

Poetry Series

Bri Mar
- poems -

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Bri Mar()

" A Ball That Eats Would Truly Astound "

My dad bought me a brand new ball,
So we went out for a stroll,
How it made me feel ten feet tall,
He said let's take it for a roll.

As we headed to the park,
His comment made me think,
Was what he said just a lark,
Or had he been on the drink.

When he stopped at the burger bar,
I thought has he gone mad,
His behaviour really was bizarre,
Perhaps it was just a fad.

As he ordered he was asked,
How many do you need?
He said as a Dad I've been tasked,
To ensure everyone gets a feed.

This was getting worrying,
I knew there was something wrong,
Then we started hurrying,
He said it won't be light for long.

I asked him who the food was for,
He said it was for us all,
There's enough for us to start a war,
Did you buy one for the ball.

He asked me if I'd lost the plot,
How could you be so rude?
After everything you've been taught,
You think a ball eats food.

A roll for the ball is what you said,
He said I meant a roll along the ground,
My conversation has been misread,

“ A Ball That Eats Would Truly Astound ”

Bri Mar

" A Man Made Illusion "

To dictate he's the will,
You must not kill,
But to him this doesn't apply,
That to me is a bitter pill,
I'm going to ask the lord why.

Where's the location,
Of his heavenly nation,
My sat nav says it doesn't exist,
For someone who demands such adoration,
Surely his domains on a list.

I asked his rep,
To help me prep,
A meeting with your god's all I ask,
He said this really is a dangerous step,
It's truly an impossible task.

I asked have you met,
He went into a sweat,
It was then he took a deep breath,
You're very existence is now under threat,
To meet god you have to face death.

How convenient I said,
What I have read,
Is he's always available to talk,
It doesn't say I have to be dead,
He claims to love all of his flock.

He's got us to thank,
For filling his bank,
So, I take it you give him the cash,
His reply to me was less than frank,
He said sorry, but I've got to dash.

Throughout my mission,
I've been accused of sedition,
A devil worshipper through and through,

But I honestly feel no need for contrition,
As I don't believe either are true.

After searching for years,
Through blood, sweat and tears,
I've finally reached my conclusion,
All it does is confirm my worst fears,
Gods are but,

“ A Man-Made Illusion ”

Bri Mar

" A Miraculous Creation "

We're always right never wrong,
In a fight we do remain strong,
You take the bite to us you belong,
We can cause aggravation.

Yes, we taunt it's just our way,
Our ways we flaunt we've final say,
You we'll haunt if you dare stray,
We'll cause you such frustration.

Far more clever with looks to match,
Can last forever when we attach,
We never say never what a catch,
We are your comfort station.

We like to spend it keeps us sane,
Your ways we'll mend to ease our pain,
A forever friend is what you gain,
We deserve a standing ovation.

Through thick and thin you are aware,
It's you who'll win because we care,
Just like kin we're always there,
The masters of arbitration.

A problem created we'll find a solution,
Left unabated there'll be no resolution,
Though at times we cause confusion,
In the main we are your medication.

The weaker sex you like to pan,
What does vex is because you can,
We're more complex than any man,
Because survival is our preoccupation.

Without us here there'd be no life,
So let's be clear we don't need strife,
That female pioneer some call " The Wife "
Is?

“ A Miraculous Creation ”

Bri Mar

" A More Dangerous Animal We Cannot Recall "

Humans contrived weapons to help them survive,
Their spears and arrows kept them alive,
Eating just enough helped their prey to thrive,
Their numbers were relatively small.

As they evolved they became more diverse,
Across the planet they did disperse,
In taking control they did immerse,
Their progress no other could stall.

Their planet was rich in many resources,
For fuel they then searched other sources,
It's from reality the unwise divorces,
Their behaviour began to appall.

There is no such thing as a precious metal,
What's more valuable than gold, yes a petal,
Soon their ignorance would sting like a nettle,
Common sense they refused to install.

As a species they were only beginning to teethe,
But soon their incompetence made other life forms seethe,
With their fuels they poisoned the air they breathe,
In truth they knew bugger all.

Their weaponry if used would destroy their planet,
Even if they stopped now they'll never ban it,
Their waste is fermenting under Earths granite,
They were heading for an almighty fall.

Extinctions under Humans became the norm,
With Mother Nature they refused to conform,
As they headed into the eye of the storm,
They continued having a ball.

Between them they became involved in a race,
To be the first to conquer outer space,
From what they encountered there'd be no hiding place,
When E.T. gave them a call.

What you have now is all you'll ever get,
For your crass stupidity you will now pay the debt,
It's far too late now to have any regret,
As all you ever did was brawl.

History will record that you tried and failed,
Your failure to help others has been unveiled,
On your own ineptitude you have been impaled,
Before you run you must learn to crawl.

Your arrogance made you think you were all seeing,
From reality you've been constantly fleeing,
You were never a superior intelligent being,

“ A More Dangerous Animal We Cannot Recall ”

Bri Mar

" A Mother Never Forsakes "

On Mothers day,
Let us pray,
To all those who have passed,
Our message of love we can convey,
In our hearts your memory's cast.

When you left,
We felt bereft,
We never thought we'd part,
But this memory thing is pretty deft,
We still feel you in our heart.

Though we feel regret,
We won't forget,
That sacrifice you made,
You made sure we didn't fret,
You ensured we made the grade.

Five of us,
Without much fuss,
Only a Mother could cope,
Through our tales you could drive a bus,
But you never once gave up hope.

I have to tell,
We're all doing well,
You kept us all on song,
We know at times you went through Hell,
But you taught us right from wrong.

It's not a lie,
You never die,
We'll keep your legacy alive,
At times like this we'll stop and cry,
Your memories will help us thrive.

Because of you,
We're seeing life through,
We learned from our mistakes,

You loved us all but what is true,
Is,
“ A Mother Never Forsakes ”

Bri Mar

" A Place In Poetic Folklore Is Yours To Pursue "

Our poems are an example of words in full in flow,
The diversity and talent really does show,
By refusing to maintain the status quo,
The content and quality will continue to grow.

Your gender or age needn't have any bearing,
Nor should the clothes you choose to be wearing,
To write a good verse you should always be raring,
Whatever you write it's your soul you'll be baring.

Inspiring all who contribute is my intention,
Everyone who does surely merits a mention,
Every day brings us into another dimension,
As we await your next literary invention.

Our cultures and diversity are second to none,
Every race and creed under the sun
The effort and dedication nobody can shun,
Writing poetry for pleasure can be so much fun,

Putting pen to paper should hold no fears,
Though what you write isn't always what it appears,
There will be times someone's comment besmears,
Use that to encourage you to move up the gears.

Writers block occasionally will enter your domain,
From giving up you must always refrain,
Though you may feel you're being driven insane,
Those words you so seek are hidden inside your brain.

By reading others poems your fire you'll ignite,
Enjoy what you do and like what you write,
You will fill some with anger and others delight,
The written word can and will sometimes incite.

Any subject you can think of is really fair game,
Just try to ensure that you never defame,
On yourself and others you must never bring shame,
If you know you are wrong then accept the blame.

It's time to get writing your next masterpiece,
Your poetic talents you must now release,
Your knowledge of language will slowly increase,
Whether you write about famine or world peace?

Of the subjects available there's an endless supply,
So there are no excuses you can at least try,
Just be careful about what you imply,
The choices are many that no one can deny.

That my fellow BARDS is all down to you,
You all have the talent to add something new,
The words that you write no one can subdue,

“ A Place In Poetic Folklore Is Yours To Pursue ”

Bri Mar

" A Poem Can Be Found "

Inspiration in slumbers,
Or sitting in cars.
I can write about numbers,
Or even stars,

Wherever I may be,
Thoughts enter my head,
Looking at a tree,
It's history needs read.

Animals and plants,
Are rich in culture,
Those bustling ants,
The bald headed vulture.

I just open my eyes,
Whatever's in sight?
From the depths it will rise,
I just have to write.

In fact or fiction,
I can grieve or rejoice,
It becomes an addiction,
I do not have a choice.

If you feel the need,
It's a gift to extol,
When others read,
It is good for the soul.

Be it dead or alive,
You must be aware,
For your story to thrive,
You've just got to take care.

It's a powerful tool,
So do think of others,
Acting like a fool,
More than talent it smothers.

Creativity is rife,
Just look all around,
In death and in life,

“ A Poem Can Be Found ”

Bri Mar

" A Pre Nup Is Vital "

Paul's now married Nancy Shevell,
He knows she won't put him through Hell
It's great that he can now be sure,
She'll take him on a, " Magical Mystery Tour "

Paul has had a nasty fright,
He was having, " A Hard Days Night ",
His ex behaved like a bloody whelp,
That's why he deserved some, " Help ".

All she wanted was " A Taste Of Honey ",
Then she said, " I Want Money ",
Poor Pauls mind was in a whirl,
He wishes he'd met "Another Girl ".

If he had there would be no frown,
All he asked was "Don't Let Me Down ",
He told his Stella in a letter,
You warned me " I Should Have Known Better ".

Next time if there are signs of strife,
Take my advice and "Run For Your Life ",
No need to listen to any more yammer,
Just use old " Maxwells Silver Hammer ".

His lawyers advised him don't say a word,
We'll soon have you as " Free As A Bird ",
Don't get angry or even, " Shout ",
Leave it to us " We Can Work It Out ".

Take a holiday perhaps to Rome,
You can celebrate now " She's Leaving Home ",
Now you've finally given her shove,
Your money will make her a " Soldier Of Love ".

Some of the claims were really wild,
They should be thinking of their, " Little Child ".
She kept saying it wasn't me,
He really wished she'd ' Let It Be "".

Paul stayed silent despite the flak,
He only wished she would " Get Back ",
Perhaps to Russia that's quite far,
Then she'd be " Back In The U.S.S.R. ".

Throughout it all felt like Digby,
He wishes he'd married " Eleanor Rigby ",
The lurid claims kept the trouble brewing,
Paul asked her do you know, " What You're Doing ".

She says money that will do,
It's worth what came " From Me To You ",
Paul stays quiet and keeps in line,
When asked he just says " I Feel Fine ".

He's worried about Bea and what she will say,
When she recalls, " Things We Said Today ",
Paul had nothing to hide he had no need to lie,
All he asked was please " Tell Me Why ".

Some of the claims were really crass,
But Paul just says " All Things Must Pass ",
Now she's finally gone away,
She has now become " Yesterday ".

That's when his pride he will restore,
He'll never look back on, " The Night Before "
He's behaved with dignity he's kept his pride,
Now he can buy a " Ticket To Ride ".

Now just as Paul's life transcends,
He'll say I'll get by, " With A Little Help From My Friends ",
As he starts his new life his problems unload,
He is now on, " The Long And Winding Road ".

Now she's long gone Paul lets out a sigh,
While his ex is still ranting Paul says, " No Reply ",
She's raging at Paul she says it's not funny,
Her claim was " You Never Give Me Your Money ".

Paul said stop it you're making me cry,

Please go and get yourself " Some Other Guy ",
I was doing okay " Till There Was You ",
Now I can live, " Like Dreamers Do ".

Now this is finished I will guarantee,
Until I die " You Won't See Me ",
Paul's a romantic he's not a fighter,
Maybe now he'll become " A Paperback Writer ".

He can tell us all now he's rid of his fetter,
How his new life is " Getting Better "
He can write a new book or create some new numbers,
Now he has time for some " Golden Slumbers "

Pauls divorce means they're finally apart,
He knows she had " A Devil In Her Heart ",
She has finally gone there is no more pain,
Paul says " Christmas Time Is Here Again ".

He has now seen " The Inner Light ",
Now that his ex is way out of sight,
His marriage to her was a bitter pill,
Which left him feeling like " The Fool On The Hill ".

But now he's back where he belongs,
Writing and singing his memorable songs,
At last he can say " Here Comes The Sun ",
He now thinks " Happiness Is A Warm Gun ".

His new soul-mate Nancy is a gift from above,
He'll now find the meaning of " Real Love ",
We all know his ex was making him cry,
Now she's asking her friends " Don't Pass Me By ".

So go on Paul you know what to do,
Tell Bea " I'm Happy Just To Dance With You ",
" If You've Got Trouble " you can take the flak,
Like you always say " I'LL BE BACK ".

Third time lucky with Nancy Shevell,
She'd stand by me, " If I Fell "
I know she'll never leave me reeling,

You ask how I know, " I've Got A Feeling ".

Pauls behaviour we can only commend,
We all knew he'd win through in, " The End "
Now he's remarried he can pen a new title,
perhaps he will call it,

"A PRE NUP IS VITAL".

Bri Mar

" A Rainbow Coloured God "

God gave us colours in our daily routine,
A clear blue sky the grass so green,
The colours of the mammals, all the life in the seas,
Our rainforest habitat they're all there to please.

Our colour's a gift which we can use and enjoy,
Yet it's also an issue we can use to destroy,
This subject is unique to the human race,
That we can judge another by the colour on their face.

Racism is prevalent wherever you travel,
It's a problem the scientists have failed to unravel,
We claim to love colour but that's strictly not true,
If you're the wrong shade there could be trouble for you.

We claim to be intelligent yet nuance is still used,
As a reason for hatred an excuse to be abused,
If only we could accept that we are what we are,
Racism would die we'd be on an equal par.

We must fight back or our cultures they'll smother,
There's no colour on earth is superior to another,
Under all our skins we're exactly the same,
We're all trying to survive in life's great game.

There are evil people who'll use our colour to fight,
They don't give a damn if they're wrong or right,
The only message they are trying to convey,
Is you'll do what you're told you do not have a say.

They claim their saviour inspires hostile intent,
That's a message that's certainly not heaven sent,
The good Lord above wants us all to believe,
These people are evil they are trying to deceive.

Religion and colour are attributes to cherish,
Treat them with contempt and we'll all surely perish,
Our creators teachings are of peace not war,
Killing and maiming we all know he'd abhor.

When the racists are judged they'll be held to account,
Those crimes they committed they will never surmount,
The God who presides over them what colour will he be,
What will he look like very soon they will see.

There's none of them know but they're in for a shock,
As they all stand silent to be judged in his dock,
From out of the shadows the good Lord did appear,
He said let me make it abundantly clear.

I created you in my image in different shades,
Your abuse of my colours now that's what really degrades,
The racists from every culture stood rooted and overawed,
for standing there in judgement was,

'' A Rainbow Coloured God ''

Bri Mar

" A Smile "

It's a wondrous sighting,
Yes so inviting,
It makes you love more not less,
This very subject can be so exciting,
It can relieve you of all of your stress.

It can be a relation,
One from any nation,
This ability knows no bounds,
It can be from a Black or a Caucasian,
So simple yet it astounds.

Your spirits will lift,
It can heal any rift,
It can lift you up to the sky,
It truly is a wonderful gift,
To every human this does apply.

Lines get crossed,
You both feel a frost,
Believe me this is the cure,
I hear you ask what does it cost,
Nothing and yes I am sure.

You do have a say,
To give these away,
How many well that's up to you,
The more the merrier does hold sway,
The recipient will say yes it's true.

Make it your vow,
To do it right now,
This miracle will forever beguile,
It will be returned believe me and how,
What's this phenomenon called?

" A Smile "

" A Young Life Being Destroyed "

There is a scandal in this sick world,
That makes the majority of us feel so reviled,
If there's a crime as heinous as murder,
It's the sexual abuse of a child.

It's been around for thousands of years,
But some have looked the other way,
The men in dark suits have hidden the truth,
While the victims do not have a say.

They've been beaten, abused and tortured,
By people who are nothing but beasts,
But these scum do not wear labels,
They can even be nuns and priests.

If they took time to read their scriptures,
These predators would know full well,
There will be no entry to Heaven for them,
For an eternity it's confinement in Hell.

There are some who work in nurseries,
They're even in our schools,
These predators are all around us,
But they don't live by our rules.

The type of work they're engaged in,
From suspicion they are exempt,
They gain the confidence of children,
Then treat them with total contempt.

They're the very people we turn to,
When we're in our hour of need,
But beware there is evil among them,
On your childhood innocence they'll feed.

They're the ones we are taught to believe in,
What reason would we have not to trust,
Something you would never contemplate is,
Their thoughts towards you could turn to lust.

When it's found out what they've been doing,
Rather than have them exposed,
They sweep it under the carpet,
It's better this subject's kept closed.

Those we trusted to look after us,
They were meant to show us affection,
While we've been sentenced for the rest of our lives,
They'll be given a lifetimes protection.

The abusers are rarely brought to book,
Their hierarchy cover their tracks,
They'll assure you it's being dealt with,
But it's the truth this statement lacks.

Who makes this momentous decision,
When they know of the harm that's been done,
It's not just mental it's physical as well,
There are times we wish we had a gun.

Before you say you can't seek revenge,
That is not the Lords way,
We'd use that gun to kill ourselves,
When abused we did not have a say.

The abusers are quietly moved away,
While the victims are left on their own,
These scumbags think we will just forget,
Our contempt can and will be outgrown.

The problem with this stupid notion,
Is to whom is it actually directed,
It's certainly not to the victims,
For their lifetime they will be affected.

Anyone found guilty of this barbaric crime,
Should immediately forfeit their life,
To know these Devils are still on this Earth,
Only causes the victims more strife.

The do good brigade need to be told,

You are playing a dangerous game,
By supporting this evil stalking our streets,
You must shoulder just as much blame.

While we are forced to get on with our lives,
With a feeling of total despair,
Your false ideals just increase our pain,
They show us just how much you care.

You've been telling lies for years now,
By saying we can all rest assured,
When will you fantasists realise,
Child abusers don't want to be cured.

What would you do if it happened to you,
If it was your child would you still be so keen,
The fact is none of you have got any clue,
By your actions it's their casualties you demean.

So let me tell you a real home truth,
You leave the victims feeling devoid,
For there's nothing on Earth can compensate for,

'' A Young Life Being Destroyed ''

Bri Mar

" After All We Are Your Tomorrow "

When growing up life can be tough,
There's so much you're expected to learn,
What you do achieve is never enough,
Our elders respect you're taught you must earn.

Personally I believe that should work both ways,
Yet they get annoyed if you disagree,
Even you're right some still won't praise,
Why oh why do they refuse to see.

Decisions they make are carved into stone,
We're expected to go with the flow,
When proved wrong they refuse to atone,
To their ego that's a bit of a blow.

They teach you mistakes are a part of your life,
Lessons learned are how you'll survive,
Don't they realise they can be the cause of our strife,
Which can inhibit our ability to thrive.

Knowledge is the key but it's how we are taught,
Sometimes your way isn't always best,
Forcing opinions on us can leave us fraught,
Ignoring our views can leave us depressed.

Every one of us has the ability to achieve,
There'll be times we will kick up a fuss,
In our abilities you must try to believe,
To do that you must understand us.

Go back to that childhood you choose to forget,
There's a rebel in every human being,
Those things you never done you'll forever regret
If you're honest you will now be agreeing.

We can learn from you but times do change,
Each generation will take a different view,
Though working together may at first seem strange,
Mutual respect will always win through.

We depend on you to teach us what's right,
Your ideals we will beg steal and borrow,
That way we'll ensure both our futures are bright,

“ After All We Are Your Tomorrow ”

Bri Mar

" All In Your Mind "

Who am I, what am I, why am I here,
As you accumulate knowledge all will become clear,
You ask, " Who Am I " be it daughter or son,
Remember you're unique the only one.

Throughout your existence all life you must treasure,
When you think, I am me, it will give you pleasure,
Only you can decide who you will be,
Take a look in the mirror who is it you see.

You can be what you want regardless of others,
Respect your ideals bad influence smothers,
By listening and digesting much more will be learned,
Discard all evil and respect you'll have earned.

Whatever you're told do not always believe,
The truth will lie more in what you perceive,
Choices you make now and throughout your life,
Will determine if living is with joy or strife.

Family are precious as are good friends,
Ensure their relationship never ends,
True allies are scarce so please be aware,
If you keep them close for you they'll be there.

You will come across others whose aim is to change,
How you are swayed is for you to arrange,
Evil will follow your life from afar,
If you stay true to yourself you'll find out,

Who You Are

You ask, "What Am I" you're a human being,
Don't ever believe that you are all seeing,
You're here for a reason and like it or not,
What you will be can never be bought.

Learn all you can and to yourself stay true,
If you ignore this lesson chaos will ensue,

There will be those who will try to deceive,
If you allow them their corruption they'll weave.

Our views are for sharing but if you remain wise,
You'll recognise truth and dispel any lies,
You have your own mind and you have a choice,
Think before speaking there's trouble in voice.

Actions have consequences they have a knock on effect,
Think of all others show them respect,
Go through your options with careful precision,
Be aware of the outcomes before making that decision.

When the time comes to make them be fully aware,
Those choices you make will show if you care,
Always admit it when mistakes are made,
That is how sound foundations are laid.

By showing compassion giving others a chance,
You will feel fulfilment your life you'll enhance,
Try to judge yourself from afar,
If you like what you see you will know,

What You Are.

It's now time to ask, " Why Am I Here ",
This is a question you need never fear,
You're here because of two loving people,
Whose love climbed higher than the tallest steeple.

By sharing this passion with you they were gifted,
Their life was complete their spirits were lifted,
You gave them a reason to love forever,
Their bond for you nothing can sever.

Their love is a gift which is not one way,
Your respect for them will forever stay,
Their aim in life now is for you to succeed,
You will if you're honest and never mislead.

We all long for happiness that's why we're living,
It's not all about taking it's also about giving

So never be preoccupied by the lure of vast wealth,
It's far more important to look after your health.

As your knowledge grows you'll learn about love,
One day you'll find out it's a gift from above,
When you meet the right person then true love will flow,
That awesome feeling will bring on a glow.

As you then mature and your life's unfurled,
You will learn yes this can be a wonderful world,
Those answers you've sought I'm sure you'll now find,
Are no longer a mystery they are,

" All In Your Mind "

Bri Mar

" All Of Our Differences Could Then Be Addressed "

Children are our future we need to treat them well,
Ignore their aspirations and we'll send them straight to Hell,
If we show them they're important in life they will excel,
It's up to us to make them feel the best.

Treat them with disdain and you'll get your just reward,
What they will then do is not fit in with our accord,
We'll then ask them why all us adults are abhorred,
They'll tell us we have got them all depressed.

Children just like adults are full of self creation,
Praise is just one small thing which fills them with elation,
They'll then look to the future with great anticipation,
We must never ever make them feel oppressed.

It's we who are responsible for everything they learn,
Respect is truly mutual it's a gift we both must earn,
If we make a pact that for each other we'll show concern,
Then that will be the ultimate bequest.

They will be our guardians in the coming years ahead,
Treat them wisely now and we'll stand them in good stead,
We must ensure their future isn't filled with dread,
That's exactly how you and I progressed.

By working hand in hand we can become a great duet,
The lessons we have taught them we pray they won't forget,
If we've gave them wisdom then you can safely bet,
We'll more than gladly have them as our guest.

Though we won't admit it we give each other pleasure,
We love the interaction both in equal measure,
Watching them succeed is like finding your lost treasure,
We love to see our actions have impressed.

Bridging the generation gap that should be our mission,
If only we could admit that we both need recognition,
If towards each other we could maybe show contrition,

“ All Of Our Differences Could Then Be Addressed ”

Bri Mar

" All Of Them Died Of Starvation "

That meat and veg before you chew on,
Think of our beauty and charm,
The conclusion to our fate is not foregone,
Surely you wouldn't do us any harm.

Place that mashed turnip off to the side,
Think before you eat your roast beef,
Carnivores and veggies we cannot abide,
Eating us won't bring you relief.

Don't eat that pork you'll abhor the taste,
Cabbage you will never enjoy,
Eating poor vegetables is a terrible waste,
Poor animals you wouldn't wish to destroy.

Put that venison back in the field,
Place those carrots back in the ground,
If you eat us your fate will be sealed,
There's plenty of water to go round.

The meat and veg said let's make a pact,
We'll tell them God says their morals are bent,
Then fool them by saying our spirit has cracked,
If you eat us you'll forever repent.

They're so intelligent they believe in Gods,
These are entities they can't even see,
They won't think for a moment that we are the frauds,
Say we're deities and I'm sure they'll agree.

The humans believed us and now we all thrive,
That filled us all with elation,
Now there are no homo sapiens alive,

" All Of Them Died Of Starvation "

Bri Mar

" All's Fair In Love And War "

Who said war is civilized,
What idiot made these rules,
It was probably politicians,
That bunch of sad old fools.

Our enemies wear no uniforms,
We are dressed and on display,
While we advertise who we are,
They just go on their merry way.

We train them in the art of war,
Treat them as our friends,
Then they turn round and murder us,
Their evil then transcends.

They blow us up without a thought,
We're told, oh that's allowed,
But if we dare retaliate,
The enemy cry out loud.

There needs to be an inquiry,
Killing us is so unjust,
If you're allowed to fire back,
You won't see us for dust.

Terrorists are all around us,
They could even be you or me,
It's time our so called leaders,
Were brought out here to see,

Our enemies send in children,
We are not allowed to shoot,
We know they're going to kill us,
But our enemies are so astute.

When we kill our aggressors,
The world is in a fury,
We're then charged with murder,
Then put in front of a jury.

If they murder our brave forces,
It's just another dead,
Then when we defend ourselves,
The world goes off its head.

They can murder us for fun,
Yet no one says a word,
No courts or cries for justice,
It really is quite absurd.

If we could fight the same as them,
These conflicts would never last,
The enemy would cry foul,
Then get the hell out fast.

But we must fight a "civilized war",
We must ask before we kill,
We must follow Geneva convention rules,
While our enemies do what they will.

We must be given equality,
To fight this brutal foe,
If we can fight the same as them,
Then very soon they'll know.

We are not an easy target,
Now we can fight the same as you,
There are no rules of war now,
We can kill just as you do.

You'll no longer know your enemy,
So you'd better watch your back,
For when you least expect it,
That's when we'll attack.

Then soon you'll hear them crying,
This war's no longer fair,
We don't know who our enemies are,
Because of what they wear.

When they see there are no rules,

No restrictions on how we can fight,
They won't know what hit them,
That's when they'll see the light.

They'll then shout out that's not allowed,
Your tactics we abhor,
But we'll just say we're copying you,

" All's Fair In Love And War".

Bri Mar

" An Eternal Release "

When I meet death,
What will I become?
At that final breath,
Will I be struck dumb?

A wondrous trip,
To a twilight dream,
On a heavenly ship,
My soul I'll redeem.

Seeing family and friends,
From a time long ago,
Learning new trends,
New seeds I will sow.

What shape will I take?
Will I be all seeing,
Asleep or awake,
No more disagreeing.

Where no one fights,
No concept of race,
Where everyone has rights,
All colours embrace?

Will I have a home?
A family to treasure,
A toothbrush and comb,
Where simplicity brings pleasure.

Animals and plants,
Living side by side,
The fish and the ants,
Will have no need to hide.

No hurt or crying,
The end of all pain,
No more dying,
A wonderful domain.

The concept of riches,
Will be happiness and peace,
A life without hitches,

“ An Eternal Release ”

Bri Mar

" An Honest Politician "

We've all heard of Myths and Legends,
I've searched for them all my life,
The Loch Ness monster and the Holy Grail,
I even have Jim Bowies knife.

I've travelled all around the world,
Taking risks and drastic measures,
To ensure I learn all the facts,
About these fantastic treasures.

Yes Atlantis really does exist,
It is deep beneath the sea,
Exactly where I can't divulge,
That secret must stay with me.

The Chupacabra in the wild,
I can tell you, yes it's there,
The location I will not proclaim,
Only I know exactly where.

I've located the elusive Bigfoot,
They are all alive and well,
Thriving in the forests,
Exactly where I refuse to tell.

I found the Ark of the Covenant,
It's beauty is unsurpassed,
Where, I'm afraid that's a secret,
Like all the other treasures I've amassed.

They're there if you look closely,
The world is littered with signs,
I've even found the entrance to,
The great King Solomon's Mines.

Aliens really do exist,
I've met them in the flesh,
If you blink they will be missed,
Then you'll need to start afresh.

I've dedicated my entire existence,
To tracing if these myths are there,
Now due to my persistence,
It's my duty to make you aware.

They're elusive yet they're in our face,
They torment us every day,
They're like creatures from a distant race,
All they do is cause us affray.

They're tribal in their dealings,
They love to send others to war,
In reality they don't have feelings,
Our input they abhor.

When they meet up as a group,
They don't live by our rules,
You'd not believe how low they'll stoop,
They treat us all as bloody fools.

While they make our lives tougher,
They live a life of bliss,
As things for us gets rougher,
For them nothing goes amiss.

They are selfish and they're so obtuse,
Their arrogance abounds,
As for their ignorance there's no excuse,
Their incompetence astounds.

They steal from under our noses,
If you complain you'll be attacked
The question this then poses,
Is why don't they all get sacked,

They wreck the lives of billions,
To real life they have no ties,
Living life in a fantasy world,
Their exploits we all despise.

Who is this mythical creature,

That nobody's ever found,
As a scholar and an academic,
My research is totally sound.

In our history both past and present,
I must tell you this forthwith,
They're as elusive as a ten ton Pheasant,
Now that's fact it's not a myth.

They're in every corner of the globe,
They never show any contrition,
Who is this legend of my probe,

'' An Honest Politician ''

Bri Mar

" An Industrial Estate "

I walk through the fields laden with life,
There are flowers, bushes and trees,
They show no signs of stress or of strife,
There's wonder in the birds and bees.

The deer roam free while the fox cubs play,
The voles and mice are at rest,
An eagle overhead blocks the sunshine's ray,
This is truly how beauty's expressed.

At one with nature is how we should live,
We all have a right to survive,
Being cruel to others is hard to forgive,
Why don't we let animals thrive?

I've come back home after a long time gone,
To see where I ventured and played,
The wildlife habitat has been withdrawn,
All those animals have now been betrayed.

We cannot complain when we're overrun,
By animals seeking shelter from above,
We've stolen their land when all's said and done,
Without mercy they've been given the shove.

Where can they go when we steal their land?
The fact is we don't really care,
The way we treat animals is so underhand,
They've no time or chance to prepare.

Like us they'll try their best to exist,
Though they're living in constant fear,
Their right to live is being dismissed,
Take action now or they'll all disappear.

Those beautiful fields that I once knew,
All the animals have been left to their fate,
From their old habitat the pollution will spew,
As it's now,

" An Industrial Estate "

Bri Mar

" And How "

There's no disguising,
The seas are rising,
Of that we are fully aware,
It's Mother Nature we are compromising,
But to date we don't seem to care.

As land disappears,
It will lead to tears,
As it's slowly drowned by the sea,
Soon it will confirm our worst fears,
As the water sets itself free.

As the ice caps melt,
Its power will be felt,
Throughout the planet we call Earth.
We'll be paid back by the hand we have dealt,
When there's nowhere on land we can berth.

When the surface has gone,
Despite our brawn,
There will not be enough to go round,
In-fighting will create a brand new dawn,
The effects will be very profound.

There is a solution,
We must stop our pollution,
Temperature rises are entirely our fault,
What we require is a revolution,
On greed, we must make an assault.

Being technology led,
It has to be said,
Has taken us to the state we're in now,
Change is required or we'll all end up dead,
Our end is nearing,

" And How "

" And They Say I'M Insane? "

I talk to someone who I believe is there,
Of others staring I become aware,
Their prejudice is hard to bear,
It causes so much pain.

I hear them saying he must be mad,
His erratic behaviour is really sad,
My talking seems to make them glad,
Their laughter they can't contain.

Suddenly I become a figure of hate,
Their abuse I cannot abate,
To silence me they cannot wait,
They don't listen when I complain?

Sectioned then thrown into a cell,
Why, only they can tell,
Destined for a life of Hell,
This life is such a strain.

Placed on heavy medication,
Living life in sick sedation,
Now a zombie like creation,
They treat me with disdain.

So they refuse to set me free,
For talking to someone they can't see,
Madness I'm afraid I don't agree,
It is totally inhumane.

They tell me to find my place with God,
This concept I find extremely flawed,
With their hypocrisy I am overawed,
Their insanity I can't explain.

Spiritual beings inside their head,
I would say they're easily led,
Yet their practises are so widespread,
Are they on L.S.D. or cocaine?

They talk to something they can't see,
With their hypocrisy I cannot agree,
I am interred while they are free?
From their deities I will have to abstain

The religious talk to God knows who,
Yet I'm condemned for what I do,
Their invisible beings they claim are true.

" And They Say I'm Insane "

Bri Mar

" And You Doing Better "

Is revenge really sweet?
As good as they say?
A wonderful feat,
Or the root of affray.

On your physical health,
It will take its toll,
Mentally by stealth,
You'll be digging a hole.

When feeling that bad,
Due to another,
It will drive you mad,
But hate you must smother.

By seeking redress,
What will you gain?
Your life in a mess,
Suffering more pain?

Showing you don't care,
Makes it crystal clear,
They need to beware,
You are still here.

Move on in your life,
By burying that past,
That initial strife,
Don't let it last.

Within your own head,
You will soon see,
The issue is dead,
Your mind is now free.

Don't point the finger,
Hatred's a cancer,
Inside it will linger,
Moving on is the answer.

To pointless resentment,
You will not be the debtor,
The reward is contentment,

“ And You Doing Better ”

Bri Mar

" Another Refugee Dies "

Our mentors are kind we pay them our fee,
Our route's not defined but soon we'll be free,
All aboard the boat we're now on our way,
As off we float to meet our new day.

No more persecution or living in fear,
No it's not an illusion you try living here,
With my children and wife here by my side,
There'll be no more strife no need to hide.

Many sisters and brothers doing the same,
Soon the sea smothers we are nothing but game,
As the truth we unravel our crafts falling apart,
It will no longer travel the engine won't start.

As we prepare, to exhale our last breath,
Please show you care save us from death,
Then out of the blue is it a vision,
A ship is in view they approach with precision.

We are lifted on board all lives have been saved,
Our spirits have soared this is what we have craved,
But somethings not right so it comes as a blow,
They see us as a blight we are locked up below.

When we have landed, our ire rages,
They are heavy handed as they lock us in cages,
As fear is instilled we lose our elation,
The courts have willed we face deportation.

Is it our race that causes you pain?
The colour of a face can drive you insane?
Asylum is refused they ignore our cries,
Broken and confused

" Another Refugee Dies "

Bri Mar

" Are One And The Same "

I'll tell you a tale,
You may find quite odd,
The truth will prevail,
We are all the one squad.

You'll say I am dense,
But it's perfectly true,
We have every sense,
Some much better than you.

We give birth and protect,
We do our best,
With our young we connect,
Before they fly the nest.

Throughout life we roam,
Just trying to survive,
We look after our home,
So our offspring can thrive.

The gift of sight,
We constantly use,
Whether dark or bright,
It allows us to choose.

Love or hate smell,
It can save a life,
Yes, we can tell,
The meaning of strife.

Oh that taste,
Such beautiful food,
Though we eat in haste,
We're not being rude.

We all love to hear,
The chorus at dawn,
Let the new day appear,
For soon it is gone.

Yes, we fall in love,
We show adoration,
It's a gift from above,
It fills all with elation.

We also get jealous,
Yes, shed a tear,
Become over-zealous,
We also feel fear.

We also grieve,
When a loved one dies,
You've got to believe,
This is truth not lies.

Anger is another,
We cannot ignore,
These facts you lot smother,
Your ignorance is a bore.

From hurting us,
Could you please refrain,
What's all the fuss?
We also feel pain.

We too can be cruel,
In the battle to live,
It's a necessary tool,
You need not forgive.

Tear open our skin,
Alive or dead,
The blood deep within,
Like yours is red.

Can you see what I'm saying?
Try not to be blind,
While for our lives you're baying,
You're the threat to our kind.

Every one of these features,

Is part of life's game,
All Earth's living creatures,

“ Are One And The Same ”

Bri Mar

" As A Species You Are Way Too Austere "

The aliens have landed and to our surprise,
They are just like us not small with green eyes,
This is truly an awesome surprise,
They've assured us we have nothing to fear.

They went to our leaders for a conversation,
Which didn't exactly fill them with elation,
We argued over who was the leading nation,
The in fighting became very severe.

Instead of us giving them a welcome greeting,
We decided to have an internal meeting,
This started a debate about who was cheating,
Everyone was so insincere,

This was our visitors first impression,
Our leaders arguing in a violent session,
Seeing Humans filled with raw aggression,
Didn't exactly endear.

Who is in charge here the Aliens asked,
We need to know who has been tasked,
With getting your present problems unmasked,
As we stand it is not very clear.

Once again we Humans started to fight,
We were arguing about who was wrong or right,
The aliens concluded we were not very bright,
They said, " Let's get the Hell out of here "

We're sorry we're afraid, but we must look elsewhere,
Where we come from fighting is extremely rare,
For yourself and others you don't seem to care,

You really love to besmear.
From a neutral standpoint it has to be said,
You Human Beings are all off your head,
We are going to speak to the dolphins instead,

" As Both Are Buried Underneath "

As I spoke to my neighbours the other day,
I said I was getting new gates,
They said theirs were already on the way,
Their attitude really grates.

Last year I told him I'd broken my leg,
He claimed he had once fractured two,
They both loved to take you down a peg,
Doing more than you could ever do.

Then one day I smashed the car,
The damage was beyond belief,
The neighbours actions were quite bizarre,
They said this will give you relief,

He claimed his car did a somersault,
Turned over fifty times,
The other driver who was at fault,
Was committed for his crimes.

I walked away without a scratch,
Unlike you I was unharmed,
Bet that's a story you can't match,
His tales had me alarmed.

She claimed she'd jumped out of an aeroplane,
Her parachute then failed,
But thankfully due to heavy rain,
In the mud she was impaled.

Anything you have ever done,
They'll have did it ten times over?
Even being stunned by an alien gun,
As above their craft did hover.

One day the builder came to my door,
I had asked him for a quotation,
Getting anything done is such a chore,
You'd think it was an alien invasion.

Suddenly from next door they did appear,
Quizzing my builders mind,
What are you doing why are you here,
Has anything been signed.

I told them I was installing a burial lair,
Where our corpses we could hide,
For the afterlife we had to prepare,
We were about to commit suicide.

We no longer see the neighbours now,
Though in their memory we do lay a wreath,
Digging up their new patio we will not allow,

“ As Both Are Buried Underneath ”

Bri Mar

" As Expected You Refuse To Agree "

NASA's in a panic,
This could be titanic,
Voyager's at last been found,
So why the Hell are they feeling manic,
Why have they fled under ground?

Signals received,
Means they're feeling grieved,
The aliens are now on their way,
What they're saying cannot be believed,
Money doesn't hold any sway?

World leaders are fraught,
Aliens can't be bought,
For riches they don't have a need,
This anomaly has left them distraught,
They don't know the meaning of greed?

Being light years ahead,
It has to be said,
Their technology is way beyond ours,
Does that mean we'll all end up dead,
They do have extraordinary powers.

Those messages we sent,
Aliens know weren't meant,
They know we do not speak the truth,
Having watched us they know we are bent,
Our deceit they're saying is uncouth.

The facts you delete,
You have used deceit,
This behaviour seems to cause such delight,
Sadly it's the reason you're staring at defeat,
As a life form you're not very bright.

In our evolution,
There was a revolution,
Greed and wars are entrenched in our past,

You've never even tried to find a solution,
Your arrogance leaves us aghast.

The Human Being,
Who knows not of agreeing?
Will do anything to fulfil their desires,
Though you believe you are all seeing?
We view you as nothing but liars.

Your Voyager craft,
A space faring raft,
Though primitive it has given us the key,
Telling others where you dwell was extremely daft,

" As Expected You Refuse To Agree "

Bri Mar

" As I Enter Those Pearly Gates "

Though death may be sad,
Don't get mad,
I am free from this Earthly pain,
For what I achieved please be glad,
From grieving, may I ask you refrain.

Celebrate my life,
Which I shared with my wife,
My children and all of my friends,
Don't let my passing cause any strife,
Joy a broken heart mends.

I'm now on my way,
To where who can say,
In truth I don't hold any fears,
I will live to fight another day?
So I request you don't shed any tears.

Is it Heaven or Hell,
Now I've left my shell,
Being honest I have no need to worry,
Really it's not for me to tell,
On my journey, there's no need to hurry.

Though not the norm,
In one shape or form,
I will continue my journey elsewhere,
My celestial atoms will create a storm,
Of that I am fully aware.

I receive a greeting,
Friendly but fleeting,
This is truly a beautiful creation,
Feelings of contentment are ever repeating,
Could this be my destination?

Everything is fine,
Knowing Paradise is mine,
Believe in God and for all this awaits,

Now I know the meaning of divine,

" As I Enter Those Pearly Gates "

Bri Mar

" As I Now Await Resurrection "

As I look in the mirror every other day,
I see a different reflection,
I think, that can't be me no way,
Though I do say it with affection.

My face is wrinkled my hair is grey,
I need a botox injection,
My body is slowly going astray,
It's in need of a little correction.

It's forever young I want to stay,
But I'm heading in the wrong direction,
As we get older we do decay,
It doesn't take much detection.

I must start now without any delay,
To fulfil my introspection,
It's causing my mind such awful affray,
Even it means a dissection.

The various methods I need to survey,
My body needs some protection,
I'll find out exactly what they portray,
The secret is in the selection.

After showing me what they can purvey,
From me you'll not get any objection,
You won't hear me crying foul play,
I don't believe in disaffection.

My fears the doctor has tried to allay,
The end results will pass an inspection,
Before the surgery you have to pay,
Just in case there is any rejection.

It's too late now I see a wonderful array,
They're saying I've got a deathly complexion,
By trying to beat time it's yourself you betray,
They're preparing my body for collection.

When you looked at yourself you felt dismay,
With reality you did not make a connection,
You are who you are is what you needed to convey,
It's too late now for your interjection,

As my lifeless corpse is laid out on a tray,
I have died for seeking perfection,
They're saying I do make a wonderful display,

'' As I Now Await Resurrection ''

Bri Mar

" As Intervention Is What God's Seem To Hate "

Life can be cruel and hard to bear,
You're dead a long time that's a fact,
Why do our Gods not make us aware?
Heavens gifts are not myth but a fact.

Faith is what we are taught to believe,
Will guide us to our Heavenly domain,
If we knew it existed we'd have no need to grieve,
For eternity our lives would remain.

We live in the hope Gods paradise is real,
All our loved ones are on the other side,
It's cruel the way you make us feel,
Taking them from us is so hard to bide.

Then you have those who are left behind,
Their lives are left in tatters,
What kind of person could be so unkind?
To take from them everything that matters.

Those people who have never done any wrong,
You've let die in some terrible ways,
Why their agony do you prolong,
Where was your mercy when you ended their days.

Countless wars have passed you by,
Why did you not intervene?
Genocide and starvation force millions to die,
How could a God be so mean?

Your commandments you passed on to Moses,
States all of them must be obeyed,
This is autocracy and the question it poses,
Is why isn't our loyalty repaid.

Is it possible you are just a Dictator?
As criticism of you is classed as a crime,
You then brand us with the title of traitor,
Then say Hell is where you'll do your time.

Please put a stop to the killing.
End the fighting all over your planet,
Show us your people you are willing,
By engaging we know you could ban it.

We have so many Gods yet we're falling apart,
Pray tell us what is it you do,
Watching us die is not very smart,
I bet you'd change things if it happened to you.

Then again you looked on as your own son died,
You forsook him in his hour of need,
You watched as his Mother Mary cried,
That was truly a terrible misdeed.

For a person so holy you are very obtuse,
When it comes to looking after your own,
You sit back and do nothing about all the abuse,
You've watched as our misery has grown.

Of any conscience you must be devoid,
How else do you explain your behaviour?
The Bible does say you can get annoyed,
Is that worthy of the one called the saviour?

For someone so powerful you can be very cruel,
It's time you were taken to task,
Is there a way your decisions we can overrule,
That's a legitimate question to ask.

I'd be willing to meet you one on one,
To let you explain your side of this story,
Watching your creations destroying for fun,
Doesn't exactly cover you with glory.

I'd love you the Gods to prove me wrong,
But my offer I know you'll decline
In the realms of fantasy is where you belong,
As in your actions there is nothing divine.

I predict you'll do what you've always done,

Leave your world and all life to its fate
The fight against evil will never be won.

" As Intervention Is What Gods Seem To Hate "

Bri Mar

" As Into Oblivion Our Species Descends "

Our signals to space are now being heard,
Our worldly admissions we hope to have shared,
We can only hope now our souls have been bared,
They can decipher what our message intends.

What we are telling them is a bit of a mess,
I Love Lucy might just cause them stress,
What they'll think of our war games is anyone's guess,
All we can say is it all depends.

If they're peaceful and friendly they wont want to know,
If they like conflict they'll shout out let's go,
On us their armoury they could well bestow,
Dependent on just who attends.

Those messages are gone now we can't bring them back,
Clarity in the main our transmissions do lack,
Causing disasters well we do have the knack,
We do follow some brutal trends.

Anyone listening will think we're all mad,
Where killing for fun does make some glad,
Worshipping material goods they would think is sad,
While one dies the other just spends.

Getting drunk on booze on drugs getting stoned,
Caring for others, we have totally disowned,
Destroying our planet is a skill we have honed,
As into chaos our Earth descends.

They will keep well away if they have any sense,
As we tend to thrive on making others tense,
If truth be told they would think we were dense,
As every action we take offends.

After listening to our messages for all these years,
Our actions have brought the aliens to tears,
Who we are has confirmed their worst fears,

“ With Humans They Don't Want To Be Friends ”

Bri Mar

" As Into Zombies We Now Transcend "

The virus is spreading we're losing control,
They are devil creatures without a soul,
On those who are " normal " it's taking its toll,
Will this nightmare ever end?

Initially for their predicament we felt pity,
Now they've taken over every town and city,
We all rely on our vigilance committee,
On their knowledge we must depend.

On a military unit we are now fashioned,
Against this threat we are all impassioned,
What supplies we have left needs to be rationed,
To the death we're willing to defend.

We are now outnumbered by ten to one,
The monsters are killing our people for fun,
If they breach our defences we're surely done,
As into chaos we descend.

Our medical teams are saying they're sure,
That with Gods will they will find a cure,
Until then their presence we'll have to endure,
Victory we cannot comprehend.

Of pity and conscience they are bereft,
Some say they're stupid while others say deft,
Either way soon there'll be nothing left,
The past we cannot amend.

Women and girls, men and boys,
Their minds and bodies the virus destroys,
The killing of family no one enjoys,
But they're impossible to apprehend.

On ordinary human flesh they are fed,
When they're finished you become the undead,
The only way to kill them is a shot to the head,
Anywhere else we would not recommend.

Germ warfare we know is the cause,
To create a killer we refused to pause,
You can't fill a hole in a dam with gauze.
Disaster will ultimately impend.

We look on in horror as the living dead attack,
Though we did our best to take the flak,
We are now all as one there is no going back,

'' As Into Zombies We Now Transcend ''

Bri Mar

" As Mad As A Hatter "

Is life a reality or is it a dream,
How will we ever know?
Is there really a being supreme?
If not it will come as a blow.

Heaven or Hell which one will it be,
Does anyone really have a choice?
When you finally die will you be free,
Will you suffer or will you rejoice.

All the religions have their own God,
That doesn't prove theirs is right,
If it's the case they're all a fraud,
Believe me trouble will ignite.

That creator of life is also a taker,
So if what we're saying is true,
His teachings can only be those of a faker,
As death is what he seems to pursue.

We rob and murder regardless of deity,
Wars are fought in his name,
Could it be right that the high and mighty,
Would become involved in such shame.

His book of tales talk about killing,
It's in every chapter and verse,
To destroy his enemies he's more than willing,
His justice he can and will disperse.

Humans and blame are two of a kind,
We're responsible for so much abuse,
So by this creation of a God in our mind,
For our actions we have an excuse.

We claim our intelligence is so far advanced,
As a species we think we're all seeing,
But in order for our lives to be enhanced,
We've to worship an invisible being.

In Pixies and fairies we mustn't believe,
But in a God that's a different matter,
Religion like politics was invented to deceive,
The Human Being is,

“ As Mad As A Hatter ”

Bri Mar

" As Of Goodness There's An Endless Supply "

A Muslim and a Christian along with a Jew,
Passed a Mormon lying dying on the dew,
They looked at each other thinking what can we do,
As they heard him make a haunting sigh.

They immediately rallied round with no ado,
Everyone stuck to their task like glue,
All around them there formed a queue,
A fellow Human they could not deny.

As for each others religion they hadn't a clue,
They were just all part of a Humane crew,
Their stereotypes they did not conform to,
Their efforts had them all on a high.

There were blacks and whites, reds and yellows too,
Every colour of human being that's true,
Why they were like this nobody knew,
To them colour or creed didn't apply.

A joining together of races did then ensue,
Each and every one them with the same view,
All working as one his life to renew,
They couldn't watch their brother die.

Our colours and creeds are nothing new,
Different cultures breed talents we can all accrue,
We don't complain that the sky is blue,
So each other we must not decry.

Working as a team they all pulled him through,
The Human psyche we tend to misconstrue,
It's our hatred for each other we need to review,

" As Of Goodness There's An Endless Supply "

Bri Mar

" As One Very Powerful Deity "

Gods created the universe,
That's what numerous bibles state,
All life the creators did disperse,
Then they left us to our fate.

The miracle is the diversity of life,
Just how do we all survive?
Is it these Gods who give us strife?
Or do they help us to stay alive?

What came first the chicken or the egg?
I guess only the Gods can tell,
It truly is a question to beg,
It's like, is there a Heaven and Hell.

They must all be really clever,
As it was completed in six full days,
Work on the seventh, never,
That's their day to laze.

Could that mean that Gods needs rest?
Surely that can't be true,
I would imagine they'd all be full of zest,
Or I'd imagine chaos would ensue.

An endless cosmos forever evolving,
Keeping it safe is a major task,
Constant problems which do need resolving,
For our Gods help we all tend to ask.

They must be busy all year round,
Well apart from their day of leisure,
Wherever there's trouble to be found,
We all pray to our national treasure.

Humans believe in multiple Gods,
Yet religion can be so unforgiving,
That is why we are all at odds,
Dying is the reason we are living.

Before we pass we live in hope,
That to Gods Heaven we will ascend,
If we don't, how would we cope,
As past mistakes we cannot amend.

Who made them and who made their maker?
Or are they all just one big illusion,
If they are that would be an Earth shaker,
All that would do is create more confusion.

Myself, well I've been thinking hard,
If these beings are so high and mighty,
The creator of the Gods I would have to regard,

'' As One Very Powerful Deity ''

Bri Mar

" As One We'll Make It Right "

I see you, you see me,
What is it we're not seeing,
We misconstrue why we're free,
Is that an intelligent being?

You are black I am white,
Why do we even care?
Both under attack can't be right,
Why tolerate such despair.

Religion rules we both have Gods,
Who gave us all free will,
Yet some fools are all at odds,
It's fear that they instil.

Their mutual hate they try to spread,
Sadly, some respond,
What they dictate to the easily led,
Is to try to break our bond.

United as one it's up to us,
To tell them where to go,
Those tales they've spun create a fuss,
We've got to let them know.

They have no power if we refuse,
They'll soon become depleted,
Don't ever cower if they abuse,
They can and will be defeated.

Now you see me and I see you,
In a totally different light,
We both agree what we've been through,

" As One We'll Make It Right "

Bri Mar

" As Our Planet Dies "

This planet Earth is quite unique,
I live, I breathe, I'm alive,
If you take out all my goodness,
I will no longer thrive

This planet like you is dependant,
On everything that's here,
By plundering my resources,
The end is now drawing near.

You are living on a knife-edge,
Yet still you choose to ignore,
Our planet is slowly dying,
I just can't take any more.

My ice caps they are melting fast,
As temperatures have increased,
Yet still you Humans ignore the facts,
You have awoken a raging beast.

You are draining out my lubricants,
You're destroying my inner soul,
What is left within me now,
Is a massive empty hole.

You are tearing down my forests,
Which cleanse this planets blood,
Now when it rains on my open plains,
There is nothing left but mud.

The Oceans are now rising fast,
My insides are on fire,
Unless you heed my warning signs,
The outcome will be dire.

Earthquakes happening all over the world,
While the hurricanes get stronger,
Unless you try to stem the flow,
This can't go on much longer.

Instead of throwing money away,
Here's a very simple deduction.
Invest it in saving the planet,
Not on weapons of mass destruction.

If you'd listen to my pleas for help,
We might just turn this round,
But we need to work together,
If a solution's to be found.

Continue on your present course,
Then I will guarantee,
There will be no more life on Earth,
If only the blind could see.

Unless you change the way you live,
Very soon you'll hear my cries,
Human Beings are responsible,
Now watch,

" As Our Planet Dies "

Bri Mar

" As Over The Spirits I'll Rule "

Ghosts are a trick of the mind,
Saying they're real is unkind,
Please keep it light they give me a fright,
The very concept is so unrefined.

In spirits I refuse to believe,
What is they want to achieve,
Some are easily led are they living dead,
What a tale of horror they weave.

They are all around us they say,
It's impossible to keep them at bay,
While they're here they fill you with fear,
To dispel them they say you must pray.

They say the power of a ghost,
Can turn you into its host,
When a haunting is due it will turn to you,
Ignore them and you will be toast.

Are there the good and the bad?
Perhaps the sane and the mad,
Using us as a sample we're a bad example,
If unreal I think I'll be glad.

Exorcism they say is a must,
It's a case of you win or go bust,
Fail to succeed they will make you bleed,
These entities can be unjust.

In daytime where do they hide?
If at night their behaviour is snide
If they're all around have they gone to ground?
In their appearance they must have no pride.

I'll challenge them all to a duel,
Where I will extinguish their fuel,
All of them will cower when I hold the power,

“ As Over The Spirits I'll Rule ”

Bri Mar

" As Their Final Breath Is Exhaled "

Would you want to know how and when you'll die?
I mean in terms of hereditary disease,
Scientists are currently trying to explain why,
Their propaganda is being used to appease.

It's all for the future good of our health,
Well that's what they'd have you believe,
If truth be told its deceit by stealth,
It's your pockets they're trying to relieve.

Genetically speaking miracle cures will appear,
Purely because of this experimentation,
They continually emphasise we have nothing to fear,
We should all be filled with elation.

They'll test your history, how your parents died,
Then guess when you'll do the same,
Their results and practises will not be denied,
To the winners they'll get fortune and fame.

Insurance companies will be dancing through hoops,
Saying I'm sorry but you can't be insured,
Your grandparents were part of one of those groups,
Who had illnesses, which could not be cured?

Before you know it you'll be out on a limb,
They'll put signs around your head,
Saying for this poor soul well his future is grim,
It won't be long before he is dead.

That's just the start, soon before you are born,
They'll say he won't have a good life,
Abort the baby is what they will warn,
Saying he will suffer nothing but strife.

They are doing it now without proper proof,
It's a fact it's both evil and cruel,
Decisions by those who think they're aloof,
If you believe them you must be a fool.

What comes next will come in a different guise,
They'll start using the ill for reseach,
As mutations develop new strains will arise,
Lif as we know it will fall from it's perch.

In this doomsday scenario we need to take care,
Interference in nature should be banned,
There'll be consequences, of which we are not yet aware,
The outcomes will be totally unplanned.

The disastrous aftermath they'll refuse to face,
Academics never admit they have failed,
They'll deny the demise of the Human Race,

'' As Their Final Breath Is Exhaled ''

Bri Mar

" As They Lay Me In The Ground "

Every day brings me more pain,
I just pray there's no tomorrow,
My life is truly inhumane,
It's filled with grief and sorrow.

I used to be a normal guy,
Quite happy with my lot,
Family, friends no need to lie,
My life just couldn't be bought.

Then I thought, this can't be right,
There's more to life than this,
What I was missing was out of sight,
So I tried some cannabis.

It made me feel relaxed and cool,
Then I mixed it with some drink,
I never knew I could be so cruel,
But I refused to see the link.

I progressed on to stronger drugs,
They made me feel immune,
The warning signs are just for mugs,
I won't stop anytime soon.

I then lost my family and my friends,
How dare they interfere?
As into farce my life descends,
To me it's still unclear.

My legs are full of holes and sore,
I've no veins left to inject,
My body's rotten to the core,
Yet my fix I must collect.

I have no money to buy my kit,
No family from which I can steal,
I'd give my life for another hit,
I need cash for one more deal.

Addiction is an abject curse,
You imagine it gives you joy.
When you think things can't get worse,
Your spirit it will then destroy.

Your mind and body then give in,
You can no longer cope,
You're in a battle you can never win,
It's then you give up hope.

I've caused those close to me untold grief,
A fact I refused to see,
My leaving will bring them scant relief,
But I need to set myself free.

My will to live has disappeared,
At last my peace I've found,
The chaos in my life has cleared,

'' As They Lay Me In The Ground ''

Bri Mar

" As Your Poetry Will Never Die "

If you like to think of yourself as a poet,
Why not try to let others know it,
If you've got the talent why not show it,
Go on give it a try.

Some writers like their poems to rhyme,
Though others don't it's not a crime,
As long as they make you feel sublime,
Your ability they cannot deny.

Write about anything be it love or romance,
Short or long about song and dance,
Someone's spirit it could well enhance,
Of subjects there's an endless supply.

Who knows exactly what's good or bad,
What makes you happy can make others mad,
A criticism learned from can make you feel glad,
Their words can put you on a high.

Writers block happens you must never give in,
It's a battle of wills you can and will win
Inspiration comes from without and within,
With life's rules you need not comply.

Of the many topics you can pick and choose,
Mix them together and your poem will fuse,
But always be wary your wording can bruise,
Before you write ask yourself why.

Never be afraid to express what you believe,
Ask yourself what you would like to achieve,
Your words may not always be what you perceive,
Think carefully before you apply.

Now just sit down and enjoy what you write,
Try to fill your audience with delight,
Regardless keep writing your future is bright,

“ As Your Poetry Will Never Die ”

Bri Mar

" As You'Re Lowered Into The Ground "

If a picture paints a thousand words,
I'm heading out to buy some paint,
I'll do a forest without any birds,
That would look quite quaint.

It takes a lot of ink to write,
Be it poems or a scary story,
Whereas paint can set a canvas alight,
With any subject in all of it's glory.

I wonder do you get painters block,
Whilst painting your masterpiece,
How do you get your mind to unlock?
Do your ideas ever cease?

In painting there are copies galore,
In writing you'd be classed as a cheat,
Plagiarism cuts right through to the core,
By copying you'd be guilty of deceit.

Is the written word harder to define?
In reality does it take more skill?
Which is better yours or mine,
Whose pleasure will either fulfil?

Opinions will differ that is a fact,
There are so many artists and writers,
Though there is one undisputable fact,
If nothing else we are all fighters.

Living hand to mouth is common place,
As there are Artists and writers galore,
Most will disappear without any trace,
The chosen few will remain to the fore.

The majority will never find fortune or fame,
But it will never stop them trying,
You'll wait forever for any acclaim,
Probably till the day you are dying.

Whichever you do you must try to enjoy,
Whether you're an artist or a poet,
Dwelling on fame will only irk and annoy,
If you're talented then go out and show it.

The golden rule is to please yourself,
Be happy with what you achieve,
As Most of our work gathers dust on a shelf,
Our next masterpiece is what we must weave.

