.
We share our grief and happiness, each smile and each sigh.
We hold each others' hands, we guide our footsteps through this world
Along the river, running free,
through the fields, between the trees.
We differ, but we're still a part of the same girl.

We argue, then, as sisters will, about which way to go.
Each of us is confident of being in the know.
Who is right and who is wrong, who is telling lies?
Who will lead, will follow?
Who's for joy, for sorrow?
Who will win and who will lose and who'll compromise?

Should my sisters take revenge for losing the game,
Then I should die but so would they, for we are the same.

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The Watcher

I see the world, the world sees me.
I watch the watcher, being seen.
I paint a picture of my face,
Reflections of a time and place.
I turn my picture to the world.

I see the world, the world sees me.
I watch the watcher, being seen.
She sees the face I'd like to be
But shapes her own reality.
The watcher chooses what to see.

Voices

Night falls and the darkness deepens.
Midnight comes and then is gone.
A voice awakens, whispers words of doubt, is joined by still a second one,
Chiming in to contradict, to add, cajole, and then a third.
Then still yet more, a clamouring crowd, each one nagging to be heard.

Whispering and rustling, hassling and hustling,
swooping and swirling, jostling and circling.

A whirlpool is rushing and pulling me under,
Filling my ears and defeating my will,
And lost in the noise of the crash and the thunder
My voice is beseeching them all to be still.