You must never give up for you never know,
Your work may one day be found,
You can then watch your reputation grow,

" As You're lowered Into The Ground "

Bri Mar

" Ashes To Ashes "

When you finally pass away,
Remember that's when not if,
Regardless of how you've got to say,
It'll be strange just lying there stiff.

Will you be able to hear what's going on?
As your relatives look down on you,
By what they're saying will you feel put upon,
Will there be many or perhaps just a few.

The comments you'll have heard before,
On many a sombre occasion,
To some just being there will be such a chore,
As inside they'll be filled with elation.

Some will be saying, " Thank God he's dead "
As they give your wife a wry smile,
" I always said he was off his head "
Your reputation they'll try to defile.

Then there'll be those who genuinely care,
Mainly family members and friends,
They'll all be crying, this just isn't fair,
A broken heart never mends.

There will be the usual funeral crowd,
Just out for a meal and a bevy,
After a few drinks they'll start to get loud,
The conversation will then turn heavy.

It wouldn't be a funeral without a good fight,
After a session the battle begins,
It doesn't matter who's wrong or right,
It's the price you pay for your sins.

Did he leave me any money or perhaps his house?
Who is getting his big fancy car?
Though I always thought of him as a low down louse,
Taking his cash I would never debar.

In this cruel world there are hypocrites galore,
Funerals seem to bring out the best,
Seeing their crocodile tears is hurtful it's sore,
I'm not ready to be laid to rest.

Though I've never been near a Church in years,
For some reason that's where I'm interred,
The very thought of it has me in tears,
My demise I now wish they'd deferred.

I was promised I'd be buried and felt elated,
All my wishes would finally come true,
But the deadbeats are having me cremated,
If I could I'd knock them all black and blue.

They're saying I'm off to a better place,
How in Gods name would they know?
I'd be happier if my previous life they'd replace,
I'll be glad to let one of them go.

This dying is not what it's cracked up to be,
The wife's saying it's the quietest I've been,
What in the world does she expect of me,
I'm deceased that's why I look so serene.

I've accepted I'm dead now it's my time to go,
I won't stay in a place I'm not wanted,
For your treatment of me I must let you know,
I'll ensure forever more you'll be haunted.

I may end up Heaven or it could be Hell,
Though Gods rules I don't believe I've abused,
Depending on the judge, who can tell,
All these religions have got me confused.

Well it's finally time I'm now on my way,
All I can see are bright flashes,
Will I live to fight another day?
Or will it be Just,

'' Ashes To Ashes ''

Bri Mar

" At Last "

Conscience and guilt are intertwined,
Not soundly built to hurt they're designed,
They'll trap you like silt as you're undermined,
The net is closing in fast.

You may fool one if you're lucky two,
While you're having fun with the evil you do,
When all's said and done most know it's you,
No, they'll not be aghast.

Untruths and contempt are your favourite disguise,
Your every attempt highlights your lies,
I would never pre-empt but most do surmise,
You don't like being harassed.

We understand fully you're desire to be bad,
Though it's unruly it's also quite sad,
To become a bully you have to be mad,
As the villain you hate to be cast.

With dogged persistence you make others scream,
When they show resistance you change the theme,
Your anonymous existence is all but a dream,
But you've tied your flag to that mast.

It will tear you apart when you are unveiled.
A stab in the heart your life then derailed,
A demented upstart whose sick campaign failed,
Your evil will not be surpassed.

Anonymity my friend does not exist,
Into hell you'll descend if you refuse to desist,
Your evil will end when you we resist,
It's time you were part of our past.

You cannot discard what's inside your head,
Life becomes hard when you feel the dread,
Left feeling scarred you'll wish you were dead,
Your malevolence will be over,

" At Last "

Bri Mar

" At Last My Life Begins "

As you matured and fell in love,
This was going to be for life,
You knew that when you met him,
One day you'd be his wife.

You both had really good times,
Three kids and a beautiful house,
Your life was really rosy,
You never realised he was a louse.

When you met and fell in love,
The charm he had mastered,
Little did you realise,
He was a dirty cheating dastard.

Now he's gone and left you,
You think to yourself, why me,
Banish those thoughts and look ahead,
Then very soon you'll see.

It's not just you it's his family,
All his friends as well,
He's showed he never gave a damn,
Now let him rot in Hell.

Throughout all this you're innocent,
Remember you stayed true,
This will give you comfort,
Whenever you feel blue.

Never ever blame yourself,
You always did your best,
When you learn to accept that,
You'll give your mind a rest.

Now that you're away from him,
You can start your life anew,
You'll soon gain your self- respect,
He'll be the one to stew.

We humans have a conscience,
It can give us serious strife,
His will make him suffer,
For the remainder of his life.

Never ever seek revenge,
That gives some sick pleasure,
Time will show and he'll soon know,
He's lost his greatest treasure.

Discard the hatred you feel inside,
Then you'll start to feel elation,
That's when you'll find your inner self,
It's a wonderful sensation.

Banish his memory from your mind,
Although it lasted long,
You can live with conscience clear,
You did nothing wrong,

One thing you must never forget,
He's a filthy lying cheat,
So get out there, enjoy yourself,
Show the world you can't be beat.

You must stay strong and resolute,
Stay true to what you've done,
When you see your life improve,
You'll know you've finally won.

When your kids have grown up,
You can shout out loud,
I kept my values through all this,
For that I'm really proud,

Life is short so make the most,
While you're still here,
Be proud of your achievements,
Your future is now clear.

Then as your life moves on apace,

A message you can send,
Is life goes on regardless,
Your broken heart will mend.

Soon you will be back in life,
You'll show him with a force,
That you'll be even stronger,
When you get that divorce,

You can walk with head held high,
You'll be the one who wins,
New love will come and you will shout,

" At Last My Life Begins"

Bri Mar

" Be Prepared For My Return "

I've travelled far,
To see how you are,
It's been over two thousand years,
Since my three wise men followed that star,
I arrived to alleviate your fears.

You were lawless and lewd,
Some of you were crude,
Guilty of outrageous behaviour,
My Father sent me to teach you what's good,
I was summoned to become your saviour.

After being christened,
Initially you listened,
My influence over you was profound,
But tempted by material goods that glistened,
In a sea of greed you were drowned.

Cursing and swearing,
You became overbearing,
In my Father you refused to believe,
My compassion for life you were no longer sharing,
Your souls I just could not retrieve.

I couldn't win,
You then turned me in,
The Romans then gave you a choice,
A thief or me to be nailed by the skin,
For my soul you did not raise your voice.

Nailed to a cross,
By Human dross,
I was deserted in my hour of need,
Even my Father accepted my loss,
Why oh why did you let me bleed.

Resurrected from the dead,
To Heaven I was led,
I had failed to teach you what's best,

In the history of humans it will be read,
To convert you I did fail the test.

Still under attack,
I'm now heading back,
Your sinful actions make my stomach churn,
For what you are doing you will suffer the flak,

'' Be Prepared For My Return ''

Bri Mar

" Be Scared "

It was judgement day,
Would we have a say,
They said no way,
Be prepared.

What others enjoyed,
You lot destroyed,
With madness you toyed,
Brain impaired.

You caused strife,
To all other life,
A very sharp knife,
You bared.

Challenged our existence,
Destroyed with persistence,
Refused our assistance,
Never cared?

From the facts you run,
You killed for fun,
Now you're undone,
Truth aired.

Despite having all you need,
You made others bleed,
You're obsessed by greed,
Never shared.

Intelligence was lost,
That line you crossed,
What did it cost?
We despaired.

Is it Heaven or Hell?
Truth will tell,
You didn't do well,
You're snared.

The verdict is in,
You are guilty as sin,
Let the end begin,

“ Be Scared ”

Bri Mar

" Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beholder "

You can see it and hear it, it's a sensual taste,
Yes It is truly a gift to behold,
You can touch it or smell it on our senses it's based,
Aesthetically it begins to unfold.

So what is beauty how is it defined?
Is there a right or a wrong?
What is beautiful to someone who's blind?
To who or what does it really belong?

It can be hearing a song or a voice you love,
Which proves it doesn't need to be seen,
Thinking of the joys of Heaven above,
What you love someone else will demean.

Meeting your partner for the very first time,
Seeing your first child come alive,
Touching the peaks of those mountains you climb,
Feeling pride as your offspring thrive.

I can smell beauty in flowers and trees,
Others see it glisten in the skies,
A joy to behold is the taste of the seas,
To all of our senses it applies.

There is so much diversity in that very word,
Yet it's individual to one and all,
That's why this subject is going to be blurred,
What you love to some will appal.

Beauty is something we all seek in life,
Look, it stares us all in the face
It's a word that can cause such terrible strife,
Yet it's something we all love to embrace.

You don't need to search for it's all around,
We encounter it day in and day out,
By respecting all life it can be found,
It's a gift we are never without.

What you think is beautiful others may hate,
So don't force your opinion on another,
Some things will lift you while others deflate,
What you love to some may well smother.

Don't be self-righteous step down from your perch,
It's much deeper than the depth of our skin,
What you can't see is where you must search,
True beauty always comes from within.

It can't be taught nor can it be bought,
You'll not find it in a book or a folder,
The meaning of that word that you have sought,

'' Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beholder ''

Bri Mar

" Behind You There's A Very Long Queue "

I'll set the tone,
So let it be known,
The answer you can admit or deny,
Are you the one who can cast the first stone,
Your credibility on this will apply.

Have you told an untruth?
Perhaps been uncouth,
Can you say not once you have strayed?
No you're not allowed to blame it on youth,
The commandments have you fully obeyed,

Have you ever killed,
Does that leave you chilled?
The truth is your only answer,
Do you go against what your god has willed?
Hiding your guilt's like a cancer.

Has your past been deleted?
Perhaps when you cheated,
Your excuse is with lust you were driven,
Sins well hidden forever remain heated,
With that conscience all humans were given.

Have you ever lied,
Is that why you cried,
When you think of the misery it brought,
Remember the truth cannot be denied,
This isn't as easy as you thought.

Sins present and past,
Will forever last,
They leave us with a feeling of regret,
When a sin is committed the die has been cast,
It's something we will never forget.

Don't ever judge,
From the facts don't budge,
Not even god can claim to be pure,

Though the truth you can sometimes smudge,
The reality does tend to endure.

Does this make you smoulder?
Look over your shoulder,
There's none of us could see this task through,
Don't feel ashamed as you walk past the boulder,

“ Behind You There's A Very Long Queue ”

Bri Mar

" Being A Politician Can'T Be Beat "

What does it take to be a politician?
Well your demeanour has to be cheesy,
Then you must make it your life's mission,
To be a cretin who is dishonest and sleazy.

Pretend to your constituents you really care,
Then put on an, " I'm genuine " façade,
Make it your duty to make voters aware,
When speaking for them you will not be afraid.

Any promises you make must always be kept,
At least make it look that way,
Any problems, under the carpet they're swept,
Make your constituents think they have a say.

No conscience allowed when you fail to deliver,
That's one you get used to quite quick,
Drink in subsidised bars while destroying your liver,
Then blame the electorate for making you sick.

When claiming expenses anything goes,
Pet food, a visit to the loo,
Every year our expense list grows,
That's just what politicians do.

Ask seasoned colleagues just what you can steal,
But don't ask them to put it in writing,
If you ever get caught they're out of the deal,
You'll have to do your own fighting.

Being at fault one always denies,
You must blame the lot before,
You'll soon get used to telling blatant lies,
Before long you'll be rotten to the core.

Keep in with big business they're also corrupt,
But they pay us to give them assistance,
When the time comes they go bankrupt,
We'll bail them out without any resistance.

As for reprisals, well there's none,
You can rob the taxpayer's blind,
While we're in here stealing money for fun,
Help for the taxpayers, is being declined.

We are part of tradition so keep up your end,
Mistresses and lovers are allowed,
That oath you took, well like marriage it can bend,
With immunity you are now endowed.

Failure you must learn comes as part of the job,
To M.P.s it becomes the norm in your life,
When the time finally comes for you to demob,
Your lump sum and pension does ease the strife.

Total self-delusion is the main thing in line,
Conquer that and the worlds at your feet,
Detach yourself from reality and you'll be fine,

'' Being A Politician Can't Be Beat ''

Bri Mar

" Being On Your Own "

I sit by my phone,
Awaiting that tone,
Why in god's name won't it ring,
I really detest this being alone,
Just to talk is what I now cling.

I do converse,
When I feel terse,
But believe me I don't feel proud,
Perhaps I'd be better off in a hearse,
I wish I could say it out loud.

When you become aware,
There's nobody there,
You go into a state of sedation,
You ask yourself, does nobody care,
It feels like a life of damnation.

I once had a wife,
Who shared my life,
Then one day she up and left,
How the pain cuts like a knife,
Her death has left me bereft.

All those who attended,
Said we'll have you mended,
Their platitudes didn't mean much,
Now they're gone I feel offended,
Despite promises they have not kept in touch.

I wish they would see,
There are thousands like me,
Human beings just love interaction,
If only they'd talk it would set me free,
Society does need to take action.

What if I die,
How long will I lie?
Before I am finally found,

The very thought of it makes me cry,
What's left will be dumped in the ground.
Christmas time,
For most is sublime,
But for some no joy will be found,
Whether your young or in your prime,
Loneliness can be all year round.

For a friendly smile,
I'd run a mile,
So, from me please let it be known,
If you see me try to sit awhile,
It's soul destroying,

'' Being On Your Own ''

Bri Mar

" Believe And It Will Disappear "

The terrible thing about worry,
On your brain it acts like a slurry,
Though it doesn't show it before you know it,
You're going nowhere in a hurry.

At the slightest thing you react,
You treat every event as a fact,
To the truth you're blind so it preys on your mind,
You feel like you're being attacked.

Blame always knocks on your door,
Life then becomes such a chore,
Your brain's like a sieve you don't want to live,
It hurts you right through to the core.

You then ask me if there's a cure,
For this I can reassure,
Worry's man made it's a game being played,
It's something you don't need to endure.

Why does it cause you such grief?
It's because you have no self-belief,
You have the power to stand tall not cower,
Already you can feel the relief.

Now that your heads back in gear,
You forget about worry and fear,
Your soul you'll save from an early grave,

" Believe, And It Will Disappear "

Bri Mar

" Both Are Mismatched "

Turn on the light,
I'm trying to write,
What is it that I cannot see?
Though my thoughts are burning bright,
I'm unable to set the words free.

I am fully aware,
They are in there,
I ask them, why won't you come out?
No reply leaves me feeling despair,
My abilities I'm beginning to doubt.

Feeling cowed,
I talk out loud,
I'll pretend to show nonchalance,
With patience, I never was endowed,
To date I've received no response.

I continue trying,
This is horrifying,
Inspiration is what I must seek,
My desire to write is intensifying,
But my ability to do so is weak.

As I walk away,
Mind shouts, please stay,
In your venture, I want to immerse,
Together as one what we can portray,
Is a combination of genius and verse.

Are the body and mind?
To each other blind,
Sometimes I believe they're detached,
One day they're not the next they're combined,
I think it's probable,

" Both Are Mismatched "

Bri Mar

" But When Will Society Ever Learn "

Why do humans tell lies after they chastise,
Is the truth too much that they need a crutch,
Reality they must hide as it proves they've been snide,
While they don't get caught their victims are left fraught.

When even a cardinal admits the profile fits,
The accusers are wrong they should have been strong,
Kept it all hidden speaking out is forbidden,
Though now vindicated by the church they are hated.

A crime so unjust committed by those we trust,
To their eternal shame they will not accept blame,
They'll cause such ado by claiming fault lies with you,
In a tone that's reserved you got what you deserved.

We're then hidden away to prevent further affray,
The abuser's stands tall while you're left to fall,
Out of sight out of mind are we really that blind,
All abuse is a crime committed by slime.

Teachers and priests being exposed as beasts,
You're left to grieve as your innocence they relieve,
They creep back to their lairs while for you no-one cares,
Innocent people are now dying because of their lying.

Personalities being exposed as the truth is disclosed,
We're all innocent they shout as their riches hold clout,
For the victims of rape there is no escape,
For the remainder of their life they'll live with the strife.

Some of their lives ended because they couldn't be mended,
Tortured souls living life in black holes,
Being treated like dirt whilst still suffering the hurt.
Whether an adult or a child your actions are reviled.

You know who you are that's what's really bizarre,
For committing your abuse you'll use every excuse,
As your innocence is maintained your guilt is explained,
Contempt from the abused is what you earn,

“ When Will Society Ever Learn ”

Bri Mar

" Cameron The Great Space Ranger, Sorry Cadet "

Billions of pounds worth of spy planes destroyed,
While we're still fighting a war,
Of intelligence our government must be devoid,
It's time we asked them what for.

We have aircraft carriers without any planes,
It just doesn't make any sense,
Do our ministers in office have an ounce of brains?
Can they possibly be so dense?

Paying off our forces on whom we depend,
Is utterly and totally mad,
If we were attacked we could no longer defend,
What happened to, "we need you comrade"

But wait for it they've called in the M.I.5,
They've came up with a dastardly plan,
To keep our enemies at bay and all of us alive,
They've hired the invisible man.

Our enemies won't know where our forces are,
From now on they can no longer be seen,
They can travel wide and venture far,
Even our enemies can't tell where they've been.

We can't pay them wages as they've all disappeared,
That'll save our treasury a bomb,
It's to saving money our coalition's endeared,
They can herald this with so much aplomb.

If any of them are killed they will never be missed,
As we won't know where or how,
As far as governments concerned they do not exist,
Not really that different from now.

Before you all say this can't possibly be true,
Our duties we will never shirk,
We can proudly announce, let the battle ensue,
Our new commander is James T. Kirk.

He will lead from the front we just cannot lose,
Don't you dare say that we're all potty,
We must tell you the truth no it's not a ruse,
The Captain's joined by Spock and Scotty.

The planes on our carriers have a cloaking device,
Nobody can see if they're there,
To our foes they'll make it clear and concise,
We're still dangerous so you'd better beware.

We've got photon torpedoes to blow you apart,
Phasers, which vaporise all life,
Trilithium resin to tear out your heart,
Disruptors which cause all sorts of strife.

Our enemies run scared now, new technology rules,
You've put the "GREAT" back into Great Britain,
No more need to suffer the fools,
In our history books is where this will be written.

We're sorry for doubting you Cameron and Clegg,
Our defence is up there with the best,
For surrender or mercy we'll not need to beg,
If attacked we will now pass the test.

With Kirk at the helm you have shown your resolve,
Our country's no longer in danger, you bet,
From Prime Minister to hero you will evolve, you are,

" Cameron, the great Space Ranger " Sorry Cadet "

Bri Mar

" Can Change Your Outlook Forever "

Needing advice,
Don't think twice,
Ask if you need assistance,
Keep your thoughts clear and concise,
Never try to put up resistance.

Family or friends,
It all depends,
An outsider may be a better choice,
Discussing a problem is how it ends,
Make sure you use your voice.

Be aware,
There's someone there,
Don't ever be afraid to talk,
Don't believe that no one will care,
Go on give their door a knock.

When feeling fear,
They will be near,
From you they will not walk away,
They'll always be there to lend an ear,
To help rid you of any affray.

When feeling sorrow,
Look to tomorrow,
Though time alone doesn't heal,
Some help from those near you can borrow,
It will alleviate how you feel.

When feeling strife,
It can cut like a knife,
By talking you can ease your pain,
There's nothing like a friend for life,
They will help your problems drain.

Don't be dismayed,
When friendship's displayed,
When offered don't ever say never,

The gift of a smile when it's portrayed,

“ Can Change Your Outlook Forever ”

Bri Mar

" Capitalization "

As the stock markets crash,
They're all in a dash,
Solely to increase their stake,
Stealing what is the workers cash,
They love being on the take.

It's in the name,
Fortune and fame,
For the one who commits most sins,
To them it's all a high stakes game,
While we lose the rich kid wins.

You shed a tear,
They have no fear,
It's a game they can never lose,
Your money doesn't disappear,
It just ends up where they choose.

They have no feeling,
It's insider dealing,
Playing poker with peoples money,
While the commoner is the one left reeling,
These rich kids find it funny.

You beg steal and borrow,
They know no sorrow,
For your plight they just don't care,
Here today and gone tomorrow,
For corruption they have flair.

What I'm saying to you,
Is 100% true,
Morality is not on their list,
Riches regardless are what they accrue,
Common decency just doesn't exist.

Be in no doubt,
The law they will flout,
In truth it's a form of fraud,

But we are the ones who'll be left without,
Money I'm afraid is their God.

While they drink champagne,
We feel the pain,
They are greedy beyond imagination,
Our protests they then treat with disdain,
Their crime is called,

“ Capitalization ”

Bri Mar

" Citizens Of This Earth "

We interfere,
In others affairs,
Then disappear,
Saying who cares.

Though we fail,
We claim success,
Leaving a trail,
Yes lives in distress.

People left crying,
Then move away,
It's that or dying,
What would you say?

We refuse to budge,
They're left without hope,
Both jury and judge,
Who cares how they cope.

In desperation,
They take to the seas,
Causing devastation,
Are they just refugees? .

This is real life,
It's not a game,
Suffering such strife,
Would you not do the same?

Abandoning your home,
Is a very big ask.
With just toothbrush and comb,
It's a very hard task,

Humans create borders,
They are all man made,
Acting under orders?
A game is then played.

What's all the fuss?
Where our ship comes to berth,
They're no different from us,

“ Citizens Of This Earth ”

Bri Mar

" Conflict Is For Fools "

I remember well,
My days as a child,
Finding something to sell,
Had me beguiled.

That's when I learned,
From my adult peers,
More than money was earned,
These adults were seers.

Always show others,
The utmost respect,
Not just sisters and brother,
To all is correct.

Elders and teachers,
I gave no lip,
My mouth had strange features,
Mine had a zip.

With pride I was driven,
I tried so hard to please,
Whatever I was given,
With both hands I'd seize.

To all the world's life,
I was told to be kind,
Without them there's strife,
To their plight don't be blind,

A bird in the hand,
Was never refused,
I would make a stand,
If wrongly accused.

The lessons I was taught,
Are still with me today,
Respect can't be bought,
We all have a say.

By teaching our successors,
These basic rules,
They can show the aggressors,

“ Conflict Is For Fools ”

Bri Mar

" Correct Twice A Day "

To a broken clock,
The people will flock,
Then they will ask you, what time,
But it holds a secret we all can unlock,
Though that timepiece will never chime.

Though it's wrong,
It does not take long,
To know if it's day or night,
Though the concept of time we cannot prolong,
We do know what's wrong from right.

It's not just a token
But whatever's broken,
Can and will be repaired,
A mind that hurts because of what's spoken,
Will heal quicker if the problem is shared.

From a broken heart,
You refuse to part,
Your future looks anything but bright,
Then you decide to make a new start,
Suddenly you can see a new light.

Time will heal,
Is not in fact real,
What it does is eases the pain,
Like the broken clock at times you will feel,
Moving on will drive you insane.

Forgive and forget,
For some not yet,
For them time doesn't always move on,
Try not to live a life of regret,
That broken clock even sees a new dawn.

How so you ask,
We must take you to task,
A stopped clock tends to lead you astray,

Not if it's secret you try to unmask,
That broken clock is,

“ Correct Twice A Day ”

Bri Mar

" Corruption Reigns Supreme "

Politicians and union chiefs,
Are really so alike,
High salaries and pension schemes,
They never go on strike.

They're rewarded when they make a mess,
The same applies when they fail,
Whereas we'd be sacked immediately,
Then thrown into jail.

Their policies are much the same,
In Immorality they are entwined,
They want the plebs under their thumb,
In corruption they are enshrined.

They're paid for by the working class,
They always get their way,
Yet when it comes to all their perks,
We do not have a say.

When we hit recession,
For us redundancy will lurk,
While they retain their earnings,
They forever remain in work.

Take the miners leader,
He was pretty deft,
He's the leader of a union,
Where there are no miners left.

Trade unions and the government,
Have an affiliation,
You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours,
It's a truly sick creation.

You often find that union chiefs,
End up as politicians,
The job is very much the same,
Dictating our conditions.

If they were truly competent people,
With problems we would not be beset,
But throughout the world these wasters,
Have saddled us with massive debt.

They must be forced to recognise,
That we've all had enough,
If they had to live as we do,
They would find it really tough.

The workers of the modern world,
Really need to unite,
Strip these people of all their power,
Then push them out of sight.

Maybe then we could rid ourselves,
Of our lowly self esteem,
But the problem is we're far too weak,
That's Why,

" Corruption Reigns Supreme "

Bri Mar

" Critic Or Writer "

Try writing for fun,
And you can bet,
Out there someone,
Will get upset.

It is a fact,
Whatever you write,
Regardless of tact,
You will cause a fight.

Trying to please all,
Is a mythical dream,
Your ideals will fall,
When you hear them scream.

That poems about me,
Oh no it's not,
Others will agree,
As it starts to get hot.

Some will stay calm,
Saying peace and goodwill,
Then there's the bam,
Whose aim is to kill.

What you put in print,
Can please or offend,
Just take the hint,
Chaos may well descend.

Be well prepared,
Though it may not make sense,
What you have shared,
Ensure a defence.

Don't be offensive,
It will make your life lighter,
There are lot's out there pensive,
Be they,

“ Critic Or Writer ”

Bri Mar

" Cut Price Bloody Flights "

I fancied going on holiday,
So I searched the Internet,
I tried out various airlines,
Just to see what I could get.

As I'm on a real tight budget,
The price had to be the best,
Nothing fancy, there and back,
Costing less than all the rest.

I then came across a company,
Their seats were really cheap,
A no frills airline that would do,
My debts wouldn't go too deep.

When I searched their website,
I was amazed at what I found,
A flight to where I want to go,
For just a single pound.

I then went on to pay the bill,
So I used my credit card,
What they charged me for using it,
Has left me feeling scarred.

Then before the bill was finalised,
When I thought I could relax,
They told me I then had to pay,
Something called airport tax.

But now on to the airport,
As I checked my baggage in,
They said it should be done on-line,
Otherwise you cannot win.

I paid another surcharge,
By this time I was running late,
Another charge for that said she,
I thought this is bloody great.

As you didn't print your tickets off,
I'm afraid that's even more,
This is sheer and utter madness,
But our terms you can't ignore.

She said your bags are far too heavy,
that will cost you more again,
I was running out of money,
This was driving me insane.

Eventually when I boarded,
They left me so surprised,
They made me pay for an extra seat,
Saying I was oversized.

I thought that I had seen it all,
Then I asked them for a meal,
Thirty pounds for micro chips,
Is not the greatest deal.

I also bought a drink of juice,
My micro chips to soak,
The price they charged me for it,
Would have made an elephant choke.

Then I visited the toilet,
This caused even more ado,
They even charge an entry fee,
To use the bloody loo.

Eventually when we landed,
I asked where we were at,
She said in Spain I don't know where,
But at least the ground is flat.

I eventually got a taxi,
The driver was full of smiles,
I found out why when I got the bill,
We had travelled two hundred miles.

If you want to travel cheap,

Make sure you read their rules,
Or the consequences you will reap,
They use complicated tools.

Now as I sit here bankrupt,
I wish had studied my rights,
I'm living proof there's no such thing as,

" Cut Price Bloody Flights "

Bri Mar

" Death Can Be So Unforgiving "

I have no affinity,
With the holy trinity,
As a concept it is humanly bizarre,
Earth is where you'll discover divinity,
Where life is a mixed repertoire.

While living here,
There's no need for fear,
About what happens after you die,
Whether or not you just disappear,
Your existence you must never belie.

In the here and now,
Do make it your vow,
To enjoy every living second,
Don't bother asking when and how,
You may or may not be beckoned.

A fact of life?
Yes, death is rife,
It starts as soon as you're born,
Believe in now and ignore the strife,
Lest you end up forlorn.

With what might be,
We'll not always agree,
We all have our own clear fixation,
Obsessed by that which we cannot see,
Is truly an abomination.

Religion obscures,
Here and now is yours,
Be grateful for the great gift of living,
Don't base your existence on hereafter tours,

" Death Can Be So Unforgiving "

Bri Mar

" Death Can'T Be Undone "

The most intelligent on Earth,
For what I don't know,
Of facts there's a dearth,
What's this intelligence we show.

Medical treatments mean life,
Can last much longer,
One cut with a knife,
Can make one grow stronger.

Medicines and advancements,
Mean all sorts of cures,
A life with enhancements,
Is what it ensures?

It's a fact of our living,
That since our arrival,
We've become unforgiving,
Forgotten about survival.

For thousands of years,
A solution has been sought,
To end all our tears,
That still leaves us fraught.

But up to this day,
We've shown we're not willing,
Still saying no way,
To end wars that are killing.

Politicians are fools,
They start futile disputes,
We follow their rules,
By becoming their recruits.

Wars mean death,
That is its name,
Taking someone's last breath,
Without feeling shame?

Intelligence is lacking,
When we're butchering others,
Let's give our backing,
To our sisters and brothers.

Nobody ever wins,
Apart from politicians,
The reward for their sins,
Even better conditions.

The power is ours,
Our fight can be won,
Despite us laying flowers,

'' Death Can't Be Undone ''

Bri Mar

" Death Could Be But A Transition "

I'm about to die,
So I will not lie,
It's with a feeling of trepidation,
Death you cannot quantify,
Will it be nothingness or perhaps elation.

I cannot grieve,
Never did believe,
The concept of a Heaven or Hell,
The past I know you cannot retrieve,
Is there a future? Who can tell.

Though I questioned God,
Him I never did laud,
As a subject it's too far fetched,
The human mind can be really odd,
Reality we tend to have stretched.

Is there an afterlife,
Where there is no strife,
Ruled by a being supreme,
I'd hate to think I would meet my ex-wife,
What a nightmarish dream.

Are we in human form,
Where we all conform,
To the one we call the creator,
Are peace and harmony always the norm?
Who or what is a fabricator.

As I pass over,
Will the angels hover,
Awaiting to carry me away,
Will I be like the pig in clover,
Loving each and every other day.

Or will I just go,
Where I won't even know,
Who, what, why, when, where and how,

Nothing itself won't come as a blow,
As there's nothing I cannot allow.

Of atoms we're made,
So it has to be said,
It's a fact they don't ever perish,
If as stated they do not degrade,
Surely that's something to cherish.

I can live in hope,
But with death I'll cope,
As I now face decomposition,
I'll leave myself with plenty of scope,

“ Death Could Be But A Transition ”

Bri Mar

" Death Is Not Goodbye, It Is Just Farewell "

I've reached that point where I now know,
My life here is over it's my time to go,
By the principles of honesty I've tried to adhere,
Perhaps that's why I do not feel fear.

When I leave this life my journey will start,
So I don't feel down now it's time to depart,
I'll be heading for the joys of eternal life,
No more pain or the feelings of strife.

I'll feel sadness for those I will leave behind,
But we'll never be far from each others mind,
I'll be watching over them from up above,
that way I can shower them all with my love.

I'll leave them with memories they'll never forget,
By focusing on them there will be no regret,
Life will go on but they will be aware,
They will feel my presence they'll know I am there.

I'll be back again with my Mum and Dad,
With that in mind how could I feel sad,
From those earthly pressures I'll forever be free,
There is so much I'm looking forward to see,

Thousands of relatives and friends from the past,
Together forever this new life will last,
Scientists say it's a dream but dreams do come true,
My undying faith will carry me through.

They'll all be waiting for me to arrive,
With that welcome to come I know I will thrive,
I'll be safe in the knowledge this new life is forever,
Where all life is equal now that's really clever.

There'll be animals and plants and beautiful seas,
No fighting or hatred nor any disease,
A kingdom where we are all treated the same,
Equality for all no recognition of fame.

No religious conflict or issues of race,
Infinite happiness is what I now face,
A wonderful world with a happy accord,
If you trust in your God this will be your reward.

No more sadness just feelings of joy,
Where nothing can upset or ever annoy,
That life I once had I will no longer miss,
For the one I have now is perpetual bliss.

By teaching your loved ones you will meet again,
From grieving too much it will help them refrain,
By knowing you're around them their fears will dispel,

'' Death Is Not Goodbye It Is Just Farewell ''

Bri Mar

" Death Is The Beginning It's Not The End "

From the day we are born we are dicing with death,
We have limited control over our final breath,
You may live for seconds or for many years,
Our demise is something everyone fears.

When will it happen do you wish you knew how?
Or perhaps you wouldn't if it was happening now,
When you're young and carefree you don't really care,
You tend not to think of when or where.

If an elderly relation in your family dies,
You ask yourself why everyone cries,
Why did they leave could it possibly be planned?
As a child it's so hard to understand.

As you grow older the thought crosses your mind,
It's then you realise death can be so unkind,
If there's a God is it he who chooses,
What's the criteria, who wins who loses.

Who is it that decides how you'll meet your fate,
Will it be early in life or will it be late,
Could it be through disease or perhaps old age?
To know this would take the mind of a sage.

You needn't fear death if you believe God is true,
Have faith in the Lord and he'll see you through,
The kingdom of Heaven is open to all races,
He has no interest in the colour of our faces.

A land of paradise where we're all as one,
Living in harmony, as for conflict there's none,
It may sound like a dream but God does not deceive,
There's life after death but you've got to believe.

The main lessons in life that need to be learned,
Are entry to His kingdom can only be earned,
If you wish to do otherwise your soul you can sell,
The rewards will be an eternity in Hell.

So you see there's no need to be in fear of dying,
The Good Lord has never been one for lying
By obeying Gods will to Heaven you'll ascend,

'' Death Is The Beginning It's Not The End ''

Bri Mar

" Democracy My Arse "

I say autocracy,
Why all the fuss,
The say democracy,
It's certainly not us.

Hereditary lines,
Are not allowed,
Yet to royal designs,
Allegiance we've vowed.

A family tree,
Just a chosen few,
Breeding you see,
In house it is too.

A head of state,
Who is not elected,
Democratic fate?
Must remain undetected.

They take without giving,
While we starve,
They love luxury living,
As their roast we carve.

It's election time,
The royals have another,
Should be classed as a crime,
As in debt we smother.

Living off the poor,
Is wrong it's sick,
Their lives secure,
It's we who are thick.

An upper house,
Filled with coffin dodgers,
They eat and drink grouse,
Decrepit old codgers.

Three hundred a day,
Just to show face,
Not a bad pay,
They're a bloody disgrace.

No need to take notes,
They don't even care,
If they don't need our votes,
Who puts them in there?

This is not history,
It's the present day,
Why's not a mystery?
It's capitalism at play.

Dictatorship Britain,
Where the truth is sparse,
The truth is now written,

'' Democracy My Arse ''

Bri Mar

" Die "

We get annoyed,
Not overjoyed,
Facts destroyed,
Cry.

Life is tough,
You're feeling rough,
Makes you gruff,
Comply.

Ideas you steal,
Life isn't real,
How do you feel,
Deny.

In your bubble,
Causing trouble,
Reduced to rubble,
Awry.

Cannot wait,
Need to hate,
What a trait,
Decry.

Feel no shame,
Never to blame,
Love to defame,
Imply.

Refuse to see,
Do not agree,
It wasn't me,
Sigh.

Negativity rules,
Ego it fuels,
Everyone fools,
Why.

Will not atone,
Heart of stone,
Left all alone,

“ Die ”

Bri Mar

" Disappear "

To the origins of life,
We've become obsessed,
It's causing such strife,
It's making us stressed,
As we cut deeper with the knife,
The less we invest,
In what's here.

We are facing the end,
With our tunnel vision,
We can no longer mend,
What is indecision,
The messages we send,
To Hell with provision,
That is clear.

Billions being spent,
On what is waste,
Refusing to repent,
Leaves a bitter taste,
We refuse to relent,
As to the heavens we raced,
Mud is clear?

Intelligent beings see,
All we do is fight,
We can never agree,
On whose wrong or right,
They won't set us free,
But do we see the light,
Feel the fear.

Who we are,
Will not solve our ills,
Travelling afar,
Just increases our bills,
It's like being on a par,
With placebo pills,
Shed a tear.

Why do we ask,
Does anyone know,
Let me take you to task,
The answer will show,
Humans wear a mask,
Wherever they go,
Death is near.

Where are we headed,
Wipe your brow,
As our planet is shredded,
More money we vow,
The truth's what we dreaded,
Armageddon is now,

“ Disappear ”

Bri Mar

" Disaster Will Be Beckoning Soon "

December 21st Two Thousand and Twelve,
We will see the Earths demise,
Into Mayan history we must now delve,
As it's to us their prediction applies.

Astrology and myth were prevalent then,
Very much the same as now,
For power and greed they had a yen,
My God they paid for it and how.

Lavish buildings and luxuries for some,
Built and paid for by the lower class,
The privileged ate steak and the worker the crumb,
This system was nothing but crass.

Fellow Human Beings being treated like dirt,
By the rich who were but a few,
Discarded when ill like a worn out shirt,
Like today it's nothing that's new.

On class distinction their culture was based,
This concept was doomed to fail,
Greed and corruption had to be faced,
Eventually it had to derail.

Their prediction's a warning not an ominous sign,
Our planet will come to and end,
If we heed the comparisons we'll all be fine,
Life's not about how much we can spend.

Already the publishers are out in force,
Telling us we're all going to die,
To them it's a money-making resource,
Truth is the whole thing is a lie.

When it doesn't happen what will they say,
Will they admit they got it all wrong,
Give refunds to those who gave up their pay,
No your naivety they'll try to prolong.

Worlds end predictions come and they go,
To date everyone of them's failed,
When it finally happens I doubt if we'll know,
At least the doom merchants will finally be curtailed.

Like the Mayan hierarchy they are morally corrupt,
They are up to their eyeballs in debt,
The capitalist volcano is about to erupt,
These parasites are our biggest threat.

Like the Mayan rulers they've no self- control,
Life to them is spend, spend, spend,
What we're left with is a bottomless hole,
This year it must come to an end.

Unless we heed what the Mayans said,
Our world will be torn apart,
Civilisation will surely lie dead,
The corrupt will have torn it apart.

All cultures on Earth will feel the pain,
Not one of us will be immune,
If from greed and corruption the rich don't refrain,

`` Disaster Will Be Beckoning Soon ``

Bri Mar

" Do Gods Really Exist "

It's said God's compassionate he's merciful as well,
Which begs the question why would he create Hell,
It's a terrible torture for Our Lord to create,
To make people suffer is a form of hate.

That's against his teachings or so we are taught,
Could a God really hurt now there is a thought,
Some suffer from illness from birth to old age,
Yet he doesn't help them why won't he engage.

Illnesses have been with us since time began,
Which ruins the debate they're the fault of man,
He lets people starve still they die of thirst,
This form of cruelty is truly the worst.

Genocide and wars leave us all crying,
Yet God looks from above as millions are dying,
Murderers and rapists, paedophiles too,
He allows them to live without any ado.

If his teachings are true why not intervene,
They would never be born to grow to be mean,
If he lets evil thrive then we must ask,
Why does he allow it we must take him to task.

If we're made to suffer it's really quite odd,
When we recover we give thanks to God,
If our illness kills us we'll claim it's Gods will,
He walks away blameless that's a bitter pill.

Why do we do this it's always the same,
God gets the credit but never the blame,
He created all life so it must be his fault,
Yet he still wants our praise he wants us to exalt.

Why the Hell should we our argument's strong,
The good still die young he must know that is wrong,
Death should be kept for the chosen few,
Strike them with illnesses for the evil they do.

God's universe is endless so why should we die,
For all righteous people death should not apply,
No compassionate person would allow us such pain,
Yet he allows it to happen again and again.

So many religions and cultures all have different Gods,
Yet we all suffer the same so what are the odds,
That God's are but a figment of our imagination,
A fictional character a delusional creation.

If there is a God then please make us aware,
Give us a sign by showing us you care,
Which now begs the question therein lies the twist,
it's one we must ask,

" Do Gods Really Exist "

Bri Mar

" Do Try To Persevere "

People come and people go,
Some go fast while others slow,
The reason why we'll never know,
Never live in fear.

Life is short take your time,
Rushing it is such a crime,
Throughout life you're in your prime,
It's a gift you must endear.

Worrying will only bring you pain,
From hurting others please refrain,
If in trouble use your brain,
The good times will reappear.

Families at times can get fraught,
Before you argue give some thought,
That close relationships can't be bought,
Don't let fall outs sear.

Friends are precious love them well,
Bad times they will help dispel,
In keeping you sane they do excel,
Always keep them near.

See yourself in others eyes,
your inner feelings don't disguise,
When required do revise,
Do not be insincere.

How long we have who's to say,
Some make wishes others pray,
If you're alive to fight another day,

" Do Try To Persevere "

Bri Mar

" Do You Drive A Rolls Royce "

My Lord I repent,
For doing you wrong,
You say Heaven sent.
Is where we belong.

Your biblical tales,
I've refused to believe,
They were written by males,
Who live to deceive.

They dictate your rules,
Saying we must follow,
Treating us as fools,
By promises so hollow.

Though your miracles abound,
There's no actual proof,
Where can they be found,
Methinks they're a spoof.

While in splendour you live,
We struggle to get by,
While you take, we give,
That you cannot deny.

Why do you need dough?
Also, known as bread,
Surely after we go,
We are termed as dead.

Your reps here on Earth,
Keep asking for more,
In the place where you berth,
Is it kept in a store?

I know I've refused,
To take up your offers,
Though I do stand accused,
I will not fill your coffers.

You say Heaven or Hell,
Is free will and choice,
Please can you tell,

“ Do You Drive A Rolls Royce ”

Bri Mar

" Does Anyone Know The Colour Of God "

God made us different so we could give,
Different perceptions on how we should live,
If he knew it would've caused so much trouble,
He'd have left our planet as a pile of rubble.

He gave us all colours as a lasting gift,
I doubt that he dreamed it would cause such a rift,
But don't blame God for this shady assault,
He gave us all minds, it's entirely our fault.

We really need to focus attention,
As our world enters a dangerous dimension,
That togetherness is what will set the pace,
Not the colour of a persons face.

If the Human Race would just unite,
Then maybe for once we'd all see the light,
That to battle through our stormy weather,
The only way forward is to work together.

Take Lewis Hamilton from formula one,
A world champion second to none,
His Father was black, his mother white,
That never stopped him getting it right.

Another example is the man called Barack,
His mother was white his father black,
This proves beyond doubt what we can achieve,
If we get rid of prejudice and start to believe.

Obama's now president of the United States,
Proud that he walked through those White House gates,
The peoples selection has shown us all,
That regardless of colour we can all stand tall.

If everything we seen was drab and grey,
Would our world look as nice that way,
The flowers and animals on our beautiful planet,
The eagles and ospreys, the sea loving gannet.

Just look at the rainbow way up high,
Those united colours grace a wonderful sky,
The insects the trees all differing shades,
From the Sahara desert to the Everglades.

Regardless of colour you're a Human Being,
None have the right to think We're all seeing,
That one race is strong whilst the other is weak,
The meaning of life proves we're all unique.

If we'd only use our God given skill,
We could unite as one if we had the will,
It's part of our heritage the colour of our skin,
Be proud but united and our battle we'll win.

In essence all Humans are much the same,
As we try to survive in life's great game,
If we could set our differences aside,
The racists and bigots would have nowhere to hide.

Black and White would be no more,
We'd all be welcome at each others door,
The Human Race must now realise,
If we don't work as one our planet dies.

If only the world would follow Gods lead,
The preachers of hate would be forced to concede,
Your colour is beautiful it should not be confined,
It will take every shade to save humankind.

You may be black, brown or red even yellow or white,
Regardless of colour we we all know wrong from right.
If we stopped preaching hatred against one another,
We could actually live as sister and brother.

When you pray to your saviour do you honestly care,
What shade they might be as long as they're there,
This whole concept of colour by humans is flawed,

" Does Anyone Know The Color Of God "

" Doesn't Time Fly "

I've drank and smoked,
All my life,
At times I've choked,
Yes, suffered strife.
This is unprovoked,
It cut's like a knife,
They're saying, I'm going to die.

I like a drink,
Whisky and beer,
It's a survival link,
It brings good cheer,
I'm beginning to think,
Are they still here?
My pleasures they will not deny.

A strong cigarette,
Gives me pleasure,
They say it's a threat,
It's not my treasure,
My mind is set,
Life you can't measure,
I totally refuse to comply.

Those diesel fumes,
I've breathed in,
Petrol filled rooms,
A large oily bin,
Gas fired plumes,
You just cannot win,
I'm an easy going guy.

The warnings were there,
I ignored them all,
Yes, I'm totally aware,
The end you can stall,
But I never did care,
We all take that fall,
My views you mustn't decry.

If I'd changed my ways,
I'd still be alive,
Though hindsight sways,
It won't help you thrive?
At the end of my days,
I'm one hundred and five,
I'd say,

“ Doesn't Time Fly ”

Bri Mar

" Don'T Eat More Eat Less "

I weigh myself every day,
But it's all to no avail,
Despite countless diets I can say,
I was always doomed to fail.

Each day I only eat three meals,
Breakfast a sandwich then dinner,
If you only knew just how that feels,
You wouldn't class me as a sinner.

Yes I have the occasional snack,
But it's not a meal as such,
A chocolate biscuit gets me flak,
But to me it's not that much.

I take some sweets to calm me down,
The odd one I'm allowed,
Packets that is but don't you frown,
With will power I am endowed.

I really love my crisps and juice,
Jelly babies I can't resist,
I totally adore my chocolate mousse,
My desserts I've never missed.

Alcohol I'm told is perfectly fine,
If it's taken in moderation,
So I drink a daily bottle of wine,
It keeps me in total sedation.

I endeavour to exercise every day,
But it really is a crime,
All that sumptuous food leads me astray,
For activity I can't make the time.

When I jumped on to my weight machine,
All I could hear were haunting wails,
Was it from some ghostly Queen,
No it was coming from my scales.

It's the weight of all those clothes I wear,
It has nothing to do with me,
They make me look the shape of a pear,
That's just fallen from a tree.

One day I'll reach my perfect size,
I'll not predict where or when,
But when I do you'll hear my cries,
I've reached a perfect ten.

Diets have cost me thousands of pounds,
But I should have smelled a rat,
For the thing to me that most confounds,
It's in money not in fat.

Every one tells you the same,
It's the basis of every diet,
It's a con by any other name,
Boil your food don't fry it.

It doesn't matter whether you boil or fry,
Or the type of food you eat,
These special diets are all a lie,
They're all guilty of deceit.

Here's the greatest diet of them all,
It's been around for thousands of years,
The simplicity of it will enthrall,
It won't leave your pockets in tears.

The answer's there it's in your face,
Truth is it's beyond belief,
It's one which we can all embrace,
without giving out cash relief.

What is the answer I hear you ask,
You must relieve us from our stress,
The solution to our thankless task,

" Don't Eat More Eat Less "

" Don't Even Ask "

I'm ever so tired,
We need inspired,
The truth has finally dawned,
It's we the people who need to get fired,
To stop ourselves being conned.

We know they tell lies,
Of every size,
Yet our lives we place in their hands,
Their aim in life, to plot our demise,
Why we let them no one understands.

They're robbing us blind,
Yet we don't mind.
We sit back and let out a groan,
Is it any wonder they think we're so kind?
When the majority don't even moan.

Complacency rules,
They see us as fools,
Solely because we tend to agree,
To save ourselves we have the tools,
What is it we the blind cannot see.

For us life's a bitch,
While they're all cash rich,
This is true regardless of party,
While we're trying to sort out a hitch,
They all shout, well we're hale and hearty.

Five grand a second,
That's what's reckoned,
Is the increase in our debt every day,
We just looked on as disaster beckoned,
Why, they told us it would all be okay?

For hundreds of years,
They've left us in tears,
Their incompetence they don't need to mask,

As into history the truth disappears,
The politician says,

“ Don't Even Ask ”

Bri Mar

" Don'T Ever Drink And Drive "

I never thought about accidents,
When I drove my souped up car,
I thought I was invincible,
Admired from afar.

There was no one else could touch me,
Those others could only dream.
When I had that drink in me,
My God was I was supreme,

I always took a drink or two,
Before getting behind the wheel,
Alcohol gives you confidence,
It enhances the way you feel.

I didn't need to drink too much,
Just enough to get me by,
Laws were made to be broken,
To me they don't apply.

Nobody would accompany me,
Which always made me think,
Are they scared because I drive so fast,
Or because I drive with drink.

I thought my friends admired me,
They'd say I was over zealous,
Their comments only made me think,
That they were all just jealous.

Little did I realise then,
My actions made them frown,
Instead of being their hero,
I was looked on as a clown.

Driving with a drink in me,
Had never held any fears,
I never gave it a second thought,
That it would all end in tears.

I drove down to the bar one night,
Then I sat and had a few,
I came out and jumped behind the wheel,
I'd show them what I could do.

As I sped along the highway,
Here was I the king,
I thought I was immortal,
What more could my life bring.

Just then there was a mighty crash,
What in Gods name had I done,
There was blood and gore everywhere,
This was no longer fun.

As I left my car I froze with fear,
There were bodies all around,
They were all lying lifeless,
Not one of them made a sound.

I knew I had to run away,
What a low down skunk, ,
I knew that I'd be sent to jail,
For driving whilst drunk.

Just then the police approached me,
I didn't know what to say,
They told me I'd caused total carnage,
For that there'd be a price to pay.

Tonight there'll be families grieving,
What you've done they won't forgive,
Because of your selfish actions,
Their kin no longer live.

Those parents have lost their children,
Yes it's solely down to me,
A thoughtless drunken lowlife,
So I beg you all to see.

Our actions have a consequence,

Some good while others bad,
To drive with just one drink in you,
Is totally and utterly mad.

Families are left distraught with grief,
Because I just didn't care,
I chose to drive while I was drunk,
Now they're left in despair.

Millions do it every day,
They don't give it a second thought,
It really only hits you,
" WHEN ", not if you're caught.

I'm lucky, I'm in prison now,
Alive and in my bed,
My victims weren't so fortunate,
Five of them are dead.

It's too late to say I'm sorry now,
But while I'm still alive,
Please listen to my plea to you,

" Don't Ever Drink And Drive".

Bri Mar

" Don't Let Anyone Ruin Your Verse "

The gift of writing,
Can be so inviting,
But the warning is, writer beware,
Your end product may well be exciting,
But there are those who'll say it's not fair.

What you think is good,
Others think, rude,
That's just the way of the human,
What you say is sexy they'll say it's lewd,
That's fact be it man or a woman.

Our difference choices,
Our wide range of voices,
Our cultures can be worlds apart,
While you condemn the other rejoices,
It doesn't matter it's straight from the heart.

You may find it odd,
When you write about God,
There are those who will take offence,
Who's to say if he's real or a fraud,
Don't let them force you to sit on the fence.

Sexual equality,
Can be taken as jollity,
Others will see you as mean,
Any subject you treat with frivolity,
There'll be those who'll say it's unclean.

Don't let inhibition,
Spoil your rendition,
Though political correctness we need to rehearse,
There is no such thing as prohibition,

" Don't Let Anyone Ruin Your Verse "

Bri Mar

" Either Way You'LI Lose "

What will you gain?
By having an affair,
It will drive you insane,
So try it if you dare.

Is the grass greener?
On the other side,
Will life be leaner?
With secrets to hide.

Is it what you want?
Or is it based on lust,
Will your decision haunt?
You Are being unjust?

Your husband or wife,
Will find out the truth,
As they suffer strife,
Do you remain uncouth?

Living based on lies,
So be in no doubt,
You cannot disguise,
You will be found out.

The facts in your face,
It's pain you'll bear,
You'll be in disgrace,
Left without a care.

All you once had
Will soon disappear,
It will drive you mad,
That feeling of fear.

You'll ask yourself why,
When there's nothing left,
You'll be wishing you could die.
Left feeling bereft.

Take time to reflect,
Which option will you choose?
Lust and love wrecked,

“ It's You Who'll Lose ”

Bri Mar

" Entry To Heaven Will Be Declined "

We outnumber the rich by billions to won,
Yet we the majority lose out on the fun,
The reason why we are being undone,
That answer we will now try to find.

While they live in splendour we live in hope,
They don't give a damn that we can't cope,
As we slide further down life's slippery slope,
They enjoy being wined and dined.

As they rake it in we're put on a freeze,
Spiralling prices everyone agrees,
While we struggle to get by they thrive on sleaze,
We must be out of our mind.

We are responsible for making them rich,
While their lives go by without a hitch,
Our lives are blighted by a tax filled ditch,
In corruption the prosperous are enshrined.

They expect the poor to stick each other in,
To emulate their fiddles we could never win,
As their tax affairs are embroiled in spin,
That's the way their system's designed.

All we can say is it isn't fair,
Humility among them like contrition is rare,
If truth be told there's none of them care,
That it's to poverty we are confined.

As their paymasters we must accept some blame,
Without us they wouldn't have any acclaim,
In fact it's to our eternal shame,
To this inequality we seem to be blind.

No human being is superior to another,
Yet this injustice we don't try to smother,
If it's true we're all sister and brother,
Then all wealth must be realigned.

Equality for everyone's not a lot to ask,
But first the corrupt must discard that mask,
That to them is too much of a task,
To sacrifice they are not inclined.

It is up to us to show them the way,
Unless we do it's ourselves we betray,
Their propaganda's made to lead us astray,

We contribute more than their income combined.
Unless we wake up and let them know,
Satan has got them all in tow,
You're a long time dead when it's down below,

" Entry To Heaven Will Be Declined "

Bri Mar

" Equality's What You Need To Pursue "

In a time of recession whilst poverty is rife,
As ordinary people struggle to get by,
Winter will take just more than one life,
For want of heating people will die.

But wait a minute all will now be fine,
The royals say another baby is due,
Our thoughts on despair we must now realign,
We must exalt another of the chosen few.

All over the world this makes headline news,
We must forget all about world recession,
It's the media as well as Kate who spews,
All this does is increase my depression.

Are the "ORDINARY " people really that naïve?
To think all their troubles are now over,
You'd need to be thick to actually believe,
Our fields are now filled up with clover.

Out of touch with reality is what royals are,
Like the rich and our politicians,
The fact we fund them is totally bizarre,
As well as their constant additions.

While they live in luxury we freeze to death,
They overeat while we all starve,
Their heating's full on we have ice on our breath,
As their Christmas roast beef servants carve.

Thou shalt not worship false gods we are told,
Yet to them we must curtsey or bow,
While we're struggling they're being bankrolled,
This madness we encourage and allow.

Inequality is rife in this sick world of ours,
We're the majority why should this be,
This attitude towards them leaves a taste that sours,
We are the reason we will never be free.

Why do we allow these parasites to reign?
There is nobody on Earth better than you,
To worship the privileged is totally insane,

“ Equality's What You Need To Pursue ”

Bri Mar

" Eternal Strife Just Fills Me With Dread "

Religions teach us about their one called God,
The creator of all that's alive,
I would hate to think this concept is a fraud,
The very meaning of life is to survive.

When we die we go on to eternal life,
Does that mean death doesn't exist,
It's really confusing but the rumours are rife,
That dying can be crossed off your list.

On the day you take that final breath,
You immediately end up elsewhere,
You're still alive so what is death,
It's a subject which gives everyone a scare.

If the scriptures are to be believed,
Who's to say they're a lie,
They should actually make us feel relieved,
That none of us will actually die.

Then comes the day of the resurrection,
For some of us the future looks bleak,
On judgement day there will be a selection,
Think of the havoc that will wreak.

Even if we end up in Heaven or Hell
Our existence hasn't come to an end,
Where we'll arrive none of us can tell,
That tends to drive us all round the bend.

You'll meet up with those you left behind,
I tremble at the thought that is right,
Meeting up with the ex would terrorise my mind,
It would give me such a terrible fright.

Encountering enemies you've met in the past,
Those people you really detested,
Eternal peace in Heaven just wouldn't last,
Most of us would end up being arrested.

It's human nature to love and to hate,
Would this continue wherever we go?
Having an affair with your best friends mate,
Then praying they will never know.

A reincarnation of what went before,
Could that really what us humans desire,
The murder and mayhem we claim to deplore,
The very thought of it is making me perspire.

I've made up my mind when put to the test,
There's something good about being dead,
Encase me in concrete when you lay me to rest,

“ Eternal Strife Just Fills Me With Dread ”

Bri Mar

" Eternity Lasts Forever "

I'm moving on,
To pastures new,
A brand new dawn,
Will see me through,
Though I'll be gone,
I'll still love you,
Until the twelfth of never,

Don't feel sorrow,
Nor despair,
Although tomorrow,
I won't be there,
Time you can't borrow,
So be aware,
True love you cannot sever.

Where we go,
No one can say,
If you know,
Show me the way,
I see a glow,
A beautiful array,
Now that's what I call clever.

I'm apprehensive,
As to what awaits,
I'm feeling pensive,
In dire straits,
This is so intensive,
I see pearly gates,
We'll always be together.

A Heavenly domain,
Is what I see,
No further pain,
I feel so free,
Here I'll remain,
I'm filled with glee,
No conflict whatsoever.

All my relations,
Who've went before,
A United Nations,
Where nothing's a chore,
Lost generations,
With peace to the fore,

“ Eternity Lasts Forever ”

Bri Mar

" Even Animals Look After Their Own "

Does Heaven exist?
Is Hell on the list?
Or could the whole thing be a fraud,
A man made con which can be dismissed,
Only Humans claim there's a God.

We think we're high flyers,
Feeding our desires,
To make cash is our only aim,
Humans are such terrible liars,
We don't care who we hurt or maim.

Our aim is to take,
While our health we forsake,
As we rip out our planets heart,
While some starve others eat steak,
They watch as the hungry fall apart.

While the richest thrive,
The poor take a dive,
While to the edge the destitute cling,
For some it's a constant fight to survive,
To the wealthy money is king.

Inequality is rife,
That's a fact of life,
Intelligence? who's kidding who,
Some wouldn't know the meaning of strife,
Mass riches are all they want to accrue.

Churches worth billions,
Religions making trillions,
Morality among them is rare,
Living it up in their lavish pavilions,
Show us they just couldn't care.

A chosen elite,
We must bow at their feet,
In their presence we are low life scum,

Against this injustice we cannot compete,
Are we really truly that dumb?

Intelligence there's none,
When all's said and done,
Over the years our arrogance has grown,
We're fighting a battle that cannot be won,

'' Even Animals Look After Their Own ''

Bri Mar

" Even They Can't Defy "

A major gaffe,
I had to laugh,
The whole thing was a bloody farce,
The stories then went off the graph,
A celebrity had fell on her arse.

Millions for a jet,
A pampered pet,
They think nothing of putting us down,
These people from us take all they can get,
Their behaviour brings on a frown.

They tell blatant lies,
The truth they despise,
That's why they hide all they are earning,
If asked to pay tax you'll hear their cries,
For fiddling they have a yearning.

They feel no shame,
They're never to blame,
To them we are nothing but plebs,
Their fraud ridden lives you mustn't defame,
Or you'll get caught in their lawyers webs.

We refuse to discuss,
What's all the fuss?
For you our paymasters we say, who cares,
In truth they don't give a damn about us,
They'd prefer it if we remained downstairs.

Having all that money,
Doesn't make your life sunny,
There's a limit to what you can buy,
Despite all their riches I do find it funny,
The passage of time,

'' Even They Can't Defy ''

" Every Attribute You Have Has Been Bought "

When I met you in that darkened room,
I just didn't realise,
That all I'd feel was heartbreak and gloom,
For peering into those eyes.

You looked just like a beauty queen,
Standing seductively over the bar,
The most gorgeous woman I'd ever seen,
A glistening beautiful star.

I may have had too much to drink,
But that didn't spoil my view,
In fact it inspired me to think,
My desire was to be with you.

How could a guy be so lucky in love,
It must be my ability to disarm,
What I'm seeing is a gift from above,
Full of good looks and charm.

At that point I seen my future laid out,
We would never again be apart,
I knew it was love so I let out a shout,
You have taken over my heart.

How could a guy be so lucky in life,
Meeting someone as beautiful as you,
Instantly I knew that she'd be my wife,
That would be done without further ado.

She would make me a perfect partner,
The drink must have given me that thought,
In the darkness I told her, you're perfect,
A body like yours can't be bought

I asked her if she'd share some time with me,
She didn't even put up a fight,
When she came over and said, yes I'm free.
I knew then I'd done something right.

We both laughed and danced the night away,
I knew we were made for each other,
Very soon I knew I would say,
I'd love you to meet my Mother.

At the end of the night I asked her home,
Surprisingly my beauty said yes,
I went to the mens room for a wash and a comb,
What came next was anyone's guess.

We went back to her flat instead of mine,
At the time I just didn't ask why,
The way she looked had me on cloud nine,
Just the thought of it all made me cry.

She wouldn't allow me to turn on the light,
Of her reasons I just wasn't aware,
If I had I'd probably have died of fright,
But at the time I just didn't care.

We then made out in every room,
Exhausted we both fell asleep,
We knew next day our passion would resume,
That was a promise we'd keep.

You were to be my future partner in crime,
My beauty I'd finally caught,
The angels were ensuring I had a good time,
A body like yours can't be bought.

Next day off came the wig and eyelashes,
Her make up and then her false teeth,
The daylight exposed all her rashes,
All this while I'm lying underneath.

She told me she was going to powder her nose,
Doing my make up just never fails,
I thought what else can this lady expose,
As I sat on her pack of false nails.

The botox was wearing off at this point,

Her wrinkles were there to be seen,
I said to myself, I'm out of this joint,
In truth I'm no longer so keen.

At this point the implants fell out of her chest,
They were splattered all over the floor,
I thought my God that's what I caressed,
At that point I made for the door.

She asked me for one more lingering kiss,
Like the one I had given her last night,
I said sorry darling but I'll give that a miss,
In sobriety you've given me a fright.

This story is told straight from the heart,
Be happy with what God's given you,
Or very soon you'll be falling apart,
It's your surgeon you'll be wanting to sue.

I knew then I'd made a major gaffe,
It made me feel really distraught,
She said lets make out, I said you're having a laugh,

" Every Attribute You Have Has Been Bought"

Bri Mar

" Everyone Dies "

This gift of living,
Can be taken away,
It can be so unforgiving,
Any time any day.

Young or old,
Who is it decides,
We're never told,
The creator hides.

Lifestyle choice,
Is ours to make,
We do have a voice,
Is it give or take?

Happy or sad,
To skive or toil,
Sane or mad,
Be free or embroil.

To ignore or assist,
Which one are you,
Get involved or resist,
Which will you do?

Happiness and contentment,
Joy or the blues,
Bitterness and resentment,
Win or lose.

A fact of life,
Is the subject of death,
Whether joy or strife,
You'll take that last breath.

Living though a gift,
One rule it applies,
Be it long or swift,

“ Everyone Dies ”

Bri Mar

" Everyone Tells Lies "

I'm vying to stop lying,
Without much success,
No denying I'm trying,
But my life's such a mess.

Though contrite it's a fight,
To recognise the truth,
Is it right to delight?
In my being uncouth.

I've forgot which is hot,
It does leave a smell,
I'm distraught when I'm caught,
They'll put me through Hell.

The regret I'll forget,
When I add on another,
Get set for the sweat,
When reality I smother.

Ask who? I'll say you,
Till you prove me wrong,
Misconstrue join the queue,
Till another comes along.

A fabricator or traitor,
I'll let you choose,
Truth hater or creator,
Of the lies I peruse.

Those white aren't right,
They're still a distortion,
A fight they'll ignite,
They are a contortion.

To smudge or fudge,
The tales you despise,
Don't begrudge or dare judge,

“ Everyone Tells Lies ”

Bri Mar

" Excuses Won'T Hold Any Sway "

Each day of your life is so precious,
Make the most of it while you're here,
We don't know when we may lose it all,
What day or what time of the year.

Keep your life filled with happiness,
Always try to spread it around,
By doing what you know is right by you,
Your true role in life will be found.

Don't be afraid to help others,
Make it a pivotal point of your life,
If you can avail yourself when required,
You can then help to lessen their strife.

Life is a gift use it wisely,
Lest it is taken away,
You will be judged on your exploits here,
" Excuses Won't Hold Any Wway "

Life will be full of challenges,
But if you meet them head on,
You won't have to worry about the future,
Before you know it they'll be gone.

Selfishness will bring you heartache,
It will also cause you great grief,
By acting in a selfless manner,
All around you will feel the relief.

You will feel a self satisfaction,
Your mind will be glowing with light,
When you show compassion for others,
You will know from within it is right.

Life is a gift do not waste it,
Don't lie anymore from today,
Be sure your sins will find you out,
" Excuses Won't Hold Any Sway "

We know at some point there'll be mistakes,
Learning by them is a must,
By ignoring the lessons from them,
To yourself you are being unjust.

When you deceive to gain favour,
It's to yourself you are telling a lie,
But one thing you have to remember is,
That deception will be there till you die.

Life in itself is a battle of wills,
But if you try not to do any wrong,
You won't have any troubles to seek,
You'll be where you want to belong.

What I say to you now won't be easy,
But if you want to avoid the dismay,
Don't look for a cause when you do wrong,
It will only cause you affray,
Stay true to yourself and be happy,
Whilst here make the most of your stay,
When tempted say no for after you go,

` Excuses Won't Hold Any Sway.

Bri Mar

" Exploit Your Imagination "

It can cure ills,
Reward you with skills,
Make you think of the wildest schemes,
It has far more worth than any pills,
Let it help you achieve your dreams.

Doing nothing is wrong,
Make yourself strong,
First assistance comes from within,
It can and will take you to where you belong,
Allowing your life to begin.

Our greatest mentors,
The world's dissenters,
All use this to fulfil their potential,
Throughout time the world's most brilliant inventors,
See this gift as essential.

Without it we'd die,
That's truth not a lie,
So get your thinking cap on,
If with this magic we would all comply,
We could create a brand new dawn.

Don't be afraid,
You've got it made,
This is something we can all utilise,
Just try again if you're left dismayed,
Its capabilities will open your eyes.

Clear the mist,
Ensure you persist,
Believe in what you can do,
Soon the world will know you exist,
How you do it well that's up to you.

What you've perceived,
Can be achieved,
All it needs is some self-aspiration,

Nothing can be done by feeling aggrieved,

'' Exploit Your Imagination ''

Bri Mar

" Failed "

Our time is over,
As above us they hover,
We've confirmed their very worst fears,
It's time to get rid of their wild rover,
Their experiment has left them in tears.

With dinosaurs they tried,
But our creators cried,
As a trial they tried to be bold,
Interbreeding which had been denied,
Became such a power to behold.

Such vicious creatures,
With destructive features,
Soon took on many a form,
Totally ignoring their superior teachers,
Death became pretty much the norm.

They had to get rid,
So that's what they did,
An asteroid would destroy them forever,
Now was the time to make a new bid,
We'll replace them with something that's clever.

An intelligent life,
Will not cause us strife,
We'll also give them a soul,
By assisting each other love will be rife,
Once again our Earth will be whole.

In the centuries to come,
We left them struck dumb,
Their planet was being stripped bare,
It was then they realised they had created such scum,
For all life we just didn't care.

Wicked inventions,
Made with evil intentions,
Could genetics be playing a part,

They all agreed no more pretensions,
To destroy them we must make a start.

Their exercise complete,
We they had to delete,
Another of their studies derailed,
Back to the drawing board they admitted defeat,
Another experiment marked as,

" Failed "

Bri Mar

" Fake "

In the latest edition,
On the front page,
An honest politician?
Not taking a wage.

May's in control,
Boris doesn't want power,
The Tories have a soul,
They don't make us cower.

Elvis is alive,
Still singing the blues,
Though they had to revive,
His blue suede shoes.

The aliens are here,
Could they be human,
Feel the fear,
They resemble a woman.

The Yeti is real,
One's finally been found,
Have a good feel,
It's a Baskerville hound.

The Lord has come back,
No, I'm not insane,
He is under attack,
He's shouting, "AGAIN "

Take Donald Trump,
He's thrilled to the max,
He ain't no grump,
He's paying full tax.

The White house president,
You mustn't pillory,
It's new resident?
Isn't known as Hillary.

The news though crucial,
The facts we forsake,
Don't hide under a bushel,
The majority of it's,

" Fake "

Bri Mar

" For A Very Long Nap "

I'm bloody raging,
About this ageing,
Why do we need to grow old?
The creator he is not into engaging,
My ailments just can't be controlled.

His saying no,
Really does show,
His aim is to cause everything strife,
The reward for allowing our wrinkles to grow,
He'll grant you eternal life.

It does make you weep,
That Heaven you'll reap,
But only if you meet his demands,
His commandments you must promise to keep,
Otherwise it's out of his hands.

I'm certainly not faking,
My whole body is aching,
Does he know what it is to feel pain?
The good life I've led he is forsaking,
Religion just drives me insane.

When I'm invited,
To be indicted,
For this I will not hold my breath,
I can guarantee I will not get excited,
Very few of us want to meet death.

Beg steal or borrow,
Happiness for sorrow,
Your life you must try to enhance,
Remember there may not be a tomorrow,
In life you get but one chance.

It's not a good deal,
Think how you'll feel,
When you discover the whole concept is crap,

I take that back you won't know if it's real,
Be prepared,

“ For A Very Long Nap ”

Bri Mar

" For Forgiveness They Have A Flair "

This life is tough,
I've had enough,
I am caught up in life's sticky web,
It's time to do some different stuff,
I've given up being a pleb.

Within my heart,
I'm drifting apart,
From those days of hardship and pain,
As of now I'll make a new start,
From compassion I will now abstain.

To really earn,
I'll have to learn,
To look after number one,
For others I'll no longer show concern,
I'll ensure my new life is fun.

To family and friends,
I will not make amends,
They're no longer part of my life,
As into paradise my life ascends,
I'll no longer suffer their strife.

I'll be selfish and cruel,
I won't suffer the fool,
From now on I'll look after myself,
They may well say I've become a ghoul,
But it's they who'll gather dust on the shelf.

Now I've reached the top,
It's a long way to drop,
But disaster's but a second away,
All it takes is being caught on the hop,
Then your riches no longer hold sway.

I now live in fear,
As these cretins up here,
Are ready and willing to attack,

Out of the shadows they suddenly appear,
Waiting to stab me in the back.

I feel a frown,
I'm knee deep in brown,
From so called friends I've now been deserted,
It's really tough this road back down,
From reality I've been diverted.

Whether rich or poor,
Of one thing be sure,
Those who love you will always be there,
Their devotion to you, you must never obscure,

“ For Forgiveness They Have A Flair ”

Bri Mar

" For That We All Had To Die "

We have lost the ability to care for others,
Our greed and self- interest, our conscience it smothers,
We no longer care for our sisters or brothers,
The question we must ask is why.

We sit back as children die of malnutrition,
While we become obese and show no contrition,
Fact is it should be our life's mission,
Not to let fellow human beings die.

As we take all the goodness out of the Earth,
Of future resources there will be a dearth,
Very soon the doomsday boat will berth,
When it does we'll be saying goodbye.

We watched as the animals became extinct,
Yet it's to each other everything is linked,
That we are responsible is very distinct,
That is a fact not a lie.

As the planet warms the crops won't grow,
No more seeds for us to sow,
Very soon our behaviour will show,
With Mother Nature we refused to comply.

Storms and heatwaves will become common- place,
There'll be no point in looking to outer space,
We'll be witnessing the death of the human race,
Common sense we just didn't apply.

We ignored the warnings that is a fact,
The planet we live on has finally cracked,
All because we refused to act,
Scientific theories have all went awry.

We thought as a species we knew it all,
But now we are heading for an almighty fall,
The arrogance of humans really does appall,
That's something we can never deny.

For the future we never gave it a thought,
We believed that everything could be bought,
Destruction and mayhem is what humans have brought,
There are some things you just cannot buy.

History will show that our planet we failed,
Our greed and selfishness we never curtailed,
That mountain of incompetence we fully scaled,

'' For That We All Had To Die ''

Bri Mar

" For The Crime Of Murder There Is No Defence "

The good Lords commandments have been cast to the side,
If you commit murder there's no need to hide,
We no longer heed the words of our God,
With self-interest society has become overawed.

Material goods are more important than health,
Regardless of how you obtain that wealth,
Stealing by force is now classed as routine,
Our society is in the worst state it's ever been.

All religions dictate, thou shalt not kill,
It's a commandment we humans can't seem to fulfill,
Of killings there's always an endless supply,
We've an insatiable appetite to watch others die.

Be it in wars or through mindless disputes,
Violence towards others is what it recruits,
If someone's being killed we just stop and stare,
Fact is nowadays we no longer care.

We see it daily while watching the news,
It's a crime that some lawyers try to excuse,
We no longer see murder as a heinous act,
It's looked on as minor that is a sad fact.

Violence towards others is a daily routine,
We will turn away to avoid being seen,
If you don't enjoy violence you are way out of tune,
From murder and mayhem we've become immune.

From an early age we learn all about death,
How to make someone take that final breath,
From computer games to movies of hate,
Our thirst for killing we find hard to abate.

We're taught that it's wrong but we don't seem to hear,
The destruction of others we no longer fear,
We look upon murder as a way of life,
It doesn't bother us it be it with gun or a knife.

There's no deterrent to killing another,
Conscience nowadays is so easy to smother,
A luxury prison will be your reward,
What happened to living and dying by the sword?

A few years in jail and soon you'll be free,
That's not a punishment I'm sure you'd agree?
Killing for fun is now classed as the norm,
Then the victims are told you need to reform.

While they and their families find it hard to live on,
The perpetrators complain they feel put upon,
By pandering to murderers we encourage their crimes,
Laughing at killing is a sign of the times.

Unless we change now our society will fail,
We'll no longer bother putting murderers in jail,
The decent will be scared just to be alive,
Lawlessness and anarchy are what we'll see thrive.

If you're honest you'll be classed as totally insane,
Then cast to the side if you dare to complain,
Society as we know it will no longer exist,
The good among us will no longer be missed.

It's to future generations this legacy we endow,
Killing others means nothing, it's happening now,
If you think it's okay then you're totally dense,

'' For The Crime Of Murder There Is No Defence ''

Bri Mar

" For Their Backlash I Need To Prepare "

God told women I've a secret to tell,
I can only pray you take it well,
You may well want to condemn me to Hell,
But please don't feel any despair.

Looking after the planet Earth,
Is the reason we do not give birth,
Among women it's the subject of great mirth,
That the very thought would scare.

To hear you talk you'd think it was sore,
You treat it as if it's a serious chore,
Yet having kids you seem to adore,
But you claim men just wouldn't dare.

You make out men could never cope,
From the trials they would elope,
Men giving birth, not a hope,
All they would do is swear.

You say that they would run a mile,
Having children would go out of style,
Don't you know we are versatile?
For certain things we have a flair.

Our responsibilities we never shirk,
A man would never behave like a jerk,
Impregnation is really hard work,
Of our abilities you must be aware.

If men gave birth they would be elated,
But God said sorry it has to be stated,
The world would become overpopulated,
For Armageddon you'd have to prepare.

When God told man this he immediately wept,
Not giving birth they'd be forced to accept,
Till now this secret has had to be kept,
On us poor men this just isn't fair.

Though very upset we'll accept procreation,
With continuing our species we have a fixation,
Though when women read this they'll be seeking castration,

“ For Their Backlash I Need To Prepare ”

Bri Mar

" From Conscience They Are Devoid "

There'll be no interruption,
No cause for disruption,
Tell me what's wrong with a fiddle,
The Human Race is filled with corruption,
Not to we see as a riddle.

Religions make money,
Politicians find it funny,
That we question the fact they're all bent,
They claim their lives were meant to be sunny,
Do their gods help the thieves to repent.

Don't let it derange,
The secrets they exchange,
They need to in order to survive,
There is nothing that is out of their range,
Including you no longer being alive.

You can be sure,
There'll be no cure,
It's a terminal illness is greed,
So much so they steal from the poor,
Despite the fact they've no need.

You mustn't fret,
But the more they get,
Means it is never enough,
We are responsible for their bad debt,
To their creditors us they say, tough.

Though it isn't fair,
For us they don't care,
Despite the fact we make them wealthy,
Humility among them is extremely rare,
Their bank accounts must remain healthy.

While you're on low pay,
We get our own way,
Already we can hear your sad sighs,

On what we get you don't have a say,
Thank you for our ten per cent rise.

Be it tax or donations,
They make false declarations,
Cross them and you'll be destroyed,
We who fund them are but poor relations,

'' From Conscience They Are Devoid ''

Bri Mar

" From Now You Are On Your Own "

His life's a mess,
Because of stress,
What is it we don't understand?
Is there a reason he drinks to excess?
Did he once have a life that was grand?

Was his upbringing bad?
Why's he so sad,
Would it be too much of a task?
To find out what would make him glad?
Why, are we afraid to ask?

He does show aggression,
Is it depression?
If so what is causing his pain,
They say don't judge on a first impression,
From that we should all abstain.

Under attack,
He felt the flak,
It was us he was trying to defend,
Treated like dirt when he came back,
On us he could not depend.

No home or job,
Treated like a slob,
His reward for fighting for us,
Cast aside by a government snob,
Told he must not make a fuss.

Dead on his feet,
He had to retreat,
For his lifestyle he's being blamed,
Because of our ignorance he's admitted defeat,
We should be totally and utterly ashamed.

In his hour of need,
We pay no heed,
In ours he was there to the death,

To protect our rights he took the lead,
Before long he will take his last breath.

For your country fight,
Your future is bright,
But when you leave they'll let it be known,
When wandering the streets stay out of sight,

" From Now You Are On Your Own "

Bri Mar

" From The Law We Are Immune "

More Politicians on the take,
It's all a lie for goodness sake,
These interviews were all a fake,
It's our integrity they impugn.

5 grand a day is all I charge,
A speech will cost you just eight large,
Enough to repair my luxury barge,
Did you know we live on the moon?

The other claims, I don't get paid,
But I will ensure you make the grade,
Politics is but our masquerade,
We all eat from a silver spoon.

Our services yes they can be bought,
But it's secret so we can't get caught,
Did I say that? I've just forgot?
We smell like a dead raccoon.

Oh my God we've been exposed,
The bloody truth has been disclosed,
Our version of events goes unopposed,
We all drink in the same saloon.

We make the laws you must obey,
Those very ones that we betray,
Truth is you don't have a say,
We exist in a tight cocoon.

The unlucky few who were jailed,
Yes you thought you had them nailed,
Pensions intact it's you that's failed,
Ask yourself, who's the goon.

We know it will alight your fury,
But from Britain through to deep Missouri,
Politicians are both judge and jury,

“ From The Law We Are Immune ”

Bri Mar

" From Their Charms We Are Not Immune "

As the alien visit draws ever near,
We are being assured we have nothing to fear,
It won't be long now until they are here,
Face to face contact will be made soon.

What will they look like when they arrive?
With our species will they thrive?
In our atmosphere will they survive?
They're travelling from a base on the moon.

The alien craft is now in our sight,
It resembles a beautiful bird in flight,
As long as we behave our future is bright,
With us I hope they can attune.

Rooted to the spot we watched as it landed,
We could only hope they would be candid,
They couldn't possibly be heavy handed,
When they emerged we said, good afternoon.

Their leader replied in an American drawl,
We're more than ready for a brawl,
We'll soon have you heading for a fall,
When we burst your egoistic balloon.

We said God almighty after all this fuss,
Fighting is the first thing you want to discuss,
You look and behave exactly like us,
Your arrival is inopportune.

From the future we've travelled back in time,
Your report card should be classed as a crime
Yet from first observations you are quite sublime,
To us this has been a boon.

What we read about you lot really made us curse,
But your status as guardians we will reimburse,
Where we are from is a thousand times worse,
It's your integrity we impugn.

Our great grandparents were Kirk and Spock,
With Uhuru and Bones together we did flock,
Christine and Janice also joined in the walk,
We soon created a large commune.

Sulu and Chekov went their separate ways,
As at their own type they preferred to gaze,
On words the Human Being plays,
They made each other swoon.

We blame it all on Scotty's whisky,
On the Enterprise it made us frisky,
Though interbreeding was really risky,
The population did balloon.

The prime directive not to interfere,
Wasn't really made crystal clear,
Other planets species we also held dear,
We were like a sexual typhoon.

Our need for breeding was like the gannet,
Though we tried we couldn't ban it,
Now we have ancestors on every planet,
We're a Universal cocoon.

First contact with aliens and what do we meet,
Ancestral humans with stinking feet,
Just like us they are so indiscreet,
With our principles they are definitely in tune.

Our hopes for the future are now in tatters,
They are all as mad as bloody hatters,
Breeding with us is all that matters,

'' From Their Charms We Are Not Immune ''

Bri Mar

" Getting Old Can Be So Unkind "

I'm fifty-seven going on ninety-nine,
My joints are falling apart,
The eyesight I can no longer align,
I'm missing a beat in my heart.

I can't bend over to pick things up,
Because of the pain in my back,
I can't hold the kettle to fill up my cup,
My joints are all under attack.

I get breathless walking half a yard,
It's a struggle to get out of my chair,
My pain has left me mentally scarred,
As has my thinning hair.

I can't even chew my food any more,
They'll soon be buying me a wreath,
Eating anything has become such a chore,
For I've lost all my bloody teeth.

Who are you talking to I hear them say,
There's nobody here but you,
My secret companions I would never betray,
To them I will always be true.

Where I've put things I'll never know,
Someone always moves them elsewhere,
Whoever does it never seems to show,
But I know that I put them in there.

I can't remember the things I said,
Or what I was supposed to do,
My children say I am off my head,
But I know that cannot be true.

I have my companions yes they are real,
But still they refuse to believe,
If only they knew how that makes me feel,
I swear I would never deceive.

When I visit the loo I'm always caught short,
I always end up in a mess,
My lifeless body I have to contort,
The toilet just gives me such stress.

This cocktail of drugs makes me rattle,
But I need them to relieve all my pain,
I'm fighting a long losing battle,
Which is driving me totally insane.

God has got this one badly wrong,
His incompetence puts me in a rage,
In the prime of our youth is where we belong,
There's no need to suffer old age.

Some time soon I'll succumb to my ills,
Then I'll give him a piece of my mind,
In Heaven I pray there are no more pills,

'' Getting Old Can Be So Unkind ''

Bri Mar

" Go Back On The Dummy "

When born we sook,
Just a little bit,
By hook or crook,
We do love a tit.

As we get older,
We still have the urge,
As our hormones smoulder,
It becomes a scourge.

Then we feel weak,
There's a substitution,
This we all seek,
Though it causes pollution.

It destroys our insides,
But we don't seem to care,
Despite all the guides,
We're just not aware.

Poisonous gases,
Emit from our noses,
Nicotine filled masses,
Our body decomposes.

It's the bane of our life,
We need that fix,
It can cause us strife,
Not getting our licks.

When we're attached,
We can't pull away,
When it is snatched,
Our heads start to sway.

Though it gives relief,
Be it vaping or smoking,
They will give you grief,
Yes and leave you choking,

The end is now nigh,
Please call in Mummy,
If you still need a high,

“ Go Back On The Dummy ”

Bri Mar

" Go Sling Your Bloody Hook "

My tablet broke the other day,
I went and told my Mum,
I never meant to cause affray,
But are adults really that dumb.

She told me not to worry,
Things could be much worse,
I'll get it fixed in a hurry,
Or on me you can place a curse.

I thought my mind was playing tricks,
She couldn't possibly know?
How to get my tablet fixed,
Her demons must have her in tow.

She shouted out it's all in hand,
I'm heading for the shops,
It won't take long you understand,
My devotion to you never stops.

Within an hour she was back,
I thought this can't be right,
She said no need to give me flak,
Your future's looking bright.

Your tablet couldn't be sorted,
So I bought you one brand new,
At that I just retorted,
I know this I am going to rue.

Here it is she said to me,
I want you to close your eyes,
Playing along filled her with glee,
Try this one out for size.

She said I know you'll be overawed,
Scottish tablet is the best,
I opened my eyes and thought, my God,
What I saw had me distressed,

A bar of sugar lay on the table,
I said, Mum are you bloody mad,
Adults really are unstable?
They're all Unhinged and really sad.

She said I thought you'd love it,
I didn't know where to look,
At that she told me to shove it,
Then said,

'' Go Sling Your Bloody Hook ''

Bri Mar

" God Help You If You Drive "

I've burgled, raped and pillaged,
But I find it really funny,
The police don't tend bother me,
It would cost them too much money.

I've committed countless other crimes,
But I know I won't be sought,
It means that they would have to work,
That's why I won't get caught.

The reason they won't come after me,
Is all to do with logistics,
Drivers are an easy touch,
We boost their crime statistics.

Leave your vehicle without road tax,
The police will be in a rush,
You'll be fined, they'll steal your car,
Saying sorry but we have to crush.

Overstay the parking lot,
You'll soon feel put upon,
When you come back to drive away,
You'll find your car has gone.

At first you'll think it's stolen,
It's nowhere to be found,
Then when you phone the police for help,
They'll say, 'it's in the pound'.

You will not be shown sympathy,
Of common sense there'll be a lack,
You'll have to pay big money,
If you want to get it back.

The fines can be worth more than the car,
They'll cost you a bloody mint,
If and when you claim it back,
Either way you'll end up "skint"

It's akin to highway robbery,
But they think it's really deft,
In effect they steal your car,
But don't get charged with theft.

If I get caught committing murder,
My lawyer will be misleading,
But woe betide the drivers,
Whenever they're caught speeding.

They tell you you're on camera,
We've got you banged to rights,
If you try to argue back,
They'll say you went through red lights.

If you argue you are innocent,
You're well and truly sunk,
They'll say you smell of alcohol,
Therefore you must be drunk.

They'll treat you like a piece of dirt,
Their attitude will be abrupt,
Is it really any wonder,
We think they're all corrupt.

To the police you're an easy target,
Why look for the robbers stash,
It's easier to pick on drivers,
To them we're worth more cash.

Every single driving offence,
Carries a hefty fine,
You'll get less for armed robbery,
If you step out of line.

There is an easy answer,
Take it easy, don't make a fuss,
Get rid of the wretched car,
Then go jump on a bloody bus.

It's a really sad indictment,

But sadly it's a fact,
Commit any crime you want to,
But don't breach the road traffic act.

The weight of the law will come down on you,
You'll have a licence full of points,
In addition you'll get banned from driving,
You'd get less for selling joints.

Ask a policeman what his job is,
He'll say preventing and solving crime,
But you drivers are the easiest prey,
For real criminals we have no time.

As crime levels soar throughout the world,
Police targets must be met,
Motorists are the easy option,
It's you they'll be out to get.

They'll bully and intimidate you,
Their harassment will go far,
That heinous crime you're responsible for,
Driving your beloved car.

So the moral of this story is,
That's why real criminals thrive,
Murder and rob just who you like,
but,

" God Help You If You Drive".

Bri Mar

" God Knows "

Why do we blight,
Why do we fight,
Why do we spite,
Please disclose.

Why do we die,
Why do we deny.
Why do we lie,
Nose grows.

Why do we grate,
Why do we hate,
Why do we state,
Must oppose.

Why do we spill,
Why do we kill,
Why do we fulfil,
Our lows.

Why do we annoy,
Why do we destroy,
Why do we enjoy,
Anything goes.

Why do we jeer,
Why do we sneer,
Why do we smear
Then pose.

Why do we believe,
Why do we grieve,
Why do we deceive,
Who'll foreclose.

Why do we pay,
Why do we obey,
Why do we pray,

" God Knows "

Bri Mar

" Gold And Diamonds That Glistened "

In our search for the "TRUTH"
We are being uncouth,
What we do is destroy the facts,
When we finally stand in Gods witness booth,
We'll be tried for our criminal acts.

As wildlife disappears,
We ignore our worst fears,
That one day there'll be nothing left,
To date we've refused to shed any years,
The Human Being is guilty of theft.

Their habitats gone,
Due to our lack of brawn,
As our population continues to rise,
Regarding resources, we are way overdrawn,
But we refuse to open our eyes.

It has to be said,
When extinct they're dead,
Hindsight will not bring them back,
Our existence here now hangs by a thread,
Our very survival is under attack.

We need food and water,
Yet the human plotter,
Thinks riches will sustain them forever,
Soldiering on like lambs to the slaughter,
All life we are likely to sever.

We need to see,
That for us to be free,
We need all other life forms to thrive,
Without their input, there's no you or me,
We must fight to keep everything alive.

As the temperature soared,
Soon nothing roared,
Everything that breathed is deceased,

The warning signs we totally ignored,
From our ignorance, we've been released.

Despite our ways,
We give ourselves praise,
To the consequences nobody listened,
As we arrived at the end of our days,

'' Gold And Diamonds Still Glistened ''

Bri Mar

" Gone Is The Debris "

Who are we?
To kill all others,
Why can't we see?
It's us this smothers.

Plant's and trees,
We're causing strife,
The birds and bees,
Are essential to life.

It gives us pleasure,
That we can't deny,
Water's our treasure,
Without it we'll die,

Pollution and greed,
Will cause death,
No food to feed,
Means our last breath.

We refuse to see,
Times running out,
Why can't we agree?
It's nature we flout.

Without her gifts,
Life disappears,
We've caused the rifts,
Now feel the fears.

The temperatures rise,
The ice caps melt,
Open your eyes,
This hand we've dealt.

Harmony we'll restore,
All life is now free,
The Human's no more,

" Gone Is The Debris "

Bri Mar

" Good Passes Us By "

We revel in strife,
Every day in the news,
When looking at life,
They express our views.

Bad outweighs the good,
It makes better reading,
To be decent or crude,
Which are you heeding.

We do love a scandal,
Good tidings are bad,
Just take the vandal,
Without him we'd go mad.

Extra marital affairs,
Are on the front page,
As the reader stares,
It puts them in a rage.

People being killed,
Or unlawfully bled,
It's not fear that's instilled,
It's what must be read.

Being robbed by the rich,
Makes the latest editions,
Caused by the glitch,
We term politicians.

Wars make a good story,
There's no denying,
We revel in gory,
As millions lie dying.

We gossip and slander,
Without checking the facts,
By dismissing candour,
The negative reacts.

Without even a mention,
No, it's not a lie,
By preferring pretension,

" Good Passes Us By "

Bri Mar

" Greed "

The butterflies, and ants,
Began their rants,
That stump is where we rear our young,
You're destroying everything even our plants,
Then you ask why we're highly strung.

The cats and dogs,
Said you're burning our logs,
As animals we do love a tree,
The land all around you've turned in to bogs,
What is it you humans can't see.

The cows and the sheep,
Then started to weep,
For global warming you give us the blame,
All of our wind and our mountainous heap,
We are putting the planet to shame.

The monkeys and snakes,
Said as our planet bakes,
It's getting warmer and warmer each day,
Your refusal to try and do all that it takes,
Shows your intelligence doesn't hold any sway.

The lions in the wild,
Said the tigers are riled,
As foes we have run out of space,
Among us you lot are truly reviled,
This planet is also our place.

The mammals and fish,
Made a lovely dish,
Now it's we who are feeling bereft,
To go back in time is what we now wish,
On land and sea there is nothing left.

It cannot be disputed,
The planet is polluted,
You lot took far more than you need,

Every life form has been persecuted,
All in the name of,

“ Greed ”

Bri Mar

" Ground Zero Has Risen From The Ashes "

September eleventh two thousand and one,
The day our Twin Towers became hell,
Decent people throughout the world,
Watched as our families fell.

All decent people came together as one,
That gesture did help ease our pain,
We swear as we watch the rising sun,
This will never happen again.

Your killing is futile you will never win,
Our democracies will never be defeated,
What you are committing is a mortal sin,
Which is both evil and totally conceited.

United we must all stand together,
Against these poisonous rashes,
There will be no end to our tether,
Ground Zero will Rise From The Ashes.

As you murder our women and children at will,
Being a warrior is what you crave,
Truth is you're all just cowards who kill,
The innocents you murder are the brave.

Very soon there will come the day,
The murdering scum will be no more,
Those terrorists now in hell who caused the affray,
Your heinous deeds the world will deplore.

You are recreant poodles who are being used,
Ask your commanders why they don't die,
You are the ones who are being abused,
To these bastards suicide doesn't apply.

Your terrorist leaders will run with heads bowed,
While around them their empire crashes,
They will hear our cries as we shout out loud,
Ground Zero Will Rise From The Ashes.

Democracy is alien to people of hate,
They only believe in one voice,
That's why their countries are in such a state,
Their despots do not allow choice.

While they're living in luxury you are dying,
They all survive to a ripe old age,
You've left your spouse and children crying,
Because your brain you refused to engage.

Go ask your leaders why they choose to hide,
While you're out dying for their cause,
Their answer to you will be totally snide,
To question them is against their laws.

Your God sees the pain all you maniacs inflict,
So as your life in front of you flashes,
You will see like the Phoenix we did predict,

'' Ground Zero Has Risen From The Ashes ''

Bri Mar

" Hard Times "

When you fall down what do you do,
Look for sympathy and then cause ado
Or pick yourself up and see the task through,
That's for you to decide.

If you did wrong would you tell lies,
Would you respond to anothers cries?
A plea for help would you despise,
Behind dishonesty would you hide?

Is it in your nature to give assistance?
To what is wrong would you show resistance?
Do you cherish co-existence?
Or do you believe in the great divide.

If someone was dying could you walk past,
Or would you get the Hell out fast,
Never knowing how long they will last,
Use your conscience as your guide.

Could you feel pity for a fellow being?
Regardless of what in life they're fleeing,
Or do you believe that you're all seeing,
Would morality be cast to the side?

Is your life obsessed with blaming others?
Friends, parents, sisters or brothers,
The facts alone are what blame smothers,
Fact and fiction eventually collide.

This has nothing to do with any God,
The fact it's your choice you may find odd,
If you can stand with shoulders broad,
There is no sin in pride.

The answers to all questions are yes or no,
Plain but simple yes I know,
If it's true you reap what you sow?
Your own reflection you can bide.

The answers will determine who you are,
Will you heal or will you scar,
In your inner self will you travel far?
Or all others will you deride.

If in the wrong do you feel shame?
When confronted do you disclaim,
Then look at what you've become,

“ Over Our Decisions We Alone Preside ”

Bri Mar

" Hatred Is A Heavy Load "

My hatred for life knows no bounds,
Anything to me is fair game,
Why I am like this really confounds,
I even abhor my own name.

I detest being fat I hate being thin,
Why can't I be shapely but lean,
Regardless of size I can never win,
For me there is no in between.

I loathe my work with a passion,
I'd just walk away if I could,
But as hatred is part of my fashion,
I don't really see why I should.

When I look around me it springs to mind,
I hate the whole concept of living,
To people and animals I can be so unkind,
At times I am so unforgiving.

I try to find faults wherever I go,
It's my aim in life to be cruel,
If I find one in you believe me you'll know,
I'll leave you feeling the fool.

I detest people telling me what to do,
Why don't they just see the light,
Regardless I'll tell them you haven't a clue,
For even when wrong I am right.

I may not know you but I don't even care,
There'll be something in you I can hate,
I'll search till I find it so please be aware,
Your character I will cremate.

I loathe religion with it's thousands of Gods,
How many Heavens can there be,
It preaches love and peace yet we're all at odds,
All trying to set our souls free.

I detest myself I hear you ask why,
To be honest I'm not really sure,
I hate the thought that one day I'll die,
Yet to me it has a certain allure.

Why am I like this I hear you all ask,
There's no answer or any excuse,
If truth be told it's really a mask,
It's my form of self abuse.

I had loving parents a wonderful life,
They never caused me any affray,
So why do I cause others such terrible strife,
There's no reason for me being this way.

I have never suffered rejection,
Tolerance is the lesson I've been taught,
Though I was given affection,
All that's done is leave me distraught.

I'm perceived as having a heart of stone,
I've been told that is all down to me,
If the price for my hatred is being alone,
Then I need to set myself free.

Hate is a strong and emotive term,
It has the power to kill and destroy,
In reality it's really an obnoxious germ,
Which ruins your ability to enjoy.

I'll be left forlorn and without any hope,
If I continue on this dangerous road,
With my loathing of life I can no longer cope,

'' Hatred Is A Heavy Load ''

Bri Mar

" He Was Told I Was Dead "

What I've done before,
He's did twice,
God what a bore,
Let's throw a dice.

If you've got one,
He'll have two,
You're having fun,
How dare you.

Everything I've got,
He's thrown away,
I say you've not,
It causes affray.

He loves to taunt,
Show off his wares,
When he goes for a jaunt,
His soul he bares.

Whatever I buy,
He follows suit,
This he'll deny,
Then he'll dispute.

It's all a game,
To people like him,
They feel no shame,
They buy on a whim.

They actually believe,
Superiority rules,
The deceit they weave,
Exposes them as fools.

Everything I do,
He's done it better,
Yes it's all true,
So I sent him a letter.

No it wasn't a gimmick,
He is easily led,
My plan he'd mimic,

“ He Was Told I Was Dead ”

Bri Mar

" He Will Ensure Your Soul Is Spared "

Is God an alien from outer space?
It's something we'd all love to know,
An extra terrestrial from a superior race,
How and when will he show?

Is it conceivable he created all life?
If he did we've got to ask why,
Is God the cause of all our strife?
Could he really watch his planet die?

Does he have patience is he kind?
Has he created life elsewhere,
Very soon we are we going to find,
We are driving him to despair.

Is he to blame for our behaviour?
As he gave us a reason for living,
The route we are taking we need a saviour,
Someone who is caring and forgiving.

If there is other life beyond the stars,
Do they behave the way humans do?
Destroying their home, covering it in scars,
Creating problems they cannot undo.

As we kill and maim without any thought,
We ask why doesn't he intervene?
By blaming your saviour for the battles fought,
It's the very concept of a God we demean.

When not if the Good Lord returns,
For many it will be far too late,
God has watched as their cruelty burns,
Their hatred they refused to abate.

Whether alien or otherwise it won't be long,
So the watchwords are, BE PREPARED,
If you're true to your God and your faith is strong,

“ He Will Ensure Your Soul Is Spared ”

Bri Mar

" Heaven Is Real, It's Not A Dream "

I'm off to the land of joy and favour,
A place we all secretly love to savour,
Regardless of our colour or creed,
The desire for eternity we all need.

The criteria for selection, faith and belief,
To others you must try not to give grief,
To the rules of entry we find it hard to adhere,
That's why first we were put on here.

Listen and learn try not to be blind,
Regardless you must always have your own mind,
Always take care in whom you trust,
Learning right from wrong is truly a must.

To those you love, show them affection,
Only Mother Nature knows of perfection,
Resist bad advice it will lead to temptation,
Lest your good work leads to negation.

Do unto others what you would to your own,
Your ability to help others let it be known,
Be that person who will never walk by,
Live by the truth and ignore the lie.

Life is so short it can leave you aghast,
Treasure your future never dwell on the past,
Pick yourself up each time you fall down,
Or in self-pity I guarantee you will drown.

As I take my last breath I can see the light,
This is it I'm about to take flight,
To those left behind celebrate my existence,
You know who to call if you need assistance.

It's been worth all the effort I'm with family and friends,
Paradise is true it's where love transcends,
At last I've arrived where peace is the theme,

" Heaven Is Real It's Not A Dream "

Bri Mar

" Heaven Is The Final Frontier "

I look up at a sky that's covered in clouds,
Yet I know the stars are still there,
Through the dense fog I can't see the crowds,
Yet of their presence I'm fully aware.

The animals are hidden by nature's disguise,
Just like leaves hide the branches on trees,
Although we can't see them with our own eyes,
They are there like the cold winter breeze.

You do not need to see what you search for in life,
As long as you believe that it's true,
Lies and deceit will just give you strife,
Faith and courage are what will see you through.

God is like that though he cannot be seen,
His presence is just like a mist,
You believe or you don't there is no in between,
He either does or he doesn't exist.

The creation of life is a miracle to behold,
Diversity is what makes us all thrive,
Scientists are baffled as God's secrets unfold,
Only he can keep our planet alive.

Only you can say what you want to believe,
That's why he gave us the ability to choose,
To have faith in God or live to deceive,
It's an issue that need not confuse.

The reward for believing is an eternity of bliss,
God's Kingdom is the prize that awaits,
Or are you one of those who'll give it a miss,
Would you forfeit entry through the Lord's heavenly gates.

The next time you can't see the moon for the sun,
Remember it will soon reappear,
The miracles of God cannot be undone,

“ Heaven Is The Final Frontier ”

Bri Mar

" Her Majesty's Prison Low Moss "

Welcome to our brand new home,
It's everything and more,
En-suite bathrooms covered in chrome,
Nothing in here is a chore.

No mortgage, council tax or rent,
All-inclusive is our pad,
In our quest for more we'll not relent,
Society has gone bloody mad.

Drugs and drink all on hand,
While the recession's making you gaunt,
Nothing we want in here is banned,
Our criminality we love to flaunt.

Flat screen TVs with satellite,
A licence we don't need,
Fed like a Lord both day and night,
They supply our every need.

Life is bliss in our luxury gaffe,
But somehow we'll get by,
We know you think we're having a laugh,
But in here sadness doesn't apply.

We'd love to thank you for being so kind,
But in truth we couldn't care less,
It's our aim in life to be confined,
That's why we all transgress.

Do you really believe a luxury cell,
Will help our souls to mend,
Being crime free is like living in hell,
That's why we re-offend.

You compensate us for committing crime,
It just doesn't make any sense,
It's part of the reason we love doing time,
Your powerbrokers must be dense.

We will always end up back in here,
It's like a holiday without the sun,
To the law of the land we will never adhere,
Being in prison is so much fun.

So we thank you for our new hotel,
It's the ultimate place to doss,
While you're struggling we'll all sleep well,
In,

'' Her Majesty's Prison, Low Moss ''

Bri Mar

" He's Found Contentment "

I've got two legs,
While he's got none,
The question this begs,
Why do I feel outdone?

I've got a bigger car,
So why am I jealous,
It's really bizarre,
Am I over-zealous?

In luxury I reside,
While he's on the street,
When I see him I hide,
I don't want to meet.

His lifestyle is poor,
While mine is rich,
What's the allure?
I don't want to switch.

He has nothing I want,
Yet my envy shines bright,
It really does haunt,
This just can't be right.

What's in his possession?
That irks and annoys,
I'm filled with aggression,
That his life he enjoys.

While he's always happy,
I live on the edge,
He makes me feel snappy,
His lifestyle I dredge.

I draw him a sneer,
His character I revile,
Yet whenever I appear,
He gives me a smile.

How is he defined?
What is his release?
Within his own mind,
He's totally at peace.

Jealousy causes pain,
Which can lead to resentment,
What drives me insane,
Is,

'' He's Found Contentment ''

Bri Mar

" High And Dry "

Where is your God when he's needed most?
Or even his son or the Holy Ghost,
Are they sitting enjoying tea and toast?
While watching their creations die.

Destroying each other is what we do best,
For killing our planet we're full of zest,
Does confessing mass murder mean we are blessed,
It would make a grown man cry.

Every religion has their own type of God,
They shout ours is real yours is a fraud,
While over each other they ride roughshod,
To which one does the truth apply?

Praying to their God's is part of their drill,
Are they saying their deities give them the will?
I thought all Gods said, " Thou Shalt Not Kill "
What exactly does that imply.

An act of God if you have survived,
A miracle if anyone has been revived,
But what of those who have been deprived,
His fault they'll forever deny.

His other creations we kill for fun,
The entire animal world we have on the run,
Merciful? Why isn't something done,
Don't to the innocent his rules apply?

When killing animals some religions rejoice,
Their prey I'm afraid don't have a voice,
Would they prefer life if they had a choice,
Cruelty they claim is a lie.

Humans make the stories up as they go along,
Their Gods must always be shown as strong,
They'll change the context if something goes wrong,
Their fantasies can not go awry.

To believe in a God takes perseverance,
For what some believe there'll be no interference,
Their arguments are filled with incoherence,
When their Gods leave them,

“ High And Dry ”

Bri Mar

" His Secret's Safe With Me "

Do not be weak,
In confidence I speak,
It's a secret only you and I know,
Remember my words you cannot leak,
Lest others told make it grow.

Okay go ahead,
Whatever is said,
Will stay between you and I,
If I divulge it strike me dead,
What you tell me I'll forever deny.

You're now enrolled,
Within the fold,
Please don't ever tell a soul,
If you do it's you I'll scold,
I may well lose control.

What did he say?
I feel dismay,
It's a secret I cannot tell,
Trust me friend I won't cause affray,
Or leave a nasty smell.

I'll just tell one,
That's it done,
She promised she will keep mum,
This is like a loaded gun,
I am being overcome.

She then tells two,
They misconstrue,
The secret has grown wings,
Then she tells another few,
They add on other things.

In a panic,
I now feel manic,
My promise I have broken,

His reaction will be titanic,
Secrets should be left unspoken.

I now feel strong,
They've got it wrong,
What they're saying is uncouth,
A fantasy world is where they belong,
In what they say there is no truth.

There is no doubt,
I'll look devout,
Though others would not agree,
What they've added on and what's left out,

'' His Secret's Safe With Me ''

Bri Mar

" Hold Your Head High With Pride "

When you look in that mirror,
What is it you see?
A peacemaker or a stirrer,
Do you long to be free?

That reflection is trapped,
Until you walk away,
Your future is mapped,
By what you do and say.

Which road you take,
Only you can choose,
By hiding a mistake,
Will you win or lose.

Only you and you alone,
Can make that decision,
You'll set the tone,
Do it with precision.

Actions cause reactions,
That you mustn't forget,
It can cause distractions,
Which will cause regret.

Give assistance to others,
It doesn't cost,
Ignorance just smothers,
An opportunity is lost.

If you ever fall down,
Get back on your feet,
Or in wallowing you'll drown,
From yourself don't retreat.

In if only don't tread,
It doesn't exist,
Keep a clear head,
From self-pity desist.

Seek help when required,
In that there's no shame,
Humility is to be admired,
You must never defame.

Choose friends with care,
Keep them for life,
Forever be aware,
Enemies cause strife.

Your family are gold,
Give love from the heart,
Don't break that mould,
Or it could fall apart.

Who is in that reflection?
Only you can decide,
If it passes inspection,

“ Hold Your Head High With Pride ”

Bri Mar

" Honour Among Thieves "

It's one of the greatest myths of all time,
Truth is it's a blatant lie,
The very concept should be classed as a crime,
As in reality this doesn't apply.

Al Capone did it to his colleagues and friends,
A gangster's aim in life is to fleece,
Their abuse of hypocrisy never ends,
Yes it's even rife among police.

They pay out our cash for information,
To those who commit the deeds,
It's really a form of degradation,
But they would argue they have needs.

The vast majority of crooks who get caught,
Are informed on by their own kind,
The police and the press can also be bought,
But to this fact they prefer to remain blind.

They all stick together united as one,
That's what they expect you to swallow,
Truth is when all is said and done,
Every one of these statements is hollow.

Throughout their history it has been shown,
The pen is mightier than the sword,
If I write one a cheque the truth will be known,
They'll do anything to rake in a reward.

They have no morals for others they don't care,
That is the law in their jungle,
To portray them as honourable just isn't fair,
In fact it's one major bungle.

They are all blatant liars who live a dishonest life,
Honest peoples lives they disrupt,
Their victims are then forced to live with the strife,
Each and every one of them is corrupt.

From gangsters and crooks to fiddling politicians,
When one's jailed there's none of them grieves,
Honesty was never one of their traditions,
Neither is,

Bri Mar

" How I Wish I Was A Child "

I took my children out one night,
They shouted out, what's that,
I said that thing that just flew by,
Well that is called a Bat.

A Bat they said's for baseball,
They think I'm telling lies,
They said it's used to hit a ball,
It's not a thing that flies.

I tried to say it's similar,
To an Aeroplane or a Bird,
They love to soar across the sky,
But they're saying that's absurd.

I then tried to explain myself,
To make them understand,
That I would never lie to them,
There was nothing underhand.

I said it came out late at night,
To hunt for tiny Bugs,
It didn't need to use its eyes,
They said, do you think we're Mugs.

I told them Bats used sonar,
Like Dolphins in the sea,
They send a sound when it bounces back,
That's where their food will be.

They said Dad you're talking nonsense,
Bats are made of wood,
We don't believe a word you say,
But we truly wish we could.

You tell us tall tales all the time,
With the truth you're very sparse,
We know they're made up in your head,
Your stories are all a farce.

I then tried to convince them,
That what I was saying was true,
But I'm fighting a losing battle,
What more can I do.

There really is no hope for me,
I've tried everything I know,
But my children just won't listen,
I think I'd better go.

If only I were young again,
Then I wouldn't feel so riled,
I would know what they were thinking,

" How I Wish I Was A Child"

Bri Mar

" How Will I Know "

If Jesus returned,
At a stake he'd be burned,
A false prophet some religions would say,
Others would dictate that he must be spurned,
It's a human trait to betray.

He'd be cast to the side,
His words we'd deride,
Prove yourself everyone would ask,
To his presence we'd treat him as snide,
Demanding he take off his mask.

Performing a miracle,
We'd say is satirical,
A magician treating us as fools,
The world would soon be waxing lyrical,
Saying let's praise the one who now rules.

We'd refuse to believe,
Saying give him the heave,
The man is suffering from delusion,
A sickly tale of evil we'd weave,
In order that he faced exclusion.

Can we live with regret?
Lest we forget,
That first time the saviour died,
Way back then he was seen as a threat,
His presence we his people denied.

I'm not a sage,
But in this day and age,
His character we would defame,
With his message we'd refuse to engage,
We'd leave him without any name.

Religion's an affliction,
Which becomes an addiction,
So much so we don't care who we harm,

I can guarantee he would face crucifixion,
Afterwards we'd turn on the charm.

If I tell you, he's here,
Will it make you feel fear?
Would his presence come as a blow?
The fact he's among us will become crystal clear,
Ask yourself,

`` How Will I Know ``

Bri Mar

" How You Do It Is For You To Decide "

Don't be afraid,
You will make the grade,
Life is but a journey of hope,
It's similiar to a game being played,
Somehow you learn how to cope.

Some you will lose,
You can't really choose,
Learning from mistakes is the key,
Next time the lessons learned you peruse,
Success will then set your mind free.

Life isn't easy,
Sometimes it's sleazy,
Temptation can be hard to resist,
Deny any action that makes you feel queasy,
Make sure evil is crossed of your list.

Help those in need,
At times we all bleed,
Your reaction is how you'll be judged,
If ever in doubt do take the lead,
Do nothing in life that is grudged.

It's brave to cry,
To stop it don't try,
Let go when you feel the emotion,
Inside feelings don't ever deny,
To life you must have devotion.

The subject of hate,
You must try to abate,
On your health it will take its toll,
Try to ignore it before it's too late,
Keep your loathing under control.

Love with a will,
It's a magical pill,
Use knowledge as your ultimate guide,

Learning to exist takes a lot of skill,

“ How you Do It Is For You To Decide ”

Bri Mar

" Human Beings Are Deranged "

What would our reaction be,
If an Alien race came here,
Would we bid them welcome,
Assure them there's nothing to fear.

Or would we be our usual selves,
By showing them we can fight,
To prove to them we are the best,
Convince them we're always right.

Or would we come together,
Like we've never done before,
Welcome them on peaceful terms,
Show them violence we abhor.

Could we show our Human side,
To let our visitors see,
We can live in world peace,
If only we could all agree.

If they were superior,
Beyond our wildest dreams,
Would we try to learn from them,
Or split in to regimes.

One group would say, we'll con them,
let's steal everything we can,
We'll then destroy the lot of them,
A reaction typical of man.

The others would say, let's work with them,
They can teach us all that's new,
We could defeat disease and hunger,
They could show us what to do.

Think of the opportunities,
The information we could gather,
Yet we know they would divide us,
We'd soon be in a lather.

What would they think of our ideals,
As millions of Humans starve,
While the others live in luxury,
As their side of beef they carve.

Would they think we're civilized,
As we watch our neighbours die,
For want of bread and water,
I'm sure they'd ask us why.

They'd ask why we value money,
More than life on Earth,
Letting gold and oil rule our lives,
Of intelligence there is a dearth.

Now we take away our food,
To make our transport greener,
Choosing fuel over eating isn't good,
The starving will just get leaner.

They would watch us spending trillions,
On arms to fight a war,
As we kill each other every day,
They'd surely ask, what for.

Our weapons of mass destruction,
The Aliens would surely know,
If we ever tried to use them,
Everything would go.

Cease traveling to other planets,
They'd tell us here and now,
You will not destroy our universe,
That we will never allow.

All they'd see is injustice,
Between the different races,
They'd wonder why we judge ourselves,
By the color of our faces.

They wouldn't understand our need,

For a multitude of Gods,
They would ask which one is genuine,
Do we know which ones are frauds.

They'd want to know why Human Beings,
Cannot live as one,
If we shared our world responsibly,
Then much more could be done.

The Aliens would ask why Humans,
Are hellbent on self destruction,
If we truly are supreme on Earth,
Why do we cause such disruption.

If they made an evaluation,
Their decision would surely be,
Your time is up, you've ruined your chance,
Even Humans must now see.

Every living thing on Earth,
Your species are slowly killing,
Despite the fact most have no say,
It's their blood you are spilling.

Despite all this you refuse to see,
The damage that you cause,
Do you know that soon the Earth will flood,
As the ice around you thaws.

Their views when leaving planet Earth,
Will certainly have changed,
Their thoughts on us would surely be,

"Human Beings Are Deranged"

Bri Mar

" Human Beings The Name "

Our abilities are profound,
An intelligence that's high,
A being that's renowned,
We'll forever ask why.

For pains and ills,
We will find a cure,
A couple of pills,
Can and will reassure.

Helping each other,
Is in our genes,
We are sister and brother,
We all know what that means,

Another in trouble,
We'll render assistance,
Carry their rubble,
Show despair resistance.

To cure diseases,
We seek new inventions,
Good health always pleases,
We have good intentions.

Yet one of our features,
Which comes to the fore,
Are some of these creatures,
See life as a chore.

What we create,
They live to destroy,
Filled with hate,
Killing innocents they enjoy.

With weapons of woe,
They'll try kill us all,
One day I know,
They will take a fall.

So caring yet disruptive,
Yes one and the same,
Helpful yet destructive,

'' Human Being's The Name ''

Bri Mar

" Human Doctrine's A Con "

So many creeds,
Are any of them right?
They've all sown the seeds,
But do they see the light?

Could a compassionate being,
Filled with mercy,
Be really all seeing,
Oh, the controversy.

Live with compassion,
Show others care,
Love is in fashion,
Please alleviate despair.

Aid the mild and meek,
Help those in need,
Do assist the weak,
Those starving do feed.

Forgive all sinners,
That is my way,
Be one of life's winners,
But you all must obey.

Obey my commands?
Says the creator,
It's true they're demands,
No, I'm not a dictator.

If you do not agree,
It won't augur well,
For soon you will see,
The colour of HELL?

Never hurt others?
Be kind and true?
The facts this smothers,
Yes, I do mean you.

Tortured for life,
Isn't that weird,
An eternity of strife,
Your soul will be sheared?

For these man-made fables,
You mustn't feel fear,
That only disables,
Those you truly revere.

Do believe in your God,
That is your right,
The human's a fraud,
Who lives to incite.

As you gain lore,
The truth will dawn,
You'll shout out, no more,

“ Human Doctrine's A Con ”

Bri Mar

" Humans Are Dumb "

We think we're so clever,
The masters of all,
It's reality we sever,
We will take that fall.

All life is the same,
We live and we die,
Playing the same game,
That's fact not a lie.

We think we can build,
Take a look at a nest,
With velvet it's filled,
As a home it's the best.

We are the annoyers,
Of all other life,
True wanton destroyers,
We love to cause strife.

We love to take,
But rarely give,
Our ideals are fake,
We don't live and let live.

If you're in the way,
Regardless of type,
We'll not let you stay,
You'll just get a swipe.

As resources are failing,
We take even more,
The planet is flailing,
Living is a chore.

We've poisoned the soil,
Polluted the seas,
Our greed for oil,
We refused to appease.

Giant holes underground,
Created by us,
What does astound,
From us there's no fuss.

We don't have much longer,
Our time has come,
Mother Nature's much stronger,

“ Humans Are Dumb ”

Bri Mar

" Humans Are Killers That Is A Fact "

We've killed millions of people over many years,
But that's fine I'm classed as conventional,
It matters not how many I've left in tears,
Or the fact it was purely intentional.

The rules of war are totally insane,
They legalise the act of mass killing,
What they do is show is humans are so inhumane,
As we revel in the blood we are spilling.

You must wear a uniform for your enemy to know,
Exactly whom they are supposed to destroy,
On battleships and planes your insignia must show,
So they are aware of which enemy to deploy.

Don't dare get caught dressed as a waiter,
That goes against their rules of war,
If they catch you you'll be shot as a traitor,
Devious behaviour they all must abhor.

With your exploding bullet blow your enemy apart,
It's legal according to those rules,
Use a flame thrower and burn out his heart,
It's just another of those legal tools.

If you catch your enemy after he's killed your mates,
You must observe the Geneva Convention,
Treat your prisoner well and show no vengeful traits,
Or your punishment will be too harsh to mention.

Kill a million innocents in one fell swoop,
A nuclear warhead will do that for you,
No repercussions about how low you will stoop,
They are legal so see your task through.

But don't use weapons where chemicals are involved,
Or the shout will be off with his head,
From killing indiscriminately you will not be absolved
Nerve agents are lethal and you could end up dead?

Regardless of weaponry they are all made for death,
Through their rules you could drive a large bus,
Chemical or conventional they'll ensure your last breath,
But none would kill if it wasn't for us.

What sort of idiot would come up with this trash?
From reality they do tend to detract,
All weaponry is lethal it's but a poisonous rash,

`` Humans Are Weapons That Is A Fact ``

Bri Mar

" I Became A Politician "

My aim in life when growing up was to learn a trade,
A bricklayer or a plumber that would have me made,
I wanted all the trappings my earnings would then bring,
A lovely wife and children a home where I'd be king.

Now I've served my time I find it really strange,
As a tradesman I don't earn enough I think it's time for change,
That home I've always dreamed of is too far out of sight,
The wife has not materialised I've really had a fright.

I then went on a training course to become a civil engineer,
I thought my god I'll make it big then I'll look back and leer,
Little did I realise this was not enough,
With the cost of living rising my life got really tough.

I then trained once again to make designer pottery,
I have to say I've failed once more I'll have to win the lottery,
If I don't make some money soon my landlord who's a louse,
Has said to me get on your bike I don't want you in my house.

I then thought I've got it I'll become an electrician,
This was it I'd soon be rich I was on a mission,
Five years on I'm still alone in a tower block,
The money like the electrics has been a dreadful shock.

I need to get a job now that will pay me loads of money,
I want it to be easy going I want it to be funny,
I've slaved for over twenty years and now I've got the itch,
To try a life in politics for they're all filthy rich.

Then I seen the local news there was to be a bye election,
As I knew the chairman I'd ask him for selection,
He knew me really well for reasons he'd rather not,
But the info that I had on him left him rather fraught.

His attitude towards me really was abrupt,
He said you'll make a good M.P. you're dishonest and corrupt,
I won the right to fight the seat at last I'd been selected,
When the votes were counted at last I'd been elected.

When I entered politics and finally took my seat,
My earnings were enormous my life became so sweet,
Now I have my penthouse my wife and children too,
My mistress and my fancy jags I'm among the chosen few.

I pay my wife to work for me my children and my dog,
No need to keep receipts or any financial log,
You even give me money for the maintenance on my boat,
Then you go and pay for a duck house for my moat.

I thank you for the shaving cream and my fancy combs,
You even give me cash for flipping second homes,
That means the house you bought me you won't make money off it,
For I can sell it make a mint and keep the massive profit.

I can claim for anything as I travel from coast to coast,
Claiming back what I say I've spent including tea and toast,
Travelling all around the world languishing in the sun,
Champagne and caviar each day this life is so much fun.

Anything I want I put it on my expenses,
Regardless of what I buy the taxpayer recompenses,
One thing I don't agree with is travelling with the lower class,
So kindly drop that notion on that one I will pass

When they caught me fiddling I heard the speaker say,
Although you'll be suspended we'll let you keep your pay,
Whenever I'm caught stealing I need not fear the sack,
I just keep my head down and within a week I'm back.

Telling you what we fiddle that we will not abide,
We'll tell you what is legal the rest of it we'll hide,
If I ever lose my seat that won't cause me tension,
I will then just walk away with my massive pension.

Now I'll live in comfort all my problems now have ceased,
I'll live my life of grandeur with all the cash I've fleeced,
Just when I think I'm finished with all the crossing swords,
I'm suddenly promoted to the illustrious House of Lords.

I just show up here every day and the money that I reap,

Is paid for doing nothing as all I do is sleep,
The taxpayers must be off their heads as they don't seem to mind,
From the House of Lords to parliament we rob them bloody blind.

As I'm rolling in the money now it's time to write my book,
Telling how I sold my soul and the morals I forsook,
I don't care a damn about the fact the system stinks,
As I am now his lordship who cares what you lot thinks.

There is no hint of conscience for now I can be sure,
I'll never need to work again I never will be poor,
All the previous jobs I've had just gave me endless strife,
That is why I chose to be to be in politics for life.

The most I made from other work was as a civil engineer,
Even then I struggled to buy myself a beer,
I've been a bricklayer and a plumber a potter and electrician,
But I didn't hit the big time till,

" I Became A Politician "

Bri Mar

" I Can Only Pray He'll Agree "

His commandment stated,

" THOU SHALT NOT KILL "

As to what there's no stipulation,
If that is what the good Lord dictated,
Then it's him who gave us the will.

Many a fly,
I've given a swat,
Stood on them as they took their last breath,
I've never thought why,
Will I feel hot,
For ensuring that fly met with death.

A carnivorous creature,
I do eat meat,
I've caught many a deer in my time,
Does it feature,
That I'll take the heat,
Will he say I've committed a crime?

The chicken or the egg,
A nice rump steak,
The rules are not clearly defined,
For my soul will I beg,
Or will he forsake,
His hypocrisy is so unrefined.

I've fought in battle,
In the name of God,
Where killing is classed as routine,
Treated as cattle,
May seem odd,
But will he class that as obscene.

After taking a look,
My conscience is clear,
God has murdered far more than me,

In his good book,
He's been very austere,

“ I Can Only Pray He'll Agree ”

Bri Mar

" I Got Caught "

I "borrowed" some money from my bank,
Around a million bucks,
Now I'm languishing in the pen,
The financial system sucks.

I only did what others do,
That was to speculate,
I would have paid it back to them,
But the judge said that didn't equate.

I told her I was innocent,
It was just a bit of fun,
She asked me if that was the case,
Why did I need a gun.

I said I'd never have used it,
It was purely used for fright,
For when they seen my weapon,
They'd maybe see the light.

While I only stole a million,
The bosses steal more than me,
Yet none of them are by my side,
They're all out there bloody free.

If only they had not refused,
When I asked them for a loan,
They told me I had no chance,
It's like getting blood from a stone.

Just like them I helped myself,
Yet mine is classed as crime,
While the bankers rob us blind,
I'm in here doing time.

So the moral of this story is,
If you're going to rob a bank,
Make sure you get the managers job,
Then the police you can outflank.

While they're allowed to help themselves,
With no need to feel distraught,
The banker and me are so alike,
The difference is,

"I Got Caught"

Bri Mar

" I Got You Eye Baths As Well "

I've went and dropped my I Pad,
It's really badly bent,
To you I couldn't lie Dad,
It definitely wasn't meant.

My Dad then said, no problem son,
Just leave it all to me,
He acted as if he was having fun,
The bent one he didn't see.

Before I knew it he was off,
He said to buy another,
If that's the case I couldn't scoff,
So I went to tell my brother.

He said Dads head was in the clouds,
The guy just didn't have a clue,
But I protested he had vowed,
That chaos would not ensue.

This then got me worried,
What would he bring me back?
So off to my room I scurried,
For disasters he had the knack.

Just at that his car arrived,
He had a box that was really large,
What in Gods name has he contrived?
What mess did he discharge?

He said I bought you fifty pieces,
They'll last forever more,
They don't have any dents or creases,
For you my son nothing's a chore.

Fifty of what I shouted out,
I Pads are expensive,
He said I had to use some clout,
But my contacts are extensive.

When he finally opened up the box,
Upon my back I fell,
He said, I didn't just get eye pads,

“ I Got You Eye Baths As Well ”

Bri Mar

" I Guarantee It Won'T Last A Day "

Millions killed in wars and disputes,
Death is one of our main pursuits,
Humans are more than willing recruits,
Before genocide we do love to pray.

There's no end to the cruelty of the human mind,
Weapons of destruction of every kind,
To the plight of the fallen we seem to be blind,
We just love to cause others affray

As the nuclear bombs rained down on Japan,
It proved to us Mans inhumanity to Man,
To end the war we claimed was the plan,
This was humankinds most evil display.

Humans love weaponry it's in our genes,
We will kill using any means,
Bombs from aeroplanes or submarines,
Propaganda takes our guilt away

Napalm was used to kill and maim,
Large cluster bombs do much the same,
Guns and bullets what's in a name?
Our armoury we love to portray.

Civilians and our forces razed to the ground,
In seas of blood thousands were drowned,
The end result was not so profound,
Our society is still in decay.

With chemical weapons, ' ' thou shalt not kill ' '
As for everything else you can do what you will,
Being shot conventionally doesn't make you ill?
Yet poison causes politicians dismay.

World leaders shout foul they must be attacked,
They really have this war thing cracked,
Sincerity and truth they have always lacked,
Hypocrisy is what they portray.

Their rules of conflict are set in stone,
If you murder outwith them then you must atone,
If you refuse then they will disown,
You will be refused leave to stay.

To pay for these weapons they are more than willing,
Chemical or conventional their purpose is chilling,
All weaponry ever made is for the purpose of killing,
To say otherwise it's themselves they betray.

Politicians think that what they do is right,
If it's a war with others they want to incite,
Then the leaders and their colleagues can go in and fight,
This must be done without delay.

If It's Murder and mayhem our leaders enjoy,
We must give them carte blanche to go and destroy,
So it's to war our politicians we will now deploy,

“ I Guarantee It Won't Last A Day ”

Bri Mar

" I Have Granted Him Absolution "

I spoke to the one called the saviour,
Challenging him to a debate,
I have to say I don't like his behaviour,
As he's already two hours late.

I gave a time and a destination,
Problem is he didn't reply,
That's a source of great frustration,
As you're not allowed to ask why.

I did it through the power of prayer,
That's the best way I was told,
Invisible beings cause me despair,
They must be a power to behold.

Answerable to nobody except yourself,
I'd say a bit like a politician,
He must also be like my garden elf,
No stomach for an inquisition.

I've now been waiting four long days,
His arrogance really astounds,
I wouldn't say that he's worthy of praise,
He has given me no reason or grounds.

If he's as powerful as you make out,
He could respond to my personal request,
But of his existence I am now in doubt,
This has left me quite distressed.

He created the universe and all within,
Yet he fails to come to a meeting,
Surely that should be classed as a sin,
I at least deserve a greeting.

I've given him a week and he's failed to appear,
Will he now suffer my retribution?
I can honestly say he should not feel fear,

“ I Have Granted Him Absolution ”

Bri Mar

" I Have Literary Constipation "

I sat down to write a verse or three,
But my pen just wouldn't move,
Each stanza I tried so hard to see,
But my efforts I could not improve.

To that writer who can find a cure,
Every one of us will flock,
I truly loathe having to endure,
This curse called writers block

I sat and thought this can't be hard,
But there was nothing in my head,
An empty cranium in a bard,
I might as well be dead.

Is this something that affects us all?
Or is it confined to me,
I think I'll give my Mum a call,
She'll set my locked mind free.

She said I was to meditate,
Put myself in a trance,
By leaving my mind to its fate,
I would find a great expanse.

On her advice I settled down,
To take that quantum leap,
In a sea of ideas I would drown,
Truth is I fell asleep.

When I awoke I felt refreshed,
I thought I'm ready to go,
In a tangle of words I was enmeshed,
I could not find my flow.

Poets, lyricists and novelists too,
At some point will hit these buffers,
The mind decides to go askew,
So it's not just me who suffers.

I looked at books and in the news,
To obtain some inspiration,
But the dictionary confirmed my views,

“ I Have Literary Constipation ”

Bri Mar

" I Know Nothing About Black Or White "

When Madiba met God he said I'm overawed,
Your creations are flawed but what I find odd,
Is, your problems you keep out of sight.

The Good Lord replied the truth I must hide,
I caused a divide over which I now preside,
You just can't get everything right.

I made a mistake so give me a break,
It makes my heart ache that I could partake,
In a fire I helped to ignite.

With no advice sought I'm now feeling fraught,
The lessons taught could never be bought,
History you cannot rewrite.

You must find a way to rid us of affray,
I wouldn't lead you astray it is child's play
You must rid the world of this blight.

Colours are lush they make my world plush,
Being in a rush I didn't know they would crush,
I imagined they'd be vibrant and bright.

Together they colluded all would be included,
Nobody secluded none excluded
What transpired filled them both with delight.

Mandela said go for I'm in the know,
Your actions will show that respect will grow,
Eventually they will see the light.

They couldn't wait to be rid of the hate,
This was their fate to recreate,
Though initially humans will get a fright.

God being refined said I hope they don't mind,
The way I was designed I am totally blind,

“ I Know Nothing About Black Or White ”

Bri Mar

" I Once Was Married "

They're saying I'm mad,
I know I'm not,
No it's not a fad,
It cannot be caught.

It belongs to me,
Yes it's all mine,
What others can't see,
Makes me feel divine.

If they'd leave me alone,
I'd be okay,
I don't like their tone,
Or what they say.

Take these pills?
Soon all will be clear,
They'll cure your ills,
Make you reappear.

Where have I gone?
That I need to come back,
Is all this a con,
I feel under attack?

What is it I've done?
To be treated this way,
My life was such fun,
Now I don't have a say.

This jacket is tight,
I can't move my arms,
This just isn't right,
I succumbed to her charms.

Thirty years later,
After my divorce,
My ex man hater,
Has returned with a force.

Am I being fooled?
Is this but a dream?
The judges have ruled,
She wants some of my cream.

No it's all true,
Despite all those years,
What you may accrue,
Could have you in tears.

My optimism has diminished,
What 's this burden I've carried,
My life is now finished,
Why,

“ I Once Was Married ”

Bri Mar

" I Pleaded With Her Not To Tell "

My Mother hears monsters under the stairs,
I'm big and brave so I say who cares,
My parents say they're like polar bears,
When they hear them both run like Hell.

They don't frighten me, nothing will,
If truth be told bravery's a skill,
That feeling of fear must be a bitter pill,
In heroics I will always excel.

I'd take on Batman if I felt the need,
I'm obviously from a different breed,
Against any opponent I'd never concede,
I'd rather die where I fell.

Monsters come and monsters go,
When I confront them I will show,
These massive beasts just where to go,
I'll be sounding their deaths knell.

My mother says you can't do it son,
Do not approach them without a gun,
I tell her this is going to be fun,
I'll soon have them under my spell.

As soon as I opened the cupboard door,
My tactics were to hit the floor,
The room would be filled with their blood and gore,
It's on their death I would now dwell.

All I could see where bright glazed eyes,
They'd soon meet their final demise,
I knew I'd take the victors prize,
I said, say your last farewell.

I shouted out loudly it's time to pray,
For upsetting my Mum I'll make you pay,
Do you feel lucky then make my day,
Their presence I will now expel.

Just as I was about to fight,
My Mother turned on the bloody light,
What met me gave me such a fright,
Then suddenly there was a terrible smell.

My trousers went all hot and wet,
Which filled me up with deep regret,
This was a game of Russian roulette,
This finale I could not foretell.

These massive beasts had me in trouble,
I had to get out on the double,
My reputation was reduced to rubble,
I'd retreat back into my shell.

I immediately headed to the washing machine,
My personal care they did demean,
My soiled underwear I now had to clean,
By now I was feeling unwell.

My mother asked son what did you see,
What in Gods name have you set free,
Are they now going to come after me?
At that she let out a loud yell.

Despite my pleas she ventured into the void,
My sons attackers must be destroyed,
On discovering the truth she was really annoyed,
Your fictional tales I must now quell.

You have been dishonest and not very precise,
Telling fantasy stories will not suffice,
Your raging monsters were a horde of mice,

‘ I Pleaded with her Not To Tell ‘

Bri Mar

" I Really Mish My Teesh "

I always looked after them whilst growing up,
Until I was about twelve years old,
Now at night they are stored in a cup,
The very thought of that leaves me so cold.

I started adulthood with 32 teeth,
All perfect in every way,
White on top, the same underneath,
Not one of them showed signs of decay.

I brushed them on occasion if I felt the need,
But mostly I left them alone,
Mainly after a bevy or perhaps a feed,
Main thing is they were all my own.

Dental hygiene was there but it wasn't great,
But so what, they weren't that bad,
Despite all the warnings I have to now state,
My attitude was totally mad.

I kept being told I had really bad breath,
But I never took heed of the link,
When they said in truth it smells of death,
I blamed it on the fags and the drink.

I ignored the warnings they were under attack,
A decision I would live to regret,
Before I knew it they were covered in plaque,
With oral problems I was now beset.

I kept getting toothache time and again,
It's an affliction that is truly ill gotten,
How did I manage to stand that pain,
Knowing it was my teeth, which were rotten.

The sweet things the booze and the cigarettes,
Had left my teeth in tatters,
It's entirely my fault as nobody forgets,
Looking after them should be all that matters.

I could no longer smile, as I felt so ashamed,
My teeth were worn out and black,
My gums were sore and terribly inflamed,
Too far gone to find a way back.

I couldn't enjoy my food any more,
Cold drinks were a thing of the past,
Eating anything had become such a chore,
I now wish I had made my teeth last.

Ailments are many when you choose not to brush,
Yet they can all be avoided with ease,
By cleaning every day you will keep them plush
You'll avoid the risk of disease.

Visit the dentist; it's never too late,
They will help you to keep your teeth pure,
Don't listen to those who say, its just fate,
When they're gone there's no miracle cure.

Your adult teeth are the last ones you'll get,
Make sure they stay healthy and clean,
If you treat them well you can safely bet,
You will keep them totally pristine.

It's easy to avoid future dental strife,
All you need do is take care,
You must accept that your teeth are for life,
Look after them and they'll always be there.

I watch them lying in a glass every night,
While I lie hear and suck on my quiche,
Being unable to chew will never feel right,

“ I Really Mish My Teesh ”

Bri Mar

" I Told You I Was Ill "

I'm lying on a cold wet slab,
I seem unable to breathe,
Is it because I smoked too much?
That thought just makes me seethe.

The pathologist said as he went in,
The cause of death I think,
Is the fact this guy smoked far too much?
He also enjoyed his drink.

I'm trying my best to answer back,
I want to make it clear,
That what he's saying is rubbish,
I should not be lying here.

I've never felt like this before,
Could someone tell me why?
Is it something that I've said?
I didn't ask to die.

The last thing I remember was,
Sipping whisky and having a smoke,
As I inhaled my cigarette,
I started to bloody choke.

As I stood up to clear my throat,
My chest felt really sore,
I careered at speed across the room,
Then landed on the floor

I then looked down upon myself,
As I lay flat on my back,
The people all around me said,
Of breath there is a lack.

As my relatives stand over me,
They're saying I look quite void,
What do they expect of me,
To be looking overjoyed.

One of them said he's now at peace,
He's looking really well,
I'm dead you stupid imbecile,
I hope you rot in hell.

I cannot move my arms or legs,
I'm feeling pretty rigid,
My wife is telling all out loud,
I told you he was frigid.

One thing I'll always remember,
Since I first learned to speak,
I warned them all I wasn't well,
How I always felt quite weak.

But they just used to say to me,
Stop walking with that limp,
There's nothing really wrong with you,
You're just a bloody wimp.

I overheard the doc one day,
He made a sick wisecrack,
He told my parents I wasn't ill,
I was a hypochondriac.

Now what they are trying to imply,
Has put me in a rage,
It wasn't just the smoke and drink,
They're saying it was my age.

If that really was the truth,
I'd be the first to say that's fine,
But they're all talking nonsense,
I was only ninety-nine.

The undertakers are walking in,
With what I've to be carried off in,
How dare my relatives say to them?
Oh it 's such a lovely coffin.

If it's such a beautiful piece,

Then in it they can hop,
If they give me back my life on earth,
Then I will gladly swap.

I've always said I was unwell,
But that's now a bitter pill,
If I could talk I'd shout out loud,

"I Told You I Was Ill".

Bri Mar

" I Will Never Forgive "

We're finished now you've had your day,
You broke our vows by playing away,
You didn't care that much is true,
It's so unfair on me not you.

You want me back but it's far too late,
You'll now get flak yes suffer hate,
Was it greener grass only you know?
Will conscience harass for a deed so low.

You're now a cheat does that make you proud?
What a feat do you feel endowed?
Life is short your behaviour morose,
How could you resort to hurting those close?

I hope your sad life now hits the buffers,
For giving me strife it should be you, who suffers,
Infidelity's a crime it should not be enjoyed,
It's like doing time it can leave the victim destroyed.

You'll now have to tell lies to hide the fact,
You severed our ties with your infidelity act,
Your problem being the truth's in your head,
It's what you'll be seeing until you are dead.

Our conscience is strong it can bring us down,
When you've done wrong in what if, you will drown,
You'll be filled with regret for as long as you live?
For your adulterous debt,

" I Will Never Forgive "

Bri Mar

" I Wish I'D Said No "

By playing a round he was a billionaire,
His adoring public would stop and stare,
Now he's cheated he can hear them all say,
For what you've done there'll be a large price to pay.

You'll be driven to insanity when you realise,
To your wife and family you've brought tears to their eyes,
The man they all loved who just couldn't be beat,
Is not who they thought he's turned into a cheat.

Because of your lust, your life is in tatters,
You took the risk now you've lost all that matters.
To anyone out there who thinks cheating's a game,
Adultery will bring you nothing but shame.

If tempted be aware of the consequences,
There'll be nowhere to hide or sitting on fences,
It's when not if you finally get caught,
You'll be wishing there were other pleasures you'd sought.

It will affect your performance in more ways than one,
For a life without loved ones is not much fun,
The problem with cheats is they don't ever learn,
A bad reputation is the reward that you earn.

Your life as you know it will then disappear,
You'll be left with nothing but a feeling of fear,
You will ask yourself questions, was it worth it and why,
The answers will make you want to curl up and die.

For the rest of your life the pain will be there,
You'll be left on your own feeling total despair,
The memories will haunt you wherever you go,
That's when you'll think,

" I Wish I'd Said No "

Bri Mar

" I'd Much Rather Be Young Than Old "

I take prescriptions,
Of all descriptions,
I'm sure I can hear myself rattle,
For this pleasure I pay my subscriptions,
This living thing sure is a battle.

When young and trendy,
My body was bendy,
I could make all those twists and turns,
Now I must live by modus vivendi,
My God that deep heat burns.

I could run a mile,
Yes, do it in style,
I could leave my competitors behind,
These walking aids I do revile,
Ancient is now how I'm defined.

Playing football for hours,
Now the thought sours,
I can't even watch it for free,
Age you see the sight it devours,
You can't watch the things you can't see.

From five times a day,
It's now no way,
We just fall asleep when its night,
This getting old just doesn't hold sway,
On our lives it's became but a blight.

Now a survey is out,
They say it holds clout,
My age group are happy and content,
Their conclusions I'm afraid must be in doubt,
At our age our memories are bent.

No it's not uncouth,
I'm telling the truth,
This survey leaves me feeling cold,

I'd love to go back to my days as a youth,

'' I'd Much Rather Be Young Than Old ''

Bri Mar

" I'D Prefer To Retain My Soul "

What happens to us after we die?
Is it just a hole in the ground?
Or does another existence apply,
Is there new life to be found?

Do we meet people from our past?
If so what form do they take,
How long will this existence last?
Can we be sure it's not all fake?

Will it depend on our behaviour?
While here as an earthly being,
Will there really be a saviour,
The one who is all seeing?

Is there really a place called Hell,
Could a deity be so cruel?
It really leaves a nasty smell,
Does it ever run out of fuel?

Will we still have utility bills?
The need for procreation,
The greedy few filling their tills,
Whilst watching mass castration.

Why has no-one ever came back,
To tell us that yes it's true,
Of proof there really is a lack,
If only we really knew.

Why is there a need to live?
Before our soul moves on,
What is it here we need to give,
To inherit that brand new dawn.

Are animals included in paradise?
Will they still look the same?
Does a soul have ears and eyes?
Are they gifted with a name?

Will we still feel guilt and fear?
Do we need to eat and sleep?
Is it much the same as here?
Where we have to earn our keep.

Will there be wars and disputes,
Religions too many to mention,
What one says the other refutes,
Where brainwashing is their intention.

Is Paradise the Promised Land?
Where everything in death is sunny,
Or is it something some have planned,
To relieve us of our money.

If that's the case I'd prefer to stay,
In my lair I'd much rather remain,
Heaven does not hold any sway,

“ My Soul I'd Prefer To Retain ”

Bri Mar

" I'd Rather Not Go "

I've exhaled my last breath,
Didn't have any choice,
With my meeting with death,
I've been told I'll rejoice.

Who is this guy,
Who takes all alive,
As everything will die,
What will he contrive?

Will I come back as me?
The way I once was,
What will I see?
The Wizard Of Oz?

With all those I knew,
Will I be reacquainted,
Chaos may ensue,
With some I was tainted.

Those loved I will greet,
But not those I hated,
What if I meet,
With the ex I once mated.

I made enemies galore,
Will they be aware,
Now I'm to the fore,
At me will they stare.

Is conflict an issue,
Between man and woman,
Pass me a tissue,
Only if I'm still Human.

Does revenge exist,
In his paradise supreme,
Is demise on his list,
As on Earth it's his theme.

In his Heavenly domain,
I have now let him know,
This whole thing's insane,

“ I'd Rather Not Go ”

Bri Mar

" If "

The man jumped into the sea on a whim,
By doing so he left himself out on a limb
In hindsight it wouldn't have happened to him,
IF only he had learned to swim.

When she jumped out of that aeroplane,
Onlookers remarked she must be insane,
From using a parachute she did refrain,
IF only she could try again.

He walked in to the darkness blind,
He immediately asked the Lord to be kind,
Then he found out the field had been mined,
IF only this mission he had declined.

She tried to run faster than the speeding car,
After too much vino in her local bar,
Needless to say she never got far,
IF only she hadn't acted so bizarre.

He always ate too much fatty food,
Though he knew it wouldn't do any good,
Now over ill health he's left to brood,
IF only the warnings he had understood.

She always knew that he was mad,
She kidded herself he made her glad,
In reality she was always sad,
IF only she'd admitted he was bad.

It's a wifful word that fills us with regret,
After every happening we use it to fret,
With tortured minds it leaves us beset,
IF only this word we could all forget?

The problem is we must face the facts,
We are not responsible for each others acts,
In reality in quantity it's meaning it lacks,
IF only we could give this word the axe.

Looking for excuses we need to stop trying,
By using this word we will end up crying,
It's to our own inner selves we are lying,
IF only does not prevent anyone dying.

This word should be crossed off everyone's list,
From even using it we should try to resist,
Yes hindsight is wonderful but it doesn't exist,
IF only disappeared it would never be missed.

This tiny word lies on the edge of a cliff,
You will find it dripping from the end of a sniff,
For now and the future it will cause many a tiff,
Hindsight is just another name for

“ IF ”

Bri Mar

" If Exorcised They'D Never Be Missed "

Are Gods an entity with a mind of their own?
As Humans have evolved their presence has grown,
Why do we Humans fear the unknown?
It's a subject, which can't be dismissed.

Which religion to choose from who can tell?
As all of them have a Heaven and Hell?
Why are so many under their spell,
They rule Humans hand over fist.

Gods and devils of every description,
To engage with them you need a subscription,
Becoming as one is much like conscription,
There are many of them in our midst.

When in trouble on these Gods we lean,
Some say they're kind some say they're mean,
Problem is there's no in between,
Which one do you choose to enlist?

They mock those who believe in nature's ways,
Their ancient Gods they say were a craze,
Yet their invisible Gods do not give displays,
Reasoned argument they always resist.

What is the difference between all the Gods?
Differing religions are all at odds,
Who is to say they are not all frauds,
If only we could see through the mist.

Proving their God's superior is their ultimate aim,
Something bad happens the Devils to blame,
If it's a miracle then their God will lay claim,
Blasphemy you must always resist.

Why they need money is the question to ask,
Why in affluence do they need to bask,
I believe these Gods should be taken to task,
One so powerful needs a shopping list?

Religions are worth millions why is this so,
To get to their Heaven does it cost money to go?
If truth be told they need a constant flow,
From hoarding cash they need to desist.

The Human Race reside in a fantasy land,
They believe their God is theirs on demand,
When he's not they bury their head in the sand,
You must have faith is what they insist.

Our own actions we are all responsible for,
We're accountable for each and every war,
What we've become all your Gods should abhor,

'' If Exorcised They Would Never Be Missed ''

Bri Mar

" If God Is Real "

What religion is God does anyone know,
We worship so many as they all come and go,
New ones will appear every other day,
Are they right or wrong who is to say.

We have Christians and Muslims, Jehovah's and Jews,
Buddhists and Mormons there's Sikhs and Hindus,
There are thousands of others too numerous to mention,
What is it Gods have that attracts our attention.

Every religion will try to lay claim,
Their God is supreme, while the others are lame,
When they war with each other for each person they kill,
Be it sister or brother they'll claim it's Gods will.

How can they say this are these Gods raving mad,
To create mayhem and murder is really quite sad,
Genocide is something no God would allow,
Peace and forgiveness is what the Lord would endow.

The fact of the matter is are any of us right,
We really don't know as our God's out of sight,
Do they have a gender are they female or male,
Will we ever discover that Holy Grail.

What colour are these Gods who have us under their spell,
We all claim he / she's ours yet none of us can tell,
As God's never been seen how can we be sure,
Ours is the right one which one is pure.

We won't get to meet until the day we die,
Only then will we know if God's truth or a lie,
Faith from within is what will keep us strong,
If we stay honest and true we won't go far wrong.

Religion to some is their reason for living,
To abuse that trust is so unforgiving,
Gods don't need money so where does it go,
Funding lavish lifestyles for those in the know.

To some Gods an industry, money comes easy,
Using this to make cash is really quite queasy,
But the day will come when they'll meet their maker,
Their God will distinguish the real from the faker.

The problem with humans is where there's money to be made,
They'll use any avenue they don't care who's betrayed.
If you've abused Gods trust there will be no appeal,
When you expire you'll find out,

'' If God Is Real ''

Bri Mar

" If Only The Blind Could See "

Wars are murder but still they go on,
For the victims we don't really care,
You no longer grieve when that person has gone,
Of their feelings you become unaware.

Killing comes easy after the first,
It becomes just another death,
For murder and mayhem you develop a thirst,
To see someone take their last breath.

Did they have children, parents as well,
You don't give that a second thought,
Where do they go to Heaven or hell,
You leave loved ones totally fraught.

From barbaric deeds you become immune,
Your only aim is to kill,
Your mind becomes wrapped in a tight cocoon,
You would stop but you don't have the will.

What you're fighting for you don't really know,
You do it because you are told,
The advocates of war never ever go,
Their cowardice would leave you cold.

We must go to war on their behalf,
They claim we are under threat,
Will they go and fight; you're having a laugh,
Their decisions we'll all live to regret.

When it's all over we're cast to the side,
While our leaders live life to the full,
From harsh reality they've no need to hide,
We're used as a political tool.

The injured and dying just disappear,
It's as if they no longer exist,
The survivors are left to live in fear,
Truth is they will never be missed.

Our world leaders love to start a fight,
Yet they're cowards everyone,
Expecting others to die just isn't right,
Why won't they take up the gun?

All wars are futile we must face the facts,
Politicians don't want us to be free,
While others die their lives are intact,

'' If Only The Blind Could See ''

Bri Mar

" If Only You Would Open Your Eyes "

I'm one of the elite in the upper classes,
You class me as famous and rich,
As I look down on you the masses,
I see none of you have a stitch.

Though you're scum you assist my cause,
In effect you look up to me,
If only you took some time out to pause,
The truth you would surely see.

I'm a common criminal as most of us are,
What we do we class as the norm,
In order to make our riches go far,
Tax evasion is the norm.

It's not illegal we just follow the rules,
Made by our corrupt politicians,
Those on Pay As You Earn we class as the fools,
As you all must obey set conditions.

The worlds royalty we class as our friends,
None of us ever suffer depression,
While your trauma never ends,
We ask what the Hell's a recession.

We drink champagne have a day at the races,
Squandering the fiddles we make,
Mingling with the queen and such famous faces,
You wouldn't believe even they're on the take.

From you lot that is if truth be told,
You all know we are robbing you blind,
Yet somehow over you we have a hold,
As despite this you don't seem to mind.

You come out in force to bow at our feet,
Why when we're knocking you off,
We strike you dumb if we happen to meet,
It's is heaven this being a toff.

As you die of starvation our fillets we carve,
We don't give you a second thought,
As we grow obese we laugh as you starve,
Our lives are glorious while yours is, well fraught.

We pee and we poo we laugh and we cry,
In our case it's tears of joy,
Like you we live and one day we'll die,
We're a myth you need to destroy.

To tell the truth if you cut us we'll bleed,
Yes it will be the same shade of red,
In the main our lives are obsessed by greed,
The working classes are so easily led.

You need someone to look up to and we fit the bill,
Blue blood in fact doesn't exist,
Just like the Gods your fantasies we fulfil,
Yet if you all died it's you who'd be missed.

What makes us superior you'd never believe?
Those riches and the fame we accrue,
Are because it's your pockets we do relieve,
Yes the reason is all down to you.

Royalty and superstars are your own creation,
We pray you will never awaken,
As long as you remain in your state of sedation,
We will never be forsaken.

We look upon you lot as totally dumb,
You make us rich but you don't realise,
You are the elite and we are the scum,

'' If Only You Would Open Your Eyes ''

Bri Mar

" If These Sins You Condone "

The one called Human,
The intelligent being,
Classed as Man and Woman,
Believe they're all seeing.

So good to each other,
Is how they survive,
As sister and brother,
We thought they would thrive.

But then Lust arrived,
It created a storm,
Murder was contrived,
It became the norm.

When Gluttony appeared,
All bets were off,
They were being reared,
to scoff, scoff, scoff.

Then followed Greed,
They couldn't get enough,
To others in need,
They just said tough.

Sloth became cool,
Doing nothing all day,
Those idiots who rule,
Though still got their pay.

Which fired our Wrath,
Inspired such hate,
To follow that path,
Some couldn't wait.

When Envy was rife,
We all became jealous,
To desire that life,
We became overzealous.

That gave some Pride,
To others brought shame,
I would never deride,
But you must accept blame.

The choices we make,
Are but ours alone,
It's yourself you forsake,

“ If These Sins You Condone ”

Bri Mar

" If You Exist This Proves You Don'T Care "

Is it the Gods who decide if we live or we die,
If it is then our lives aren't worth living,
The whole concept of life is no more than a lie,
It is cruel and yet so unforgiving.

If Gods have this power we are no more than pawns,
In a warped and sick game of chess,
If it's for them to decide if a new day dawns,
Then it's a concept, which just doesn't impress.

Who are they to dictate these sick rules?
It's the ultimate form of oppression,
If their presence is true then they treat us like fools,
It makes you wonder if they encourage transgression.

Do they live in luxury as their creations starve?
Paradise is where we're told Gods reside,
Do they drink finest wines as their beef they carve?
Why for their destitute do they not provide.

We're allowed to communicate but it's all one way,
They don't reply but still expect you to believe,
It's only dictators who won't let you have a say,
That's a thought that should make us all grieve.

Why don't they help us when assistance is required?
For accountability they have no obligation,
Yet it's preached to us they must all be admired,
They're all false would be my allegation.

For someone so strong and with so much power,
You remind me of our world's politicians,
Unachievable promises, which make the decent cower,
When found out there are no honest admissions.

If you are real then please prove me wrong,
By showing us your people you are there,
But I know you won't as it's in a fantasy you belong,

“ If You Exist Then This Proves You Don't Care ”

Bri Mar

" If You Send Us There We Are Through "

We are hardened terrorists so you'd better beware,
Preaching jihad against you is how we scare,
Wherever there's trouble you'll find us there,
There is nothing we wouldn't do.

We blow up innocents purely by stealth,
If truth be told we are bad for your health,
We pay for it all by abusing your wealth,
Cowardice is strictly taboo.

In the eyes of our followers we are very brave,
We teach them all this is how to behave,
You would say that our actions deprave,
We would call it a military coup.

Our human rights you must never breach,
That is one of the lessons we teach,
If you ever attempt to we will impeach,
With lawyers paid for by you.

We know our tactics confirm your worst fears,
Our legal appeals will be running for years,
It's a fact it is you we will have in tears,
There is nothing that you can do.

But wait a minute this isn't in our book,
The law of the land you have forsook,
Our solicitors will need to take a look,
As our plans have now gone askew.

The European court has said extradite,
Have they finally seen the light?
You " WOULD " say at last they've got it right,
Our right of appeal we'll pursue.

You can't possibly send us to the A.
That would allow them to get their own way,
We must beg for mercy our health's in decay,
None of us wants to say adieu.

Dear Great Britain please don't let us go,
We love you and we'd like you all to know,
We no longer feel quite so gung-ho,
Our citizenship we'd like to renew.

The hardened terrorist was an exaggeration,
It was due to our lack of education,
We would never harm your great nation,
Our pusillanimous threats we promise to subdue.

We beg you to give us just one more chance,
We'll miss the camaraderie and the free manse,
The Yanks will just make a song and dance,
As it's our criminality they wish to pursue.

The Americans through our past they've scoured,
Unlike you lot they'll have us overpowered,
We'd like to submit every one of us is a coward,
We have also all caught the flu.

We are sorry for the upset we've caused you all,
Though our criminal actions at times did appall,
Extradition to America we beg you to stall,

`` If You Send Us There We Are Through ``

Bri Mar

" I'LI Show You A Miracle "

There are those who turn water into wine,
Deceiving you is their life's mission,
Are they Gods or tricksters how do you define?
Could Jesus have been a magician?

The illusions they perform are truly unreal,
But what you see you tend to believe,
The secret is in how they make you feel,
Your sanity is what they relieve.

Could God have been an alien with powers supreme?
Who descended upon this Earth?
Made in our image was just part of the scheme,
Of definitive proof there's a dearth.

The religious among us say there's only one God,
So why are there so many creeds,
All have a deity, which is really quite odd,
As surely one would serve all their needs.

God has never appeared or showed us his face,
To make contact you have to pray,
Is it possible they are all from an alien race?
Whose aim is to cause Humans affray.

From books written by man the tall tales abound,
From the destroyer to the giver of life,
Where in the universe are these Gods to be found,
As it's seems all they do is cause strife.

Why can't we accept we are who we are?
Like all others we have the good and the bad,
God's are no more real than a mythical star,
To believe otherwise is really so sad.

If we believed in ourselves we'd be much better off,
Please don't think that I'm waxing lyrical,
You may well disagree but please don't scoff,
Show me your Gods and,

" I'll Show You A Miracle "

Bri Mar

" I'LI Spend Christmas Alone "

As Christmas approaches I am filled with dread,
Though it's that time of cheer and goodwill,
I won't wait up I will just go to bed,
The very thought of it gives me a chill.

I'll get up in the morning do my usual routine,
With no presents or company to enjoy,
No friends or family no special cuisine,
Nor traditions that I need to employ.

If I died today nobody would know,
In fact there's no one would care,
We live in a world where material goods flow,
Looking after others is looked on as rare.

I've tried my best to make some friends,
But their lives are busy and fast,
Before you know it the relationship ends,
They've become another part of my past.

How I'd love someone to talk to today,
But I know that's a wish too far,
If they'd only say Hi my sadness they'd allay,
It's a feeling that is utterly bizarre.

We all need company it's a human trait,
We thrive on communication,
But the old and the lonely society tends to negate,
This in the main is a modern creation.

As I watch the children play on the street,
It brings memories of days gone by,
Where everyone spoke and my life felt complete,
The very thought of it still makes me cry.

If you know someone who could do with a talk,
Offer them the pleasure of your charms,
By offering assistance their mind you'll unlock,
They'll welcome you with wide opened arms.

Though my loneliness is prevalent throughout the year,
On this day it is more profound,
Cherished memories always bring on a tear,
My isolation I know it will compound.

I've always believed that dreams can come true,
But resentment for the lonely has grown,
My feelings of despair I will try to subdue,
As Once Again,

'' I'll Spend Christmas Alone ''

Bri Mar

" I'm A Coward Without My Gun "

I killed a lion aren't I brave,
I'm a hunter to give me my title,
To my hobby I've become a slave,
They've convinced me that courage is vital.

Stalking these beasts is truly an art,
It does take a great deal of skill,
As does the prep a sedative dart,
In case me the animal does kill.

It's not unfair the lion was aware,
The odds against me are stacked,
Whatever you say I really don't care,
There's a risk of me being attacked.

The lion breathes heavy it's him or me,
Don't you dare say the lion is stoned,
For protection from him I must pay a fee,
My talents must be constantly honed.

The lion collapses before I take aim,
I have run him into the ground,
That's my excuse in this sick game,
The drugs will never be found.

As I close in with my armed guards,
I'm convinced we're on an equal footing,
Before I shoot I give my regards,
How else would I kill without shooting?

My trophy is dead I feel relief,
The pressure is incredibly strong,
His wife and cubs are left with the grief,
I'm convinced I've done nothing wrong.

His partner attacks me she's both brutal and cruel,
No ammunition means it's one on one,
The Queen Of The Jungle really does rule,

“ I'm A Coward Without My Gun ”

Bri Mar

" I'M A Very Old Tree "

Some of us can live for millions of years,
We've watched as the world's rolled by,
Witnessed all of its hopes and fears,
Now we weep as we watch our Earth die.

Living this way can be so hard to bear,
As none of us can intervene,
Which is really tough when you're fully aware,
Things are worse now than we've ever seen.

We watched the Dinosaurs come and go,
Mammoths and Sabre Tooth's too,
We're warning you now to let you all know,
The same fate is what awaits you,

Contrary to what you Humans think,
Your intelligence is really quite small,
As you take our planet to the very brink,
You are heading for an almighty fall.

You forget this planet belongs to all life,
Yet Mankind is hell bent on destruction,
Because of your acts we all suffer strife,
That's a pure and simple deduction.

Nuclear power cannot be controlled,
It is insane to even think that you can,
A major disaster now waits to unfold,
Devastation created by man.

The scenes we have witnessed are really sad
More so since you lot arrived,
Trying to control atoms is just utterly mad,
Destruction is what you have contrived.

Plundering Earth's resources is really insane,
Soon you'll have ripped out her heart.
You are treating our planet with total disdain,
Very soon it will all come apart.

Killing each other you seem to enjoy,
Life to you really comes cheap,
Your aim in life is just to destroy,
For this your extinction you'll reap.

There is no precedent to the human race,
You destroy more than the rest of us combined,
You make no provision for the future you face,
You are truly one of a kind,

We've witnessed destruction on a massive scale
As for yours there is no equal,
Unless your madness you now curtail,
Believe me there will not be a sequel.

You may well think I'm self righteous and cruel,
But unless you take action now,
Our planet will become a stagnant pool,
You will get your comeuppance and how.

Your future is what you need to review,
How would you know, I hear you all ask,
Well I've been around much longer than you,
I've accrued the knowledge to take you to task.

Ignore the warnings and you'll pay the price,
Destroying our planet doesn't come free,
Mother nature is one powerful device,
How would I know?

" I'm A Very Old Tree "

Bri Mar

" I'M Afraid There Is No Guarantee "

With God's rules you must always comply
Yet to gain entry to Heaven first you must die,
Only then will God hear your plea.

When against Satan you've been pitted,
It will depend on the sins you've committed,
Only God will decide if you've to be acquitted,
You could well be an absentee.

Problem is there's no right of appeal,
Where you're heading he'll then reveal,
Hell I've heard can be an ordeal,
You will never again be free.

Purgatory is for those who require redemption,
Only God has the right of pre-emption,
You've got to go there is no exemption,
Your future only God can foresee.

I can only imagine he's a politician,
Totally in charge of our life and deaths mission,
Never sinning is a precondition,
With his manifesto you must always agree.

If we're made in his image does he commit sin?
Who forgives him does he have a twin,
To be like a human he must have a thick skin,
Just like the bark on a tree.

When and how you die there's not much choice,
It's God who'll decide you don't have a voice,
When it finally happens you're expected to rejoice,
When did dying ever fill you with glee?

The criteria you've laid down just isn't fair,
Allowing a test drive would show that you care,
Will we be filled with joy or a deep despair?

'' I'm Afraid There Is No Guarantee ''

Bri Mar

" I'm Finished Before I've Begun "

As I tried to put a verse together,
I couldn't find what rhymes with Heather,
Perhaps I'll write about the weather,
Much easier said than done.

I know what I'll try a rhyme,
This really is a hilly climb,
It happens to me all the time,
The words refuse to run.

Haikus though they're small and neat,
With what's contained I can't compete,
Vast knowledge which you can't delete,
They sound like so much fun.

Free verse I've tried but always fail,
To rhyme or not goes off the scale,
What next I know you'll hear me wail,
My effort has been undone.

Narratives are long they are epic stories,
The wonder of poetry in all its glories,
Not one of my favoured categories,
It's like being on a marathon run.

A limerick I thought was really easy,
But now it's made me feel quite queasy,
With this writing lark I'm so in the dark,
I find the whole thing quite cheesy.

So many types from which to choose,
I never know which one to peruse,
Perhaps that's why I always lose,

" I'm Finished Before I've Begun "

Bri Mar

" I'm Not Coming Back "

I wonder what form,
Will be the norm,
In the mysterious Heaven and Hell,
As our appearance here does cause a storm,
Please God or Satan, pray tell.

We think we're refined,
With a body designed,
To give and to also take pleasure,
The problem is our shell's left behind,
Our vanity we just cannot measure.

While the mourner grieves,
What actually leaves,
I know humans call it a soul,
Is it what the individual perceives,
Over it will we have control.

Win or lose,
Do we get to choose?
After passing is democracy dead?
The very thought of an eternal cruise,
Does show we are easily led.

How will I know,
All those on show,
Friends and relatives who've all went before,
Do souls have a tag above and below,
Will I recognise those I adore.

The question this begs,
Are there arms and legs,
Do we still have the subject of race?
If it's to Hell you then place the dregs,
If they burn they can't have a face.

Let us pray,
I'm on my way,
Of substance there's a terrible lack,

My own belief, we're being led astray,
What I do know,

“ I'm Not Coming Back ”

Bri Mar

" I'm Not Really Dying "

Is reality a dream?
Do we even exist?
Is there a being supreme?
On everyone's list.

Is the Earth but a vision,
A fantasy ideal,
Where there is no excision,
Because nothing is real.

What exactly is living?
If it's aim is to die,
It is so unforgiving,
Could it all be a lie?

Is a game being played?
By controllers elsewhere,
Should we be dismayed?
That life isn't fair.

Do we have a say,
Or are we but pawns,
Being forced to obey,
Are we one of their cons?

How will we know,
That we're really here,
Will it come as a blow,
We're not all we appear.

If this is not real,
Is it all a game,
How will we feel?
No fortune or fame.

It is very confusing,
But there's no point in crying,
I find it amusing,

“ I’m Not Really Dying ”

Bri Mar

" I'm Now Doing Time "

When caught I say,
It wasn't me,
Though fraught I pray,
They cannot see,
It's bought today,
They don't agree,
Stealing is a crime.

The shop said yes,
I said no,
The cop said guess,
Where you will go,
I'll stop no less,
Your lies just grow,
A mountain you must climb.

I cried they laughed,
It's all an act,
I replied my craft,
Is solid fact,
They sighed you're daft,
Use some tact,
For you the tolls will chime.

The van is here,
I'm on my way,
The man is clear,
For this you'll pay,
My plan is fear,
It's such affray,
I no longer feel sublime.

I believe in truth,
I told the judge,
While in the booth,
The facts I fudge,
To grieve, uncouth,
He wouldn't budge,

“ I'm Now Doing Time ”

Bri Mar

" I'M Now Walking Ten Feet Tall "

At last I've passed my driving test,
I've always strove to do my best,
Driving fills me up with zest,
I thought I knew it all.

First insurance then road tax,
Cash, I'm going to need some sacks,
This has hit me to the max,
My finances have taken a fall.

Petrol, oil and servicing too,
Running costs I never knew,
This is making me feel blue,
My financier needs a call.

I'm not a movie superstar.
I can't afford a fancy car,
With the average guy I'm on a par,
The one I've bought is small.

At last I've finally hit the road,
Driving carries a heavy load,
Did you know there was a penal code?
It really does appall.

I'll tell you this here and now,
Motorists are a great cash cow,
The police and councils have made a vow,
Through our driving they will trawl.

Parking charges have hit the heights,
The police will have your name in lights,
They have you the motorist in their sights,
Their greed will never stall.

To them we're all just easy money,
If truth be told they find it funny,
We're there to make their budgets sunny,
As it's to the depths they crawl.

Taxed to the hilt doesn't pay for the roads,
Potholes caused by heavy loads,
Every other second a tyre explodes,
KWIK FIT is having a ball.

Don't dare park on rubbed out lines,
Never ignore those unclear signs,
Or you'll be facing hefty fines,
Soon bankruptcy will befall.

Though there are major crimes galore,
Catching criminals to them's a chore,
That's why us motorists are to the fore,
We're like a great big shopping mall.

By hounding motorists their finances thrive,
While our budgets take a dive,
It's such a struggle to stay alive,
While they dine in their city hall.

The roads all over are falling apart,
Repairs required they never start,
For driving I no longer have the heart,
It no longer does enthral.

You're going too fast or perhaps too slow,
You're interfering with traffic flow,
Catching you gives them a mighty glow,
It is anarchy they install.

Now I can park most anywhere I please,
Whilst reducing my risk of heart disease,
Wardens and the police I don't need to appease,
Such contentment I just can't recall.

I've now decided to pack driving in,
The car is destined for the scrap yard bin,
Against the establishment you just can't win,

'' I'm Now Walking Ten Feet Tall ''

Bri Mar

" I'm Off In A New Direction "

I don't hate you nor do you hate me,
On this at least we can agree,
Why do we need the world to see?
The reasons for this lack of affection.

Human nature does dictate,
Similarities between love and hate,
Though these feelings we cannot abate,
From both we do need protection.

Why do we call a spade a spade?
When a shovel would also make the grade,
Perhaps a scoop would join the parade,
It may well evade detection.

I don't require support from others,
The actual facts I find this smothers,
I much prefer the right of druthers,
I prefer my own selection.

With you I have no axe to grind,
Arguments can be so unrefined
Sometimes to the truth some can be blind,
We can't all reach perfection.

Let's agree to differ and give it a rest,
A simple but a sane request,
To stop the rot I'll do my best,
Let's put on a different complexion.

The final words have now been spoken,
Friendships can and do get broken,
This is written as a token,

" I'm Off, In A New Direction "

Bri Mar

" I'M Only Ninety Years Of Age "

I applied to run the marathon,
Only to be told,
We're sorry Mr. Marquis,
But I'm afraid you're far too old.

I asked the lady in question,
Exactly what she meant,
If I couldn't get my entry card,
Their criteria must be bent.

She claimed I wouldn't manage,
Past the first mile station,
I said to her how dare you,
That is age discrimination.

She then said it's not your age,
It's the stamina that you lack,
If you ran a hundred yards,
You'd risk a heart attack.

I've fought in wars the world over,
Whilst in the royal navy,
Running a bloody marathon,
Is like eating pie and gravy.

I fought the Germans and the Japs,
We won that race with ease,
Now you're saying I'm past it,
That smacks of bloody sleaze.

Though I feel a trifle older,
Maybe plumper round the middle,
I really think that you should know,
I'm still as fit as a fiddle.

What gives you the right to say,
That I can't run this race,
I will prove you've got me wrong,
I'll show you I can last the pace.

I've paddled down mountain rivers,
Climbed all of Scotlands Munro's,
Sailed the seven seas alone,
Yet still my energy grows.

That should now convince you,
If just a little bit,
That I really am invincible,
I'm one of the super fit.

So get my entry processed,
I now think I've made it clear,
I will run this marathon,
I've earned the right to be here.

She said you talk a good race sir,
The patter you have mastered,
But looking at the state you're in,
You're just a right auld bastard.

When she told me I was past my best,
That put me in a rage,
Why would she even think that,

“ I'm Only Ninety Years Of Age ”

Bri Mar

" I'M The Widow Of An Alcoholic "

He was mild mannered and I loved him so much,
When we met I knew he was the one,
If I was ever in trouble he was always my crutch,
But inside he was a smoking gun.

We'd enjoy a beer and a glass of fine wine,
Enjoy burgers at the barbecue,
With friends and family we'd usually dine,
Then the odd drink became more than a few.

The man we loved became snappy,
Saying things we could not understand,
He would suddenly become so unhappy,
Soon his comments would get out of hand.

He'd shout at the children for just breathing,
Leaving them totally fraught,
His behaviour would then have me seething,
Which would leave us all feeling distraught.

The following day when he got out of bed,
I would try to take him to task,
When I asked him about those things he'd said,
His reply was always, " please don't ask "

Was it pressure of work or was it just me,
My excuses became pretty lame,
Because I loved him I refused to see,
It was him who was entirely to blame.

He started to come home smelling of drink,
To say obnoxious is me being mild,
I had to find out just what was the link,
We did not deserve being reviled.

I started to find alcohol all over the house,
In wardrobes and under the stairs,
Half empty bottles hidden by my spouse,
When confronted he'd say, " who cares "

He wouldn't talk he'd refuse to discuss,
His only comment was, " I've nothing to say "
Apart from the fact I was making a fuss,
About nothing as things were okay.

His friends and family then disappeared,
They just couldn't take any more,
His alcohol problems were far worse than feared,
What is happening to the man we adore.

He then lost his license he could no longer drive,
After that he lost his employment,
As time went by his health took a dive,
He was losing his sense of enjoyment.

We all tried our best but it was never enough,
Then came the physical abuse,
It was then I decided, yes it was tough,
I wouldn't listen to another excuse.

We gave up our life we gave up trying,
Though we'd struggled for so many years,
We could no longer watch the man we love dying,
He was confirming all our worst fears.

He gave up his children he deserted his wife,
Before we knew it he'd become overawed,
His addiction took over his entire life,
When alcohol became his one God.

Drink will destroy you if you lose control,
It will fill your whole life with regret,
On all those around you it will take it's toll,
That's something you must never forget.

Yes it's addictive but you can get assistance,
But that decision must come from "YOUR" heart,
If you continue your denial and total resistance,
Your whole world will be torn apart.

The misuse of booze affects far more than you,

There are many others who will end up abused,
You'll end up in the gutter that much is true,
For your addiction you will stand accused.

Alcohol is a killer so don't be misled,
It isn't all about fun and frolic,
How do I know that you'll end up dead,

'' I'm The Widow Of An Alcoholic ''

Bri Mar

" I'm Truly The Master "

I'm in the dark,
With this writing lark,
I simply cannot see the light,
My choice of words I'm afraid is stark,
I can't think of anything to write.

Whatever I choose,
I'm bound to lose,
In my head I see nothing that's clear,
This terrible feeling really does bemuse,
Fact is it does instil fear.

It's no mean feat,
With a deadline to meet,
Providing the piece that will suit,
But that which I've written I'll have to delete,
I feel as if my mind's went mute.

With no inspiration,
There'll be no creation,
Life at times can be so unkind,
I seem to be suffering from mental starvation,
What's happened to the power of mind?

Despite my intent,
I can only repent,
I have lost the ability to create,
God only knows where it has went,
But I'll tell you it really does grate.

It's back again,
It happens now and then,
It's onwards and upwards for me,
Where the hell have I put my pen?
This disaster I did not foresee.

I was engrossed,
But now I'm lost,
This whole thing is a bloody disaster,

With writers block I am being bossed,
Of failure,

“ I'm Truly The Master ”

Bri Mar

" In Heaven Capitalism Doesn'T Exist "

America, the capitalist's prodigy,
Their debts multiplying every day,
It proves that capitalism doesn't work,
Eventually someone has to pay.

Four billion pounds debt every 24 hours,
To reduce it they're not even trying,
Politicians not caring leaves a taste that sours,
Fact is we know they're all lying.

The Eurozone is in crisis now,
Great Britain is in a mess,
While our politicians don't lose out,
We're left with all the stress.

Britain now owes over a Trillion pounds,
Despite all the governments cuts,
The Grim Reaper is now doing his rounds,
We're doomed, no ifs or buts.

What happened to being accountable?
Our politicians just never learn,
They tell us, don't spend what you don't have,
Live only on what you earn.

They then go and do the opposite,
How stupid can these bastards get,
While they're living the life of Riley,
We're left to pay their debt.

The workers are forced to bail them out,
But these scumbags have got it cracked,
While we all lose our jobs and homes,
None of them are sacked.

They ruin their countries whilst in power,
Which proves they haven't got a clue,
They then just up and walk away,
While we're left to see it through.

They then come out with their bullshit books,
The contents would make you wince,
They all claim it wasn't their fault,
But we know they're talking mince.

Why do we reward them for failure,
It's in prison they should be confined,
The ordinary guy would be sacked on the spot,
But these deadbeats are wined and dined.

Capitalism is a fantasy ideal,
Corruption and greed it compounds,
Manipulated by greedy bastards,
Why we tolerate it is what confounds.

The only consolation is,
They're so obsessed with wealth,
They forget all their wining and dining,
Is detrimental to their health.

So when they reached the pearly gates,
There stood a white robed sentry,
Who told them all, sorry mates,
For your sins there'll be no entry.

What do you mean, they all shout out,
We can buy anything we want,
I'm sorry but money means nothing here,
You have nothing left to flaunt.

When you lived in your Earthly home,
You just loved to kiss and tell,
For all your greed and corruption,
You're now heading straight for Hell.

The one who dies rich dies disgraced,
So I'm afraid that's the point you've missed,
You can't buy your way into Paradise,

'' In Heaven, Capitalism Doesn't Exist ''

" In My Heart I Believe I've Did Well "

While here as a guest,
I've did my best,
My God have I made some mistakes,
But will this prejudice my life's test.
As learning from them put on the brakes.

I have been forgiving,
In the course of living,
But revenge also entered my mind,
For that alone I have a misgiving,
That to harmony I may have been blind.

I've shown compassion,
Which at times I did ration,
I'd be a liar to say I did not,
It's an inner sense not just a fashion,
To say otherwise is just talking rot.

I apologised when wrong,
Am I where I belong?
For that answer I may well hazard a guess,
Where my morals sit I believe I've been strong,
It is not for me to say yes.

On the subject of greed,
I've not had the need,
In life I've had more than enough,
Enough to get by and a daily feed,
Has taught me the meaning of tough.

I've been well behaved,
Though at times I've craved,
For those things called material goods,
But corrupt temptation I have braved,
Being greedy your soul it deludes.

My time is near,
I feel joy not fear,
Either way an eternity awaits,

Suddenly I see a vision appear,
I'm sure I can see pearly gates.

I'm now on my way,
It's time to pray,
Will it be Paradise or a life in Hell,
The truth is only he can say,

'' In My Heart I Believe I've Did Well ''

Bri Mar

" In Their Fold You're Controlled "

We die to comply,
Then comply to die,
Do we fry then ask why?
No, it's pie in the sky.

Do tell there's a Hell,
There's a Hell do tell,
Fear quell, ring the bell,
Deaths knell leaves a smell.

You'll care if you dare,
If you dare to care,
Where is out there?
Despair isn't fair.

Don't bin any sin,
No sin in the bin,
Underpin that large grin.
And within you will win,

Can't cope live in hope,
Then hope you can cope,
Don't mope for the dope,
There's soap on that slope.

Belief brings relief,
Relief strengthens belief,
Place the leaf in the sheaf,
The chief is a thief?

Do you know where you go,
Will you go where you know,
There's a glow down below,
Go slow with the flow.

The fraud we applaud,
Why applaud a fraud,
It's odd your god,
Who's flawed gets the nod.

When enrolled you're told,
You're told you're enrolled,
Give them gold or they'll scold,

'' In Their Fold You're Controlled ''

Bri Mar

" In This Life You Reap What You Sow "

If you're thinking of having an illicit affair,
You need to stop and ask yourself why,
The fact is you need to be fully aware,
It will haunt you till the day you die.

So before you think it's only a fling,
Please take time out to reflect,
Think of the misery adultery can bring,
It will have a devastating effect.

Does your husband or wife really deserve,
To be treated in this treacherous way,
Or like most will you keep them in reserve,
For when the lover goes on their merry way.

Then there's the children who look up to you,
They will grieve but they won't understand,
Why the parent they loved just said adieu,
They will know you've been so underhand.

Their lives will never be the same,
Your actions will make them want to hide,
They will feel betrayed and ashamed of their name,
All for what, a bit on the side.

Then you have your relatives and friends,
When you meet you will know by their tone,
That this is the time their kinship ends,
It is you they will all now disown.

Do you hate them that much that you would cheat,
With someone you don't really know,
With you partner and children no one can compete,
Stay faithful and your stature will grow.

Loyalty and love just cannot be bought,
Why risk it for the sake of a fling,
You can guarantee that when you get caught,
Total misery is all it will bring.

Your partners not daft or incredibly blind,
They will notice your change in demeanour,
That is when you'll undoubtedly find,
The grass over there isn't greener.

The majority of affairs do break down,
That's when you will find yourself crack,
Everything you do will bring on a frown,
Then you'll find there is no going back.

Everything in life you once held dear,
Will be gone it will all have been taken,
There'll be nothing left but the feeling of fear,
You'll have lost everything you have forsaken.

This is not all you will stand to lose,
You'll have no more self dignity or trust,
That's the price you pay when you abuse,
All to feed what is nothing but lust.

As their lives move on you'll be left in a rut,
With nothing left in reserve,
That feeling will make you sick to your gut,
But you'll acknowledge it's what you deserve.

That fling you had is now in the past,
Your spouse has now found someone new,
Your infidelity has left you feeling harassed,
With cheating it's a fact chaos will ensue.

That's when you will look in the mirror and see,
A person whom you don't want to know,
When reality kicks in you'll be forced to agree,

" In This Life You Reap What You Sow "

Bri Mar

" Insanity "

Is death the end,
Or a new beginning,
Does it depend on what you believe?
If our ways we mend,
And stop all our sinning,
Does that mean we won't ever grieve?

Is there a God?
Will we ever know,
If there is which one do we choose,
Could they be a fraud?
As none ever show,
The subject at times does bemuse.

In his Heaven above,
Is it all peace and light?
Is there anyone who can tell us the truth,
A paradise of love,
Where humans don't fight?
As a fantasy, it's very uncouth.

Is Satan real?
Does he live in a Hell?
Would Gods create eternal pain?
No right of appeal,
Leaves a terrible smell,
Merciful? I'd say think again.

Could Satan and Jesus,
Be one and the same,
Invented by some sick human mind,
If I wrote a thesis,
I'd say it's a game,
To make money is how they'd be defined.

We're a fragile race,
On the verge of extinction,
But still your Gods merit a mention,
Show me a face,

I'll make no distinction,
I'd ask why there's no intervention.

I believe I'm here,
But who's to say?
That's the problem with all of humanity,
When nothing is clear,
We tend to pray,
That could well be,

“ Insanity ”

Bri Mar

" Inside Your Head "

When the urge appears,
Be it laughter or tears,
A story awaits to be told,
Forget all your fears,
Then as your mind clears,
The time has come to be bold.

A traumatic event?
No need to repent,
Tell the world your story,
If it's Heaven sent,
Write with intent,
Tell it in all its glory.

A happy tale,
Will never fail,
To please those who choose to read,
It's to no avail,
If you try to curtail,
Those words on which we all feed.

A sad dramatization,
Can fill with elation,
How so I can hear you all ask,
Through aggravation,
We feel frustration,
Forcing us to take it to task.

The pen is your sword,
It helps you record,
Your fantasies and real life creations,
As you head toward,
Your ultimate reward,
Never forget your foundations.

The power is yours,
You hold the cures,
Write down what needs to be said,
What reassures,

Is all these contours,
Are conceived from,

“ Inside Your Head ”

Bri Mar

" Invented By Man To Deceive "

I don't believe in Satan or God,
Our differences they tend to heighten,
Truth is they're a mythical fraud,
Invented by man to frighten.

Good cop bad cop springs to mind,
Do right and you'll be saved?
Side with the devil you must be blind,
In Hell you'll be enslaved.

Those who preach the saviours word,
Tend to live in splendour,
I find that concept quite absurd,
Their God's the great " Big Spender "

If you dare refuse to praise,
Then you will face his wrath,
Tortured in an eternal blaze?
Now that's a dangerous path.

It is alright for God to kill,
His punishments are really gory,
To explain he doesn't have the will,
So his reps make up a story.

Waken up and smell the truth,
Religion makes people money,
To get it they will be uncouth,
It helps make their life sunny.

Freedom of choice is yours my friend,
But only if you refuse to believe,
Deities and beasts are all pretend,

" Invented By Man To Deceive "

Bri Mar

" Invisible Ink "

I've wrote a book,
Please take a look,
It will leave you feeling tense,
The critics say I'm just a crook,
As It doesn't make any sense.

They're taking fits,
The stupid gits,
How dare they slag my piece,
Saying my book is just the pits,
They really do need to cease.

I am aware,
There's not much there,
That's the beauty of my craft,
Read my novel if you dare,
You'll soon see who is daft.

Chapter one,
Is so much fun,
It's a mystery to behold,
For soon you'll be reaching for your gun,
My story will leave you cold.

Throughout my write,
The story's tight,
Be careful where it's read,
Eventually you will see the light,
It's deep inside your head.

The truth will dawn,
You'll feel put upon,
You'll claim I'm being uncouth,
How dare you say it's just a con,
You are looking at the truth.

I'm filled with elation,
What a sensation,
My book has caused such a stink,

Why? Just use your imagination,
It's written in,

“ Invisible Ink ”

Bri Mar

" Irn Bru "

What gives Superman his powers,
His ability to fly,
He can jump the highest towers,
His feats would make you cry,
At last I've found his secret,
I know it to be true,
It has nothing to do with kryptonite,
He just drinks,
IRN BRU.

I asked the wayward snowman,
Where is your flying boy,
He said I think I dropped him,
Somewhere over Hanoi,
I didn't mean to dropp him,
But my arms were turning blue,
It was him or the can of fizzy stuff,
I chose the,
IRN BRU.

My wee grannies mobile chair,
Would never win a race,
She asked me for advice on this,
To try and get some pace,
Now she is the racing queen,
The traffic police pursue,
She knows they'll never catch her,
For she runs on,
IRN BRU.

I met a lovely man one day,
His dress sense made me wince,
I immediately fell in love though,
When I found out he was a prince,
When he asked me up to his magnificent abode,
Suddenly my lovely prince became a bloody toad,
I asked if this was real he said I'm one among the few,
To get me back to being a prince,
I require some,

IRN BRU.

One day the aliens came to earth
To see how we'd progressed,
The state we had the planet in,
Got them all depressed,
But we lifted their depression,
Soon their feelings for us grew,
When we supplied the aliens,
With crates of,
IRN BRU.

I have a furry pet at home,
A lovely cuddly ferret,
He took a can of ice cool juice,
But then refused to share it,
We always shared our worldly goods,
So that is when I knew,
This was no can of ordinary juice,
It was my ice cool,
IRN BRU.

When I visited loch ness one day,
I got an awful fright,
Suddenly out from the mist,
The monster came into sight,
He said, please don't be frightened,
I didn't mean to cause ado,
If truth be told all I want,
Is a drink of your,
IRN BRU.

Between the different races,
There's a massive great divide,
We must bring them all together,
Where none of them can hide,
Tell them race means nothing,
To what we've got here for you,
The world sat united,
As they drank their,
IRN BRU.

The English won the world cup in 1966,
To this day the Germans say,
The match was just a fix,
When they asked the Russian linesman,
What did the English do,
He replied they kept me supplied,
With cans of,
IRN BRU.

In the twenty ten world cup,
English fans within the crowd,
Went completely mental,
When Lampards goal was disallowed,
How could the Russian referee miss it,
He said you got what you were due,
What goes around comes around,
I also drink,
IRN BRU.

There is just one true national drink,
The flavour is unique,
You can drink it raw or mix it,
You can use your own technique,
One thing you can be certain of,
If alone or in a crew,
There's nothing like the phenomenal taste,
of Scotland's,
" IRN BRU "

Bri Mar

" Is A Game Being Played "

This life we live now,
Is it real or illusion?
To gods we kowtow,
Which does cause confusion.

If there's reincarnation,
Why do numbers increase,
Is each body a station?
Awaiting release.

To where you may ask,
Is paradise a lie,
Is it all but a mask,
To help when we die.

Is hell man made,
To keep us in check,
If you don't make the grade,
Do you end up a wreck.

In the mind of the human,
There's an in-between,
Where no man or woman,
Can say that they've been.

Who put us here,
Was it aliens or gods,
As both we do fear,
With reality we're at odds.

Neither of these creatures,
Have shown their wares,
What are their features,
Could we be their heirs?

Do they watch as we kill?
That which keeps us alive,
Do they not have the will?
To help the weak thrive.

If they're our inspectors,
They are evil and mean,
Irresponsible directors,
Who do not intervene.

Civilised we claim,
Yet all we do is destroy,
Our excuses are lame,
They irk and annoy.

The intelligent being,
Is not what's portrayed,
To the genuine all seeing,

'' Is A Game Being Played ''

Bri Mar

" Is Somewhere In Cyber Space "

I wrote a rhyme,
It took some time,
Though some would say you wouldn't know it,
Believe me it would read sublime,
I'll show them who's a poet.

Every verse,
I did rehearse,
Kept stored within my head,
The pressure left me feeling terse,
The thought filled me with dread.

I took some notes,
Ideas it floats,
It keeps me on the ball,
It's my genius this promotes,
That no one can forestall.

Within my heart,
It's time to start,
This will be a dastardly caper,
We insist we can't be kept apart,
Just like pen and paper.

Computer ready,
I take it steady,
The words roll of my lips,
Though some seem a little thready,
It's full of subtle tips.

Soon it's done,
My battle's won,
I'll show the world my skill,
My literary career has now begun,
I'm going for the kill.

I must be brave,
It's time to save,
The poetry world will agree,

For my work they'll all crave,
So I hit control+v.

Everything I've feared,
It's disappeared,
My character is in disgrace,
My masterpiece that I revered,

“ Is Somewhere In Cyber Space ”

Bri Mar

" Is That Really Me "

As I ponder my reflection,
Am I going mad,
Do I need correction,
Am I really that sad.

The comments of others,
Can encourage or destroy,
It builds up or smothers,
It can lift or annoy.

Some enjoy hurt,
While others give praise,
Those who are curt,
Do love to graze.

Ask yourself why,
Hurting others is fun,
Your need to decry,
Is like a loaded gun.

Criticism is good,
If constructive and true,
No need to be rude,
It could happen to you.

What is you gain,
By being unruly,
The infliction of pain,
Is the realm of the bully?

Is it you have a need,
To be over zealous,
If on hatred you feed,
Could it be you're just jealous?

You throw the first stone,
But it's rarely returned,
Do you need to atone?
Before you get burned.

The mirror is calling,
You are forced to agree,
Am I that appalling,

“ Is That Really Me ”

Bri Mar

" Is Truly A Skill "

That poem you created,
Was your intention stated,
Context can be such a pain,
Did you mean it to be loved or hated?
Has your artistry all been in vain.

We're a fickle race,
Wearing many a face,
What offends can be loved by others,
Our state of mind there's no one can trace,
Our differences the truth it smothers.

We are really odd,
Sometimes death we applaud,
Have you ever stopped to ask why?
How can you kill in the name of your god?
Who proclaims mercy we all must apply.

What you think is good,
Some will say is rude,
As a species are we really the same,
Though we all survive on water and food,
Our differences do tend to inflame.

When all's said and done,
We murder for fun,
Is mass destruction our Earthly mission?
The Human's more dangerous than a loaded gun,
We know not the meaning of contrition,

What's written in ink,
Can cause a stink,
You're entitled to ask, what for?
Communication and context are the ultimate link,
They're the cause of many a war.

So before you write,
Will it cause a fight?
The answer is? it probably will,

Someone's ire out there you'll ignite,
Pleasing everyone,

“ Is Truly A Skill ”

Bri Mar

" Is Your Mission "

The road is winding,
With many a twist,
There'll be many routes you can choose,
Desire can be binding,
What's on your list?
Please learn from others views.

What you believe is right,
Could well be wrong,
You must always scrutinise the facts,
Keep this in sight,
You'll remain on song,
Be responsible for each one of your acts.

Whenever you err,
Face the truth,
Or your agony will persevere,
By showing you care,
You will not be uncouth,
All will become crystal clear.

Stand tall and proud,
It's not a sin,
In the mirror if you like what you see,
Shout out loud,
Goodness dwells deep within,
It's for you now to set yourself free.

Close family and friends,
Are yours for life,
Don't ever let them drift apart,
Through curves and bends,
Yes, joy and strife,
Keep them close to your heart.

Maintain free will,
Life's choices are yours,
Only you can decide what is best,
Learning is a skill,

Which can provide cures,
Make sure you pass the right test.

On that winding road,
Through the journey of life,
One day it will come to fruition,
Was it a heavy load?
Or living without strife,
The solution to that,

“ Is Your Mission ”

Bri Mar

" Isn't Grave Robbing Classed As A Crime "

Written in response to another " DISCOVERY " of ancient dead bodies
Being dug up and placed into museums in the name of science.
One day it could well be you or I.

Being laid to rest,
Should fill you with zest,
Earth to Earth then ashes to dust,
Those you love fulfilling your request,
In your future you gave them your trust.

With nature you're paired,
When your shell is interred,
Forever where you wanted to berth,
Never again would your body be bared,
Consecrated in Mother Earth.

Into this you bought,
Eternal peace you thought,
Till they decided to invade your grave,
The very thought would leave you distraught,
What they're doing really does deprave.

Being placed underground,
As an idea it's sound,
But you forgot about human behaviour,
In the future you could well be found,
Being buried isn't always your saviour.

From Egypt to Peru,
On to Katmandu,
Where your laid there is no guarantee,
That in the future they won't find you,
They'll then claim they are setting you free.

It's not only mean,
It's totally obscene,
No, say archaeological boffins,
To learn from the past we must intervene,
That's why we dig up old coffins.

People then pay,
To see you on display,
Viewing bodies to some is sublime?
A lack of respect is what I would say,

“ Isn't Gave Robbing Classed As A Crime ”

Bri Mar

" It Exists Only In Those Who Remain "

It preoccupies our thoughts every day,
We ponder as another rolls by,
Off to be interred without any say,
Is there a reason any of us need die?

It's a fact of life none of us can avoid,
This subject we all know so well,
So make sure today your life is enjoyed,
Tomorrow it could be Heaven or Hell.

Who decides when it's your time to go?
Could that really be down to a God?
Someone none of us even know,
Killing us, now that's really odd.

His commandment states, Thou Shalt Not Kill,
Yet if what we are taught is true,
He is taking most of us against our will,
Yes he's responsible for killing you.

Some will say as a theory it's far too bizarre,
But Gods will cannot be denied,
If that is the case leave the coffin ajar,
As his sentence on me may be applied.

What I personally find really strange,
Is why we worship the one who brings death,
This relationship we need to rearrange,
As not many wish to take their last breath.

As a serial killer there's no one compares,
As billions of lives he has taken,
If he's real it's a fact that no God cares,
It's his commandments he has forsaken.

To common decency the Gods are blind,
If they've presided over a brutal reign,
In reality death is but a state of mind,

“ It Exists Only In Those Who Remain ”

Bri Mar

" It Is That Time Of Year "

A Merry Christmas to one and all,
Let your hair down and have a ball,
As for resolutions, don't let them stall,
Remember you need to adhere.

Christmas time is a bloody con,
Love and goodwill is your new dawn,
While your bank account is overdrawn,
It's run by the racketeer.

Enjoy your gifts on Christmas day,
If you don't like them please don't say,
Next year give them all away,
Though pretend you hold them dear.

Don't eat too much Christmas dinner,
Gluttony does make you a sinner,
Eating less does make you thinner,
Though you're not what you appear.

As for booze please don't get drunk,
You'll say too much and get a clunk,
They'll have you branded as a skunk,
Your character they'll smear.

Don't dare snog that total stranger,
Believe me you will be in danger,
Don't become the poor Lone Ranger,
All you'll do is shed a tear.

Show forgiveness and compassion,
All that love you mustn't ration,
To loathe your enemies is still in fashion,
Just don't make it crystal clear.

As it is the season of goodwill,
Refuse to pay the bloody bill,
Tell them you have had your fill,
Make them disappear.

As you look back from your prison cell,
On your murky deeds you mustn't dwell,
To your conscience say farewell,

“ It Is That Time Of Year ”

Bri Mar

" It Is Us Not Them Who'll Be Missed "

Was your life in riches worth living?
Always taking not giving,
One day it will end there'll be things you can't mend,
Your demise will be so unforgiving.

Always looking over your shoulders,
You'll feel the weight of those boulders,
You'll be deep in the brown when they come crashing down,
Beauty belongs to the beholders.

You'll claim that life isn't fair,
But for others you just didn't care,
If you live like a lord you'll die by the sword,
Humility like the yeti is rare.

You know not the meaning of shame,
You'll refuse to except any blame,
Those lies you smother will belong to another,
I'm innocent is what you'll proclaim.

Hindsight is a wonderful thing,
Sadly nothing is what it will bring,
I'm afraid what is true is you'll get what you're due,
To hope you will no longer cling.

Your friends will desert you en masse,
Now it is you they will pass,
Those you treated like dirt and really did hurt,
You'll discover they're a different class.

We are not like your spoiled brats,
Who desert their own people like rats,
Please let it be known we look after our own,
While the rich just treat us as stats.

Without us you wouldn't exist,
There'd be no rich kids list,
They've never learned our respect must be earned,

“ It Is Us Not Them Who'll Be Missed ”

Bri Mar

" It Is You Not I Who Is Blind "

I only see what I need to see,
That's why I don't feel fear,
The only thing I worry about is me,
I hear what I want to hear.

I speak only when I am spoken to,
You won't hear me express an opinion,
You will not see me do what others do,
I don't mind being classed as a minion.

I do what I want not what others dictate,
That keeps my mind in good stead,
This way I have only myself to placate.
Which means I can keep a clear head.

If there is trouble to be found,
I always look the opposite way,
I'll make sure I never stick around,
You won't see me if there's any affray.

Anything untoward I always avoid,
I'll make sure I was never there,
Evidence in my mind will be destroyed,
As for hassle I don't really care.

If I make a mistake no one will know,
It's a secret I will always hide,
You may well say my behaviour is low,
Whereas I'd say your attitude is snide.

Nobody to nag me into submission,
Everything I do is my choice,
No relationships creating nuclear fission,
I only need listen to my own voice.

Marriage and children I just don't need,
I hear you say that's selfish and cruel,
Being on my own there's only one mouth to feed,
While my wallet and bank account are full.

I have no worries about getting divorced,
Nor dragging a family through court,
While I live in peace it's you who'll be forced,
To leave home and pay child support.

I've never cared what others thought,
It's saved me from a whole load of strife,
This feeling of peace just can't be bought,
I am living a wonderful life.

I've never suffered any problems or woe,
With others I prefer not to mingle,
I've told you this story to let you all know,
There's merit in remaining single.

You may well say I've took the cowards way out,
But that never enters my mind,
My attitude to life leaves me in no doubt,

'' It Is You Not I Who Is Blind ''

Bri Mar

" It Is You Who Is Trapped "

When the fly landed,
It felt heavy handed,
The poor thing was stuck hard and fast,
A spider appeared and gloated, you're stranded,
You're about to become part of the past.

Surrounded by others,
It's sisters and brothers,
The fly said you love to cause strife,
Look at yourself the truth it smothers,
In effect you do not have a life.

Before you all die,
The spider said, why,
Over my prey I have total control,
The fly replied look me in the eye,
I'll let you see into my soul.

All of us here,
Do not feel fear,
We have seen many a city,
We've travelled to where the sky is clear,
For you we feel nothing but pity.

Each day you must face,
Your dark living space,
Where adventure has no rhyme or reason,
Catching prey you do not need to chase,
Murdering whatever is in season.

No need to repent,
Death we cannot prevent,
Whereas your lifestyle you cannot adapt,
With all we've experienced we'll die content,
In your web,

" It Is You Who Is Trapped "

" It Leaves Their Victims Distraught "

Somewhere in Wales little April lies dead,
Killed by a paedophile not right in the head,
A cigar chomping celebrity? is now being exposed,
His years of abuse are now being disclosed.

Now his " friends " all come out saying they knew all along,
Why didn't they report it, they knew it was wrong,
Their inactions encourage this heinous crime,
They're just as responsible as these pieces of slime.

Rapists and paedophiles are two of a kind,
They have similar styles both are sick in the mind,
Their aims in life are to have total control,
With evil they're rife they have forfeited their soul.

It's the victim who suffers this is presently forgotten,
As their life hits the buffers it is they who feel rotten,
The criminals spend their time in a five star cell,
For such a heinous crime they should be condemned to hell.

Back out to rape in just a few short years,
Will their next victim escape or be left shedding tears,
While the do-good brigade spout out their mince,
The victims are afraid they're just left to wince.

Unless we wake up they'll continue their crimes,
Their must be a shake up to mirror new times,
They must be treated as scum for that's what they are,
To do otherwise is dumb as they leave a terrible scar.

Society's got it wrong in the way victims are treated,
We need to be strong when punishment is meted,
I'll not tell a lie they should all face death,
To ensure they die we will smother their last breath.

These people are not thickos they know what they're doing,
They are nothing but sickos with the trouble they're brewing,
Unless we take heed they will think they've the right,
To carry out this deed whenever they might.

If we continue to ignore things will only get worse,
More trouble in store as their abuse is a curse,
The question this begs is why does society forgive.
They are nothing but dregs so why do we let live,

The exposure of their offences they hate us portraying,
It weakens their defences it's their minds we're betraying.
With strength over the weak they feel empowered,
The havoc they wreak leaves the mark of a coward.

We must take proper action a lifetime in jail,
If it helps one fraction there must be no bail,
For being so cruel they should be left to rot,
Their abuse is not cool,

Bri Mar

" It Tells The Same Time "

My hundred grand watch,
Is better than yours,
It puts me up a notch,
My status it procures.

It's universally admired,
But here is the hitch,
To get you this fired,
You have to be rich.

The things it can do,
Are above and beyond,
It is perfectly true,
It can survive in a pond.

It lights up at night,
What a beautiful face,
It's a wonderful sight,
That look on its face.

There's no need to wind,
It's perpetual motion,
So beautifully designed,
I feel such devotion.

For all that you've said,
From the facts you elude,
It's all in your head,
My watch is as good.

It didn't cost plenty,
But it's just as sublime,
For what I paid twenty,

" It Tells The Same Time "

Bri Mar

" It Will Cause A Stock Market Crash "

With the best of intentions,
We create many inventions,
For the benefit of the Human Race,
But the Human Being has many pretensions,
Our behaviour can be a disgrace.

Take nuclear power,
Our finest hour,
It meant free energy for all,
From this came a bomb which makes us cower,
From destruction we just cannot stall.

Arms to protect,
Cynicism I detect,
As we use them to murder for fun,
Many lives these weapons have wrecked,
Will our genocide ever be done?

Vehicles to get around,
Poison air and the ground,
They cause nothing but dire pollution,
There is an alternative they have found,
But to the rich it's not a solution.

We use fossil fuels,
Which break all the rules,
It's this planet which keeps us alive,
To stop this now we do have the tools,
Without them we will not survive.

To our brilliant notions,
We do self-promotions,
We truly believe we're all seeing,
As we say goodbye to our rivers and oceans,
It's from ourselves that we need freeing.

The more we take,
Shows us up as the fake,
This applies to both man and woman,

Guilty as charged we were all on the make,
Intelligence is in the mind of the human.

Bin oil or gold,
Or anything that's sold,
The human species can live without cash,
But don't dare suggest something that bold,

“ It Will Cause A Stock Market Crash ”

Bri Mar

" It Will Give You A Lovely Glow "

As from this life I now depart,
I'm hoping for a brand new start,
Will Heaven be a work of art?
I very soon will know.

As for God, well I'll live and let live,
Though he lives the life of a spiv,
His mistakes I will forgive,
I'll maintain the status quo.

I didn't really want to leave,
But for what I'm now about to receive,
There won't be any need to grieve,
They say you reap what you sow.

Now I've arrived at Heavens gate,
I've been told I need to wait,
There seems to be a great debate,
About which direction I will go.

But I know myself I needn't worry,
You're a long time dead so there's no hurry,
It's starting to get a little blurry,
It looks a bit like snow.

When it lands it's like a rash,
With my white shroud there is a clash,
Oh my God I think it's ash,
That thought fills me with woe.

Saint Peter's saying I can't get in,
It's only the righteous we allow within,
I'm afraid your middle name is sin,
So I'm afraid it's cheerio.

Where I am going if that is true,
That decision is not down to you,
Get me God or I will sue,
My ire is starting to grow.

The Lord came out and said goodbye,
No more sympathy you're going to fry,
I'm a busy person so I have to fly,
On you my warmth I will bestow.

He then opened the elevator door,
Pressed the button for lower ground floor,
The fear poured out of my every pore,
My dice has had its last throw.

Satan said you've nothing to fear,
Sinners like you are welcome here,
Although the heat at times does sear,

“ It Will Give You A Lovely Glow ”

Bri Mar

" It Will Now Self Destruct "

There is life out there,
Each other they endear,
When we told them we care,
They agreed they'd appear.

They were peaceful and content,
Us they wanted to meet,
But soon they'd repent,
We'd ensure their defeat.

With peace their conception,
They'd no reason to doubt,
But we make no exception,
Our aim? push them out.

Their technology our dream,
They would show us the way,
Such a power supreme,
Among some held such sway.

To obtain their inventions,
They gave us their trust,
We had evil intentions,
As we can be unjust.

They knew nothing of war,
It was part of their past,
When they asked us, what for?
They were totally aghast.

After learning their ways,
We cast them aside,
We thought, stupid greys,
Our behaviour was snide.

Their creations we used,
To make weapons of woe,
When their power we abused,
They decided to go.

But what they left behind,
We could not understand,
It could not be defined,
By our human hand.

Hieroglyphics they wrote,
Would provide the key,
The codebreakers took note,
But what did they see.

The revelation was explosive,
With our demise it was linked,
Detrimentially corrosive,
It would make us extinct.

When decoding the directions,
They got a surprise,
You can't make corrections,
Now meet your demise.

This device you're observing,
Which you chose to abduct,
Though it's very unnerving,

“ It Will Now Self-Destruct ”

Bri Mar

" It Won't Be A First "

If life never ends,
Where did it begin?
The bible defends,
The one who will win?

The one called creator,
Where did he start?
A smooth operator,
He must be quite smart.

The chicken or the egg,
What order we ask,
It's a powder keg,
Let's take it to task.

Without the chicken,
Eggs don't exist,
That leaves us stricken,
It can't be dismissed.

We need fertilisation,
Between female and male,
Without procreation,
His experiment will fail.

Those answers we seek,
Are impossible to find,
They're filled with mystique,
To the truth we're blind.

How we appeared,
We should not need to know,
Get your mind cleared,
And your future will grow.

The fact that life thrives,
Should get rid of our thirst,
When our creator arrives,

'' It Won't Be A First ''

Bri Mar

" It's All Future Life We Betray "

For our children will there be a tomorrow,
That's our responsibility now,
Are we leaving them with heartbreak and sorrow?
Will it be misery on them we endow?

Are we doing enough to ensure a good life?
For all of our future generations,
Or will we leave them with nothing but strife,
All caused by our present creations.

Nuclear power and our weapons of woe,
Are now getting out of control,
Mass destruction created wherever we go,
We are tearing out our Earths soul.

Our resources on Earth are dwindling fast,
As each second another life is born,
Less to go round means before time has passed,
We leave someone else feeling forlorn.

If we continue on our present course,
Our species future will be in serious doubt,
Humans from reality they tend to divorce,
It's the very laws of nature we flout.

Would you watch your child starving to death?
While you eat your ten course meal,
Well we watch as others take their last breath,
Without giving a damn how they feel.

We have the resources we have the power,
To alleviate their suffering forever,
But mention the cost and the financiers glower,
It's neither cost effective nor clever.

Profit is what motivates the Human Being,
Not morality or sympathy for others,
The starving can die whilst the rich are out skiing,
Self-interest and greed are what smothers.

When we leave the vulnerable unable to cope,
To ensure we enjoy life today,
As they die in despair without any hope,

`` It's All Future Life We Betray ``

Bri Mar

" It's Because We Bow At Their Feet "

It's my life's ambition,
To make it my mission,
To expose the worlds biggest liars,
The religious, royalty and the politician,
The ones who think they're high flyers.

The religious who con,
Will the truth never dawn?
Ask yourself why they are rich,
While you starve their evil they spawn,
It's for your cash they make their pitch.

The famous with wealth,
Created by stealth,
We refuse to see through their cracks,
How do they obtain their financial health?
Mainly by fiddling their tax.

I will be abrupt,
Politicians are corrupt,
To fiddle they will leap over fences,
Their paymasters, us, cannot interrupt,
They've a bottomless pit called expenses.

Common they're not,
But when things get hot,
They will stick together like glue,
They thrive on taking everything we've got,
Wrongdoing there's none of them rue.

In essence they're the same,
They're playing a game,
Whereby we give them our adoration,
So in effect we're as much to blame,
We seem to be in a state of sedation.

Ask yourself why,
Justice doesn't apply,
To this chosen few called the elite,

The answer should in essence make you cry,

" It's Because We Bow At Their Feet "

Bri Mar

" It's Called Liquidation "

I went to my work the other day,
The manager said, we have gone away,
Our accounting has gone slightly astray,
You can have some unpaid recreation.

We didn't pay any of our taxes due,
Nor fulfil our obligations to you,
That also applies to our creditors too,
They're not exactly filled with elation.

Some of those we owe have now went bust,
We don't care, they can cry if they must,
You may well say it's so unjust,
That we are now a new creation,

All of the managers are still employed,
Our mountain of debts we've managed to avoid,
To our employees plight we are truly devoid,
We're in a process of restoration.

Though we have torn some lives apart,
To those we owed we have ripped out their heart,
This will allow us a brand new start,
It's now time to set out our station.

We screw the system by not paying our bills,
Total dishonesty is what it instills,
By starting newco we fill up our tills,
No more worries about rampant inflation.

Our infrastructure will remain the same,
There'll be a slight difference in the company name,
For past indiscrepancies we're no longer to blame,
It's a form of degradation.

You may well feel you're about to erupt,
We're using a system that is morally corrupt,
But our answer to you will be very abrupt,
There will be no sequestration.

You may well think it's the system we abuse,
Us still being here to some must confuse,
What we are doing is in effect a ruse,
It's a cleansing of contamination.

It's a miracle akin to the resurrection,
Despite the protests there can be no objection,
The con men look upon it with great affection,
It's the scourge of the business nation.

This capitalist ideal means reneging on debt,
For all those owed you have no regret,
The dishonest in society it does aid and abet,
No more need for an altercation.

It's perfectly legal and all above board,
Although in some quarters it is deplored,
It allows you to reinvest your secret hoard,
For an accountant it's called irrigation.

Anyone can do it it's guaranteed not to fail,
You rob people blind and don't go to jail,
To the con artists it is the Holy Grail,
Come and join our corrupt federation.

What is it that allows us regeneration?
After bankruptcy we're allowed a continuation,
To previous debts we have no obligation,
What's The Term,

'' It's Called Liquidation ''

Bri Mar

" It's Called Living "

Sausages are bad,
So are eggs,
Butter is sad,
As are frogs legs.

Sugar will kill,
Sweets as well,
That diet pill?
Will send you to hell.

Crisps full of fat,
Drink that destroys,
Freshly killed rat,
Really only annoys.

A beautiful steak,
Medium or rare,
That buttercream cake,
Eat if you dare.

Broccoli or carrot,
It's what's inside,
You'll be sick as a parrot,
With insecticide.

The turkey you're carving,
With bacteria it's rife,
Better stay starving,
There's dirt on the knife.

My last bit of cheer,
Is dangerous too,
A whisky and beer,
Will kill me it's true.

Let's tell the boffins,
We'll do what we like,
Regardless we need coffins,
So go take a hike.

In this bloody existence,
What is unforgiving,
Kills all with persistence,
Yes,

“ It's Called Living ”

Bri Mar

" It's Goodbye To The Human Race "

If you fight to defend,
Can you fire first?
Or will you be filled with regret,
Will the message you send,
Quench your thirst,
Will it actually subdue the threat?

We are on the verge,
Of a nuclear war,
Due to a maniac out of control,
What will emerge.
The chosen few will abhor,
While they disappear into their hole.

While his people die,
For a meal and a drink,
He lives the life of a billionaire,
Don't dare decry,
Or even blink,
For the people, he just doesn't care.

The money for arms,
Is a bottomless pit,
Provided by those he detests,
Forced to worship his charms?
Lest they take a hit,
To him they are nothing but pests.

For all his sins,
We need to talk,
This madness we need to abate,
In war no-one wins,
We need to take stock,
I mean now, before it's too late.

As Armageddon, draws near,
Two fools make a stand,
Is our extinction is about to take place,
In their bunkers held dear,

Their safety's well planned,

'' It's Goodbye To The Human Race ''

Bri Mar

" It's Into Earths Dust You Will Flow "

The main question in life is why are we here,
Living in hope an entity will appear?
The stories surrounding this are so unclear,
Where exactly do you think you will go?

To that heavenly shrine you've held so dear,
What is it about death most of us fear?
You alone know if you've been insincere,
Will no afterlife come as a blow?

Do we need a reason to reach that frontier?
If we're evil will we just disappear?
At any paradise can we now sneer?
Is it something we need to know?

Or is it a fact it's our own lives we steer,
We determine our entire career,
Are Godly creations just a veneer?
While living we reap what we sow.

If that's the case there's no need to adhere,
To Godly rules which are really austere,
It's our freedom of choice these things smear,
Is it to keep our sins in tow?

Take a close look at the black marketeer,
Who portrays himself as a world pioneer?
In effect he's just a corrupt financier,
Yet on him it's honours we bestow.

There are trillions who've died year on year,
In life for others they did not shed a tear,
Though their sins would be classed as severe,
Can you guarantee they went down below?

The facts like mud are made crystal clear,
On certain subjects you can interfere,
Will your deities say you're a mutineer?
Then send you to that place with the glow.

We live and we die we will not reappear,
With that fact you must persevere,
Whether you're a bishop or a racketeer,

“ It's Into Earths Dust You Will Flow ”

Bri Mar

" It's Not Easy Being A Bard "

I have been told,
From many a fold,
I'm certainly not a poet,
Negative comments though leave me consoled,
It's not as if I didn't know it.

It can bring such joy,
Yes also annoy,
Yet the urge remains ever so strong,
It can create yet also destroy,
When others say if it's right or wrong.

You may find it funny,
There's rarely any money,
Though you'll constantly ask yourself why,
The answer is it makes your life sunny,
Common sense just doesn't apply.

Some will praise,
Your spirits they'll raise,
There are those who will then bring you down,
Their heinous comments will truly amaze,
At times they will bring on a frown.

But you'll carry on,
For you have brawn,
Your talents will forever shine through,
On the " EXPERTS" in life refuse to be drawn,
You know it's the best thing to do.

You'll always find peace,
In that Golden Fleece,
Though you'll be driven out of your mind,
Within your head there's a masterpiece,
But like the grail it can be so hard to find.

Never give in,
To do so is a sin,
Keep at it and you will gain pleasure,

All works of art emanate from within,
Joy and sadness come in equal measure.

If you've the will,
Utilise your skill,
First and foremost enjoy having fun,
Never ever allow your mind to stand still,
You know now what needs to be done.

It's now time to write,
Be it dark or bright,
This one could be your ace card,
At the end of a tunnel there will always be light,

`` It's Not Easy Being A Bard ``

Bri Mar

" It's Now Known You're Unique "

To write what you feel,
You must feel what you write,
You must fight never kneel,
To steal is a blight.

That verse which is yours,
Remains yours in each verse
To rehearse reassures,
What obscures makes you terse.

Show belief and compassion,
Have compassion for belief,
When relief is in fashion,
Never ration your grief.

Giving thought to others,
Makes others give thought,
Feeling taut smothers,
What another's does not.

Show respect to friends,
And friends will respect,
Do connect with the trends,
It distends the effect.

Be brave and show willing,
Show willing to be brave,
Do crave a fulfilling,
Make it chilling, they'll rave.

Your technique being shown,
Has shown us your technique,
Don't ever bemoan,

" The Fact You're Unique "

Bri Mar

" It's Off Into Battle We Go "

It isn't right,
But we do love to fight,
We don't even need a good reason,
Try as we might we don't feel contrite,
That should be classed as treason.

In order to kill,
You must have the will,
Among humans it's not hard to find,
No need for skill, just feel the thrill,
The act of murder is so much maligned.

Every other day,
More millions we slay,
It's okay if we stick to the rules,
After the affray all you do is pray,
It's just one of our miraculous tools.

All life is included,
With God we've colluded,
We believe in pot, kettle, black,
It must be concluded the truth we've eluded,
The best form of defence is attack.

Murder is fun,
By knife or the gun,
The end result is all that matters,
We won't be outdone when the battle is won,
We'll cheer as their blood splatters.

The Geneva Convention,
Merits a mention,
Though with it not everyone complies,
If you don't pay attention you could face detention,
Ignore it and you're allowed to chastise.

Religion is great,
We're allowed to berate,
Our deity say's yes make it so,

Isn't it great when he says desecrate,

‘ It's Off Into Battle We Go ‘

Bri Mar

" It's Our Children's Future Not Ours "

Greed and corruption,
Cause everything disruption,
It's for world peace we should yearn,
Our existence is about to face an eruption,
Yet still we're refusing to learn.

Conflict is rife,
We live to cause strife,
Intelligent people don't kill,
There's no longer shame in taking a life,
To stop it we must have the will.

We take without giving,
That's our way of living,
We know not the meaning of shame,
To other life forms we're so unforgiving,
Yet we refuse to accept any blame.

Creating weapons of woe,
Means our Earth will glow,
When not if they are used,
It's something everyone needs to know,
For extinction we will stand accused.

The superior race,
The truth they won't face,
All life forms should be treated as equal,
Our behaviour towards others is a total disgrace,
Believe me there won't be a sequel.

That line is now crossed,
The truth can't be flossed,
Unless we change our destructive ways,
Our demise will be the ultimate cost,
Yes it's the end of our days.

Our planet needs mending,
Yet still we're not bending,
It does leave a taste that sours,

Our destruction of life is never ending,

“ It's Our Children's Future Not Ours ”

Bri Mar

" It's Rewarding Yet So Unforgiving "

If you write poetry seeking fortune and fame
Impossible is the term I would use,
Very rarely do you receive such acclaim,
The odds are it's a battle you'll lose.

Yes there'll be people, who'll print what you write,
But usually they want money up front,
For demands for more you'll get no respite,
It's purely a money making stunt.

The chosen few who make loads of money,
Who picks them, who says they're the best,
It is quite sarcastically funny,
But some are crap when put to the test.

Poems are like songs or even books,
You could write a million or more,
It all depends on just who looks,
Whether you're printed or dumped in a store.

If you enjoy your literary jewels,
Be happy with what you achieve,
At times it's your critics, who'll behave like fools,
In yourself you have got to believe.

Treasure what you do it's a talent supreme,
But don't count on ever making a living,
Like all of us concerned with the arts it's a dream,

" It's Rewarding Yet So Unforgiving "

Bri Mar

" It's Simply Called Love "

What do you see,
When you look at me,
Tell me I do want to know,
Don't despair if I do not agree,
It will hardly come as a blow.

I have no self-respect,
Myself I neglect,
So why in Gods name do you care,
Go on tell me, be direct,
Please make me fully aware.

You treat me well,
I put you through Hell,
Why don't you just walk away,
In self-hatred I do excel,
Why don't you hear what I say?

Through thick and thin,
You put on the spin,
Despite the fact I am rude,
You continue to tell me to look within,
Why, will it do any good?

You never hide,
Me you never deride,
I ask you, please tell me why,
Everything I do you take in your stride,
My God there's a tear in my eye.

I'm totally surprised,
Those feelings I've disguised,
Are telling me I need to awaken,
From deep within I've now realised,
I desire what I have forsaken.

I've been so unkind,
You I've undermined,
Yet still you are kind and forgiving,

To the truth, I've been totally blind,
You are my reason for living.

While I've done wrong,
You always remained strong,
When feeling down you brought me relief,
You've brought me back to where I belong,
In my future I now have belief.

When I take you to task,
Why, I ask,
You infer it's a gift from above,
As in each other's caring arms we bask,
You reply,

“ It's Simply Called Love ”

Bri Mar

" It's The Best Laugh I've Had In Years "

I want you to know,
Before I go,
That when I'm being laid to rest,
As you view the glow,
Let the spirits flow,
Do please obey my request.

I'm not a fraud,
Who believes in a God,
Just because I am dying,
So don't find it odd,
I refuse to laud,
The one you are specifying.

Humanist or priest?
They're a similar beast,
For talking they both charge a fee,
To discharge the deceased,
Their palms are greased,
From money left over by me.

I will not return,
So get rid of the urn,
Scatter me where the sun don't shine,
You can now adjourn,
Shit does burn,
Now I know you are feeling divine.

Don't be sad,
All that money I had,
I ensured it would not give you pleasure,
Don't get mad,
Just be glad,
I gave away all my treasure.

That equity loan,
It will be shown,
Means none of you will earn from my house,
So let it be known,

It's all been blown,
Go on say it, he's proved he's a louse.

I think you'll find,
What I've left behind,
Will cover the cost of cremation,
All that grind,
Gave me peace of mind,
Though you won't be filled with elation.

As you say goodbye,
I know you will cry,
For I've confirmed your very worst fears,
I'll not tell a lie,
Nor will I deny,

'' It's The Best Laugh I've Had In Years ''

Bri Mar

" It's The Party Conference Melee "

The gangsters of Britain have signed a pact,
If any are in trouble united they'll react,
Looking after each other's now an unwritten fact,
They then sat together for tea.

Could there really be honour among thieves,
When one gets caught the other grieves,
Their code of honour no one believes,
With our views they said we disagree.

All the crooks together created a mass,
When put to the vote their motion did pass,
Nobody in their midst would ever grass,
Or they'd pay a hefty fee.

Division of territories was next on their list,
Invisible boundaries would now exist,
Anyone breaching them would not be missed,
Respect was to be the key.

Murdering each other they agreed would end,
Their internal feuds they would suspend,
Previous agreements this would transcend,
Speech for all would be free.

We must strive to take more never less,
You must not answer no or give a straight yes,
The amount we can profit is anyone's guess,
Our pledges come with no guarantee.

As they all got drunk and out of their senses,
To outdo each other they leaped over fences,
Every drink and titbit they all claimed in expenses,
There was not one absentee

As their spirit grew they made promises galore,
Each one more outrageous than the one before,
The fortunes of the masses they would restore,
They were all filled up with glee.

Now get out there and spread the word,
To a better future we have been spurred,
What they were saying was totally absurd,
It wouldn't endure the third degree.

When they preach they'll expect you to shed a tear,
Once they seize power you'll be living in fear,
All their false promises will soon disappear,
They're all experts in repartee.

World politicians make the best liars,
They live in a world where they're all high flyers,
It's corruption and greed their attitude sires,
You wouldn't want one as your trustee.

All I will say to you is believe if you dare,
Honour among thieves is extremely rare,
So before you are conned I must make you aware,

`` It's The Party Conference Melee ``

Bri Mar

" It's To Tolerance The World Needs To Be Steered "

We are all differently abled that's a fact of life,
What gives one relief gives another strife,
Among the Earths population the problem is rife,
So why do we view different as weird.

I may have no legs but I can still get around,
What I can manage to some will dumfound,
My abilities in life I will always expound,
I hate the fact I am besmeared.

I may have no arms but I can write with my toes,
Like you I can smell with my beautiful nose,
In life I'll fight through all the highs and the lows,
Without asking to be revered.

I may have no eyes but I can still compete,
You would never see me admit defeat,
As a person I look upon myself as complete,
I'm certainly not to be feared.

Some will say I am out of my mind,
Comments like that are cruel and unkind,
Look inside me and I know you will find,
It's to challenge that humans are geared.

I can do most anything much the same as you,
My aim is to give credit where credit is due,
I will try my best to see any task through,
So I certainly don't need to be jeered.

I can do things you could never achieve,
You can do others I would never believe,
To say I am worthless is just being naïve,
There are those whose minds need to be cleared.

Nobody is perfect that's what makes us unique,
In life we all have our troubles to seek,
Abusing another is a sign you are weak,
It's to each other we should all be endeared.

Being treated like dirt is not what I want,
My disabilities I will never flaunt,
If you're different from me I will not taunt,

'' It's To Tolerance The World Needs To Be Steered ''

Bri Mar

" It's We Who Must Be Obeyed "

An announcement is about to take place,
About visitors from outer space,
Are we ready for an alien race?
Or is it a game being played.

When they contacted planet Earth,
Of sincerity there was such a dearth,
We fought over where they would berth,
The aliens refused to be swayed.

What the world's suspected for years,
Will bring joy or bring us to tears,
They are something the human race fears,
So we all kneeled down and prayed.

From their stop off point on the Moon,
Their arrival would be happening soon,
From their power would we be immune,
Would our species make the grade?

As our leaders ran round like cattle,
Among themselves they started to prattle,
What ensued was an almighty battle,
Our visitors were slightly dismayed.

Before they had even landed,
We their hosts became so heavy handed,
That together the aliens banded,
Their respect for us started to fade.

They decided we were beyond assistance,
So we tried to put up a resistance,
They said there'll be no co-existence,

" It's We Who Must Be Obeyed "

Bri Mar

" It's You "

Whenever you write,
Keep this in sight,
Words make a very loud sound,
Some fill with delight,
Others will cause a fight,
Poetry can be very profound.

To an extent,
Some know what is meant,
But context can be taken many ways,
You will never prevent,
Those who resent,
They live to see your end of days.

Verse can bring joy,
Yes and also annoy,
For some there is no in-between,
If your brain you deploy,
The critic you destroy,
Their talent will never be seen.

Don't be afraid,
At times to be swayed,
That decision will always be yours,
The message conveyed,
You cannot evade,
The ability to learn reassures.

Write what you feel,
Whether fictional or real,
Make sure it comes from within,
From others don't steal,
There is no appeal,
Criticism take on the chin.

Stand tall and proud,
Never be cowed,
If you try to be honest and true,
You can shout out loud,

With talent you're endowed,
Your biggest critic?

" It's You "

Bri Mar

" It's Your Future You Have Ultimately Sold "

The aliens have warned us they are on their way,
They have had enough of Human affray,
As to what they will do we do not have a say,
Over us they have a hold.

The worlds politicians are all running scared,
They think they'll be the first to be snared,
For life on our planet none of them cared,
From our species they're a different mould.

Greed and corruption among humans is rife,
There's no such thing as sanctity of life,
You've cut through your planet like a red hot knife,
For millennia you've been uncontrolled.

Murder and mayhem to you is the norm,
Your entire planet you love to deform,
With Mother Nature you've refused to conform.
The future of your planet is on hold.

The Earths resources you've totally drained,
All other life forms have been stained,
Though what we must do leaves us pained,
This time you will not be paroled.

The worlds leaders have arranged a meeting,
They're going to bribe them at their greeting,
They thought the aliens would be into cheating,
So they offered them all our gold.

Our visitors told them you drive us mad,
Surely you humans can't all be bad
Your efforts to blackmail us is really sad,
It's with evil you are enrolled.

We have no need for material wealth,
Or obtaining others goods by stealth,
The only thing we need is our health,
You can't even cure the common cold.

All your different classes are space dust to us,
Why does wanting equality create such a fuss?
Through your principles we could drive an alien bus,

“ It’s Your Future You Have Ultimately Sold ”

Bri Mar

" It's Yourself You Betray "

Although you're my enemy you're also my friend,
Will the pain you cause me never end,
At times you do drive me round the bend,
Yet you stay with me every day.

A companion I'd say is a statement too far,
My description of you would be akin to a scar,
Sometimes prominent and often bizarre,
You know no other way.

I always ask you why you picked on me,
You refuse to answer you never agree,
Maybe one day you will set me free,
Until then you will make me pay.

I have been informed you could well leave,
My terrible discomfort that would relieve,
I know for a fact I wouldn't grieve,
Problem is I do not have a say.

Your behaviour is sometimes bang out of order,
I'd have to say it's on cruelty you border,
You seem to gain pleasure from causing disorder,
It's a game you do love to play.

Sometimes you're good yet on others you're bad,
Your sole aim in life is to drive me mad,
You surely know you are making me sad,
Yet my fears you refuse to allay.

You're a living entity you must have a brain,
What you do in life is totally insane,
From hurting others why don't you refrain,
You enjoy treating me as your prey.

But I've kept a secret that you don't know,
As that last dice I'm about to throw,
I'll be taking you with me when I go,
It's me that's led you astray.

In essence you can't really do what you please,
Though you've finally brought me to my knees,
I can no longer live with my cancerous disease,
By killing me,

“ It's Yourself You Betray ”

Bri Mar

" It's Yourself You Deceive "

While living the lie,
In the lie you're living,
Truth you're forced to deny,
Which is so unforgiving.

As the ember gets wet,
Wet dulls the ember,
It's then you forget,
What you're trying to remember.

The brain though amazing,
You're amazing your brain,
The questions you're raising,
Become such a drain.

What's fact becomes fiction,
Yet fiction isn't fact,
It will cause you such friction,
When you're being attacked.

What untruths did you tell?
Did you tell an untruth?
You'll feel you're in Hell,
You have been so uncouth.

Your deceit is soon rumbled,
They've rumbled your deceit,
On your falsehoods you've stumbled,
You can't take the heat.

Whether small or large,
What is large or small?
Every one you discharge,
Will make your skin crawl.

Be wary of deception,
Of deception be wary,
Your fantasy conception,
Will turn out to be scary.

To believe you they won't,
They won't ever believe,
Tell a lie, I'd say don't,

“ It's Yourself You Deceive ”

Bri Mar

" It's Yourself You've Deceived "

I cannot relate,
As to how you can hate,
Someone you don't even know,
To kill innocent people, you just cannot wait,
Your leaders say go with the flow.

I don't mean to be rude,
But if suicide's that good,
Why don't they practise what they preach?
Personally I believe they're pretty shrewd,
Self sacrifice is out of their reach,

It's you who are dumb,
To the depths you plum,
While they sit back and watch as you die,
Face the facts, you're all cowardly scum,
Who wouldn't know the truth from a lie.

You're uncivilized,
Not radicalised,
You are a butcher no more no less,
For your brutality you'll be despised,
It's you who will suffer distress.

Trust in your God?
Even he finds it odd,
From murder, you refuse to desist,
As you're shot to pieces who will applaud,
No-one, you won't even be missed.

As the innocents die,
To yourself you lie,
No deity would allow what you do,
Morals to your kind do not apply,
Low life scum, you know that is true.

With reality connect,
You leave lives wrecked,
In the facts you have never believed,

Those evil like you, God will not resurrect,
Face the facts,

“ It's Yourself You've Deceived ”

Bri Mar

" I'Ve Been A Dirty Low Down Cheat "

Sport is all about taking part,
Forget about the fastest start,
Regardless of how you must depart,
You can take the heat.

Who in God's name says these things?
Do they know the misery losing brings,
If you're last an alarm bell rings,
It makes you feel incomplete.

We aspire to make it our life's mission,
To win the day that's our ambition,
Life is all about competition,
Humans were made to compete.

We are prevalent in every sport,
The dangers we are willing to court,
The truth is something we do distort,
Or punishment they will mete.

Problem is we don't like to lose,
It puts us on a right short fuse,
To win there are things we will abuse,
It's our duty to avoid defeat.

That does include a bit of sinning,
I'd do anything to ensure I'm always winning,
At the finish line I'll be grinning,
How it makes me feel upbeat.

To win I'll even bend the rules,
There are some really useful tools
I'll make the others look like fools,
But I've got to be discreet.

Losing is something I've never faced,
So what I take cannot be traced,
If I'm ever caught I'll be disgraced,
But my ego I must entreat.

My success is all down to my dedication,
Not the taking of illegal medication,
Though it's prevalent in every sporting nation,
Oh how victory tastes so sweet.

Through all the years and battles fought,
I'm now the one left feeling fraught,
For in the end I've now been caught,
I am guilty of deceit.

I was addicted to those winning hugs.
But to get them I was taking drugs,
Despite my saying they were for mugs,
I'm no longer one of the elite.

My former glories have been taken away,
My name no longer holds any sway,
My principles and morals I did betray,
This time they've got me beat.

My fans have all deserted me,
A lying dastard is now what they see,
In hindsight now I must agree,

“ I've Been A Dirty Low Down Cheat ”

Bri Mar

" I'Ve Been Condemned To Hell "'

Twenty three outings and he's still alive,
What's the secret that makes him thrive?
How the hell does he survive?
Only he can tell.

Bombs and bullets and falls from the sky,
Still they cannot make him die,
Death to him does not apply,
In survival he does excel.

All his enemies throughout the world,
Have ended up with their knickers curled,
Their respective plots he has unfurled,
Doesn't this man do well?

Poisoned drinks and crashes galore,
Laser beams which cut to the core,
His will to live is to the fore,
What's next we can't foretell.

Sharks and subs can't do him in,
Against all odds we know he'll win,
He really does get under our skin,
He has us under his spell.

Space adventures and fearsome foes,
He causes mayhem wherever he goes,
Why he's still alive nobody knows,
But this myth I will dispel.

His female friends his life of leisure,
This man knows how to get his pleasure,
He's looked on as our national treasure,
It's now time to say farewell.

In every outing they've let him live,
Now that is something I won't forgive,
He really is the ultimate spiv,
His invincibility I will now expel.

In every epic at the start,
His captors who are not that smart,
Give him the chance to up and depart,
He then kills the whole cartel.

But now I know the secrets out,
The normal protocols I will flout,
His services you'll now live without,
That will leave a nasty smell.

Throughout the years we've all been conned,
Now the truth has finally dawned,
In the opening scene I killed James Bond,

" On His Fate You Must Now Dwell "

Twenty Fourth adventure it can't be true,
I know I gave him what was due,
My mission to kill him I saw it through,
I watched as 007 fell.

Now I've been informed James Bond is back,
Now it's me who's on the rack,
Very soon I'll be under attack,
I'll find him hard to repel.

Oh my God am I in trouble,
I didn't kill Bond it was his double,
In Skyfall he reduced me to rubble,

" I've Been Condemned To Hell "

Bri Mar

" I'Ve Made You One Hour Older "

It's spring again,
So count to ten,
I've a secret here for you,
Don't be impatient I'll tell you when,
You'll hate what it can do.

I'll give a vow,
No not now,
When I'm good and ready,
Keep your knickers on and how,
You must keep nice and steady.

Waxing lyrical,
Being satirical,
That's for you to say,
My personal view, it's a bloody miracle,
With your feelings I will play.

Forget the creams,
Washing in streams,
This is not the ultimate prize,
Already I can hear your screams.
My methodology you'll despise.

You it abuses,
Everyone loses,
This concept gives you strife,
Your very soul will feel the bruises,
It's like stealing someone's life.

There's no doubt,
We could do without,
So lean on a strong hard shoulder,
It's springtime yes the secret's out,

‘ I've Made You One Hour Older ‘

Bri Mar

" Just Be Very Afraid "

It's that time again,
Where the sick and insane,
Stalk the streets in all shapes and sizes,
Watch your back they can cause such pain,
Beware of their colourful disguises.

The Clown is well tooled,
So don't be fooled,
By that great big smile on his face,
In the art of deception, he's well-schooled,
Murder among them's commonplace.

The Werewolf beware,
That long shiny hair,
Hides what's hidden underneath,
After capture you'll be dragged to his lair,
Where you'll feel the power of his teeth.

The Vampire hates light,
That's why he loves night,
So be careful when you hear a thud,
It may well be, love at first bite,
After he's drained all your blood.

Watch for the Mummy,
She'll try to be chummy,
That's when she strikes with her curse,
Soon she'll have you spitting the dummy,
Can this nightmare get any worse?

The Zombie so slow,
Will watch where you go,
They do love to constantly eat,
What they will do you don't want to know,
To them we are just chunks of meat.

Watch for the Wizard,
From out of his gizzard,
Suddenly his wand will appear,

Before you know it you're turned into a lizard,
That should fill you with fear.

Then there's the Witch,
Who can make the switch,
From the devil to an angelic being,
This one can be a right evil bitch,
You will not believe what you're seeing.

Now it's time to dress,
Ensure you impress,
It's Halloween get your costumes displayed,
If you meet those above they will cause distress,

'' Just Be Very Afraid ''

Bri Mar

" Just Take Your Time "

We're lying and denying,
Then denying we're lying,
Our spying and prying,
Is so dissatisfying.

Fate we do hate,
Is to hate our fate,
We create a debate,
Which tends to frustrate.

We try not to die,
To die we don't try,
To comply or decry,
Ask yourself why.

To skive or thrive,
Or thrive to skive,
Revive your drive,
By remaining alive.

We fight to delight,
It's a delight to fight,
Might is alright,
When not used in spite.

Be wise don't despise,
To despise isn't wise,
Devise a disguise,
That will open their eyes.

Age brings on rage,
It's a rage to age,
The sage gets a wage,
For turning your page.

To rhyme is sublime,
It's sublime to rhyme,
Grime or paradigm,

“ Just take your time ”

Bri Mar

" Keep Them Closer Still "

Enemies will appear,
In all shapes and sizes,
Their actions can sear,
They will spring surprises.

They are full of pretend,
So always be wary,
To the depths they'll descend,
In character they vary.

They are full of deceit,
So always take care,
Then there's conceit,
Of that be aware.

These so called mates,
Are there in your face,
You'll be in dire straits,
For it's you they'll deface.

When you feel put upon,
That's when they pounce,
It's you they will con,
Catch you on the bounce.

They'll lure you in,
So be in no doubt,
Don't let them win,
Keep them without.

They're the lowest of the low,
But they can be deleted,
By showing them you know,
They can be defeated.

Keep friends close by,
They thrive on goodwill,
Enemies Don't comply,

“ Keep Them Closer Still ”

Bri Mar

" Keep Your Angel By Your Side "

Do angels exist?
Are they in our midst?
Faith is a very strong force,
Is it only believers they ever assist?
Do they help others who've strayed off course?

Can they be found?
As tall tales abound,
Living proof is impossible to find,
Guardians of the people is that really sound,
Could it be they're a trick of the mind?

Do we have one each?
Staying out of reach,
Appearing only in our times of need,
Or is it their presence we have to beseech,
Who tells them when to proceed?

Have they freedom of choice,
Do they have their own voice?
Or like us are they easily led,
Do they have a master whom they must rejoice,
Or are we just being bled.

Who is their boss?
Is it he on the cross,
Or his Father and the Holy Ghost,
Could it all be just man made dross?
The human being does love to boast.

If you believe they're true,
Well that's up to you,
Your guardian angel let no one deride,
Throughout your time whatever you do,

" Keep Your Angel By Your Side "

Bri Mar

" Leaves On The Line "

Britain's debt hits a trillion pounds,
What we owe is rising fast,
The response from Cameron really astounds,
Everything's the fault of the past.

Youth unemployment hits a record high,
To the chancellors eternal shame,
His excuses would make a grown man cry
He claims their policies are not to blame.

Billions of pounds of new spyplanes are binned,
Aircraft carriers without one plane,
Our armed forces are being skinned,
Having no defence is utterly insane.

Utility bills are out of control,
As people are dying from the cold,
Culling the weak is this government's goal,
Be worried if you're disabled or old.

Inflation is over four per cent,
Another government pledge is broken,
But still the chancellor won't repent,
That statistic will remain unspoken.

The previous government caused it all,
They're responsible for all this fuss,
If you've got a problem give them a call,
It's got nothing to do with us.

It was all down to the winter snow,
Because it was so severe,
To the shops the nation couldn't go,
The weather had them living in fear.

Unemployment levels hit their highest for years,
Government policies didn't cause this mess,
It was the royal wedding that brought us to tears,
It's that which caused all our stress.

Our economy is now falling apart,
We've now entered another recession,
From their disastrous policies they will not depart,
They're giving us all depression.

Now it's the fault of the Eurozone,
Our austerity was caused by them,
If in doubt give them a phone,
As an excuse it's another gem.

All politicians are so alike,
They love to take but never give,
An honest one's similar to a lightning strike,
You'll never see one as long as you live.

We've heard their excuses every one,
Like their policies they're all in decline,
Our worry is that they have only begun,
What next,

`` Leaves On The Line ``

Bri Mar

" Lest I Visit An Early Grave "

Hurry scurry,
Flurry worry,
All it does is cause you strife,
Everything around you becomes so blurry,
It will also shorten your life.

Fast past,
Last aghast,
There's not enough hours in a day,
My time it just goes by so fast,
This lifestyle gives me affray.

Rush gush,
Crush blush,
I'm afraid I'm the poor relation,
Anyone tries I give them the brush,
They say I'm a strange creation.

Disguise despise,
Devise unwise,
There's always someone will call your bluff,
That could well lead to my demise,
Life at times can be tough.

Led said,
Tread dead,
Being a loner's a mythical dream,
My life is hanging by the proverbial thread,
Why? I refuse to be part of the team.

Stern learn,
Yearn earn,
I count each and every last breath,
As time moves on I'm feeling concern,
I can literally perceive my own death.

Want haunt,
Taunt gaunt,
Against time I refuse to behave,

I need to be careful about what I want,

“ Lest I Visit An Early Grave ”

Bri Mar

" Lest It Is Taken Away "

Why was the universe made so vast?
Is it true we are really alone?
When it was formed the rules were cast,
We must stay in our God given zone.

If there's life out there it's plain to see,
Why the planets are so far apart,
All life has the God given right to be free,
He won't allow us to tear out its heart.

We need to search for the answers here,
Looking to space is a waste of our time,
The answer to our problems is crystal clear,
Our neglect should be classed as a crime.

When we send out probes in the search for life,
We attach really scant information,
Never a mention of the wars and the strife,
Man's greed while others die of starvation.

We portray ourselves as peaceful and kind,
But in reality the opposite is true,
If they ever come here it's a fact they will find,
Other life forms we aim to subdue.

We can't look after the planet we're on,
That's the reason we're looking elsewhere,
At the rate we're going very soon we'll be gone,
To those others it just isn't fair.

Let's surmise we make contact with an alien race,
Will they be they hostile or totally insane?
They may well use Earth as a stopover base,
While they look upon humans as inane.

Theories abound from the experts and boffins,
While in reality they do not have a clue,
What's true is we'll all end up in coffins,
No I'm not a scientific guru.

Future happenings cannot be foretold,
If we could we'd be millionaires,
What we have now we need to behold,
Out there, there is nothing compares.

The past is littered with theories that died,
Yet the truth can be stranger than fiction,
Who's told the truth and who has lied,
Theories are but a hopeful prediction.

Those worlds we look for are out of our reach,
To say otherwise is total delusion,
Cherish what we have is what we must teach,
Or Armageddon is a foregone conclusion.

We are courting disaster with these stupid notions
While there are hectares of Earth we don't know,
From rainforests through to our planets oceans,
If we explore them our knowledge will grow.

We waste billions on a fruitless search,
While our planet is slowly eroding,
It won't be long till we fall off our perch,
That's said with a sense of foreboding.

So let's waken up now before it's too late,
Our scientists are leading us astray,
It's our future on Earth to which we must relate,

"Lest It Is Taken Away"

Bri Mar

" Liar, Liar "

Malicious, fictitious,
Seditious, pernicious,
Forever suspicious,
They're fire.

Bad, mad,
Sad, fad,
Rarely glad,
They tire.

Cruel, fool,
Stool, ghoul,
Personality dual,
Barbed wire.

Thick, sick,
Trick, kick,
Not very quick.
No desire.

Mission, sedition,
Emission, omission,
False submission,
The mire.

Conclusion, illusion,
Intrusion, Seclusion,
Deceive by illusion,
Death pyre.

Reality, brutality,
Mentality, irrationality,
True abnormality,

" Liar Liar "

Bri Mar

" Lies, Damned Lies And Statistics "

World politicians adore the stat,
It can hide their lies in any format,
They can say we are now out of recession,
Despite the fact we're still in a depression.

What is this miracle we call the stat,
I hear you all ask what exactly is that,
Politicians will tell you that yes it's a fact,
If it's based on a stat then they will act.

They are the ultimate masters of the stat,
It can hide their deceit during a chat,
They truly are masters of their craft,
They'd have us believe that we're all daft.

Homes repossessed are contained in a stat,
Their figures are lower than we know they're at,
But the truth is different we're out on the street,
The fact is their stats are full of deceit.

Inflation is always contained in a stat,
They're as clear as treacle in a darkwood vat,
The prices we're paying are not as they seem,
Believe that if you like and let out a scream.

To believe what's contained within a stat,
You'd have to be a total prat,
While all of our lives are being enjoyed,
They can tell us nobody's unemployed.

The state of the world is based on a stat,
How many are thin how many are fat,
The information supplied is supposed to relieve,
Truth is none of it you can believe.

The way that they can present a stat,
Is a fish is a bird and a dog is a cat,
They're a strange way of saying all is well,
When truth is we're all heading for hell.

Whoever invented the bloody stat,
Was surely brought up as a spoiled brat,
Nothing better to do with their tedious life,
Than to devise a way of lying about life.

Facts just don't exist within a stat,
Or they could well show our world is flat,
This would have a terrible effect,
As quite frankly it's not politically correct.

Politicians couldn't live without their stat,
They'd be like a cricketer without his bat,
Without the stat their system dies,
Like them they're all based on lies.

But none of them care for they love the stat,
Though everyone else can smell a rat,
Stats tell them what they want to hear,
Like darkened glass they're crystal clear.

The fact is you can never believe a stat,
It's meant to beguile us it can wear any hat,
You'd retrieve more facts from a team of mystics,
Than you'd get from those,

“ Lies, Damned Lies And Statistics ”

Bri Mar

" Life After Death "

It's time to go,
To where I don't know,
Another step in the journey called life,
Is it up above or down below,
Joy or an eternity of strife.

Who will ultimately say,
Where I go to stay,
That's if there's anything at all,
Could it be it's all one-way,
With no-one to answer your call.

There is no proof,
But you can't be aloof,
Are you willing to deny it's all true?
Then again it may well be a spoof,
In that case there's nothing to rue.

Those in existence,
Do hate resistance,
But Heaven comes with no guarantee,
They claim it does with dogged persistence,
But to them you must pay a fee.

What the majority dictate,
Isn't up for debate,
They're no more than a criminal cartel,
Remember these people leave nothing to fate,
It's their way or you'll end up in Hell.

What you want to believe,
Is for you to conceive,
It's more than their egos they feed,
Their only aim is to totally deceive,
Their kingdoms are based solely on greed.

To get you fired,
It's Satan they've hired,
He'll be there as you take your last breath?

While alive, do all you've desired,
Don't worry about,

“ Life After Death ”

Bri Mar

" Life And Death "

Is Heaven real, is it filled with grace?
Or a part of our imagination,
Another fantasy of the Human Race,
With which we have a fixation.

Is there a Hell on that same list?
For those who refuse to obey,
Does a God Or Satan even exist?
Is there anyone can really say.

The Human is in a class of its own,
We love creating entities,
Though none of them have ever shown,
They have their own identities.

One is evil while the other is good,
That's what they'd have you believe,
To get to Heaven have you done all you could?
If not it's in Hell you will grieve.

Brainwashing is the term I prefer,
Be good and you'll get a reward,
Misbehave if you dare,
You will surely die by the sword.

We've got to keep the people in check,
It's as good a method as any,
You'll always have those who love to wreck,
The evil among us are many.

As a species we are really weak,
We refuse to accept we'll just die,
Our methodology is we create a mystique,
Which if truth be told is a lie.

Life is reality enjoy it whilst here,
Every one of us will take that last breath,
It's reality you need to commandeer,
That's the secret of,

“ Life And Death ”

Bri Mar

" Life Never Ends "

Don't be afraid,
To share your fears,
When a feeling's displayed,
Soon the dark mist clears.

Memories will thrive,
If you allow,
To keep them alive,
Make a vow.

The one who's gone,
Is not far away,
If trust you don,
By you they'll stay.

Death isn't expiration,
No need for despair,
It's a Heavenly creation
Of that be aware.

Though hard to accept,
You've got to believe,
That after you've wept,
A new concept you'll weave,

Lay them to rest,
Somewhere you can go,
Part of life's test?
To move on nice and slow.

Continue to talk,
Believe me they'll listen,
That new life they walk,
Will make your thoughts glisten.

Keep this in your mind,
They're with family and friends,
Our souls were designed,
To ensure,

“ Life Never Ends ”

Bri Mar

" Life's Not All About Money "

The joys of living,
Include taking and giving,
Some may say this doesn't make sense,
To take a minute to be forgiving,
Can leave you feeling immense.

To give compassion,
May not be in fashion,
But for style you don't really care,
This type of giving you'd never ration,
We have the ability to share.

When offered a gift,
It gives you a lift,
You take it and feel such pleasure,
Your return of thanks is kind and swift,
It's now looked upon as your treasure.

To give a smile,
Once in a while,
Doesn't come at a cost,
For one of yours I'd run a mile,
It does help to melt any frost.

To take some time,
To help others climb,
Back up when they've fallen down,
Can help make them feel so sublime,
It will help them to lift that frown.

Giving your life,
Will cause deep strife,
But your sacrifice we will never forget,
Leaving behind a Husband or Wife,
Means we're forever in your debt.

Giving and taking,
Can be earth-shaking,
Making us feel like a bear eating honey,

Future happiness and joy you are making,

“ Life's Not All About Money ”

Bri Mar

" Live And Let Live "

The clock of life,
Is ticking down,
Through joy and strife,
I feel a frown.

Memories abound,
Of days gone by,
Though still around,
Soon I'll die.

Family have passed,
Friends as well,
I feel harassed,
Could this be Hell?

I'm getting older,
Every day,
Feeling colder,
Causes affray.

My dulcet tones,
Are now a croak,
My painful bones,
Need a soak.

Where's my eyes,
My paper's blank,
It's no surprise,
I've got age to thank.

I've loved and laughed,
Hated and cried,
Yes I've gaffed,
Told truth and lied.

It's time to go,
For whatever awaits,
You never know,
Could be pearly gates?

Never look back,
Is the advice I'd give,
To keep on track,

“ Live And Let Live ”

Bri Mar

" Living In The Past "

I invented a clock,
That instead of tick tock,
It's been amended to go tock tick,
Reversal of time is like going for a walk,
Believe me, this is not a trick.

A flick of a switch,
Then without any hitch,
My timepiece goes into reverse,
This concoction will make me rich.
Though some will say it's perverse.

Though I can't pick a year,
Each second is dear,
I'll control how much younger I get,
I watch as the wrinkles slowly disappear,
So far not a hint of regret.

Then I look around,
Though there's joy to be found,
This is only happening to me,
I can't bring back those I've placed in the ground,
The obvious I refused to see.

Those I love getting older,
Makes me even colder,
I am losing my family and friends,
As I'm constantly looking over my shoulder,
I realise time never mends.

So many ties to sever,
If I'm here forever,
While reliving, what's went before,
Perhaps my invention isn't so clever,
Constant sorrow is what's to the fore.

Going back in time,
Though it sounds sublime,
Has drained me and left me aghast,

The here and now is when you're in your prime,
Forget about,

“ Living In The Past ”

Bri Mar

" Living Is Heaven, Dying Is Hell "

If you're a believer in life after death,
Which is something I do find quite odd,
Why are you worried about that last breath?
When you believe you are about to meet God.

I'd worry about someone who needs constant praise,
To me that's a sign of depression,
My relationship I'd need to reappraise,
As Gods books are filled with aggression.

Floods and massacres caused by disease,
Revenge is his is what he declares,
His mood you must constantly try to appease,
By constant worship and prayers.

You must be good or no Heaven for you,
Regardless of which God you choose,
It's a bit like Big Brother is watching too,
Their commandments you must never abuse.

This is interference on a massive scale,
It's the way dictators behave,
If you don't agree they'll ensure you fail,
Your soul they'll refuse to save.

Why provide you with a mind of your own,
Then deny you for refusing to believe,
With your invisible Gods you are forced to atone,
If you refuse there will be no reprieve.

Straight to Beelzebub and his tortuous flames,
That will be your destination,
With your mind religion is playing games,
It should fill you with trepidation.

Life is short enjoy it whilst here,
These deities will leave you harassed,
Forget about Gods they cause alarm and fear,
As fantasies they remain unsurpassed.

The fact of the matter is we are easily led,
These charlatans know this full well,
If truth be told you are just being bled,

‘ Living Is Heaven, Dying Is Hell ‘

Bri Mar

" Lying There Gathering Dust "

As I started to write,
On came a light,
Suddenly my mind was aglow,
What I perceived was a beautiful sight,
My masterpiece would soon be on show.

How did I feel?
Strangely unreal,
Ideas were swirling round in my head,
They had to be kept on an even keel,
Otherwise they would never be read.

I had a thirst,
What comes first,
Should that be verse one or two,
I felt as if I was going to burst,
Please help me see this through.

The words were flowing,
My poem was growing,
An epic was now my intention,
My proverbial trumpet I'd soon be blowing,
The world over it would merit a mention.

Within my mind,
I had it designed,
So that to everyone my work would appeal,
The final article would be so refined,
The critics would say it's genteel.

Like millions before,
I completed my chore,
Where it lies now is so unjust,
It's placed within my own personal store,

“ Lying There, Gathering Dust ”

Bri Mar

" Make Failure Your New Beginning "

Making an error,
Can bring on terror,
But by simply facing the facts,
Of learning it's for you to be the bearer,
The scholar is the one who reacts.

Don't be afraid,
The foundations laid,
When you acknowledge where you've went wrong,
Whenever humility is being displayed,
In reality is where you belong.

Strive for perfection,
But cherish correction,
It's not wrong to make a mistake,
But always take some time for reflection,
You can always slam on the brake.

If you can see,
That learning is key,
You'll view mistakes in a different light,
Finding a solution will set your mind free,
It's for you to turn on that light.

So whenever you err,
On yourself be fair,
There's nothing that can't be resolved,
Never ever be afraid to share,
That's how solutions have evolved.

Failure my friend,
Is not the end,
Not everything in life is about winning,
Learn and those mistakes you can mend,

" Make Failure Your New Beginning "

Bri Mar

" Make It Your Reason For Living "

Some say it's a chore,
To others a bore,
But they'd hate to be without,
Ignorance really comes to the fore,
Of that there is never a doubt.

It's seen as a crime,
Yet it is sublime,
Past or present shows us it's real,
Young, middle aged or in your prime,
It's amazing what this can reveal.

It can make you sad,
Yes equally glad,
What you do with it is your own choice,
The good times will always outweigh the bad,
That alone should make you rejoice.

What you do,
Well that's up to you,
Deny joy or give it your all,
Try your utmost to see it through,
Feeling down, give others a call.

It doesn't last,
You look to the past,
Then wonder where it has gone,
Hindsight is where regrets are cast,
Always seek to find that new dawn.

This wonderful gift,
Travels so swift,
Take care or it will pass you by,
Appreciation will give you a lift,
The rewards you must never deny.

One day it will end,
Your time will expend,
If you've tried to be honest and forgiving,

To others these gifts you can recommend,

“ Make It Your Reason For Living ”

Bri Mar

" Make My Own Choice "

When someone passes,
If they join the masses,
I wonder do they wait in a queue,
Are they then divided into different classes?
Dependent on what they do.

Do the millionaires,
Get to say who cares,
Like they did while stationed on Earth,
Do they carry on with their illicit affairs?
Of the truth I'm afraid there's a dearth.

Does democracy rule,
Or am I being a fool,
In your Paradise does equality exist,
Is there the concept of you being cruel?
Or from genocide do you desist.

Does Heaven need maintained,
Are relationships strained,
To the master will we need to take heed,
As nobody knows can this be explained,
Does he know of our concept of greed?

The one they term God,
Will over us he maraud?
Does he always get his own way?
If we disobey will we be outlawed,
Will we be given a say?

What if we're not,
Will we be distraught,
That would leave a terrible smell,
Or will he send us somewhere hot,
Obey him or end up in Hell.

The one called creator,
The life liquidator,
Will he steal our free will and voice?

If he does, his title's dictator,
I'd much rather,

“ Make My Own Choice ”

Bri Mar

" Make Sure You Learn To Run "

One day I met a girl called Alice,
She was kind and really gallus,
I soon introduced her to my palace,
I thought she was the one.

After a week she started to change,
Her behaviour became really strange,
She was starting to derange,
As for sympathy she had none.

The one I'd taken for my wife,
Was giving me constant strife,
She was trying to ruin my life,
It was no longer fun.

I asked her one day if she'd go,
Immediately she answered no,
What you reap you'll surely sow,
Your horror has just begun.

Keeping me wakened through the night,
When she was naked what a sight
On my existence she was a blight,
Consideration, there was none.

I'll get the house and all it's wares,
When I say you pushed me down the stairs,
For having extra marital affairs,
It's you that they will shun.

Every time she hatched a plan,
The flames of hatred she would fan,
She really hated any man,
Her deeds couldn't be outdone.

I racked my brains to find a way,
That I could finally end her stay,
I was going to make her pay,
When all was said and done.

Being a man I thought I was smart,
I let my head rule my heart,
I'd kill her with a poison dart,
From my electronic gun.

I then learned pretty soon,
People from that mad commune,
From male poison they're all immune,
Our best efforts they just shun.

Now as I languish in my cell,
On my sword I finally fell,
Some women do make our lives Hell,
The tales that liar spun.

Against them men just cannot win,
Forbidden fruit should be a sin,
They'll have you hung and in the bin,
We're in a fight that can't be won.

If you ever meet a girl like Alice,
Full of evil filled with malice,
Treat her like a poisoned chalice.

`` Make Sure You Learn To Run ``

Bri Mar

" Make The Most Of Your Time "

Our lives are changing,
From day to day,
Is it great or deranging?
Only you can say.

Life is a trial,
Where we're judge and jury,
At the turn of a dial,
It's composure or fury.

Death lies in wait,
When will it call?
This we cannot abate,
We will take that fall.

But the time in between,
Is for us to enjoy,
What can't be foreseen,
Why let it annoy.

Make it your aim,
To live life to the full,
Take part in the game,
Caring is the rule.

We all have the gift,
To please or enrage,
To tear down or lift,
Regardless of age.

Time you can't thwart,
Be the bearer of cures,
Though life is short,
It is all yours.

Enjoy your time here,
Make life sublime,
It will soon disappear,

“ Make The Most Of Your Time ”

Bri Mar

" Mass Destruction Was Our Final Act "

As the world entered a nuclear age,
Progression was the promise made,
With nature we were to disengage,
A heavy price would soon be paid.

Millions killed by a nuclear device,
Then they dropped another,
Their intention then was clear and concise,
A country's aggression they'd smother.

This awesome power created by mankind,
Was just too good to be true,
Splitting the atom we'd soon find,
Was biting off more than we could chew.

Free electricity for all was the claim,
Energy safe and totally clean,
We know no their promises were pretty lame,
Humans don't know the meaning of green.

Nuclear energy was their Holy Grail,
Energy shortages this power would relieve,
When Chernobyl's reactor began to fail,
The destruction they just couldn't believe.

Both civilian and military use this awesome power,
Over nuclear disasters we have no control,
Thought up by those in their ivory tower,
This will tear out the planet's very soul.

We don't even know what to do with the waste,
It's a power that will eventually destroy,
Just the use of it leaves a terrible taste,
As for weapons who'll be the first to deploy.

Nuclear meltdown will be the ultimate result,
No ifs or buts that's a fact,
As into the abyss we all catapult,

“ Mass Destruction Was Our final Act ”

Bri Mar

" May It Fill You Up With Delight "

This writing's a bit of a pain,
In fact it drives me insane,
It's really sad they've condemned me as mad,
It's back to the drawing board again.

Though I really do love composing,
Those doors I will now be closing,
Though always a friend I'm afraid it must end,
They're claiming I've been overdosing.

Whether I write novels or rhymes,
Science fiction or perhaps brutal crimes,
I get carried away, which does cause affray,
I suppose it's a sign of the times.

What I imagine I tend to forget,
Which does cause a lot of regret,
Not for me it's the publisher you see,
They claim I am in their debt.

Critics I tend to ignore,
I find them a bit of a bore,
At being rude they are really good,
Praising to them is a chore.

My readers will be really annoyed,
My work they have always enjoyed,
Now what they're saying for my blood they are baying,
My character is being destroyed.

I'm determined to put up a fight,
One last poem I'll write,
When it's put to the test it'll be one of the best,

" May It Fill You Up With Delight "

Bri Mar

" Maybe I Should Have Had The Affair "

I went to court to divorce my wife,
So why am I suffering all this strife,
Bias against men does seem to be rife,
For us the courts don't seem to care.

My grounds for divorce, my wife was cheating,
Against the judge I felt I was competing,
She listened more to my wife's bleating,
Men being heard now that's very rare.

To them both the adultery was cast to the side,
She asked what assets we were going to divide,
At this point I knew I was being taken for a ride,
It would be an unequal share.

Half the value of the goods and the house,
I was to pay for the cheating louse,
Like it or not she was your spouse,
You were once a lovely pair.

When she discovered kids were involved,
She said the issue of housing's solved,
I had to move out after the marriage was dissolved,
I said surely that can't be fair.

I asked about custody she said don't you fear,
You'll get an hour a week be grateful my dear,
That certainly put a flea in my ear,
If you've got kids guys you'd better beware.

I was left with nothing and nowhere to live,
That cheating reprobate I'll never forgive,
I'm the one now left feeling a div,
My life is in total despair.

I then got a letter from the C.S.A.
Saying as she had the children I'd have to pay,
It only proves it's worth it to stray,
For homelessness I had to prepare.

Now she and the boyfriend live in my home,
All I have left is a toothbrush and comb,
As through the deserted streets I roam,
I'm in a state of disrepair.

For men marriage law is a total shambles,
You'd be safer walking naked through a field of brambles,
With the life of men a divorce court gambles,

`` Maybe I Should Have Had The Affair ``

Bri Mar

" Men Cleaning Women Cannot Abide "

My wife said she was going out to shop,
I knew she'd be gone for hours,
So I cleaned the house from bottom to top,
Then went out and bought her some flowers.

On arriving home she asked what's that smell,
I boasted I had just cleaned the house,
With what she said it's like something from Hell,
It stinks like a hundred dead grouse.

By doing the cleaning I thought you'd be flattered,
She said exactly what have you cleaned,
That really left my giant ego shattered,
How dare she leave me feeling demeaned?

The house is filthy what did you use,
I replied the same stuff as you,
She said it's my intelligence you're trying to abuse,
I'll now have to start cleaning anew.

What have you done to my kitchen floor?
You've got it full of stellar streaks,
The worktops are scratched like an old barn door,
My mop bucket's now full of leaks.

The toilet is filthy I said no it's not,
She said look at the state of the pan,
You've left enough stains to play dot to dot,
As for cleaning you're now on a ban.

She'll be so impressed she'll be singing,
That's what I honestly thought,
Now she's saying I've got the house minging,
Remember good cleaners cannot be bought.

I walked away totally deluded and sad,
It's moan if we don't then moan if we do,
If they had a self- cleaning house they'd still go mad,
I'm going down to the pub for a brew.

The moral of my story affects far more than me,
It's a problem that is truly worldwide,
It's a sexist thing I'm sure all males would agree,

" Men Cleaning, Women Cannot Abide "

" They think we do it deliberately"

Bri Mar

" Methinks We Need To Take Stock "

I envisaged Heaven the other day,
If truth be told it's not what they say,
It's not a place I'd like to stay,
It gave me a terrible shock.

All around me are strange creations,
Like a universal league of nations,
You must obey rules and regulations,
Communications are hard to unlock.

Disagreements just like on Earth,
Of honesty and fact there is a dearth,
If this is where your ship will berth,
I'd find somewhere else to dock.

Millions of Gods vying for power,
As they each sit atop their ivory tower
In their presence being forced to cower,
Any protests they will soon block.

Creatures from throughout the universe,
An abundance of life, which is so diverse,
With attitudes that can be very terse,
All are monitored around the clock.

If you thought Heaven to us was unique,
Full of Godliness and mystique,
Believe me you'll have your troubles to seek,
No wonder some people mock.

Billions of life forms with the same belief,
That when they pass they will gain relief,
I'm afraid they're in for some terrible grief,
Heaven is just small talk.

Paradise is no different from where we're all living,
Led by hypocrites who are so unforgiving,
Their morals are led by taking not giving,
Where the top tier are all on the knock.

On our own planet we can't live in peace,
Throughout the universe wars never cease,
In a Heaven filled with others this would surely increase,

'' Methinks We Need To Take Stock ''

Bri Mar

" Money Is But A False God "

This very word can bring such joy,
It can also cause us such fear,
Lift you up yet it can also destroy,
Make you smile or even shed a tear.

It's something we claim we can't live without,
Yet it causes us all so much stress,
Worshippers of this God are so devout,
Do you love it, they'll always say yes.

Some will have plenty while others do not,
Those without are the most in need,
The ones who have plenty keep all they've got,
They become over obsessed with greed.

This stuff will not make you happy,
Contrary to what they might say,
If you lose it you will feel quite snappy,
It's guaranteed to lead you astray.

It will never bring you love or peace,
That can only come from within,
Without it all world problems would cease,
It's the cause of all major sin.

It's the one true cause of world wars,
Disputes of every kind,
The poor and weak it really abhors,
It can make an honest man blind.

This cannot give you the gift of life,
It won't adhere you to family and friends,
Though it can and will be the cause of strife,
When your life finally ends.

People worship it all over the Earth,
They really need to ask why,
For when it's time for your ship to berth,
It's no use to you when you die.

It can bring down institutions,
Force our world governments to fail,
It causes more problems than solutions,
Yet to some it's the Holy Grail,

It's the root of all evil we know that is true,
Why we worship it is really quite odd,
Health and happiness it will never accrue.
That's why,

'' Money Is But A False God ''

Bri Mar

" Mother Nature Will Not Forgive "

No more no less,
They create such mess,
Those Dogs shit everywhere,
We poor humans feel the stress,
These bloody mutts don't care.

Yes it's true,
That feathered poo,
Can spread such terrible disease,
Pity they can't use a loo,
They just drop it where they please.

Those filthy fish,
Just shit and pish,
They really are unclean,
Yet we eat them as a tasty dish,
Is that why they taste so mean?

I'll tell you now,
That filthy cow,
Its cleanliness is really sparse,
Global warming is its vow,
As the methane leaves it arse.

The wandering cats,
Those mice and rats,
Do their duty where they lie,
Then you have those filthy bats,
It makes the human cry.

Where animals are found,
They leave a mound,
If only they could be like us,
Where cleanliness and health abound,
Through that you could drive a bus.

What's our solution?
Yes, it's persecution,
Let's make them all extinct,

Blame them for causing our pollution,
As an answer it's succinct.

The human waste,
Leaves a bitter taste,
We're destroying where we live,
Our negligence we never faced,

'' Mother Nature Will Not Forgive ''

Bri Mar

" Mother Nature's No Longer Complying "

Our arrogance is rife,
It causes great strife,
Human Beings are destroying the Earth,
We seem to have lost all respect for life,
In space there is no place to berth.

We don't even know,
Where will we go?
When our resources have all disappeared,
It's happening now fast not slow,
Things are much worse than we feared.

This intelligent being,
Is not all seeing,
That myth is coming home to roost,
From each other they're now fleeing,
Their influenced is now being reduced.

Their egos they smother,
As they kill each other,
There's no more food they can eat,
So now they turn on sister and brother,
They see themselves as just meat.

Water polluted,
The air diluted,
The conditions are making them seethe,
Everything among them is now disputed,
Everyone's now struggling to breathe.

Now down to the last,
Slowly being gassed,
The situation is far worse than feared,
No longer the need to feel harassed,
The intelligent ones have now disappeared.

The planet's screams,
Are no longer dreams?
The planet they lived on is dying,

Her tears are now flowing in streams,

“ Mother Nature’s No Longer Complying ”

Bri Mar

" Move Fast, We'Ve A Mountain To Climb "

We're all citizens of nowhere on this planet Earth,
This is where we were born,
We can't dictate where our ship will berth
Or which continent we will adorn?

Our colour will determine how we survive,
As for gender it's much the same,
There'll be those who'll struggle to stay alive,
Those who respect and those who defame.

Our sexuality will influence some,
Why, only they can tell,
Will we be happy or eternally glum?
Will we enjoy life or be put through hell.

Religion will play an integral part,
Which one's right and which one is wrong,
The problem is they're all so far apart,
It's hard to say where you belong.

Were you born into money or will you be poor,
To a point we can influence this,
How we'll achieve it I'm not really sure,
But it's something we cannot dismiss.

That is the problem humans have got,
Equality is not in our genes,
There are those who have and those who have not,
One who praises while the other demeans.

Trivial wars and needless disputes,
Have left millions upon millions dead,
Who is to blame, the men in suits?
They truly are sick in the head.

Our obsession with riches is making us blind,
We are nearing the end of the road,
Everything will die including mankind,
Our planet is about to implode.

All of the issues mentioned before,
By comparison they don't mean a thing,
As one Mother Nature we can restore,
Ignore her and the axe will swing.

The Earth is ours we're a part of all life,
If you've not sinned then cast the first stone,
We are the cause of all Earthly strife,
The time has come for us all to atone.

This planet we live on is dying fast,
The human race needs to come together,
Divisions among us it's now time to lambast,
The Earth's reached the end of her tether.

To every one of us this warning applies,
As a species we're all partners in crime,
Unless we take action the planet Earth dies,

'' Move Fast, We've A Mountain To Climb ''

Bri Mar

" Mum And Dad "

I cannot comprehend,
I'm nearing the end,
But inside there's a presence I feel,
My body I know they can no longer mend,
Yet my joy I just cannot conceal.

Family though sincere,
Say my head isn't clear,
They're blaming the medication,
They can't understand the reason I'm here,
How can I be filled with elation?

While in discussion,
There's a repercussion,
Who I'm talking too they can't understand,
Yes it is a full blown discussion,
They're there every second on demand.

Who they ask?
As they take me to task,
I tell them their time will come,
My secret friends I refuse to unmask,
Let's just say they're a chum.

They're not overjoyed,
In fact they're annoyed,
Of my surroundings I'm fully aware,
Now they're saying I'm paranoid,
He needs to be put into care.

But I remain cool,
I don't suffer the fool,
My secret I refuse to reveal,
He is perfectly sane the doctors rule,
That's exactly the way I now feel.

They ask is it god,
I say no, they think, odd?
Who else could have this effect,

Now even they are feeling overawed,
Once they have time to reflect.

I say please don't grieve,
You have got to believe,
Those I've spoken to say don't be sad,
Please tell us they beg before you leave,
I divulge to them,
It's my,

'' Mum And Dad ''

Bri Mar

" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

Think of a song without any tune,
It's like a forest without any birds,
Think of our Earth without the Moon,
Or a poem without any words.

We all know a song we love to hate,
Yet when heard it can still make us sing,
That's the power of music we just cannot wait,
To feel the joy those lyrics can bring.

We all have classics which forever remain,
As a memory which we'll never forget,
Is it lyrics or melody, the happiness or pain,
It can be joy or perhaps even regret.

The written word can and will cause you grief,
You will find some can also unnerve,
On the other hand song can bring such relief,
" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

The sign of a song that will forever endure,
Is the way some can bring you to tears,
It can also bring joy with it's special allure,
Within it's music you feel you belong.

Those lyrics remain in our memories store,
The tunes we will never forget,
They'll remain in our hearts forever more,
When they're played our appetites are whet.

There are songs that make the whole world jive,
They're the ones that are special to us all,
They can wake you up make you feel more alive,
That's the magic of the musical stall.

Listen to the messages contained in a song,
They are wonderful things to preserve,
By enjoying your music good times you'll prolong,
" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

Music can and will have a positive effect
It allows feelings to come shining through,
Those lyrics will give you the time to reflect.
Make you aware of what music can do,

We all want to leave a legacy of hope,
So words written that come from the soul,
Can allow us to heal and help us to cope,
They can once again make someone whole.

To the writers and singers whose music we love,
For each message that your song imparts,
Shows us your talents are a gift from above,
We thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

So lets all salute them and give them our praise,
It's a tribute which they truly deserve,
We thank you for your music as our glasses we raise,

'' Music Is Our Special Reserve ''

Bri Mar

" My Attempts At Poetry Are Dead "

I entered a poetry competition,
If I won I'd give a rendition,
Of what would be my great submission?
I had it all in my head.

I'd use acrostic to obtain a phrase,
Soon my head was in a daze,
This was just another craze,
I'll try something else instead.

I know what, I'll write a ballad,
Though the result might well be pallid,
At least I know it will be valid,
Though it may remain unread.

I'll try again I'll write blank verse,
In my words I'd soon immerse,
This type of poem is too diverse,
It's filling me with dread.

Haiku though it can be amusing,
I wouldn't say it's of my choosing,
Really I find it quite confusing,
I feel I'm being misled.

A senryu may be more appealing,
But it doesn't give me any feeling,
The very concept's left me reeling,
It's where angels fear to tread.

An epic poem is what I'll write,
Heroic deeds in every fight,
I'm afraid the end is not in sight,
The result I'm going to shred.

So many types of poetry to ponder,
If only my thoughts wouldn't wander,
This opportunity I must not squander,
It's dry my mind's being bled.

This writing poems is far too tough,
My poor brain is feeling rough,
If truth be told I've had enough,

“ My Efforts To Write Poetry Are Dead ”

Bri Mar

" My Coffins Are Used "

I'm about to die,
Aren't we all?
No it's not a lie,
Death we can't stall.

Great funeral schemes,
They're trying to sell,
Can you hear my screams?
As I say farewell.

Pay as you go,
That way is best,
At least you'll know,
You've paid for your rest.

As I walk in the door,
Their range is extensive,
My head hits the floor,
This is really expensive.

Choose your own coffin,
Sleek and refined,
What you're carried off in,
For you it's designed.

I say it out loud,
Are you off your head,
That won't make me proud,
I'll be bloody dead.

Take out insurance,
Pay more than you get back?
If that's reassurance,
I'm going on the attack.

My new business is thriving,
I've got plenty of takers,
I call it reviving,
I've got real deal breakers.

I've got designer baskets,
Of every description,
Cars and caskets,
With no need for subscription.

Two in one deals,
If you want I'll go three,
Before screwing the seals,
Throw in another for free.

A hole in the ground,
Or a nice bright fire,
My proposals are sound,
They will never expire.

We're obsessed by death,
To the point we hurry,
Paying for that last breath,
Will cause only worry.

My deals they can't match,
They are totally confused,
They say what's the catch,

'' My Coffins Are Used ''

Bri Mar

" My Dream Will Come True "

Last night I had a terrible dream,
A nightmare, which made me squirm and scream,
How did this horror make me feel,
Extremely worried the content was real.

I'm an arms dealer I make weapons of woe,
There is death and destruction wherever I go,
Do I care about war, do I hell,
I don't use the arms all I do is sell.

It's in my best interests that you start a fight,
I don't care a damn about who's wrong or right,
In my sick mind it is well instilled,
It's not my fault so many get killed.

My biggest customers are the politicians,
They never fight but they'll send you on missions,
Though it's with your liberty they are empowered,
Every one of them is a bloody coward.

The Human conscience can do terrible things,
We think of the killing and the misery it brings,
But leave that to us and very soon you will see,
You won't need human beings to set others free.

Hand to hand combat can be terribly queasy,
Watching them die is not always that easy,
Eye to eye killing in your mind remains fresh,
You feel their pain as you open their flesh.

As technology advances we build pilotless planes,
Destroying everything over vast terrains,
No need to watch the damage being done,
Like a computer game it's killing for fun.

This is the beginning of a new ideal,
You won't know who's dying you won't think it's real,
Death without conscience now that's really clever,
No guilt to feel, not now not ever.

You won't feel a thing although millions still die,
No need to grieve no need to cry,
Wars were made to be fought this way,
Machines do the killing while I get my pay.

We'll leave structures standing they won't suffer strife,
Weapons that vapourise all types of life,
No more rebuilding when the war finally ends,
It's on people like me our future depends.

It's a wonderful concept the rules are so strict,
But wait somethings happened we didn't predict,
Our research didn't show the consequences,
Against the ability of our arms we had no defences.

For this new technology we just weren't ready,
Our theories on their power were really unsteady,
But regardless of that the war went ahead,
The result of that is all life is now dead.

Those buildings we saved are no longer required,
No future generations will ever be sired,
We only meant to cause a small ruction,
What we're responsible for is mass destruction.

Of their awesome capacity we took no account,
Their intricate problems we just couldn't surmount,
At no time did we ever give that a thought.
Now there's nobody left the worlds left distraught,

Our atomic ideal, which we hold so dear,
Will blow up in our face, that is perfectly clear,
If we don't learn now mass destruction will ensue,
Waken up now or,

" My Dream Will Come True "

Bri Mar

" My Efforts To Write Poetry Are Dead "

I entered a poetry competition,
If I won I'd give a rendition,
Of what would be my great submission?
I had it all in my head.

I'd use acrostic to obtain a phrase,
Soon my head was in a daze,
This was just another craze,
I'll try something else instead.

I know what, I'll write a ballad,
Though the result might well be pallid,
At least I know it will be valid,
Though it may remain unread.

I'll try again I'll write blank verse,
In my words I'd soon immerse,
This type of poem is too diverse,
It's filling me with dread.

Haiku though it can be amusing,
I wouldn't say it's of my choosing,
Really I find it quite confusing,
I feel I'm being misled.

A senryu may be more appealing,
But it doesn't give me any feeling,
The very concept's left me reeling,
It's where angels fear to tread.

An epic poem is what I'll write,
Heroic deeds in every fight,
I'm afraid the end is not in sight,
The result I'm going to shred.

So many types of poetry to ponder,
If only my thoughts wouldn't wander,
This opportunity I must not squander,
It's dry my mind's being bled.

This writing poems is far too tough,
My poor brain is feeling rough,
If truth be told I've had enough,

“ My Efforts To Write Poetry Are Dead ”

Bri Mar

" My Invisible Friend I've Called God "

I'd an invisible friend when I was a child,
We'd laugh and converse for hours,
It used to drive everyone else wild,
He was endowed with supernatural powers.

They couldn't see whom I was talking to,
So they said that I must be mad,
All I cared about was this person I knew,
Most adults can be really sad.

I frequented psychiatrists and doctors galore,
My peers thought I was insane,
Due to the pressure life became a chore,
The medicines played games with my brain.

The one you're talking to doesn't exist,
You can't talk to what you can't see,
This stupid behaviour just cannot persist,
You need to set your mind free.

I told them my companion had now disappeared,
My family were over the moon,
They said we've a friend, who must be revered,
You will be introduced to him soon.

Who is this person I intentionally asked,
He's the creator of all life on Earth,
In total mystery my new friend was masked,
Of detail there was a terrible dearth.

Most adults obey him and to him they pray,
They grant him their love and devotion,
When I would meet him I did not have a say,
They made him sound like some magic potion.

They were talking to someone who wasn't there,
The same as I did when I was a boy,
This made think that this isn't fair,
It was really starting to annoy.

What was the difference between my childhood dream?
And what my mentors were doing now,
Their argument was their deity was holy and supreme
This was really baffling and how.

Pot, kettle black is what then sprung to mind,
Gross hypocrisy is truly their master,
It's true what they say there are none so blind,
They are heading for a total disaster.

An invisible friend who was doing me no harm,
Yet I was deemed to be off my head,
Yet them doing the same doesn't cause any alarm,
The very concept fills me with dread.

In my damaged mind I have found the solution,
My tutors cannot possibly object,
For this brainwave I will gain absolution,
I can assure them there is no disrespect.

Adults call it religion so that makes it right,
The truth has now finally dawned,
I've informed my peers that I've now seen the light,
They won't know that they're being conned.

My acquaintance I've said is a deity,
This proposal they can't condemn as odd,
He's now known as my high and mighty,

“ My Invisible Friend I've Called God ”

Bri Mar

" My Life Is Bliss "

As I sit here dithering, I think I'm getting old,
My bones are aching my hands are cold,
It's making me bitter why should this be,
I truly feel that I'm no longer me.

You mature with age is what they say,
You start to shrink and your hair turns grey,
Surely this is not what they meant,
If that's what they say then their morals are bent.

When young and carefree I love my bikes,
The speed and the speed and the thrill fulfilled my likes,
Now my mobility scooter does five miles per hour,
which is not much good when caught in a shower.

Now you've retired you'll live a life of leisure,
Joy and happiness in equal measure,
All the time in the world to do what you want,
Who are they kidding, I'm tired and gaunt.

There are things from my past I just can't remember,
Is Christmas in June or is it September,
What's the difference as I no longer care,
Being this ancient just isn't fair.

My children just dump their siblings at mine,
Saying, I'm alright Jack we hope you'll be fine,
They both need to work for what they can't afford,
All the children can say is, " I'm totally bored ".

I love my grandkids but in small doses.
When they're away life's a bed of roses,
Why can't parents look after their own,
Go back out to work when their children have grown.

The toilet now seems a distance too far,
To get there in time I need a fast car,
Something that really drives me mad,
Is soon I'll be needing an incontinence pad.

The ready made meals are really rank rotten,
The ingredients they use are surely ill gotten,
You don't even take them out of their pots,
They're guaranteed to give you the trots.

To get up off my arse is a major task,
To tend my garden is a really big ask,
Why the hell do we need to age,
The very thought puts me in a rage.

My arthritis is killing me, I've a pain in my back,
I'm never away from the bloody quack,
The tablets I swallow make me rattle,
This ageing thing is a major battle.

You may be more knowledgeable that's a fact,
But using that wisdom is an impossible act,
If truth be told this old age is a curse,
My worst fear is it can only get worse.

All the knowledge I've accrued over the years,
Is in there somewhere but my head never clears,
Ask me anything for I know such a lot,
The problem is what I knew I've forgot.

While in the bar with my life long friend,
We looked at two people who were sat near the end,
I said that'll be us in another ten years,
He said that's a mirror, that brought me to tears.

What have I got to look forward to,
Thinking of even more I can't do,
Those issues in life I'll forever miss,
apart from that,

'' My Life Is Bliss ''

Bri Mar

" My Masterpiece Is Flowing "

This isn't right,
My spark won't light,
Despite my intense desire,
I feel it's just a form of spite,
Why don't you light my fire?

Upon my brain,
I feel a strain,
There's got to be a cure,
Otherwise I'll go insane,
It's affecting my demure.

I ask you why,
You don't reply,
Surely we're both as one,
Tell me why you don't comply,
My life's no longer fun.

I am aware,
Ideas are there,
But they just won't come out,
I wonder if I try a prayer,
Will that give me some clout?

Now and then,
I can't say when,
Something blanks my mind,
To my work I say amen,
To failure I become resigned.

Driven insane,
You are my brain,
At times you leave me cold,
Over chaos you love to reign,
Why won't you do what you're told.

They call it block,
I call it lock,
Though on one thing we will agree,

It puts you in a state of shock,
It's a type of mind melee.

I'm on the move,
Now in the groove,
My own trumpet I'm now blowing,
To myself I must now prove,

“ My Masterpiece Is Flowing ”

Bri Mar

" My Reason For Living "

When my partner died,
I couldn't go on,
Life at times can be cruel,
Each day I cried,
Grief's a powerful tool,
How could I go on living.

When she passed,
I gave up on life,
My world had crashed through the floor,
Feeling harassed,
With the worry and strife,
I couldn't go on any more.

Now I have a mate,
He's my best friend,
He assists in my hour of need,
I have to state,
It will never end,
As off of each other we feed.

We sit and talk,
Each and every day,
Companionship is a wonderful gift,
We go for a walk,
Lead each other astray,
It gives both of us a hearty old lift.

We both understand,
We're not the same,
It enhances the way we both feel,
It was never planned,
My Brother's to blame,
Initially it was not ideal.

One day he appeared,
Blanket in arms,
I resented his interfering behaviour,
With self-pity you're smeared,

This should ring alarms,
He said this may well be your saviour.

A bloody pet,
Will make me fret,
Let me wallow in my own sorrow,
Take him he said, lest you regret,
I'll leave him until tomorrow.

Those big brown eyes,
Looked up at me,
They were asking me for assistance,
My feelings I could not disguise,
Despite my show of resistance.

Now we're as one,
We are never apart,
Despite my initial misgiving,
Life is such fun,
He has won my heart,
He's restored,

“ My Reason For Living ”

Bri Mar

" My Vision I Need To Restore "

As you quickly age you'll be in a rage,
Who's on the stage you can no longer gauge,
With what's in the cage you can no longer engage,
You won't know the sea from the shore.

This getting old is leaving me cold,
Let it be told as my problems unfold,
Common sense is enrolled sights a joy to behold,
Losing it I do truly deplore.

It is insanity that it's all down to vanity,
This scourge of humanity leads to profanity,
Is that Sean Hannity or is a manatee,
A solution I need to explore.

I stood on the cat as it lay on the mat,
My wife said drat you're as blind as a bat,
My reply was that is enough of that,
I then banged my head on the door.

While out for a jog I tripped over a dog,
Which looked like a hog with the hint of a frog,
I blamed the smog and a fallen log,
My leg was really sore.

My beloved canary looked really scary,
Of him I was wary as he looked like a fairy,
Though his cheep did vary he sounded like Mary,
Though the both of them I do adore.

I was wide-awake when I saw a snake,
The wife said fake it's a bloody cake,
For goodness sake give yourself a shake,
As into my character she tore.

As I swatted a fly it began to cry,
It looked in my eye saying I'm going to die,
I can't tell a lie but I felt a tie,
As for mercy it did implore.

I drove off in the car not to go too far,
First off to Spar then the local bazaar,
As I lit my cigar and went into the bar,
I thought I've never been here before.

The people I met were all very wet,
Could it be sweat I began to fret?
I'll never forget I felt under threat,
They sneered with men we have no rapport.

Specsavers required of this I'm so tired,
What is desired has got me all fired,
Things I've acquired will now be admired,
It's a problem I can no longer ignore.

This going blind can be so unkind,
I wouldn't mind but it's so unrefined,
I'm now inclined to have my eyes realigned,

'' My Vision I Need To Restore ''

Bri Mar

" My Way "

My Dad said son I'll teach you to drive,
Very soon on the road you'll thrive,
Driving will make you come alive,
Just listen to what I have to say.

Out we went he said to learn,
I hope you won't give me concern,
My total respect you'll have to earn,
I will not lead you astray.

Bad habits will not be tolerated,
Good ones will be celebrated,
Mistakes you make will be berated,
That's the message to you I convey.

Off I travelled on my first trip,
That's when he made his first quip,
Before long he was giving me lip,
He was filling me with dismay.

At other motorists he started to shout.
Common decency he did flout,
If truth be told he behaved like a lout,
My Dad was causing affray.

He was mild mannered when in the house,
Calm and docile as quiet as a mouse,
Yet here he was behaving like a louse,
It was a really terrible display.

He said when you get behind the wheel,
A secret to you I will reveal,
Fighting with others has a certain appeal,
It sounded like a cliché.

What happens to people when they enter a car?
They behave like some dictatorial tsar,
Suddenly their demeanour becomes so bizarre,
Their own principles they totally betray.

If you want to learn, forget family members,
The bad habits taught everyone remembers,
They can be as dangerous as burning embers,
Your first licence you will only delay.

I've now given up the lessons with my Dad,
Trying to learn from him was totally mad,
Now I've passed my test I feel so glad,
I Decided To Do It,

" My Way "

Bri Mar

" Nelson Mandela Has Died "

A terrorist or a freedom fighter,
He'd say, I'll let you decide,
As the ties around you draw ever tighter,
Do you fight or do you hide.

Apartheid is evil it discriminates,
Liberty is then denied,
The Human spirit it desecrates,
Injustice is then applied.

Jailed for twenty seven years,
To destroy him is what they tried,
But he confirmed their worst fears,
When hope he did provide.

Eventually he was finally freed,
With Winnie by his side,
The road to freedom they both agreed,
With the racists they would collide.

In his battle for change he refused to budge,
He fought against the tide,
Those who hurt he refused to judge,
With his enemies he sat astride.

What colour you were he didn't mind,
Your race he would not deride,
If the Human Race was colour blind,
No one would be decried.

In South Africa he was but a resident,
Classed as being outside,
But soon he would become President,
Helping to heal that great divide.

Equality for all was his humble task,
Forgiveness was to be his guide,
To follow his example is all he would ask,
Love his legacy,

“ Nelson Mandela Has Died ”

Bri Mar

" No Appeal "

It just isn't right,
You neglect our plight,
You have lost all sight,
Of what's real.

You're living a lie,
You refuse to decry,
Ultimately you'll die,
You won't heal.

People in despair,
You no longer care,
Tell the truth if you dare,
No deal.

Extinctions increasing,
Your waste never ceasing,
Pollutants you're releasing,
You conceal.

To cure or kill,
For both you've a will,
Which will you instill,
It's surreal.

Our creators out there,
Are fully aware,
They do really care,
How we feel.

They must now intervene,
Our behaviour's obscene,
The Earth needs a clean,
Hear us squeal.

Those protests we shared,
They were never heard,
With evil you're paired,

“ No appeal ”

Bri Mar

" No Ending's In Sight "

To write a verse,
You need a beginning,
Try to rehearse,
Soon you'll be winning.

You'll develop a thirst,
For telling your tale,
After the first,
You just cannot fail.

Lubricate your mind,
With ideas of your own,
For soon you will find,
Your story has grown.

Try taking notes,
It'll help solve the riddle,
Never do quotes,
You'll get stuck in the middle.

Writing's an illusion,
It's what you perceive,
To reach your conclusion,
You have got to believe.

Your poem is completed,
But you suddenly take fright,
You have it deleted,

" No Ending's In Sight "

Bri Mar

" No More Than A Coward "

That very word bully can bring on such fear,
They are so unruly their cruelty can sear,
Their sole aim in life is to be the bearer,
Of terrible strife they love to cause terror.

They can be scary to those victims they choose,
But they're always wary about who they abuse,
They pick on the lonely and pounce on the meek,
Their intention is only to terrorise the weak.

It is only fun is their sickening excuse,
They'll use any reason to dish out abuse,
Their personal involvement they always deny,
If truth be told their whole life is a lie.

It's not gender based it's both female and male,
In evil they're encased for they pick on the frail,
Their age is no barrier they're both young and old,
Of disease they're the carrier their actions are cold.

An audience is required that helps bullies thrive,
It gets them all fired it makes them feel alive,
You get bullies at work or with children at play,
All over they lurk every hour every day.

They are all around us bullying adults and kids,
When they're driven to ground their life hits the skids,
There's a sure fire way that they can be beat,
If you cause them affray they'll admit defeat.

Tell your teacher or manager you need disclosure,
Make the bully a feature they detest exposure,
They need to be shown you will never concede,
When your spirit has grown you'll have sown the seed.

When they know you'll fight back they will lower their tone,
They'll no longer attack they will leave you alone,
Show them you're aware that their actions are sad,
Seeing you don't fear them will drive them mad.

A bully has no friends let's make that clear,
Their sole aim in life is to rule others by fear,
They are sad and lonely that's how they exist,
Yet when they are gone they will never be missed.

Yes life can be cruel but that applies to us all,
A bully's but a fool their bravado is small,
When stripped of their presence they're no longer empowered,
A bully in essence is,

'' No More Than A Coward ''

Bri Mar

" None Of Us Knew Right From Wrong "

The truth of the matter?
We're all Mad as a Hatter,
Our intelligence? proves that is true,
All over the planet it's death we scatter,
It's a pity the animals can't sue.

We're not that bright,
As each other we fight,
In truth it's a war to the finish,
Destructive inventions are truly a blight,
Eventually it's us they'll diminish.

Where morality sits,
Will have you in fits,
A convention to say how we can kill?
After it's signed we can blow you to bits,
To destroy other's we can't get our fill.

Be it white or black,
We just cannot crack,
The fact underneath we're the same,
For the sake of colour we will attack?
That concept should fill us with shame.

We worship brick walls,
Pray to statues in halls,
Yet religion is awash with hate,
Personally I believe it's a load of balls,
Something only man could create.

As we near the end,
Our legacy we defend,
In a fantasy is where we belong,
Our destruction of Earth we can never defend,

" None Of Us Knew Right From Wrong "

Bri Mar

" None Were Worthy Of Redemption "

Our creators debated,
All that they hated,
In the universe they thought was theirs,
With Human behaviour they were frustrated,
They refused to be caught unawares.

They were feeling dismayed,
Their trust we'd betrayed,
They struggled to find the right answer,
Due to the behaviour we had displayed,
They looked upon us as a cancer.

The truth we smother,
We murder each other,
Anything alive is fair game,
The different races despise one another,
Though not everyone is the same.

Some strive for good,
They'd do all they could,
To help another in distress,
They truly believe they always should,
So they are not part of this mess.

They provide miracle cures,
Which reassures,
For one another they would die,
They would never covet what is yours,
With decency they always comply.

On the other hand,
You must understand,
Corruption among humans is rife,
While billions die the elite live life grand,
They know not the meaning of life.

Brutality and greed,
For power they've a need,
Others futures are not on their list,

They sit back and watch as they bleed,
In their eyes you do not exist.

As their travelling to space,
Steps up apace,
The dangers become crystal clear,
None of us want the Human race,
They will never be welcomed up here.

They have all taken note,
It's time for the vote,
For mercy there will be no exemption,
In the annals of history what will be wrote,
Is,

'' None Were Worthy Of Redemption ''

Bri Mar

" Not Just A Refugee "

I was forced to leave my homeland,
My children and my wife,
To find a safer place to live,
Ultimately to save my life.

My decision wasn't taken lightly,
So please try to be aware,
We only want security,
For you to show you care.

What you take for granted,
We are not allowed,
While we must say things quietly,
You can shout out loud.

You can walk for miles on end,
Without the need for fear,
What we'd give to do the same,
That's our reason for coming here.

You can choose where you want to go,
We don't have that choice,
All we want is liberty,
To be able to have a voice.

While you have a dream in life,
To be fabulously wealthy,
Where I come from our only aim,
Is trying to stay fit and healthy.

If you were beaten every day,
You'd say that can't be right,
That is why I had to move,
I'd lost the will to fight.

If you were told your life is ours,
You do not have a say,
Would you not do the same as me,
Get up and run away.

I want to work and pay my way,
Just the same as you,
All I ask for in return,
Is respect from just a few,

I don't want your handouts,
I'd much rather be employed,
That way I'll feel valued,
My life can be enjoyed.

So please don't treat me differently,
I do not look for favours,
What I seek is acceptance,
That's what our species savours.

I did what any human would,
In order to survive,
While I'm here there's always hope,
My family will survive.

Until you get to know me,
Please don't make a song and dance,
Just try to learn who I am,
All I ask for is a chance.

Before you make any judgement,
Please try to understand,
I come for your democracy,
Not to steal your land.

You're renowned for fighting injustice,
A cause you're fighting still,
I am doing just the same,
My mission I must fulfill.

That is why I came here,
On freedom you're renowned,
Help me through to be as you,
Then equality we'll have found.

I do not ask for sympathy,

Just a friendly ear,
To listen to my troubles,
You can help bring me some cheer.

I miss my wife and children too,
Most everyone's the same,
As humans we love our families,
They're worth much more than fame.

I pray one day we'll be as one,
Those wrongs will all be righted,
With your help I'll once again,
With my family be reunited.

Close your eyes for just a while,
When you open them you'll see,
I am like you, a Human Being,

" Not Just A Refugee "

Bri Mar

" Not The Perpetrators Of The Crime "

I caught a burglar in my home,
He was armed with a knife,
When I asked him why he just replied,
You'd better not give me strife

I told him I would call the police,
If he refused to leave,
He looked at me then laughed and said,
What will that achieve.

He said he'd claim it was all my fault,
For trying to get him nabbed,
Because I'd threatened him with arrest,
That would justify me being stabbed.

At that I drew my firearm,
I warned him I would shoot,
He just stood there laughing,
He didn't give a hoot.

He told me he would have me charged,
If I did him any harm,
He also said he'd sue me,
For causing him alarm.

He pointed out that I was cruel,
For locking all my doors,
He said It was inconsiderate,
As breaking in gave him sores.

Because he was classed as vulnerable,
He said he'd make the claim,
That I was the one harassing him,
He said I'd get the blame.

I told him that I'd had enough,
It was time to call the police,
He laughed and said, go for it,
It's me they will release.

I looked at him and said, you're mad,
He replied, that talk incites,
You've not only hurt my feelings now,
You have breached my human rights.

Just at that the police arrived,
He told them he was shattered,
Then claimed that I'd assaulted him,
I had left him bruised and battered.

He told the police he was on drugs,
A method well tried and tested,
For when he said I'd terrorised him,
It was me that they arrested.

As he walked away after being released,
He said he was full of elation,
I'd be hearing from his solicitor soon,
With a claim for compensation.

He claimed not only would he win,
But I'd be paying the fee,
As he'd never worked a day in his life,
His lawyer was entirely free.

Society is in meltdown now,
The victims are forgotten,
The scum can do whatever they like,
To the core our system's rotten.

When will the do-gooders realise,
Criminals are nothing but slime,
It's the victims that should be protected,

" Not The Perpetrators of the crime "

Bri Mar

" Nothing More Nothing Less "

Listen with care,
I don't wax lyrical,
Who put you there,
To perform that miracle.

You would have died,
It must have been God,
I don't mean to deride,
But isn't that odd.

If you've free will and choice,
Why intervene,
Is it just to rejoice?
To let doubt convene.

Does it cause ado,
To know you're still here,
Why save you,
While others disappear.

For each one saved,
Millions will perish,
I find it depraved,
One miracle you'd cherish.

For millions undone,
He doesn't get blamed,
For saving just one,
He should feel ashamed.

Those left distraught,
Then pray to their lord,
Who will never be caught,
Does that strike a chord?

You've been saved from death,
By your deity, a stranger,
As you take a deep breath,
Ask, who placed you in danger?

No gods are great,
They cause nothing but stress,
You're still here due to fate,

“ Nothing More Nothing Less ”

Bri Mar

" Now All Alien Life Has Expired "

When the alien craft finally landed,
Their message to us was quite candid,
We'll not tell a lie obey us or die,
We can be quite heavy handed.

Then the aliens set foot on our planet,
They told us our future they'd plan it,
When we tried to fight back we came under attack,
Now we're forced to live under the granite.

They were heavily into the art of breeding,
Soon our women the aliens were seeding,
When their hybrid appeared it was worse than we feared,
Their claims we found out were misleading.

Part of their terms and conditions,
Is they dictate all our everyday missions,
Every minute of our life is now ruled by strife,
They remind me of our politicians.

Our visitors were tinged with a greyness,
Caused by eating our trees called Pandanus,
By refusing to cease they became obese,
Meaning they could not visit Uranus.

They did find our planet quite cold,
But what could not be controlled,
Was the soles of their feet couldn't live without heat,
So a knitter of socks they enrolled.

To our bacteria they were totally immune,
We won't harm them anytime soon,
Let there be no doubt we just have to find out,
Their arrogance we need to lampoon.

Their technology meant they weren't wanted,
With their robots they were being taunted,
With nothing to do but harass me and you,
With past decisions they were being haunted.

They said they had arrived here from Mars,
Where they spent their time propping up bars,
They said it was fine to drink alien wine,
As it helped them reach for the stars.

The extra terrestrials now in our midst,
Their superiority we had learned to resist,
To cause them affray our alcohol held sway,
From binging they refused to desist.

They had given us the clue we required,
In alcoholism they were mired,
Though it was risky we fed them with whisky,

‘Now All Alien Life Has Expired ‘

Bri Mar

" Now My Roots I Can't Face "

In my quest to enthrall,
My inner desires,
To detest one and all,
Really fuelled my fires.

I was gritty and cruel,
Wherever I went,
In each city, I'd pull,
My needs my intent.

For others, who cares,
They meant nothing to me,
A lie smothers despairs,
Though some won't agree.

I caused harm and pain,
Without fear or favour,
From charm, I'd refrain,
My lifestyle they'd savour.

Those hated were snubbed,
Love doesn't exist,
Ill Fated enemies I scrubbed,
Straight from my list.

I'm one of the elite,
That's where I'll stay,
Never done with conceit,
Yes, arrogance does pay.

I took these choices,
I deserted my roots,
Forsook calming voices,
They are but brutes.

Real cash was my king,
Rich houses and cars,
What could a crash bring,
But a fall from the stars.

Like a curse it appeared,
I was left in disgrace,
It was much worse than feared,

“ Now My Roots I Can't Face ”

Bri Mar

" Of All That's Extinct "

If life's for living,
Why do we kill,
It's so unforgiving,
The fear we instil.

Bombs and guns,
Butchering each other,
Planes on their runs,
All life they smother.

Innocents lie dying,
A poor bleeding child,
Parents stand crying,
Their lives defiled.

Utter devastation,
Is what makes the news,
We have a fixation,
Praising their views.

The civilised minority,
Pretend that they care,
Showing their authority,
By not being there.

Our appetite to destroy,
Is now out of control,
Mass murder we enjoy,
Humans have no soul.

Weaponry is a curse,
It's not used to defend,
Things can only get worse,
If our ways we don't mend.

The 21st century?
And genocide is rife,
It's a penitentiary,
For all innocent life.

To death and disasters,
Our species is linked,
Humans are the masters,

" Of All That's Extinct "

Bri Mar

" Of My Life I Can Be Proud "

When life gets hard do not give in,
Fight adversity all the way,
Look both without and within,
Soon you will find your way.

Don't be tempted by false hope,
It will only drag you down,
Look to the experienced on how to cope,
Or in self-pity you'll surely drown.

If you've done wrong sort it fast,
Learn from your mistakes,
Problems will soon be confined to the past,
A good conscience is all it takes.

Never be afraid to take advice,
If you listen you will learn,
Refuse to and you'll pay the price,
Others respect you'll never earn.

Blaming others is commonplace,
As an option it's far too easy,
Soon you can't keep up the pace,
Liars can be really sleazy.

Be sure your deceit will find you out,
It's gets harder to recall what's true,
Everything you say will be in doubt,
Trouble is what you will accrue.

In admitting wrong there is no shame,
It shows you are ready for life,
Never let others take your blame,
Why burden them with strife.

Life is but a constant assault,
How you live it is your decision,
Enhance the positive correct that fault,
Never treat others with derision.

Stand ten feet tall with shoulders broad,
Show the world what you can achieve,
With challenges you will not be overawed,
In your abilities you have got to believe.

Then in the future when you look back,
You can shout out loud,
When trouble loomed I took the flak,

“ Of My Life I Can Be Proud ”

Bri Mar

" Of What Lies Deep Within "

Having self-belief,
Is so easy to say,
Containing your grief,
Can cause such affray.

If normal is the norm,
What does it mean,
Does it have a form?
Can it be seen.

You're as different from me,
As I am from you,
What both of us see,
Which version is true.

You're happy I'm sad,
But that's only now,
Tomorrow you're mad,
While I'm asking how?

Traumatic events,
Can derail a life,
What it presents,
Can cut like a knife.

You can feel depressed,
With no reason why,
Then become so obsessed,
You just want to die.

We are not all alike,
So don't try to be so,
You can ride a bike,
While I have to say no.

Being who you are,
Can be a joy,
You will travel far,
If your mind you deploy.

Stereotypes are creations,
We make to fit in?
They ignore the foundations,

'' Of What Lies Deep Within ''

Bri Mar

" Old Father Time "

In essence I control the universe,
In every aspect of it I immerse,
I can be very kind yet also terse,
I'm as bitter as lemon or lime.

I am an entity, which discriminates,
With no particular loves or hates,
I can leave some of you in terrible states,
Even take you away in your prime.

I'm responsible for mass genocide,
From my presence nothing can hide,
If truth be told I have you all on the slide,
I can behave like a poisonous slime.

I have killed far more than countless disputes,
The laws of decency are what this refutes,
With every life form I am in cahoots,
I can leave you with a mountain to climb.

I have no feelings for the young or old,
The fact is I'm a power to behold,
Like it or not I have you all enrolled,
I control when your bell will chime.

Of patience I have an endless amount,
My awesome power you will never surmount,
On your efforts to subdue me I take no account,
My history is entrenched in grime.

Over Mother Nature I have total control,
The Grim Reaper one day I'll have his soul,
There is no one else I need to enroll,
This power makes me feel so sublime.

My patience is always being tried and tested,
Your efforts to subdue me I have always detested,
If truth be told I cannot be arrested,
My existence is like a pantomime.

As I cross another of you off my list,
By myself I can say you will never be missed,
While you disappear I'll forever exist,
Unlike everything else in this rhyme.

Eventually I'll have you all overawed,
Everything's a target in my firing squad,
In effect I'm in partnership with the one you call God,
We go together like Rosemary and thyme.

A mass murderer all life has the pleasure of knowing,
Over the years my victims keep growing,
New life and death I'll forever be sowing,
Who am I?

“ Old Father Time ”

Bri Mar

" Old Mother Nature's One Powerful Device "

The oil beneath land began to run out,
So they decided to look under the sea,
To do this, the laws of nature they flout,
Their black gold they just had to free.

They kept on drilling but nothing was found,
So they decided to go down even deeper,
To a place that was so far underground,
They eventually found the grim reaper.

He said you're in an area you can't control,
What will you do if something goes wrong?
The oil barons said we're now on a roll,
Extracting oil is where we belong.

Suddenly their drill went through the ocean floor,
We've done it they were heard to cry,
The grim reaper said, you've breached the Earth's core,
I'm afraid you're all now going to die.

You've went much deeper than you ever planned,
They said we needed to put in our well,
The reaper replied you'll now be well tanned,
For you've opened up the gates of Hell.

There was no crude oil just a toxic mass,
Red hot lava then boiled the ocean,
The atmosphere was filled with a poisonous gas,
For life on Earth there was no magic potion.

You wouldn't jump in a hole or cross the road blind,
Without taking heed of the dangers,
Digging a hole not knowing what you'll find,
Is like dining with poisonous strangers.

Greed for the black stuff has now sealed your fate,
For your incompetence you've paid the ultimate price,
The balance of life you refused to placate,

" Old Mother Nature's One Powerful Device "

Bri Mar

" On Perfection You Cannot Improve "

They drive us mad,
Help us when sad,
We can but try to fulfil their desires,
Just being there they make us glad,
Patience is all one requires.

Don't try to dissect,
That elusive effect,
They have on us poor males,
Just be glad they want to connect,
Enjoy all those fine details.

A sideward glance,
We're in a trance,
Just one look can make us cower,
Then they'll lead us a merry dance,
Leading us to think we have the power.

Elegant and gracious,
Very flirtatious,
Endowed with powers of persuasion,
They may well be very curvaceous,
But beware of the female creation.

We think we're best,
Till put to the test,
We obey their every instruction,
With their charms we become possessed,
They're masters the in the art of seduction

With grace they're adorned,
But be well warned,
Don't ever try to mess with their head,
Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,
Don't go where the angels won't tread.

When they cast that spell,
Treat them well,
Listen to what they have to say,

The weaker sex, is a myth to dispel,
Their loyalty you must never betray.

The female design,
You cannot refine,
There's nothing you should try to remove,
Just ensure you don't cross that line,

" On Perfection You Cannot Improve "

Bri Mar

" Once And For All "

How would you feel?
Being forced to kneel,
To someone no better than you,
Against this you have no appeal,
This is absolutely true.

In a so called democracy,
An unelected aristocracy,
Hold this power over us,
Personally I think it's more like autocracy,
Yet still we don't kick up a fuss.

A house of lords,
With decorative swords,
Every one of them unelected,
For their appearance they get vast rewards,
The art of fraud they've perfected.

Sleeping all day,
Wherever they may,
Dressed in their Halloween gowns,
In actual law they don't have a say,
Methinks they have sent in the clowns.

The in bred crowd,
Shout out loud,
To us all you must always show loyalty,
Taking from the poor must make them proud,
How dare they call themselves royalty?

One day we'll see,
What it is to be free,
When these parasites take an almighty fall,
I can but hope the majority agree,
We should bin them,

" Once And For All "

" One Day We'LI Meet Again "

How is life in heaven Ma,
We trust you're doing well,
Back again with your Mum and Dad,
We hope you're feeling swell.

How are all your family Ma,
We pray they're doing fine,
Back together as a family,
I bet that makes you shine.

Is it really true that life is bliss,
When you find your place with God,
What was it like when you met him,
Did you make him feel overawed?

What's life like in Paradise Ma,
Is it beautiful every day,
Does happiness and peace abound
Is it really what they say.

We hope there is a ballroom Ma,
Where you can sing and dance,
Frank Sinatra with his big band sound,
Your spirit that will enhance.

Your sons and their families are doing well,
No need for you to fret,
We'll meet up again when God decides,
It's time that we all met.

It can be lonely here without you Ma,
We miss you all the time,
Memories of you keep us going though,
They truly are sublime.

We knew you weren't feeling well
It was a secret that you kept,
But that was just the way with you,
When you passed your family wept.

If there is any consolation Ma,
It's that you are now at peace,
We knew that when you left us,
Your Earthly pain would cease.

The fact you are in Heaven now,
Does help to ease our pain,
We also have the knowledge that,

" One Day We'll Meet Again "

Bri Mar

" One Day Will Be You "

That old guy, walking down the street,
When you look what is it you see?
Some old codger unsteady on his feet,
Fit only for drinking cold tea.

Or do you think about his chequered past,
About his time when he was a boy,
Believe me the truth may leave you aghast,
His history you could well enjoy.

When you glance at him open your eyes,
He is a mine of information,
Your view of your elders you'll soon revise,
When he surpasses your expectation.

He is someone's Father as well as a son,
Did you even give that a thought?
A devoted husband who enjoyed having fun,
He has memories that cannot be bought.

He worked all his life to protect and provide,
Loyalty is what kept him alive,
He served and protected he never did hide,
He ensured those close would all thrive.

Getting old doesn't mean you're no longer of use,
To these gems we have a duty of care,
Their contribution to us was and still is profuse,
To think otherwise just isn't fair.

They have their dignity and their pride,
As a society our gratitude should be shown,
Like him our conscience should be our guide,
Our debt to them should be made known.

They have given their all to ensure we do well,
It's now our turn to reassure,
To make it our duty to ring their bell,
Their future is for us to procure.

We owe our elders for the lives we have now,
It's now our turn to them to be true,
For what they have given us let's make it our vow,
For That Old Codger,

“ One Day Will Be You ”

Bri Mar

" One Day You'll Be Beckoned "

With dogged persistence,
We question our existence,
Though the answer may well make you panic,
To accept you just die you put up resistance,
To say otherwise they say is satanic.

You pray there's a God,
Who will take you abroad,
To a paradise where nobody dies,
You won't know the answer if he's a fraud?
Created by humans telling lies.

Is it down to luck,
Or does that thought suck?
Is your destiny all down to fate,
If Gods are real the trend I'll buck,
To meet him I wouldn't bother to wait.

Deities are many,
If there are any,
Who's to say which one is true,
I'd be willing to bet my very last penny,
You'll say one that belongs to you.

The human mind,
Is too refined,
Reality to them isn't enough,
They need to know how life is defined,
To the point they are conned by a bluff.

So very adept,
Yet we cannot accept,
That life is a gift we must treasure,
In facing the facts we are totally inept,
From the unknown we seek to gain pleasure.

Who, why and where,
To yourself isn't fair,
Live for now and enjoy every second,

From human fantasies you need to beware,
To the Earth,

“ One Day You'll Be Beckoned ”

Bri Mar

" Only A Sadist Would Not Intervene "

Dear God I've asked you again and again,
To stop all our needless killing,
You never respond can't you feel our pain,
Or is it you just aren't willing.

You preach forgiveness and also compassion,
Yet you show us none of the same,
While starvation and genocide are all the fashion,
Does it matter who is to blame.

The holocaust and countless mindless disputes,
Tell me what exactly is it you do,
When murdering ethnics because of their roots,
Where in Gods name were you.

You have the power over all creation,
That's what you'd have us believe,
Yet you sit back and watch our devastation,
Do you know what it is to grieve?

If you gave us self-will and the power of choice,
You can also take it away,
In times of trouble we do not hear your voice,
Is it feasible you enjoy the affray?

I'll give you my life oh merciful God,
To prove to us you do not forsake,
If truth be told I believe you're a fraud,
Please prove to me you're not a fake.

Allowing innocents to be butchered all over your world,
Is not only evil it's mean,
As those victims lie dying all crooked and curled,

“ Only A Sadist Would Not Intervene ”

Bri Mar

" Only I Hold All The Cures "

Trying to change,
Is out of range,
No matter how hard I try,
What I perceive is really strange,
The truth it does belie.

My excuses are lame,
But I don't feel shame,
I'll continue to do what I please,
It's always someone else to blame,
As an excuse it does appease.

I love to bet,
Though it makes me fret,
I can feel it deep within,
Every wager brings regret,
But I pray one day I'll win.

I enjoy a smoke,
But each time I choke,
I promise I'm going to quit,
It can cause cancer and a stroke,
But I don't care one bit.

Alcohol is king,
It's a joyous thing,
Though I'm a taker not a giver,
Too much drink alarm bells ring,
It's destroying my fine liver.

I feel divine,
Drugs are fine,
But they're taking their toll on my health,
To stop I know the decision is mine,
They do say knowledge is wealth.

Take my cheating,
It takes some beating,
I believe I'm some high flyer,

My relationships though are overheating,
Infidelity should read liar.

To change takes will,
There is no pill,
Though listening to others reassures,
It's the desire to change I need to instil,

“ Only I Hold All The Cures ”

Bri Mar

" Only You Can Make That Decision "

Are you disillusioned and fed up with your life,
Do you feel it's no longer worth living?
We're all partly responsible for our own strife,
There are times it can be so unforgiving.

Accept you can't get everything you want,
What goes around comes around is true,
Do nothing in life that can come back to haunt,
Or believe me it will come back on you.

Never make promises you know you can't keep,
Don't try to change things that cannot be changed,
A broken pledge will make more than you weep,
It will leave you feeling deranged.

Conflict and debt only bring on a tear,
Never buy what you cannot afford,
By saving for luxuries you'll have nothing to fear,
Future problems will no longer be stored.

Do it today stop saying tomorrow,
Start Living within your means,
Doing the opposite will only bring sorrow,
That's when chaos convenes.

Stay true to yourself and success will follow,
Never try to be someone you're not,
By being yourself you need never feel hollow,
Be thankful for what you have got.

Only you can choose the life you will lead,
Listen and learn that way you'll stay wise,
When warned of the dangers, always take heed,
Seek the truth and dispel any lies.

Learn about life and know right from wrong,
Determine the fakes from the frauds,
That way you'll find out where you belong,
We're all capable of defying the odds.

Treasure your family and all those around,
Keep your enemies at arms length,
Ensure you keep your feet on the ground,
Wisdom will be your ultimate strength.

Get rid of the deadwood they just bring on hate,
You can become a real go-getter,
It's you, who's in charge of your own fate,
You know you can do much better.

There is nothing in life you cannot achieve,
As long as you've the mind and the guile,
You can do anything is what you must believe,
Those aspirations will bring on a smile.

If you fall to the ground get back on your feet,
Nobody's perfect we all make mistakes,
Convince yourself that you will not be beat,
It's through knowledge that our spirit awakes.

Work hard at learning and toil with a will,
Pass on to others the wisdom you've gained,
Having more friends than enemies is truly a skill,
You'll be proud of what you've attained.

Life comes but once it's yours to enjoy,
The experience can be full of mystique,
Common sense is what you must deploy,
It makes you precious and truly unique.

When you think of yourself to achieve your dreams,
You can chart your future with precision,
Fight for your rights they are yours to defend,
How,

Bri Mar

" Oor Rabbie's The Man For A' That "

The Twenty Fifth of January 1759,
A talent was born who'll forever shine,
Though his life would be full of twists and turns,
There'd be no better writer than our own Robert Burns.

Rabbie Burns our national bard,
If you gave him an inch he'd take a yard,
His love of women caused a few stares,
As he carried on his illicit affairs.

He'd have loved to have been a man of leisure,
Surrounded by women that was his pleasure,
Contrary to what some people may think,
He was never that fond of the demon drink.

For the whole of his life he was forever in vogue,
A Jack the lad a loveable rogue
But one thing you can never take away,
Is the words he wrote will forever hold sway.

"Scots Wha Hae" is a poignant verse,
When read, in it's content you will soon immerse,
That is the gift of a brilliant writer,
They can make you feel you are that fighter.

With his God given talent for poems and songs,
In our memories forever is where he belongs,
He tragically died just aged thirty seven,
The Lord must have needed his talents in heaven.

The day of his funeral was not quite forlorn,
On that very day his son Maxwell was born,
As Rabbie would've said, before I go,
Trust one of my children to steal the show.

His poems and songs forever sublime,
Have proven they can stand the test of time,
Over two hundred years after his death,
His words are as popular as Shakespeares Macbeth.

The titles he wrote like "Auld Lang Syne"
Mean his popularity will never decline,
His writings will live forever more,
The poems and songs will keep him to the fore.

If Rabbie Burns were alive today,
I think I know just what he would say,
The women are gorgeous the worlds deranged,
From my time till now nothing much has changed.

So as you sit and enjoy your haggis dinner,
Think of the poet not the sinner,
So all please stand and doff your hat,

" Oor Rabbie's The man For A' That "

Bri Mar

" Opposites Attract "

In our species we have both a man and a woman,
A partnership both tried and tested,
Procreation creates another human,
In continuation is what we have invested.

That is the easiest part out of the way,
As male and female really do vary,
It's not just sexual there's a vast array,
So why do men find women so scary?

Could it be we are running scared?
Because they're so difficult to understand,
Their views on life to us are impaired,
Their behaviour can get out of hand.

A trip to the shops can end in tears,
They missed out on that designer dress,
When it rained it confirmed their worst fears,
It's left them in total distress.

They buy bags, shoes and clothing it just isn't fair,
When you ask them out for a meal,
They always complain, I have nothing to wear,
What I do have just doesn't appeal.

It's the same with food it's totally barmy,
They're on a diet but the fridge overflows,
There's enough in there to feed an army,
They'll say you can't go out when it snows?

My hormones are playing up they claim,
What they mean is, I'm in a bad mood,
Never tell them this excuse is lame,
It will do you more harm than good.

Smash a plate you'll be condemned to Hell,
You are clumsy and dangerous to boot,
But if they do the same in lies they'll excel,
They'll make out they don't care a hoot.

Never try cleaning you just can't get it right,
Despite your best efforts you'll fail,
Finding dirt you've missed fills them with delight,
Your efforts will be to no avail.

The list is endless it's a miracle we survive,
Nothing in common I'm afraid is a fact,
So how has our species remained alive?
It's obvious,

“ Opposites Attract ”

Bri Mar

" Organ Donation "

We cannot deny,
We're all going to die,
We just don't know how where or when,
If you heard someone cry?
Would you reply,
Yes, again and again.

Are you aware,
Of those out there,
Who are dying a needless death,
If you really care,
Them you can repair,
After you take your last breath.

Give it a thought,
Those feeling distraught,
Will be given a new chance at life,
That can't be bought,
So give it a shot,
You can lift another's sad strife.

Whether young or old,
You can be bold,
There are many lives you'll enhance,
It's well controlled,
So why withhold,
You'll be giving another a chance.

It's a simple task,
Not a lot to ask,
Where you're going they won't be required,
As in Heaven you bask,
In your angel mask,
Your decision will be admired.

With everything combined,
What you leave behind,
Can bring such exhilaration,
Get the form signed,

How is it defined?
Put simply it's called,

“ Organ Donation ”

Bri Mar

" Our Ability To Communicate Had Died "

We've given up the art of conversation,
This has left me feeling vexed,
Though it will fill some with elation,
Their preference is to communicate by text.

Send me an e: mail I'm busy right now,
Truth is they don't want to talk,
It's swollen joints this art will endow,
On your fingers it's a terrible shock.

Why buy a book my tablet is fine,
I just delete it whenever it's read,
I can even purchase a bottle of wine,
Or even a nice loaf of bread.

I don't even need to go over the door,
Shops are now a thing of the past,
I send an instruction to my local store,
Everything's then delivered quite fast.

I can see who's calling I have the choice,
As to whether I answer or not,
If I so choose I'll delete their voice,
Knowing I cannot get caught.

My mobile is something I would not be without,
To do so would just give me strife,
At work, rest or play let there be no doubt,
It's an integral part of my life.

There's no need to talk to you face to face,
Those days are now long gone,
That communication we had we've no need to replace,
We are witnessing a brand new dawn.

We'd become totally dependent on a mobile device,
Past talents are now out of reach,
For that mistake we paid a heavy price,
We had forfeited the power of speech.

Then one fateful day the world's power died,
The world was in a state of despair,
Nobody could talk so everyone cried,
The past they could not repair.

Different generations going back thousands of years,
Had talents they all left behind,
Trying to resurrect them left them in tears,
As those skills they could no longer find.

Like all civilisations that have went before,
Those past abilities could not be applied,
The art of conversation we could not restore

“ Our Ability To Communicate Had Died ”

Bri Mar

" Our Ambitions Their Inhabitants Could Smother "

As across the sky at night we scan,
There are literally billions of stars,
Planets orbiting them since time began,
Their surfaces covered in scars.

Do they sustain life will we ever know?
Why do we even ask?
Why would we even want to go?
Saving this planet should be our task.

Why spend billions looking for life,
When we have it in abundance here,
If we found it would they cause us strife?
Could they have us living in fear?

We don't like others invading us,
They could well be the same,
Why would we want to cause a fuss?
If they attacked would we be to blame.

Could it be we are being watched?
By some superior being,
Who revels in everything we've botched,
Perhaps they are all seeing.

We were given a planet on which to live,
How we treat it leaves a terrible taste,
Mother Nature will not easily forgive,
As her gifts we continue to waste.

Our miracle of life may not be unique,
But it's for our own we should show concern,
We have more than enough troubles here to seek,
From our mistakes we do need to learn.

The planet we live on is a beautiful place,
But we need to become more aware,
Her demise is being caused by the human race,
It won't be cured by anything out there.

Observe those planets but don't try to touch,
They could well belong to another,
Reaching for the stars is a journey too much,

“ Our Ambitions Their Inhabitants Could Smother ”

Bri Mar

" Our Differences Are Too Far Apart "

The problem with trust,
Though to some it's a must,
There are others who would never agree,
You may well say that this is unjust,
But your side they cannot see.

There are good and bad,
The happy and sad,
We all have views of our own,
What you see as sane may drive others mad,
Our history has let that be known.

Take wars and disputes,
What one refutes,
The other will argue it's right,
He will then enlist many willing recruits,
Who are more than up for a fight.

The peace loving guy,
Becomes wiling to die,
He sees it as his duty to defend,
A pacifist becomes willing to spit in your eye?
He'll also help you meet your end.

The believers of god,
Find paganism odd,
They'll try to take them to task,
You ask them if their deity's a fraud,
Their reply will be, how dare you ask.

Take rich and poor,
It does not reassure,
That the elite live in ivory towers,
The inequalities the destitute endure,
Means they have very few powers.

Them and us,
Causes such fuss,
It's a totally human creation,

The rich don't want to know what it does,
They all live in a state of sedation.

We can't live as one,
Wars will never be done,
To stop killing we don't have the heart,
With hatred for each other we are overrun,

“ Our Differences Are Too Far Apart ”

Bri Mar

" Our Enemies Did Exactly The Same "

Humans are dark,
The truth's too stark,
There are things we will never understand,
We're still trying to find that elusive ark,
Life won't obey our every command.

At each others throats,
The victor gloats,
Soon another million lie dead,
Just a statistic to add to their notes,
Even more deaths are what lie ahead.

The know it all,
Who loves to brawl,
Seeks the ultimate weapon of death,
Fortunately soon they will take a fall,
That very armoury will take their last breath.

Weapons are devised,
Among warmongers they're prized,
For mass destruction we've developed a thirst,
Human behaviour is now despised,
Our bubble is about to be burst.

We're predictable creatures,
With similar features,
The most prominent being emulation,
After all we have the same teachers,
Humankind just adores aggravation,

The ultimate toy,
We would now deploy,
More powerful than anything before,
All of our enemies we'd now destroy,
Their pleas for mercy we'd ignore.

Being who we are,
We didn't look very far,
There would be no spoils or fame,

As the button was pressed it felt quite bizarre,

" Our Enemies Did Exactly The Same "

" ARMAGEDDON "

Bri Mar

" Our Final Frontier "

You wouldn't knowingly confront a rabid dog,
Or lick the skin of a poisonous frog,
You wouldn't dare take on a wild hog,
The dangers are all crystal clear.

So why do we send objects into outer space?
Without any knowledge of the dangers we may face,
It could lead to the destruction of the Human Race,
If to our messages others do not endear.

Yet as Voyager now leaves our Milky Way,
Into whose solar system will she stray?
Our actions could well cause us affray,
The unknown is what we need to fear.

Elsewhere they could be shouting it's a U.F.O.,
Where it came from they would soon know,
The information given would clearly show,
That Voyager came originally from here.

Soon they could invade our beloved Earth,
Bringing their warships here to berth,
They'd see of compassion there is a dearth,
For that we could be made disappear.

By broadcasting to space they'll know where we are,
As for distance between us it may not be that far,
The equivalent of perhaps a short journey by car,
This could well cost us all dear.

In the movies they died from a viral disease,
Perhaps it's their germs we'd need to appease,
Spread just by releasing them into the breeze,
The consequences could well be severe.

The war of the worlds may well not be a battle,
Our arrogance as fighters they could well rattle,
It may turn out they'd treat us as their cattle,
Their superiority we'd be forced to revere.

As we observe from our cages the tables are turned,
We can't fight back our bridges have been burned,
Our efforts to placate them have all been spurned,
Our way of life would be knocked out of gear.

Past events on this subject have clearly shown,
The defeated aggressor cannot bemoan,
It's a fact of life you should respect the unknown,
To this fact we refused to adhere.

When our epitaph is written they will clearly state,
We were a species who truly loved to hate,
With destructive instincts we refused to abate,
Our attitude to others was so insincere.

Warmongering creatures making everything extinct,
With the demise of all life we'll be forever linked,
The facts of this are very distinct,
With other planets we must not interfere.

Mans need to know tipped us over the edge,
Between us and other life forms we have driven a wedge,
Throughout history we have broken every pledge,
For humanity the end is now near.

This is not just fantasy the majority of it is true,
Our attitude to all others we need to review,
With where we live now we have to make-do,
The planet Earth is,

“ Our Final Frontier ”

Bri Mar

" Our Forces Continue To Die "

When politicians send us into fight,
We don't ask who's wrong or right,
But the reasons they will not recite,
It's time someone told us why.

We don't enjoy being killed,
But if that's what the Lord has willed,
In us it is well instilled,
We must never tell a lie.

Our powers that be should be the same,
Faceless scum without a name,
To them it's all just a game,
Death does not apply.

The very people who make the rules,
Are just a bunch of inept fools?
To fight a war we don't have the tools,
That does make our forces cry.

Afghanistan, Iraq what next Iran,
To thwart us they'll do all they can,
On fighting for others we need a ban,
For us the end is nigh.

Our politicians need to be made aware,
For our welfare the natives don't care,
The dangers from them we must beware,
Our kindness they just defy.

Israel, Palestine why don't we go in,
Are conflicts chosen with a board and a pin?
Regardless we will never win,
Futile wars we must all decry.

It's for our own they should show concern,
But our plight they refuse to discern,
When will these idiots ever learn?
Our enemies refuse to comply.

Those we train are attacking us,
But we're told not to make a fuss,
Through the rules of war they drive a bus,
Of our dead there's an endless supply.

Our political leaders need to see,
In our quest to set these people free,
We need those we're fighting to agree,
But they continue to defy.

We're fighting what is a losing battle,
You are treating us like herded cattle,
Whilst you lot endlessly prattle,

'' Our Forces Continue To Die ''

Bri Mar

" Our Free Will We Need To Protect "

Utilise your voice,
You have free will and choice,
Cynicism is what I detect,
Mini or Rolls Royce,
Don't dare rejoice,
You'll upset the politically correct.

For what they put in fashion,
You must show passion,
Their ideals you must never reject,
They will leave you ashen,
If belief you ration,
Your character they'll then dissect.

What's popular today,
Tomorrow it's away,
You'll adhere to what next they perfect,
Don't dare betray,
You don't have a say,
I wonder what next they'll select.

Their subject matter,
They want you to flatter,
Refuse and your life will be wrecked,
Free will they shatter,
They're all mad as a hatter,
They don't care who they affect.

Today what's hot,
The next day it's not,
Like theorists they do misdirect,
What they have taught,
Will leave you distraught,
Old theories they'll then resurrect.

Though they are hated,
They continue unabated,
You'll obey, you are part of their sect,
leaving us aggravated,

Feeling nauseated,
Our voices we need to project.

If we take the lead,
Pay them no heed,
Refuse them what they expect,
It's they who'll concede,
When we do that deed,
With us they'll be forced to connect.

Our ways they defuse,
Your choice they abuse,
You can't say or do disrespect,
By dampening our views,
What they do is confuse,

" Our Free Will We Need To Protect "

Bri Mar

" Our Future Lies In The Past "

There are prophets and mediums also known as seers,
Who'll lay claim they can predict your future years,
They'll fill you with joy or confirm your worst fears,
Their projections will leave you aghast.

They'll tell you their vision of what lies ahead,
You'll gasp in awe as your tealeaves are read,
How do they know that you'll end up dead?
The depth of their knowledge is vast.

Long passed relatives from another dimension,
Filling you up with sheer apprehension,
Is it all true or just blatant pretension?
In stone their prediction is cast?

Around looking ahead the human race have devolved,
From reality to fantasy we have evolved,
Yet none of our problems have ever been resolved,
Our incompetence is unsurpassed.

There'll be times I'll laugh and times I'll cry,
I'm not a clairvoyant but I do know I'll die,
Does the title of soothsayer to me apply?
I need to know as time's running out fast.

We will continue to murder and kill for fun,
Our resources on Earth will soon be done,
The planet will ignite under a warming sun,
Due to the failures we have amassed.

Our species will starve due to over population,
Disease will spread throughout every nation,
All life will suffer due to our depredation,
A situation we refuse to lambaste.

This is what lies ahead accept it as fact,
Throughout history our failures remain intact,
The oracle of life is what humans re-enact,
We have tied our sail to that mast.

By ignoring past mistakes and casting them aside,
Over the death of our planet we now preside,
What went before should be our ultimate guide,
But to accept that leaves us harassed.

Our history is where lessons must be learned,
Failure to do so will leave us concerned,
The right to survival must always be earned,
It determines how long we will last.

We as a species love to sit on the fence,
To continue blindly on is totally dense,
We can all see our future it's called common sense,
Yet we ignore the oncoming blast.

We all know what's ahead it is there in our face,
Continuing to ignore it is a terrible disgrace,
The answers to the destiny of the human race,

'' Our Future Lies In The Past ''

Bri Mar

" Our Future We Will Need To Revise "

The adverts on telly every quarter hour,
Really do leave a taste that's sour,
Behind the sofa my children cower,
As another poor animal dies.

Donkeys collapsing loaded with bricks,
As at it's behind the owner kicks,
A broken spirit no one can fix,
We look on as the poor thing cries.

The barking dogs are homeless and caged,
Then we wonder why they become enraged,
With their owners they have not engaged,
That's just one of their blatant lies.

Beautiful kittens bought and sold,
When older discarded out into the cold,
Refused the right to live and grow old,
We watch their sad demise.

Birds in captivity tethered to a rope,
Living in despair without any hope,
How can they be expected to cope?
Their lives they must truly despise.

Stir crazy Bears circling around,
Elephants in nature nowhere to be found,
Into dust the Rhino's horn is pound,
Every animal's life we chastise.

These creatures have lived for millions of years,
Our abuse and neglect really sears,
What we are doing would bring you to tears,
It really is so unwise.

Unless of their importance we become more aware,
There'll come a day when they're no longer there,
Then we'll be the ones left feeling despair,
With all that that implies.

Without all other life forms there would be no us,
The dangers of our actions we need to discuss,
If the alleged most intelligent don't kick up a fuss,

“ Our Future We Will Need To Revise ”

Bri Mar

" Our Lord Is The Ultimate Artist "

There's Da Vinci, Dali and Picasso,
They were truly a breed apart,
Either designing or painting on canvas,
Their creations are real works of art.

We had Eddison, Enstein and John Logie Baird,
Their ideas are still with us today,
Everything they achieved is still with us,
They were artists in their own way.

They say Columbus discovered America,
That's a statement which is quite unfair,
When he finally stepped foot on this great land,
There were people already there.

All life on Earth has been gifted with skills,
From the plants to the fish in the seas,
Everything alive has a reason to live,
From human beings to the rain forest trees.

Just look at the wonderful diversity of life,
This was never created by chance,
We insult the creator of life itself,
By continuing this ludicrous stance.

Every living thing on this Earth
Was put here by God for good reasons,
If we lose sight of the fact that God does exist,
We may not see any future seasons.

Life forms are too numerous to mention,
But one thing we must never forget,
Is the reason we were given the gift of life,
If we do it's a decision we'll regret.

If we look at the talents we've been given,
Our creator must have been shrewd,
He gave us the ability to know right from wrong,
We can judge the bad from the good.

Science tries to tell us otherwise,
Yet their origin of life is unknown,
Their ideas change from day to day,
Until another of their theories is blown.

The creator of our wonderful universe,
Is the one we should all applaud,
All the artists and the inventors,
were given their gifts by God.

To create this wondrous environment,
Would have taken the one who is smartest,
Remember his name lest you forget,

" Our Lord Is The Ultimate Artist "

Bri Mar

" Our Respect Is Gift You Must Earn "

As new religious leaders are elected,
Lavish ceremonies the people then follow,
They tell us why they've been selected,
Their speeches are so hard to swallow.

They will help the poor and the needy,
How they'll do it is thin on the ground,
They'll condemn the rich and the greedy,
Saying there's more than enough to go round.

They'll spend millions on their celebrations,
Live in luxury while they're in power,
Spouting their nonsensical proclamations,
From within their own ivory tower?

Religious leaders are like politicians,
What they say they rarely do,
As they form their corrupt coalitions,
We know they won't see their work through.

What right have they to tell us how to live?
When all they do is take, take, take,
When caught abusing they expect us to forgive,
In the meantime they are still on the make.

Hundreds who've been caught abusing,
Are hidden behind their closed doors,
Their victims find it confusing,
They're the ones left with raw sores.

Hypocrisy is rife they don't accept blame,
They believe they are holier than thou,
Fact is they should feel nothing but shame,
But contrition religion won't allow.

As more and more of us turn away,
Religious leaders continue their lying,
Just like in politics we do not have a say,
That's why congregations are dying.

One bad apple needn't spoil the bunch,
But the lesson religions must learn,
Is truth is God when it comes to the crunch,

“ Our Respect Is A Gift You Must Earn ”

Bri Mar

" Our River Clyde "

From it's original source in the Lowther hills,
If you listen closely you'll hear her shrills,
It's the great divide between north and south,
At the Firth of Clyde is the rivers mouth.

The river Clyde could tell many a story,
Sailing and shipbuilding in all of its glory,
From warships to liners like the Q.E.2.
All built by the finest craftsmen too.

Throughout her history she's been well portrayed,
From the mills to the cotton and tobacco trade,
Many a merchant made their fortune from here,
She's a natural beauty we must forever revere.

She has flowed for centuries never taking a rest,
A beautiful river, full of life full of zest,
The paddle steamers used her for many years,
Those memories are still what truly endears.

The Waverley steamer still sails to this day,
From the Clyde to the sea she knows her own way,
On to Dunoon, Saltcoats then Loch Fyne,
There's the beautiful scenery which is truly divine.

We must treat her well she's a valuable resource,
If we choose to ignore her there'll be no recourse,
It's up to the people if the Clyde's to survive,
We must all do our best to keep her alive.

We must all ensure she is put to good use,
No more pollution no more suffering abuse,
We either use her or lose her that is a fact,
Our river could die unless we all act.

Industry will return that we can tell,
A museum of transport new housing as well,
Once again she'll be put to the test,
With flying colours she'll be back to her best.

She has served our fair city with pride and with grace,
Despite all the changes she's kept up with the pace,
She is long and slender at the sea she flows wide,
She's a wonderful waterway is,

" Our River Clyde "

Bri Mar

" Our Worst Fears "

Since humans evolved,
Our planet's dissolved,
We cannot take without giving,
With every disaster we are involved,
Our actions are so unforgiving.

Disease we'll cure,
But you can be sure,
Another we'll put in its place,
Destroying ourselves seems to reassure,
It's just the way of the Human Race.

At times we're brave,
Many we'll save,
But to destroy we have no hesitation,
How many have we placed in an early grave?
We thrive on complete devastation.

Drugs to heal,
Ideas we'll steal,
Then use them to kill and maim,
We love to watch our enemies squeal,
Then refuse to accept any blame.

Robbing each other,
Be it sister or brother,
Is the opposite of the way we should be,
Intelligence at times we seem to smother,
Though the thieves would never agree.

Weapons that destroy,
We invent then deploy,
From killing billions we refuse to refrain,
The taking of life we tend to enjoy,
What the hell is inside that brain?

If we were to face,
An alien race,
More advanced by millions of years,

If they're anything like us we'll be well off the pace,
They'll confirm what is,

“ Our Worst Fears ”

Bri Mar

" Over Your Decisions You Alone Preside "

When you fall down what do you do,
Look for sympathy and then cause ado
Or pick yourself up and see the task through,
That's for you to decide.

If you did wrong would you tell lies,
Would you respond to anothers cries?
A plea for help would you despise,
Behind dishonesty would you hide?

Is it in your nature to give assistance?
To what is wrong would you show resistance?
Do you cherish co-existence?
Or do you believe in the great divide.

If someone was dying could you walk past,
Or would you get the Hell out fast,
Never knowing how long they will last,
Use your conscience as your guide.

Could you feel pity for a fellow being?
Regardless of what in life they're fleeing,
Or do you believe that you're all seeing,
Would morality be cast to the side?

Is your life obsessed with blaming others?
Friends, parents, sisters or brothers,
The facts alone are what blame smothers,
Fact and fiction eventually collide.

This has nothing to do with any God,
The fact it's your choice you may find odd,
If you can stand with shoulders broad,
There is no sin in pride.

The answers to all questions are yes or no,
Plain but simple yes I know,
If it's true you reap what you sow?
Your own reflection you can bide.

The answers will determine who you are,
Will you heal or will you scar,
In your inner self will you travel far?
Or all others will you deride.

If in the wrong do you feel shame?
When confronted do you disclaim,
Then look at what you've become,

“ Over Your Decisions You Alone Preside ”

Bri Mar

" Part Of Our Past "

The intelligent one,
Is never done,
Creating their destructive inventions,
After all their wars must be won,
Thereafter they hold their conventions.

Peace is their aim,
That word they defame,
For they want what the other has got,
To the men in suits wars are a game,
It's all part of their dastardly plot.

They start a war,
We don't ask, what for,
Over how many deaths they are mulling,
Over-population our leaders abhor,
So between them they start a mass culling.

While we blindly obey,
They go their own way,
You'll have noticed our leaders don't fight,
Over our deaths they have final say,
That fills them up with delight.

With corruption they're rife,
It's austerity with life,
Their economies must be maintained,
Whether we're killed by the gun or the knife,
With lethargy, they are ingrained.

When enough of us die,
They'll pretend to cry,
Promising we will be remembered,
If truth be told it's part of their lie,
As our corpses are being dismembered.

If the masses said no,
We refuse to go,
Sending our leaders would leave them aghast,

Though initially it would come as a blow,
Wars would soon be,

“ Part Of Our Past ”

Bri Mar

" Peace In Our Time "

We love to save life,
Ease others strife,
For illnesses we'll search for a cure,
Injured or ill there's the surgeons knife,
Their aim is to reassure.

Such a clever creature,
With care as a feature,
In Heaven is where we belong,
With divine intervention as our main teacher,
We believed we could do no wrong.

On the other hand,
What I can't understand,
To destroy others we do have the will,
We do it literally on demand,
Killing's such a bitter pill.

It's really odd,
We pray to a God,
Before taking the life of another,
Surely the concept of war is a fraud,
The repercussions we then try to smother.

All the creeds and races,
Display two faces,
Depravity and sympathy to the fore,
What one destroys the other embraces?
Is harmony too much of a chore.

Weapons that destroy,
We then deploy,
Genocide leaves our planet bereft,
The final outcome no one will enjoy,
The fact is there's nothing left.

Deaths in our genes,
We are killing machines,
As for species we make no distinction,

Only now we see what that means,
Planet Earth now faces extinction.

For what others endured,
The past can't be cured,
The Human legacy will be seen as a crime,
Our place in history is forever assured,
We never knew,

“ Peace In Our Time ”

Bri Mar

" Phenomenal Irr Bru "

Andy's finally gone and done it,
He's proved the sceptics wrong,
A Grand Slam, now at last he's won it,
It will match his Olympic gong.

A battle royal he had to fight,
Against a champion fierce and proud,
But in the end it all came right,
He truly mesmerised the crowd.

The game went one way then the next,
Who'd win was anyone's guess,
The way both played had them perplexed,
It was like a game of chess.

At two sets all Andy took a break,
He had to do a pee,
Feeling like a nervous wreck,
He asked, what's wrong with me?

I'm in a spot of bother here,
If winning is my intention,
I must show Novac I've no fear,
I'll need some divine intervention.

This beguiled his fierce counterpart,
Against Andy he couldn't compete,
It was like a dagger through his heart,
He had to admit defeat.

Novac asked, what was this potion?
That gave you this awesome power,
Was it food or perhaps a lotion?
Whatever it made me cower.

Andy replied in his broad Scots tone,
My tactics I had to review,
After I drank it victory was sown,

“ It's Phenomonal Irn Bru ”

Bri Mar

" Poetry Can Be Surreal "

You won't know where,
You won't know when,
It could be a thought deep inside your head,
So always have handy a paper and pen,
To write down where you're being led.

Like it or not,
That talent you've got,
May not be to everyone's taste,
Some critics like to leave you distraught,
Your time on them please don't waste.

An artist? Who me?
Is what you must see,
If you've got it, believe me you'll know,
Give it a try and set your soul free,
Soon your profile will grow.

We are all unique,
So reach for the peak,
Let nothing stand in your way,
Don't be afraid when receiving critique,
Never let it lead you astray.

Don't ever deny,
Nor nullify,
What's within you will find its way out,
Though you may find it hard to quantify,
In your abilities, you mustn't have doubt.

Each written piece,
Is a form of release,
Which can influence another's mind,
From writing your art you won't want to cease,
To help others your work is designed.

Make it your vow,
Yes, here and now,
That your talent you want to reveal,

Will the world be astonished?
Yes and how?

“ Poetry Can Be Surreal ”

Bri Mar

" Political Expenses "

Our politicians are in the ultimate trade,
While none of their policies make the grade,
They're alright Jack they've got it made,
It's time they were brought to their senses,

Debt and unemployment is what they create,
Yet their blatant mistakes we must never berate,
For according to them everything's great,
It's this attitude that really incenses.

They're cutting everything that we hold dear,
Then trying to convince us we've nothing to fear,
Their actions are lies and so insincere,
They've even sold off our defences.

We are in this together they'd have you believe,
The fact is none of them need grieve,
If truth be told they are lying to deceive,
Don't be fooled by their pretences.

While we lose our homes and become unemployed
Their lives are faultless and forever enjoyed,
They don't give a damn we are being destroyed,
It's injustice that this lot dispenses.

It's the House of Lords when they retire,
With all the money they'll ever require,
Even in there their votes are for hire,
Yet their influence the government condenses.

While all our lives go down the drain,
They travel on the ultimate gravy train,
On their parade it will never rain,
As each day their journey recommences.

Their expenses rocket year on year,
The amounts they steal would bring on a tear,
To the rules these fraudsters will never adhere,
Very few are ever charged with offences.

Now they are renting out their homes,
Someone else to polish their chromes,
Many properties an M.P. roams,
For this there should be dire consequences.

Bercow says the landlords we can't reveal,
The thought of being caught does not appeal,
The electorate are not a part of this deal,
As they lie their body tenses.

No pay rise for us their moral belief,
But they'll never suffer monetary grief,
If you did what they do you'd be labelled a thief,
What's it called,

'' Political Expenses ''

Bri Mar

" Politically Correct "

If you sing out Baa Baa Blacksheep,
It will have a terrible effect,
Who tells us that this song is bad,
The Politically Correct.

Enter our country illegally,
Then show us no respect,
Will we send you straight back, no,
It's not,
Politically Correct.

We're told not to smack our children,
As their minds it will affect,
That is why they run amok,
Thanks,
The Politically Correct.

If you have a criminal mind,
Then join a violent sect,
We won't hold this against you,
We're,
Politically Correct.

If you break in to a house or bank,
Your booty to collect,
We'll put you up if you get caught,
That's,
Politically Correct.

If you're addicted to illegal drugs,
We'll rush in to protect,
We'll say you are a poor wee soul, why?
It's,
Politically Correct.

You can take cocaine and smoke your hash,
Illegal drugs you can inject,
We're not allowed to stop you because,
It's not,

Politically Correct.

If you say Shhhh! Black or White,
Then I'm afraid you can expect,
To be told you're out of order by,
The Politically Correct.

How dare you celebrate Christmas,
That's a time we must all reject,
All Christians are now redundant,
Who says?
The Politically Correct.

We must now rewrite our history,
Our past must now be checked,
We cannot say we won the war,
It's not,
Politically Correct.

Politicians the world over,
Have their fiddles go unchecked,
Why? Because they make the rules,
They're,
The Politically Correct.

Terrorists murder ever day,
On our system this does reflect,
Are we allowed to hang them, no,
We must be,
Politically Correct.

If we try to deport these murdering scum,
We're told we must not neglect,
The fact we're placing them in danger,
That's not,
Politically Correct.

If we hurt their feelings and make them cry,
We must forget those lives they wrecked,
Try to be understanding,
It's,
Politically Correct.

We spend millions on interpreters,
But we're not allowed to object,
We can't force them to speak our dialogue,
Say,
The Politically Correct.

The government now want to seek me out,
I know now that I must defect,
For what I've put in writing's not,

" Politically Correct"

Bri Mar

" Politicians Will Do Their Own Fighting "

I had a vision from God last night,
On how to end all wars,
Those futile senseless killings,
The vast majority abhors.

The answers really simple,
It's been staring us in the face,
The instigators are everywhere,
They're prevalent in every race.

It has nothing to do with religion,
That's just one inane excuse,
All Those who are responsible,
Are both arrogant and obtuse.

Finance plays a part in this,
As do foreign affairs,
Oil and gas are crucial,
As for life they'll say, " who cares"

They claim to believe in democracy,
But we know that's just not true,
These faceless bastards are everywhere,
Dictating what we should do.

They tell us all how we should live,
While they do what they like,
They become millionaires at our expense,
It's time they all took a hike.

They buy all the latest weaponry,
To prove they are the best,
If they don't like your politics,
They'll soon have that addressed.

The problem with their philosophy is,
Not one of them are willing,
To use these weapons personally,
It's someone else who does the killing.

That just sums the hypocrites up,
" We're needed here" you'll hear them cry,
That's their way of telling us,
Is they're too afraid to die.

They love to bask in victory,
With our lives they are empowered,
But will they ever risk their own,
No, every one of them's a coward.

This leads me to the answer
let there be no confusion,
I hope and pray you'll all agree,
That it is the right conclusion.

The vision I had late last night,
Was a truly miraculous sighting,
To end conflict now and forever more,

" Politicians Will Do Their Own Fighting "

Bri Mar

" Proves You'Re A Low Life Coward "

Men it's said are intelligent and strong,
Generally that can be true,
They are also capable of doing wrong,
That's when chaos can ensue.

The rights of women are cast in stone,
They must never be abused,
For sexual abuse you cannot atone,
In front of God you will stand accused.

The crime of rape is a breach of trust,
Everyone's body is their own,
Freedom of choice is always a must,
It's our human right to be left alone.

No man has the right to invade,
The privacy of a fellow being,
Believe me your God will be dismayed,
Never forget he is all seeing.

He will cast you aside and burn your soul,
Which will leave a nasty smell,
You'll then be sent to that searing hole,
More commonly known as Hell.

Women are the salt of this Earth,
They should have no need for fear,
Beside Satan is where your soul will berth,
If their character you besmear.

Raping anyone is a heinous crime,
For which you should meet your death,
No mercy shown by giving you time,
The world should watch your final breath.

Your God gave you the gift of a voice,
By strength and intelligence you were empowered,
Choosing to violate a woman's freedom of choice,

'' Proves You're A Low Life Coward ''

Bri Mar

" Relieved It Was All But A Dream "

It causes me pain,
When I hear it rain,
If only it were sunny all day,
I wish it would never come back again,
Sky blue instead of dull grey.

No more he ranted,
So his wish was granted,
From now on he'd see only the sun,
It was time to get the flowers planted,
This was going to be fun.

For the first year,
It filled him with cheer,
Till he began to run out of water,
He watched all his flowers disappear,
A bit like plants to the slaughter.

The reservoirs dried,
The human race cried,
Without liquid our world will die,
Due to his wish the world was denied,
Everything above water would fry.

It was worse than feared,
When the water disappeared,
No plankton or fish in the seas,
Soon with life the oceans were cleared,
Our planet was now on its knees.

The plants recoiled,
By the sun they were boiled,
The soil had turned into sand,
In death and destruction, he became embroiled,
The world's flames he had fanned.

This couldn't be ignored,
The thunder then roared,
The sky became cloudy and black,

Out of the clouds the gift of life poured,
All life was on its way back

As he began to choke up,
It was then he spoke up,
Break my wish he started to scream,
Just at that moment he suddenly woke up,

“ Relieved It Was All But A Dream ”

Bri Mar

" Remaining Concealed "

WHO placed us here,
Was it really a god?
Will he ever appear,
To allow us to laud.

WHERE is his domain,
His paradise supreme,
What does it contain,
Or is it a dream.

WHEN will he return,
If ever at all,
Does he like to spurn,
Those who appal.

WHAT was his intention,
Does he have ideals,
This merits a mention,
The truth it reveals.

WHY does he get jealous?
If we worship others,
Is he over-zealous,
As free will this smothers.

HOW will we know,
When he does reappear,
Will we feel a glow?
While some will feel fear.

All these questions I ask,
Answers won't be revealed,
Is your gods only task?

" Remaining Concealed "

Bri Mar

" Remember This Could Happen To You "

As I sit here homeless do you really care?
What exactly is it you see,
Try looking deeper as you stop and stare,
There's a person inside, yes it's me.

Are you perfect, have you never done wrong,
To judge others what gives you the right,
To get to where I am doesn't take long,
Look in the mirror you may well get a fright.

Get a job you bastard you're a layabout,
That's just one of the comments made,
I am hurt deep inside when people shout,
It reminds me that I m alone and afraid.

Do you know my reasons for being this way?
If you could would you let me explain,
Or would you tell me the message I convey,
Is I'm nothing but a down and out pain.

Are you aware of my history I bet you're not?
To you I'm a waste of space,
A junkie or alkie who makes you feel fraught,
I'm just a total and utter disgrace.

If you'd just take some time to give me a chance,
Maybe just maybe you'd learn,
If into my history you would just take a glance,
I believe you may then show concern.

I could be your daughter or perhaps your son,
Now don't be self-righteous and say no,
We all have parents when all's said and done,
Through my choices I've now nowhere to go.

Do I have children, a husband or wife?
Or have I always been in this state?
Ask and I'll tell you what caused me this strife,
Ignorance is what I really hate.

One thing in life you must never forget,
It's so easy to fall over that line,
Before you know it life is filled with regret,
Then your mind slips into decline.

In life we judge others without knowing the facts,
Who measures failure and what is success,
Circumstances and decisions are the ultimate acts,
They determine if life's good or a mess.

Next time you walk past me don't be all seeing,
The way you judge me may well not be true,
All I ask is you treat me as a Human Being,

“ Remember This Could Happen To You ”

Bri Mar

" Remember, Even God Bears A Grudge "

I bumped into God the other day,
His face I couldn't see,
Gloves on his hands and looking away,
I asked him, why won't you look at me.

He said Human actions were those of a fool,
We had left him feeling ashamed,
When I asked him why he said it is cruel,
But my teachings you lot have defamed.

What do you mean show me some samples,
Tell me where we've went wrong,
He said there are many but I'll give you examples,
Which proves in my kingdom some don't belong.

Elaborate I asked are we really that bad,
He said look around you what do you see,
The human race has gone totally mad,
Mass murder is treated with glee.

Millions starve while others grow obese,
Some have while others do not,
The rich are so because the poor they fleece,
They live in luxury while others must squat.

Their conscience has died they don't give a damn,
Self interest and money is what drives,
Into bottomless pockets their money they cram,
The majority struggle while the minority thrives.

The planets resources will soon be gone,
For future generations these people don't care,
Their lives revolve around what's our next con,
Don't they know the meaning of unfair?

Then comes the subject you enjoy abusing,
That's why you can't see my face,
Not knowing my colour is mildly amusing,
As you love to judge people by race.

Regardless of my colour how will you feel?
If I turn out to be black or white,
Will you reject me or will you kneel?
I've never stated which colour is right.

When I made you I gave you some of my traits,
Which ones you'll find out on arrival,
That decision will belong to the one who creates,
Will it be bliss or a fight for survival?

Believe it or not there's a Heaven above,
For all entrants I'll be the judge,
If for those less fortunate you've discarded all love,

'' Remember Even God Bears A Grudge ''

Bri Mar

" Seek And You'll Find The Solution "

Whenever I fall,
I don't sit and bawl,
I get up and from crying refrain,
If I have to crawl,
I won't let it stall,
My starting all over again.

I abhor self-pity,
I much prefer gritty,
In reality I'm the enemy of strife,
You'll be sitting pretty,
If you remain witty,
It lets you get on with your life.

When times get rough,
I don't take the huff,
I fight my demons head on,
Yes, it gets tough,
But I'll call its bluff,
Before long my troubles have gone.

I don't just survive,
My mind is alive,
I have so many reasons for living,
This gives me the drive,
To go on and thrive,
Not to is so unforgiving.

Keep enemies at bay,
Send them on their way,
Do make your feelings quite clear,
They don't have a say,
Nor hold any sway,
It's you not them who'll feel fear.

True friends will assist,
Help you clear the mist,
Make sure family are second to none,
With them in your midst,

You'll want to exist,
Living is meant to be fun.

For life's abuses,
Don't look for excuses,
Ensure you've a strong constitution,
Ignore the recluses,
Being brave has its uses,

" Seek And You'll Find The Solution "

Bri Mar

" Seeking Revenge Will Drive You Insane "

We can move forward but we can't go back,
Are you making the right decision?
Actions have consequences can you take the flack,
If with others you cause a collision.

Do you look before you step into the fire?
You could be descending into Hell
Will it turn out fine or could it be dire,
Only you and you alone can tell.

Are your actions based solely on retribution?
Will the outcome improve your life?
In the end will it bring you a resolution?
Or will you end up suffering more strife.

Lowering yourself to the level of scum,
Is that what you really want,
If it's to the depths of Hell you'll plumb,
It's a decision that will come back to haunt.

Reprisals are endless they're never done,
As the need for retribution smoulders,
You'll be in a battle that can never be won,
Continuously looking over both shoulders.

I'm not a believer in forgive and forget,
But moving on is how you will win,
Pleasure to them is you feeling regret,
Let your character emanate from within.

Revenge is sweet they say is the case,
What they meant I wish I knew,
Mimicking others misdeeds is an utter disgrace,
Gaining pleasure I'm afraid isn't true.

The ultimate requite is to show you have healed,
This can and will alleviate your pain,
Doing otherwise the bare truth will be revealed,

“ Seeking Revenge Will Drive You Insane ”

Bri Mar

" Seven Grand A Year "

We're in it together,
That's what he said,
At the end of our tether,
We are being bled.

Austerity rules,
But not for all,
Equality's for fools,
We stand you fall.

Our sick defences,
Are put in place,
Claim more expenses,
Must keep up the pace.

A pay rise for you,
Is not what you need,
Yes it's true,
For us it's greed.

The economy is thriving,
So you must comply,
It's you we're depriving,
That's our big lie.

Work zero hours,
You receive no pay,
We know it sours,
Please go away.

Whenever we speak,
Please rest assured,
We'll hammer the meek,
The disabled they're cured.

For working so hard,
A plan we'll devise,
It will leave you scarred,
Will our ten per cent rise.

Seeing is believing,
Our incompetence is rife,
Our reward for thieving,
Pay rises for life.

Your bonus to us?
Which we know won't endear,
Stop making a fuss,

" Seven Grand A Year "

Bri Mar

" She Doesn't Talk Or Spend "

All is fine,
My new design,
So far has worked out well,
Some bits I'll have to realign,
Or I'll end up in hell.

I can't deny,
Nor tell a lie,
To conquer my life's mission,
My selflessness though does make me cry,
I must complete my mission.

Yes, I care,
That's why I dare,
To change the way women think,
They're saying we're beyond repair,
We take too much to drink.

Jobs we start,
We then lose heart,
Leaving them unfinished,
Usually then to the pub we dart,
Leaving their hopes diminished.

It's my intention,
With this invention,
To silence their constant moaning,
If it doesn't work I have to mention,
We'll revert to bloody stoning.

Through many years,
And countless tears,
This has consumed men's lives,
Though all is not what it appears,
It does concern our wives.

Now complete,
It's so discreet,
They won't know what they've taken,

We men are in for such a treat,
Old ways they've now forsaken.

The trial's begun,
It's so much fun,
My shock I must defend,
With orders I'm being overrun,

'' She Doesn't Talk Or Spend ''

ORDERS HAVE OUTSTRIPPED SUPPLY PLEASE BE PATIENT

Bri Mar

" She Who Must Be Obeyed "

They let us think that we are superior,
Their motives are I'd say ulterior,
They can also make us feel inferior,
It's time to be afraid.

They say we can't do anything right,
Then have us believe we're very bright,
Our ire sometimes they incite,
When we don't make the grade.

Their respect we have to earn,
How I'm afraid you'll never learn,
That is a major cause for concern,
They're very hard to persuade.

They'll lift you up when feeling down,
Their glare can also make you frown,
Never attempt to steal their crown,
They cannot be easily swayed.

Telling them lies they claim to hate,
Yet it's okay if it's about their weight,
It's on thin ice we need to skate,
Humility must be displayed.

How to appease them is anyone's guess,
The nicest comment can give them stress,
Does my bum look big, don't ever say yes,
Or a heavy price will be paid.

The constant yapping will drive you mad,
When you fall out try not to be sad,
If it's the silent treatment be bloody glad,
Then hope it lasts a decade.

They are always right and never wrong,
In a fantasy tale is where they belong,
Throughout the change you must remain strong,
The facts you must try to evade.

So if you've still got that silly notion,
That all women do is cause a commotion,
Without their total love and devotion,
Man's dominance is but a charade.

I'm in serious trouble for writing this verse,
In self pity she will now immerse,
It's for my funeral I'll have to rehearse,
I'm going out to buy a new spade.

Anything they say, give a positive reply,
With their rules you must always comply,
The golden rule is don't ever defy,

“ She Who Must Be Obeyed ”

Bri Mar

" She'LI Have Nothing Left To Purvey "

Before religion we laughed and we cried,
We told the truth yes and also lied,
Sure as we lived in the end we died,
There was no other way.

We had the good as well as the bad,
Though most were sane others were mad,
Those who were happy while others were sad,
There was joy as well as dismay.

The ethics of right and wrong were instilled,
Despite this there were those who killed,
In general our ideals remained fulfilled,
Not much different from today.

Every species on Earth procreated,
Each to their own kind they mated,
In the circle of life we're all interrelated,
We did make a wonderful display.

We worshipped the moon and also the sun,
The rivers and seas gave us so much fun,
Without them our planet would become undone,
That message we had to convey.

All living creatures were crucial to survival,
If one were in trouble we'd assist in revival,
The joy in witnessing a new arrival,
Stopped us going into decay.

Then suddenly the name of God appeared,
A name that till now is either feared or revered,
But our respect for nature has disappeared,
All it's done is cause us affray.

What we had here on Earth was our true God,
Nature's resources were real not a fraud,
When that was forgotten we became overawed,
In our progress there was a delay.

Wars over deities are now commonplace,
These Gods you must never refuse to embrace,
The concept of religion is an utter disgrace,
Games with your mind it will play.

Since religion arrived our planet is dying,
To save it your Gods are not even trying,
With Mother Nature we're no longer complying,
Religion has too much to say.

Like capitalism it's based on material wealth,
They get into your heart and mind by stealth,
It shows no interest in our planets health,
That's why our world is in disarray.

If we don't get back to basics quite soon,
Break away from this false religious cocoon,
Unless to our planet Earth we attune,

“ She'll Have Nothing Left To Purvey ”

Bri Mar

" Some Of Their Laws Are Nothing But Farce "

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty never did fall,
All the kings horses and all the kings men,
Weren't needed to put Humpty together again.

Why was this I hear you all say,
It has always been that is the way,
By saying it's not you are causing affray,
It's the reason Humpty's alive today.

When Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
It couldn't be built more than four inches tall,
So if and when he decides to fall,
The kings men and their horses won't need a call.

When Jack and Jill went up the hill,
They didn't fetch a pail of water,
Jack didn't fall down or break his crown,
Nor did Jill come tumbling after.

What is this nonsense I hear you all ask,
Tell us the truth or we'll take you to task,
Well Jack and Jill get their water by stealth,
That way they both remain in good health.

To ask children to work you must be a rotter,
Especially your son and your daughter,
It's like putting lambs to the bloody slaughter,
For that you'll find yourself in very hot water.

When Simple Simon met the pieman,
On his way to the fair,
He said you think that you're a fly man,
So eat my food if you dare.

Simon said I can't because your pie is far too cold,
As it doesn't have a sell by date, I can't say how old,
I've afraid I've got to tell you that your business must now fold,
My gift gift of observation is a power to behold.

Food unheated you must never eat,
If it's went cold you must not reheat,
Especially when it's a type of meat.
Or for sure you'll end up on the toilet seat.

Ring a ring of rosies,
No need to carry posies,
Atishoo atishoo,
Nobody fell down.

This was based on fact you know,
You cannot change all that,
Yes I can I'll tell you so,
You can't blame the poor old rat.

By allowing rats to thrive you see,
Is good for all as they run free,
Killing them all I trust you'll agree,
Is bloody murder we must let them be.

Three blind mice three blind mice,
They no longer run they no longer run,
They got the police to the farmers wife,
Who was arrested for carrying a carving knife.

Now she's in jail for a very long time,
For attempting to commit such a heinous crime,
The mice have a life that is really sublime,
As over the bread and cheese they climb.

Mice are creatures that easily please,
It's wrong to say that they spread disease,
That statement can only be classed as sleaze,
As for cutting their tails off their must be a freeze.

These prime examples I'm sure you will find,
They are not just barbaric they are so unkind,
You all now must get it into your mind,
In Health and Safety they are all now enshrined.

Though it's something the majority really deplore,

You can no longer do what you want anymore,
Big brother is watching your every chore,
It would destroy your soul to the very core.

If we obeyed all the rules Health and Safety impose,
The worlds economies would come to a close,
Their guidelines for working are unclear and sparse,

" Some Of Their Laws Are Nothing But Farce "

Bri Mar

" Sometimes The Truth Can Be So Unkind "

Recessions are caused by the greedy few,
Lining their own pockets,
The worlds markets they subdue,
When finished they are off like rockets.

Hardship to them is not sleeping enough,
Or losing the keys for their car,
They wouldn't know the meaning of tough,
Conscience to them means Bizarre.

Reward for failure is their way of life,
While we all pay the price,
They never suffer any strife,
Greed is one powerful device.

While we all sit back like wimps,
They're living life to the full,
Spending our cash like well heeled pimps,
Talking a shed load of bull.

When in trouble we bail them out,
They think that's their God given right,
That's because we don't even shout,
We refuse to put up a fight.

That's why they do it all the time,
It's the reason they're millionaires,
Though robbery is a serious crime,
They just say, who cares.

We the majority have the power,
To get rid of them once and for all,
To evict them from their ivory tower,
But from doing it we always stall.

They've been robbing us blind for many years,
Thousands I'm afraid is a fact,
We're always the ones left shedding the tears,
For their every criminal act.

Unless we the majority change their ways,
They'll continue robbing us blind,
It's ourselves we need to reappraise,

“ Sometimes The Truth Can Be So Unkind ”

Bri Mar

" Soon It's Yourself You Will Hate "

Never be afraid to say sorry,
Though it's only a five letter word,
Not to admit it when you're in the wrong,
Can only be classed as absurd.

Doing so can bring all of you so much relief,
In being sorry there's joy to be found,
Not to can lead you to serious grief,
When you discover they're no longer around.

Make sure you look before you leap,
The secret's to admit when you're wrong,
Refusing to acknowledge this will just cause affray,
Saying sorry shows others you're strong.

An apology can make you feel better,
You will soon be back on your feet,
The one whose been wronged will be happy,
You'll be working from a clean sheet.

On saying sorry there is no limit of time,
Be it a minute or a number of years,
It will set you up for a sunnier clime,
Then rid you of the need for more tears.

Never go to sleep on an argument,
It will cause you such terrible stress,
You'll just lie awake all night long,
Thinking, I created this mess.

Hindsight it's said is that wonderful thing,
Problem is it's all in the past,
Apologise and see what the future will bring,
It can make a relationship last.

If you're in the wrong please be honest,
To all concerned you must make amends,
If you don't it will just lie and fester,
That's how a relationship ends.

Never let pride blind your decision,
If you've erred then accept you're to blame,
Word your apology with precision,
Or it's you who'll be left feeling shame.

Saying sorry is never a weakness,
It shows others you are fully aware,
When you're at fault you'll admit it,
This shows others just how much you care.

Make your apology free from all pretence,
Not to is so insincere,
For trying to deceive there'll be no defence,
The consequences could cost you dear.

To err is human to forgive is divine,
Saying sorry is the right thing to do,
What it takes is courage and respect,
It allows everyone to start life anew.

If there's an apology you need to make,
Do it now before it's too late,
By refusing to it's not just yourself you forsake,

" Soon It's Yourself You Will Hate "

Bri Mar

" Soon None Of Us Will Remain "

We complain about dogs dropping their dirt,
As around their mess we try to flirt,
Sit on the grass it ends up on your skirt,
Then we go totally insane.

We moan about pigeons depositing their mess,
Breathing it in gives us terrible stress,
Let's cull them all for causing distress,
They inflict such a terrible strain.

When we suffer illness we need a cure,
So a rhinos horn will help for sure,
Killing animals has a certain allure,
We are taking their lives in vain.

Murdering elephants to make an ivory toy,
How can that possibly bring anyone joy,
A beautiful beast dead really does annoy,
They die in so much pain.

Taking fins from a shark to make some soup,
Just how low will our species stoop?
On their natural habitats the humans swoop,
Our civilised reputation is on the wane.

For acts of cruelty we are unsurpassed,
We stood by and watched as our own were gassed,
Just look at the destruction we have amassed,
We don't care who or what we have slain.

We are killing everything it just isn't right,
When animals attack us we kill them for spite,
Watching them suffer fills some with delight,
On the miracle of life we're a stain.

The most worrying thing is our evolution,
Unless we try now to find a solution,
Believe me we'll suffer their retribution,
We will not have the right to complain.

Who in Gods name gave humans the right?
To kill every living thing in sight,
Unless we listen to nature and the animals plight,

Bri Mar

" Soon You'll Be Walking On Air "

There's no such thing as writers block,
It's your imagination you can't unlock,
Of your creativity you must take stock.
That which surrounds you become aware?

Don't blame others because you can't write,
Your ability to achieve you must keep in sight,
Believe in your talent and the future looks bright,
Answer your own questionnaire.

When you can't write you'll use every excuse,
Give yourself and others dogs abuse,
Your inner light you must then introduce,
Soon you'll be rid of despair.

There's people and places, items at hand,
In the seas and rivers and also on land,
The sky and beyond are never bland,
It takes an explosion to light a flare.

Those words you seek have not disappeared,
Though that feeling they have can be very weird,
Before you know it your work's being revered,
It feels good being able to share.

All that love and hate be it fact or fiction,
Will bring happiness to some while to others friction
Writing poetry does become an addiction,
Yours and others souls it will bare.

Though initially you had your troubles to seek,
You're no longer afraid of constructive critique,
Your verse will be loved because you're unique,
Those dreaded words will no longer scare.

You have found the cure it's time to get writing,
The urge to write is getting exciting,
Your new masterpiece shows you've come out fighting,

“ Soon You'll Be Walking On Air ”

Bri Mar

" Sparky's Inside Your Cat "

My dad bought me a goldfish,
Of him I was really fond,
His jar was really far too small,
So my dad built me a pond.

I called my goldfish Sparky,
In honour of my dad,
Full of life and boisterous,
He really was quite mad.

My neighbour used to say to me,
I don't want you to fret,
But if you don't watch your goldfish,
He'll make a meal for my nice pet.

She said her cat liked real fish,
That really made me worry,
I'd have to buy a safety net,
I needed it in a hurry.

Despite all my precautions,
I felt really put upon,
For when I checked on Sparky,
I found that he had gone.

I really did my best for him,
My God how hard I tried,
Yet despite all my best efforts,
My Sparky had now died.

When My neighbour heard me crying,
She asked me what was wrong,
When I told her what had happened,
She said you must be strong.

It's what nature had intended,
The cat has got its wish,
My feline friend has won the day,
It has ate your little fish.

I said to her well such is life,
One cannot tell a lie,
Everything alive on Earth,
Including cats must die.

It was then I knew the answer,
For my pain to be relieved,
If I dug a grave for Sparky,
I'd feel that I had grieved.

When I prepared his resting place,
I put in all his toys,
My neighbor then peered over and said
Who's making all that noise.

I said I was burying Sparky,
To ease my awful pain,
I explained he'd gone to Heaven,
But one day we'd meet again.

My neighbour burst out laughing,
She said don't be so absurd,
You don't even have his last remains,
She hadn't listened to a word.

She laughingly then asked me,
Why dig a grave as big as that,
I told her the reason was simple,

"Sparky's Inside Your Cat"

Bri Mar

" Straight Ahead And First On The Right "

If the aliens are just one millennia ahead,
It's possible we could all end up dead,
If they're anything like Humans it has to be said,
They'll be more than up for a fight.

As Humans have evolved the killings have got worse,
Mayhem and destruction is what we disburse,
On every life form we are truly a curse,
The extinctions are now way out of sight.

What will we be like in a thousand years?
What we're managing now would bring you to tears,
Evolution will confirm our worst fears,
On the universe we are but a blight.

Will they be more intelligent and violent too?
No conscience or worry they'll see their task through
They'll take delight in causing us ado,
In fact it will probably excite.

Their technology and weaponry will be more advanced,
Their desire to destroy could well be enhanced,
Could we be their boil that needs to be lanced,
If that's so we'll be saying goodnight.

Sending probes with messages invading their space,
Interfering with them is an utter disgrace,
But I'm afraid that's the nature of the Human Race,
If truth be told we are not very bright.

What's the reason for sending personal fliers?
We might as well send astronomical town criers,
If they're that intelligent they'll know we're all liars,
For that we will suffer their might.

We've fought countless wars throughout every nation,
Our efforts at peace get lost in translation,
All due to a breakdown in communication,
We don't know the meaning of contrite.

Too much information has been placed in their hands,
Are they a federation which contains many brands?
Will they wreak destruction across all our lands?
What if it's their ire we incite.

Yet our scientists have told them where we reside,
Now they know we have nowhere to hide,
To get here they won't even need a guide,

“ Ten Light Years West And First On The Right ”

Bri Mar

" Sympathy For Us Is Rare "

A woman's work is never done,
Being one is just no fun,
Beware the moaning has just begun.
Life just isn't fair.

Take the cleaning it's so hard,
The frying pan filled with lard,
Too much bleach leaves me scarred,
From mops I do beware.

Loading up the washing machine,
All those dishes I must clean,
It's heavy going this caffeine,
I need someone to share.

Filthy toilets I don't even use?
I clean up what you abuse,
I think I'm going to blow a fuse,
Why is it you don't care.

The Dyson needs emptying now,
He says darling I don't know how,
Wiping the sweat from my brow,
I collapse on to the chair.

Doing my hair and make up too,
My all over tan I love to do,
Just so I look nice for you,
Then all you do is stare.

Giving birth the ultimate task,
How did it happen don't dare ask,
Never again will I leave my Basque,
Don't you bloody dare?

Time of the month is it here to stay,
Menopause, please go away,
A woman's life let us pray,
No wonder we bloody swear.

Luckily enough our stamina's strong,
Sussing you out doesn't take long,
We're always right and never wrong,
That look will always scare.

How dare you ask me why I brood?
Praying I'm always in the mood,
Even you men must conclude,

“ Sympathy For Us Is Rare ”

Bri Mar

" Take A Look Over Your Shoulder "

To use the word hate,
Some cannot wait,
They don't stop to ask themselves why?
Their urge to say it they cannot abate,
When confronted they usually deny.

Some are easily led,
While others are bred,
They do it without reason or rhyme,
They delight on seeing others bled,
To love they do not have the time.

Hate breeds contempt,
None are exempt,
Soon their arrogance springs to the fore,
Their loathing nobody can pre-empt,
Soon they have a craving for more.

They are fully aware,
But they don't really care,
They satisfy their own sick needs,
None of them know the meaning of fair,
To hurt others, they sow the seeds.

They live for pretend,
To Hell they'll descend,
They are masters in the art of deceit,
Eventually truth comes through in the end,
Caught by their arrogant conceit.

Are you one of the few?
Who let's chaos ensue,
If you are it's time to take stock,
Karma my friend is coming for you,
Your evil ways it will block.

Where is it found?
It is all around,
Like a burning ember it will smoulder,

Who's it's next victim? It may well astound,

“ Take A Look Over Your Shoulder ”

Bri Mar

" Take Care "

They are trouble and strife,
The bane of men's life,
They can cut like a knife,
Be aware.

They do no wrong,
A character that's strong,
To them you belong,
Don't stare.

Try not to fight,
They've got second sight,
They're forever right,
So beware.

Looking at others,
Passion it smothers,
They'll become another's,
Don't dare.

Don't ever complain,
They are not inane,
You'll be driven insane,
Just swear.

Sanity doesn't apply,
When they want to buy,
Just try to comply,
It's not fair.

It has to be said,
They get a sore head,
Yes, usually in bed,
Your lair.

Once in their hold,
You are part of their fold,
They're a power to behold,

“ Take Care ”

Bri Mar

" Talking Bus Stops Are Not That Rare "

The bus stop wavered from side to side,
From the driving rain I couldn't hide,
I said your behaviour I cannot bide,
Your swaying isn't fair.

The bus stop said you don't look well,
If I asked what's wrong would you tell,
I immediately told him to go to hell,
He then exclaimed he didn't care.

The bus stop said you're bloody weird
Perhaps your head needs to be cleared,
This was worse than I had feared,
Of insanity I wasn't aware.

The bus stop shouted don't piss on me,
Please hold on to your liquid debris,
If you get caught you'll pay a fee,
It's enough to make one swear.

The bus stop glass I then shattered,
All around me the people scattered,
I thought that I was all that mattered,
From me they had to beware.

The bus stop wasn't moving at all,
Someone had given the police a call,
My god was I heading for a fall,
All around me were having a good stare.

The bus stop to the police attested,
That I the innocent should be arrested,
His despicable behaviour I detested,
It was now I felt despair.

The bus stop talking made me think,
With madness there must be a link,
Or perhaps I've had too much drink,
For the asylum I need to prepare.

That bus stop gave me so much grief,
My trial well it was really brief,
The judge said son it may come as a relief,

“ Talking Bus Stops Are Not That Rare ”

Bri Mar

" Team G.B. You Have Made Us All Proud "

The Olympic games two thousand and twelve,
All our athletes have filled us with pride,
Into their achievements we will now delve,
We have cast all our differences aside.

We have won a magnificent twenty nine gold,
Although it has been a long wait,
This is our best games it has to be told,
Since the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Andy Murray won the final at tennis,
Bradley Wiggins won his at a speed,
Then came heptathlete Jess Ennis,
Mo Farah showed them all how to lead.

Victoria Pendleton got it right on her bike,
Baillie and Stott showed them how to canoe,
Glover and Stanning for Gold they did strike,
Hoy, Hindes and Kenny saw their rides through.

Nicola Adams won the fight of her life,
Jade Jones did the taekwondo,
Luke Campbell overcame the strife,
Anthony Joshua fought toe to toe.

Then there's Rowsell, King and Laura Trott,
Greg Rutherford knew where he was going,
Ben Ainslie always gives us all he has got,
As do Hosking and Copeland when they're rowing.

Bechtolsheimer, Dujardin and Getty Won dressage,
Triathlon was won by Brownlee,
Laura Trott striking gold was not a mirage,
Gregory, James, Hodge and Reed let them see.

Thomas, Kennaugh, Clancy, and Burke,
They won the team pursuit,
Watson and Grainger knew how to work,
Peter Wilson showed his rivals how to shoot.

Skelton, Maher, Charles and Brash,
They taught the world how to ride,
Ed McKeever's opponents he did thrash,
Our Olympic success will not be denied.

Seventeen silver and nineteen bronze,
Is further testament to our country's success,
All who competed are now our icons,
They're our champions no more no less.

The great British spirit is alive and well,
For that we must all shout out loud,
It's your legacy on which we must now dwell

Bri Mar

" Tell Me I'm Wrong If You Dare "

It's so unrefined,
That we remain blind,
To the hardship suffered by others,
Intelligence we claim is how we're defined,
I'm afraid the facts this smothers.

On us they rely,
Yet we watch as they die,
We refuse to alleviate their strife,
Their cries for help we forever deny,
Is that a sign of intelligent life?

Food being wasted,
That turkey you basted,
The roast beef you never did carve,
Thrown away without ever being tasted,
While our fellow Human Beings starve.

On other life we depend,
Yet as they face their end,
On their demise we make no distinction,
Our brutality towards them we cannot defend,
All life is now facing extinction.

A weapon so cruel,
Such a barbaric tool,
If used every one of us will die,
Invented and adapted by the human fool,
Intelligence I'm afraid does not apply.

Our sympathy we ration,
We no nought of compassion,
We're destroying our planet for fun,
We live in a world where greed is the fashion,
The beginning of our end has begun.

We're not civilised,
The truth we've disguised,
We are animals without conscience or care,

Our efforts to say otherwise should be despised,

“ Tell Me I'm Wrong If You Dare ”

Bri Mar

" Thank God We Don'T Have A Flying Cow "

The beautiful sky was bright and red,
As I looked up something hit my head,
The content coloured like red wine,
Then landed in this eye of mine.

I thought the dirty beast has to die,
Before it drops one in my other eye,
A wee cock sparras I wouldn't mind,
But the seagulls mess has left me blind.

God has really got this one wrong,
On the ground with us is where they belong,
When flying overhead and they need a poo,
The chances are it will land on you.

Birds that size shouldn't leave the ground,
The amount they deposit would dumfound,
That made think back to caveman days,
When pterodactyls flew it would amaze.

The amount of mess it could bequeath,
Would kill you if you were underneath,
So just be grateful they're not here now,

" Thank God We Don't Have A Flying Cow "

Bri Mar

" Thank God You Are Now In The Past "

I've been watching you now for a number of years,
I have a vision which allows me to see,
All varieties of species and their hopes and fears,
Trying to survive and live their lives free.

For millions of years the planet blacked out,
The Earth was encrusted in ice,
Whatever went wrong let there be no doubt,
You failed to heed Mother Natures advice.

I've seen her destruction on a massive scale,
She can and will treat you cruel,
Her awesome power you will never curtail,
To think otherwise is the act of a fool.

Extinctions of life forms of every kind,
While new creations spring into being,
All of them gifted with a soul and a mind,
Then you, who thought you were all seeing.

I gave you a planet, which is truly unique,
It was made to sustain varied life,
But the Human form in mind it is weak,
You've caused nothing but trouble and strife.

As I look at you I sense there's no hope,
At best some can say that they tried,
With Humans the Earth can no longer cope,
You must leave before my planet has died.

History will show you became extinct,
Like Dinosaurs you lived hard and fast,
To mass destruction you'll forever be linked,

'' Thank God You Are Now In The Past ''

Bri Mar

" That Ability Is Yours To Pursue "

Lessons in life,
Can cause us strife,
But as long as you're willing to learn,
Examples of fixing problems are rife,
Those abilities are yours to earn.

If you make a mistake,
Put your foot on the brake,
Don't dare think of running away,
Hiding the problem will make you a fake,
Be brave and ensure that you stay.

A simple error,
Can cause terror,
That's the time to stand tall and be brave,
Of the truth you must be the bearer,
Honesty is what you must crave.

Always be aware,
A problem you share,
Will instantly be cut in half,
The fact you're willing to show you care,
Will mean you can correct that gaffe.

The decision is yours,
Look for the cures,
Never bury your head in the sand,
Self-belief is what reassures,
Untruths just get out of hand.

Never give in,
Belief comes from within,
Learning in life never ends,
Neither is it ever too late to begin,
Keep close to your family and friends.

Passing on this gift,
Gives everyone a lift,
Will you do it? That's all down to you,

What you achieve you'll find hard to believe,

“ That Ability Is Yours To Pursue ”

Bri Mar

" That Choice Is All Yours "

Is living for giving,
Or is it for taking,
I have a misgiving,
It's ourselves we're forsaking.

Is there a need for greed?
Is your life such a chore?
If you have all you need,
Why would you want more.

Being cruel is a tool,
Some use for self-gain,
Who is the fool?
Why do they love pain?

True love from above,
To them doesn't apply,
Give money the shove,
I think they'd all die.

In caring and sharing,
They have no belief,
While you're despairing,
They feel no grief.

Food banks or tanks,
Which will they choose?
To feed others no thanks,
It gives them the blues.

Equality or polity,
You know what they want,
A life of frivolity,
They do love to taunt.

Free souls or controls,
Yes money obscures,
But you can reach your goals,

“ That Choice Is All Yours ”

Bri Mar

" That Is A Terrible Transgression "

I met a poor guy the other day,
He said he was suffering terrible affray,
If I were smart I'd move out of his way,
He was in a deep depression.

I asked him politely to tell me what's wrong,
As his pain I didn't want to prolong,
The road to salvation doesn't take long,
His mind was raw with aggression.

He curtly replied you do not want to know,
I said let's talk just take it slow.
Once again he requested I go,
I knew I was making an impression.

He told me about where he used to reside,
A wonderful place which filled him with pride,
Now he says there's nowhere to hide,
He was actually making a confession,

He went on to say he had had enough,
When he rebelled his treatment was rough,
He told them he was sorry but they said, that's tough,
We're afraid there'll be no concession.

Despite that they said mercy would be shown,
Though your future here you have blown,
We've decided to give you a place of your own,
Soon you will gain accession.

He said none of his friends felt any shame,
Their reasons for eviction were let's say lame,
For all that goes wrong now I get the blame,
My middle name is indiscretion.

From all of the Gods I suffer abuse,
Their attitude towards me is very obtuse,
Though all agree I make a great excuse,
With the righteous I've become an obsession.

Believe me this label does take its toll,
My life revolves around a large burning hole,
If you've sinned I'll get blamed for taking your soul,
It will become my prized possession.

Accountability's what you need to see you through,
No God or Satan to do a review,
Responsibility for your actions lies entirely with you,
That's how to achieve progression.

For all that goes wrong God gets off scot free,
I'm the epitome of evil they'd have you agree,
All veniality they blame it on me,

`` That Is A Terrible Transgression ``

Bri Mar

" That Is Obscene "

Some cannot work,
But my God they try,
Then there's the jerk,
Who spits in your eye.

There are those who toil,
There are those who don't,
What makes me recoil,
Is those who just won't.

They see it as their right,
To do nothing all day,
On us they're a blight,
For we've got to pay.

To avoid any labour,
They use every excuse,
They rattle their sabre,
Don't give us abuse.

It's everyone's fault,
Apart from theirs,
While we earn our salt,
They say, who cares.

They think we are mugs,
Paying their bills,
While they score their drugs,
They're emptying our tills.

Betting and drinking,
Yes, it's our money,
They're so unthinking,
They find it all funny.

The sick and disabled,
While doing their best,
With skiver they're labelled,
Then forced through a test.

They've a genuine affliction,
Yet they're deemed as fit,
What really causes friction,
Is the liars they acquit.

The workshy then laugh,
They've no need to atone,
It's a government gaffe,
Leaving them alone.

Those individuals who're lying,
Are cruel and they're mean,
The genuine they're denying,

“ That Is Obscene ”

Bri Mar

" That Is The Good Lords Decree "

God created life on our planet Earth,
Exactly which one of truth there's a dearth,
We'll only find out when our ship comes to berth,
Then and only then will we see.

Will it be Allah or Jehovah who can say,
If it's Jesus or Mohammed will it cause you affray,
We will only find out on that final day,
The problem is there's none of us agree.

Will one God say yes while the others say no,
Do they all have a Heaven to which we will go,
The problem here is none of us know,
To even guess you would need a degree.

Will a Muslim God be better than a Jews?
Are a Christians beliefs better than Hindus,
Which religion is right who will choose?
It's a mystery which one it will be.

Is it possible we could all be right?
If it is then why all this need to fight,
Surely it's time we all seen the light,
It's now time to set ourselves free.

For people to riot saying you've insulted their God,
Is not only blasphemous it's downright odd,
To claim it's religious is the act of a fraud,
The Lord doesn't like a melee.

You can't insult God even he makes a gaffe,
When he made Human beings he was having a laugh,
From bacteria through to a giant giraffe,
The Good Lord was smiling with glee.

If we could slander God it has to be said,
Most living humans would certainly be dead,
If you think otherwise you are being misled,
You must stop your murderous spree.

Heaven awaits those who obey Gods rules,
But You will all be refused for behaving like fools,
It's your lords anger this behaviour fuels,
You'll be left behind in the debris.

In abusing his commandments you did excel,
Your barbarous behaviour leaves a nasty smell,
For that your reward's an eternity in Hell,

'' That Is The Good Lords Decree ''

Bri Mar

" That Is The Miracle Of Verse "

When you get the idea thoughts need to be written,
By the poetry bug you'll find yourself bitten,
Very soon you will find yourself smitten
Now is the time to rehearse.

Look all around you there's a world out there,
Yes there'll be times you will feel despair,
The gift is ensuring you keep your work rare,
Plagiarism should be classed as perverse.

Ideas for writing will appear out of the blue,
Those skills you require you will soon accrue,
The final content well that's up to you,
Your options can and must be diverse.

Keep a pen and paper near at hand,
Your finished article may be not what you planned,
The reasons for that you'll soon understand,
As in your masterpiece you begin to immerse.

Displaying your articles will improve your gift,
Constructive criticism can give you a lift,
You must never allow it to cause a rift,
Don't ever be afraid to converse

When your finished article goes on display,
There are those out there who will cause affray,
If you let them win it's yourself you betray,
Your ideas will go into reverse.

An inability to write will frequently appear,
With your line of thought it will interfere,
But the golden rule is to persevere,
Sometimes your brain you need to coerce.

When you get the notion take it very slow,
Which direction only you will know,
Before your eyes your creation will flow,
Mind and meaning will then intersperse.

Never be afraid to write what you feel,
Be it a fantasy or a subject that's real,
Though the written word can hurt it can also heal,

“ That Is The Miracle Of Verse ”

Bri Mar

" That Is The Ultimate Transgression "

I met a poor guy the other day,
He said he was suffering terrible affray,
If I were smart I'd move out of his way,
He was in a deep depression.

I asked him politely to tell me what's wrong,
As his pain I didn't want to prolong,
The road to salvation doesn't take long,
His mind was raw with aggression.

He curtly replied you do not want to know,
I said let's talk just take it slow.
Once again he requested I go,
I knew I was making an impression.

He told me about where he used to reside,
A wonderful place which filled him with pride,
Now he says there's nowhere to hide,
He was actually making a confession,

He went on to say he had had enough,
When he rebelled his treatment was rough,
He told them he was sorry but they said, that's tough,
We're afraid there'll be no concession.

Despite that they said mercy would be shown,
Though your future here I'm afraid you have blown,
We've decided to give you a place of your own,
Soon you will gain accession.

He said none of these people felt any shame,
Their reasons for eviction were let's say lame,
For all that goes wrong now I get the blame,
My middle name is indiscretion.

From the Gods and their followers I suffer abuse,
Their attitude towards me can be very obtuse,
Though they all agree I make a great excuse,
With the righteous I've become an obsession.

Believe me this label does take its toll,
My life revolves around a large burning hole,
If you've sinned I'll get blamed for taking your soul,
It will become my prized possession.

Blaming someone else is a thing of beauty,
It wasn't me it was that little cutey,
It excuses those others from doing their duty,
Of the truth it is purely suppression.

Accountability's what you need to see you through,
No God or Satan to do a review,
Responsibility for your actions lies entirely with you,
It's the only road to progression.

For all that goes wrong Gods get off Scot free,
I'm the epitome of evil they'd have you agree,
All veniality just blame it on me,

“ That Is The Ultimate Transgression ”

Bri Mar

" That My Friends Is Obscene "

Those masters we've served,
Have always observed,
The manner in which the worker behaves,
Regardless we tend to remain reserved,
That's why they treat us like slaves.

They tend to take note,
Only some of us vote,
The rest they've no need to appease,
It's to us their time they tend to devote,
Saying whatever they think will please.

Take world politicians,
They make it their missions,
To hypnotise us into believing,
That they alone will cement our positions,
While our pockets they are relieving.

Take royalty too,
They do nothing for you,
Yet their lifestyle we pay for and cherish,
What right have they to tell us what to do,
Believe me they would let you perish.

Take the superstars,
With their fancy cars,
Living a long life of splendour,
Personally I'd send them all to Mars,
For the greediest they're a strong contender.

I know it sours,
But they're servants of ours,
Yet it's us these people demean,
Yet In their presence the worker cowers,

" That My Friends Is Obscene "

Bri Mar

" That Power Only You Possess "

Addiction is a word we tend to abuse,
Saying it slurred its translation you lose,
It's really absurd it's a habit some choose,
Why is anyone's guess?

It's just a way of refusing to say no,
Another day they'd be told where to go,
You do have a say but you feel so low,
Your decision will only depress.

It's just a fixation inside in your head,
You're filled with elation yet also with dread,
That very sensation could leave you dead,
But that feeling you love to caress.

The first time's unique it won't happen again,
It's what you now seek which will bring you pain,
Your future is bleak you'll be driven insane,
Then you'll be left in distress.

Dependence rules only if you allow,
So all the fools make it their vow,
They tell the drug mules here and now,
My problem I refuse to address.

Where there's a will there's always a way,
Hitting up will kill and cause others affray,
We all have the skill to stop the decay,
Those feeling you need to suppress.

Your problem is though you know its abuse,
You let those drugs flow fast but loose,
It gives me a glow is your paltry excuse,
Saying quitting will just give you stress.

It's not just drugs it can be drinking as well,
An obsession with bugs or a hang up about hell,
Hanging out with thugs to get into a cell,
Some just love to transgress.

If you want to quit then it can be done,
Bit by bit the battle can be won,
When you ditch your hit life can be fun,
It's the only way to progress.

Put up resistance and you will find your cure,
There will be assistance if you can endure,
If you value your existence you can make it pure,

“ That’s A Power Only You Possess ”

Bri Mar

" That Way We Never Get Caught "

The life of a poor politician,
Puts us under suspicion,
With the rules we comply, you we'd never decry,
We do not believe in contrition.

The wages paid are so rotten,
Our expenses you claim are ill gotten,
You may say it's uncouth, that we don't tell the truth,
But we know it will soon be forgotten.

After every election,
When you have made your selection,
Manifestos are binned so what, we have sinned,
They just need a little correction.

Each and every promise that's made,
To action them that is forbade,
The politician that rules, think the electorate are fools,
None of you would make the grade.

Subsidised food and drink,
To poverty yes there's a link,
This we cannot afford, so take that on board,
Our arguments are just so succinct.

At PMQs we put on a show,
Now this may come as a blow,
In the politics game we are all much the same,
The truth is we don't want you to know.

The next time you go out to vote,
You'll hear every one of us gloat,
These so called high flyers are all bloody liars,
They should hang a rope round their throat.

At times you do leave us distraught,
Making complaints about what we have bought,
Like our defences it's claimed on expenses,

“ That Way We Never Get Caught ”

Bri Mar

" That's Down To Us "

As they spin their webs,
They call us plebs,
How dare we question their morals?
Their answer is, we must put down the rebs,
Never let them rest on their laurels.

The rich are but sleepers,
We are their keepers,
That's something we tend not to see,
They in effect are our grim reapers,
Among us they cause a melee.

As austerity bites,
We must turn out the lights,
They dictate to us, get on your bike,
Our rights to protest give them the last rites,
They dictate you cannot go on strike.

It's really sad,
It makes them glad,
That they keep us under their thumb,
To them we're just a necessary fad,
Of use but incredibly dumb.

Like eating cake,
From us they take,
Their greed we sit back and ignore,
Our own principles they know we'll forsake,
Confronting them to us is a chore.

Them robbing us blind,
We don't seem to mind,
We exist in a state of sedation,
They just sit back and watch us grind,
Their reward is our taxation.

While we struggle by,
They live the lie,
The majority looking after the few,

We look inequality straight in the eye,
They do say you get what you're due.

It is our gaffe,
We make them laugh,
Wondering why we don't make a fuss,
They spend our money on their behalf,
The solution?

'' That's Down To Us ''

Bri Mar

" That's The Nature Of The Human Being "

Thinking of bad,
Does drive you mad,
But I'll tell you something that's true,
It's a human fad,
We do like the sad,
It is what most of us do.

Ask yourself why,
Now don't dare deny,
Of sad news we are the masters,
We do love a lie,
On them we rely,
We do love to read of disasters.

Someone falls,
You'll hear our calls,
Then ask, what you doing for afters,
It really galls,
But it never stalls,
We laugh right up to the rafters.

Every disgrace,
Lights up our face,
We revel in the subject of scandal,
We all embrace,
The thrill of the chase,
From the elite to the common vandal.

Evil deeds,
Our desire it feeds,
From killing to wars and theft,
The viewer reads,
As another bleeds,
We don't think of those left bereft.

Though there's more good,
We prefer the crude,
Catastrophes are what we love seeing,
Choose peace or a feud,

We prefer what's lewd,

“ That's The Nature Of The Human Being ”

Bri Mar

" That's The Real Price Of Lust "

What's this obsession,
I want more from this life,
It gives me depression,
Then fills me with strife.

We've a life of pleasure,
Our lives are for living,
I have found my life's treasure,
But I have this misgiving.

My wife is my rock,
There's my wonderful kids,
So I need to take stock,
Or my life hits the skids.

We've a beautiful home,
What more could I want,
If I decide to roam,
Will it come back to haunt?

I've a life of bliss,
It is full of love,
So what is it I miss,
Does it come from above?

I don't need money,
There are two fancy cars,
My life is sunny,
My head's in the stars.

I don't really know,
What it is that I seek,
But it's bringing me woe,
It is making me weak.

I love all I've got,
But my life is a chore,
So to stop the rot,
I've got to have more.

What is this feeling,
That's driving me on,
It's sending me reeling,
How I wish it were gone.

Just what is it I want,
What will I find,
Will it come back to haunt,
Or cure my mind?

Am I really that sad,
Seeking what's out of sight,
Don't tell me I'm mad,
For I know I am right.

I'll do it one time,
Then won't ever again,
It's a victimless crime,
It won't drive me insane.

I've committed the deed,
Now I ask myself why,
Was there really a need,
Now I just want to die.

Now I've done it I'll perish,
For life is too short,
What you love you must cherish,
Or your mind will distort.

Just then I found out,
Why's it's taken so long,
I'm an adulterous lout,
I know now I've done wrong.

By greed I was driven,
For a bit on the side,
I will not be forgiven,
There is nowhere to hide.

There's nobody wants me,

I've no family or friends,
what really haunts me,
Is my pain never ends.

I think of those I've betrayed,
All those I held dear
Solely because I have strayed,
They are no longer here.

I am out on the street,
Living all on my own,
My demise is complete
They won't let me atone.

Treasure all you have now,
For it cannot be bought,
Remember that vow,
To love what you've got.

If you desire another,
just stop and ponder,
Those cravings can smother,
Your feelings will wander.

It's yourself you'll abhor,
You will know you were wrong,
Why, what for,
When it was there all along.

But now it's too late,
You cannot adjust,
You're a figure of hate,

'' That's The Real Price Of Lust ''

Bri Mar

" That's Why It's You Who Must Die "

Written in support of the countless victims of the terrorist murderers attacks on innocent people in Germany and throughout the world going about their daily business.

TERRORISTS ARE COWARDLY SCUM

The terrorists deceive,
Dead victims can't grieve,
As their corpses lie in a heap,
Tell us what is it you the butchers perceive,
Is life to you murderers so cheap?

What is your aim,
In this sickening game,
For you have let it be known,
None of you know the definition of shame,
You will even murder your own.

You hate the west,
With the devil you're blessed,
No God would accept what you do,
Fact is when you're put to the test,
Who God is you do not have a clue.

Hypocrisy shines bright,
Though you know it's not right,
You live like the bear eating honey,
It's those you detest who fill you with delight,
You're living off your enemies money?

Face the facts,
Your criminal acts,
Are barbarism no more no less,
It's with Satan himself you have made your pacts,
Your afterlife will be filled with stress.

A martyr my arse,
You are but a farce,
Where you're heading yes we can tell,
Inclusion from your leaders is very sparse,

They know you will end up in Hell.

Ask them why,
They don't want to die,
The answer they'll refuse to reveal,
Martyrdom to them will never apply,
The reason? They know death is real.

So before you go,
Get in the know,
Butchering others is a mortal sin,
Will you get to your Heaven? The answer is NO,
It's Jahannam who'll welcome you in.

Screaming, GOD IS GREAT,
You do overrate,
It does leave a nasty smell,
Face the facts there is no debate,
You are heading straight for HELL.

You're instructed to kill,
As an excuse that is ill,
With Gods rules you have failed to comply,
To pass on your leaders do not have the will,

“ That's Why It's You Who Must Die ”

Bri Mar

" That's Why They Think We're All Dumb "

Give this a thought,
As respect can't be bought,
Just how can it be earned,
With some it's leaving others distraught,
False respect should leave us concerned.

With their mirrors and smoke,
Our pockets they choke,
Their gross errors they need not regret,
Playing with statistics things are gone in a stroke,
While we're left to pay all their debt.

They bring on fear,
To the rules don't adhere,
In their ways they want you to believe,
Refuse and believe me you will shed a tear,
Evil is what these people conceive.
You can be sure,
They love robbing the poor,
They are rotten right through to the core,
Hypocrisy reigns in their conceited demure,
Regardless they always want more.

Every day they get pissed,
From a subsidised list,
Paid for by those whom they serve,
Without us these bastards wouldn't exist,
They know how to hit a raw nerve.

They are under attack,
Yet they never crack,
It's on our complacency they feed,
Holding them to account is something we lack,
This fuels their insatiable greed.

Have a good guess,
At who creates our mess,
Yes, it does rhyme with electrician,
This very word does cause great distress,

To get rid of them should be our mission.

Though they cause pain,
Yes, they drive us insane,
For centuries we've been under the thumb,
The reason is simple, from revenge we refrain,

'' That's Why They Think We're All Dumb ''

Bri Mar

" That's Why We'Re All Going To Die "

The human race is filled with hate,
A poisonous face we can't abate,
Yet for saying grace some can't wait,
Our compassion is all but a lie.

Helping others is all a game,
Sisters and brothers only in name,
Hypocrisy smothers as lies defame,
To assist we no longer try.

Killing for fun is now the norm,
A loaded gun causes a storm,
The end has begun unless we reform,
Our world is about to fry.

Yes it's true we no longer care,
If it were you would you still stare?
If you knew you wouldn't dare,
It's enough to make you cry.

We just look on as others starve,
While they hunt rook our beef we carve,
They would even eat a sparve,
To us hunger doesn't apply.

Hypocritical liars are our politicians,
Fulfil their desires you'll gain submissions
The convict hires the best renditions,
Though you're not allowed to decry.

They say respect you have to earn,
If you don't connect you cause concern,
What's the affect if you never learn?
Your loyalty anyone can buy.

The human gene is filled with corruption,
No in between no interruption,
It's just routine that we cause a disruption.

“ That’s Why We’re All Going To Die ”

Bri Mar

" That's Your Personal Choice "

These are questions I've pondered my entire life,
None of them I could say are unique,
They're the cause of arguments and of great strife,
As life after death what's we seek

Is there a Heaven when we meet our death?
It's on most peoples hoped for lists,
Why is it we must take our final breath,
To discover if a paradise exists.

Is there a Hell with an eternal fire?
Where the evil of the Earth will burn,
Personally I think the concept is dire,
The very thought makes my stomach churn.

Is there a purgatory between Heaven and Hell?
Who decides it's the place you will go,
Can God like beings really foretell,
If you've been evil how do they know?

Is there no sin in this Heavenly domain?
No stalking horse waiting in the wings,
Infinite peace to us humans is insane,
Without infighting an alarm bell rings.

After years of pondering the answer came through,
As I sat by my dying Fathers side,
He told me that yes a Heaven is true,
But where that is will be for you to decide.

He told me to think of the place I loved best,
With the people I love all around,
If travelling the galaxy is to be your quest,
Then that dream for you will be found.

As death approached him he said, don't feel fear,
I'm in the place I've always wanted to be,
I can see my parents they're beckoning me here,
From this Earthly life I'm now free.

When my Father passed with a smile on his face,
I knew his paradise had been found,
Though his person I could never replace,
His final words were profound.

Live life to the full while you're here,
The hereafter just doesn't apply,
Do not go through life living in fear,
For like it or not we'll all die.

There'll be no intervention from a Satan or God,
On that final day you'll rejoice,
By dreaming the dream you'll become overawed,
Where you go,

“ That's Your Personal Choice ”

Bri Mar

" The Afterlife Is Real "

The twists and turns,
Of life still burns,
As I prepare to meet my maker,
At those rows of urns,
My stomach churns,
As I view the undertaker.

As he talks to me,
He doesn't see,
I'm absorbing his every word,
Dead flocks agree,
That though we're free,
This new life isn't blurred.

The shell he views,
Is now old news,
It's but an instrument we leave behind,
We excel and peruse,
This our universal cruise,
Believe me it does blow the mind.

It's called a soul,
Which we extol,
But only when we are alive,
It's enthralled to enrol,
In a Heavenly patrol,
For eternity, we'll now survive.

Those passed are here,
I feel no fear,
I can assure you we don't ever die,
Steadfast and clear,
Meet your new frontier,
Reality you cannot deny.

Although I'm gone,
Don't feel put upon,
Believe and my presence you'll feel,
Do show your brawn,

It's not a con,

'' The Afterlife Is Real ''

Bri Mar

" The Aliens Have Won "

In distant space,
It's now on view,
An alien race,
Will they cause ado?

Why come here,
Is what we ask,
Should we feel fear,
Will they wear a mask?

We told them where,
So we've no excuse,
If for us they don't care,
Will we suffer abuse.

It wasn't thought out,
You ask what's the fuss,
Let there be no doubt,
They could be like us.

Take our evolution,
We create weapons of woe,
What's in their constitution,
May well come as a blow.

If it turns out they're worse,
We will take a dive,
Our decision we'll curse,
When they arrive.

So be prepared,
This could be the end,
Be very scared,
Our ways they may mend.

We now know why,
They came all this way,
Peace doesn't apply,
They are here to stay.

Be enslaved or face death,
Are their only conditions,
To take your last breath,
Or fulfil their missions.

Their home was destroyed,
By their errant ways,
They were facing a void,
We've extended their days.

By giving them directions,
Their journey was quick,
They said our imperfections,
Showed them we're thick.

Those messages we designed,
Means our time here is done,
To reality we were blind,

“ The Aliens Have Won ”

Bri Mar

" The Aliens Learned That To Their Cost "

After being placed here by an alien race,
As an experiment to see if we'd thrive,
Their manipulation we began to outpace,
They never believed we'd survive.

Obstacles galore they placed in our way,
They thought they could do what they please,
Storms and disasters caused us such affray,
They then inflicted all life with disease.

Over our future they had total control,
But slowly the Humans evolved,
After a period of time they took on a new role,
The alien's influence was being dissolved.

Despite all the horrors they had derived,
Life on the planet was assured,
A formidable species was what had arrived,
From alien ailment they had been cured.

How we turned out filled the aliens with regret,
But their creations froze them with fear,
They thought they could leave and just forget,
But to their rules we refused to adhere.

With a thirst for knowledge they could not contain,
For our creators we started to search,
Our quest for the truth drove them insane,
It knocked them right off their perch.

Soon Humans found them on the distant stars,
They thought this was an opportunity,
But from the outer galaxies to the planet Mars,
From their creations they had no immunity.

Interfering with nature was a total disaster,
Billions of lives had been lost,
Mother Nature alone is the only master,

“ The Aliens Learned That To Their Cost ”

Bri Mar

" The Artist Is You "

If a picture paints words,
A thousand or more,
A poem can paint birds,
As to the heavens they soar.

They are similar in meaning,
As each tell their story,
They merit a screening,
As both revel in glory.

What is written in verse,
Can be similarly portrayed,
As in each we immerse,
We observe what is displayed.

Though opinions may vary,
We acknowledge the facts,
Yet we need to be wary,
Of the way one reacts.

What no-one can teach,
Is what you have bred,
Individuals will preach,
What they want to be said.

What's within our heart,
Is what we choose to see,
That's the beauty of art,
It sets our minds free.

With creativity, you're gifted,
Do let it shine,
Those spirits you've lifted,
Make them feel divine.

So, whether painting or writing,
To your own self stay true,
What makes both exciting?

" The Artist Is You "

Bri Mar

" The Battery Had Died "

I've had a thought,
It will form a verse.
I feel distraught,
It's made me terse.

But where's my pen,
I need to write,
It's happened again,
It's out of sight.

My brand new ode,
Was in my head,
It's a heavy load,
Knowing it's dead.

I'm going to crack,
It's a bloody crime,
It won't come back,
Not in my time.

I'm sitting relaxed,
They just appear,
My brain's not taxed,
They're crystal clear.

I'm being beckoned,
To pen my desire,
Within a second,
My mind's on fire.

Where it's gone,
I haven't a clue,
Feeling put upon,
I'd say is true.

Say it out loud,
Into your phone,
With the qualities endowed,
You'll record your tone.

The idea appeared,
I spoke as requested,
It was worse than feared,
The result I detested.

I listened so tense,
It was then I cried,
I felt so dense,

“ The Battery Had Died ”

Bri Mar

" The Birth Of A Child "

I've been floating around here for quite some time,
They need to release me I've reached my prime,
I'm kicking and punching I will find a way,
In here I'm restricted so I don't want to stay.

Together we've made such a wonderful team,
But my quest for freedom is now so extreme,
Nine months of this is more than devotion,
But suddenly I hear lots of commotion.

What is going on I'm feeling much hotter,
The strange thing is I'm no longer in water,
This feeling is intense I need to get out,
From outside my confinement I hear a shout.

Breathe deeper they're saying you're almost there,
Who are they talking to this just isn't fair,
Just then I see what I think is a light,
The feeling though frightening really does excite.

I'm almost there but I won't be rushed,
The fact is I feel like I'm being crushed,
My lungs are bursting I can't last much longer,
Suddenly the momentum is getting stronger.

At this point I look up and what do I see,
Bright lights and strange beings at last I am free,
There is to-ing and fro-ing as I make lots of noise,
They're saying it's the same with both girls and boys.

At last I can see that person I've heard,
My Mother with whom my life I have shared,
They separate us now but we'll never be apart,
Forever more she'll remain in my heart.

After they've cut my umbilical cord
Together we go to the maternity ward
This feeling of freedom is driving us wild
There's nothing to compare with,

" The Birth Of A Child "

Bri Mar

" The Birthday Of Our Lord Jesus Christ "

Once again Christmas is here,
Let's have a celebration,
Forget the debts and have no fear,
It will fill you with such elation.

Spending money you haven't got,
Up to your eyeballs in debt,
What you don't need can and will be bought,
Just for now there's no need to fret.

When Christmas day has come and gone,
As the presents lie scattered and broken,
The thought of the bill will finally dawn,
But for now it will remain unspoken.

As final demands drop through your door,
You bury your head in the sand,
Opening the letters is too much of a chore,
The stress then gets out of hand.

It becomes so unbearable you cannot cope,
That's when reality kicks in,
You are on your own and left without hope,
You're in a battle you just cannot win.

Why did I do it you shout out loud,
As they price all your goods to be sold,
Next it's the house of which you were so proud,
That very feeling just leaves you ice cold.

Jesus Christ I hear you say,
But I think it's being used in vain,
Though he was born on Christmas day,
From his memory most will refrain.

Spend, spend, spend for spendings sake,
Is not what Christmas is about,
It's the spirit of Jesus we all must awake,
That's what this day is about.

Take some time to give him praise,
It's a gift that doesn't cost,
The return you get will truly amaze,
In his kingdom you will never be lost.

Joining with the Lord is not a crime,
By material goods you must not be enticed,
Celebrate what is a miraculous time,

'' The Birth Day Of Our Lord Jesus Christ ''

Bri Mar

" The Chance To Rejoice "

It's that time of year,
Where some shed a tear,
They watch others enjoy a good time,
In reality Christmas doesn't always adhere,
To some it just isn't sublime.

They sit all alone,
Passed family have flown,
Or perhaps they have all left the nest,
Think of those who are left on their own,
It won't cost you to fill them with zest.

Perhaps it's divorce,
Which can be quite coarse,
Where the children are living elsewhere,
Despite your efforts which drove you hoarse,
You feel as if they don't care.

The homeless on the street,
Sit on their seat,
As they watch Christmas shoppers go by,
On this special day as you sit and eat,
They look on with a tear in their eye.

Where's our morality?
This is reality,
A travesty in this day and age,
Helping others should be a formality,
With each other we need to engage.

What can we do?
Well that's up to you,
In this life we all have a choice,
By just saying hello it's joy you'll accrue,
Give those lonely,

'' The Chance To Rejoice ''

" The Civilised One "

Another year passes,
The fighting rages,
As death amasses,
No-one engages.

As people are butchered,
We turn away,
As their wounds are sutured,
We ignore the affray.

The innocents cry,
But we refuse to hear,
Their lives we deny,
As we just disappear.

In his ivory tower,
He barks out orders,
The ultimate power,
Ignores others borders.

Bombing and shooting,
Are reserved for others,
The killing and looting,
The facts he smothers.

Though we say it's obscene,
We watch from the side,
We do not intervene,
It's better to hide.

The United Nations,
Sit back and ponder,
They're but poor relations,
As peace they squander.

The intelligent Human?
Is ready and willing,
Be it man or woman,
They revel in killing.

The rules of war?
Made by the dense,
We should all abhor,
They don't make any sense.

Chemical or gun?
Both kill and maim,
You choose which one,
As death is their aim.

The, we are superior?
Sees genocide as fun,
Their motives are ulterior,
Ask,

" The Civilised One "

Bri Mar

" The Colour Of Our Skin "

Why are we obsessed with a persons colour,
When life without it would be so much duller,
We only get one chance in this life,
Yet another's shade can cause so much strife.

We'll buy black and white paint without thinking twice,
Decorate Yellow and Red and say it looks nice,
Yet when it comes to the colour of a persons face,
For some unknown reason we think of their race.

Why do we create this terrible mess?
We are all human beings, no more no less,
Regardless of colour it's perfectly true,
One colour can do anything the other can do.

Let's try and put this into perspective,
All other life forms are just not as selective,
Colour to them is mainly for disguise,
It is also an attraction which pleases their eyes.

If we looked at these others then maybe we'd learn,
That colours an asset not a matter for concern,
Here are some examples which will show there's a link,
If nothing else they should make you think.

If ten people died from different cultures,
Then from above appeared some vultures,
Would they look down and say, which colour will we eat?
Of course they wouldn't to them we're just meat.

As the lions stalked humans out in the bush,
They thought which one will we kill if it comes to a push,
There's red and yellow and black and white,
We're not really sure which one is right.

The leader of the pride said, go catch your game
Forget their colour they all taste the same
We don't really care about colour or creed
If we don't kill we die we must have our feed.

Their attitude to life is more clever than us,
Simple ideals they make less of a fuss,
Their aim in this life is just to survive,
If we weren't here all lifeforms would thrive.

Humankind's made in Gods image is what they say,
So why do some humans feel this way,
What colour is God if that's really true,
If truth be told we do not have a clue.

Racism is a purely a human trait,
So what's going to happen when we reach Heavens gate,
Will God harbour racist thoughts in his head,
Then say no black or white just yellow and red.

That's the dilemma facing us here,
There are some we accept while others we fear,
If we could accept who we are comes from within,
There would be no need to worry about,

``The Colour Of Our Skin ``

Bri Mar

" The Cowards Are Out In Force "

As twelve lie dead,
Shot in the head,
By those who are the scum of this Earth,
We are filled with contempt not with dread,
Hell is where your ship will berth.

Killing the unarmed,
It's your God you've harmed,
Your actions he will not forgive,
He will tell you it's Satan you've charmed,
You'll suffer for as long as you live.

Brave you say,
Doesn't hold sway,
With your Allah you are all at odds,
If truth be told you all ran away,
You are nothing but cynical frauds.

See your reflection,
It needs protection,
What I'm saying now is so true,
Take a look and see the connection,
It can't stand looking at you.

What you do is a sin,
It's evil from within,
When it comes to religion you're blind,
You know in the end it's us, who will win,
Your conscience will play games with your mind.

Time will tell,
When God rings your bell,
That afterlife you thought was sheer bliss,
For when you are welcomed into Hell,
Your excuses Satan will dismiss.

A brand new year,
Do not live in fear,
From reality the terrorists divorce,

Though it happened in France it could be here,

“ The Cowards Are Out In Force ”

Bri Mar

" The Crocodile Hunter "

When you met him in person,
He would just turn and say,
I'd rather meet animals,
So crikey and g'day.

When his animals saw him,
They would all run and scatter,
For they just couldn't bear,
His fair dinkum patter.

All joking aside,
When he's put to the test,
There was nobody better,
Steve Irwin's the best.

Steve treated all animals,
With the utmost respect,
His efforts to save them,
Will have a lasting effect.

Whether living on land,
Or under the sea,
Steve showed us how,
We could all be set free.

He brought to the world,
An insatiable need,
To understand animals,
His warnings we must heed.

He gave us an insight,
Into animal behaviour,
He taught us how united,
We can be each others saviour.

We must live and let live,
If this doesn't apply,
We'll be in mortal danger,
Our planet will die.

By nurturing all life,
We could then ensure,
A future for all,
Prevention not cure.

Endangered species,
Steve strived to save,
In his quest for knowledge,
His own life he gave.

As for his wife and children,
They must never forget,
We owe Steve and his ideals,
a tremendous debt.

His work will live on,
Through his family and friends,
They will try to ensure,
Steve's work never ends.

His legacy must be,
That all life will remain,
His unfinished task,
Is for all life to sustain.

Steve Irwin the man,
Was an extraordinary punter,
He'll forever be remembered as,

" The Crocodile Hunter "

Bri Mar

" The Day The Earth Stood Still "

Travelling to other planets,
Will not allay your fears,
Believe me when I tell you,
This is going to end in tears.

I gave you all you needed,
On my planet Earth,
But The planet's now eroding fast,
You've nowhere left to berth.

You're destroying all my animals,
The trees and flowers too,
As the Earth is slowly dying,
The blame all lies with you.

The oceans and the rivers,
To all life I had them suited,
Then I introduced the human race,
Now they're poisoned and polluted.

The Earth was self sufficient,
Until humans happened by,
You're intent on ruining life on Earth,
Could someone tell me why?

You really thought you knew it all,
Of brains you are bereft,
Your attitude really does appal,
As there are no resources left.

I gave you every chance to learn,
Conservation is the answer,
But you decided differently,
Now Earth's suffering from a cancer.

A cancer sometimes can be cured,
But swift action must be taken,
You've ignored my early warning signs,
My advice you have forsaken.

Despite the state my planet's in,
It is sickeningly funny,
Instead of trying to solve your ills,
You are still obsessed with money.

Instead of looking to the sky,
To try to ease your woes,
Look at the extinctions here,
They're everywhere man goes.

All you've done is fight and kill,
From the day of your induction,
You seem to know no other way,
True masters of destruction.

Why would I allow you all,
To do the same again,
You've never listened to my words,
All you've did is cause me pain.

So prepare yourself for doomsday,
To annihilation you are addicted,
Remember all your agony,
Is totally self inflicted?

When I gave you all the gift of life,
With intelligence you were endowed,
But you failed to use it wisely,
No more waste will be allowed.

There will be no solar travel,
For reasons you are fully aware,
You are the masters of your downfall,
My planet has been stripped bare.

You will never do the same again,
That I will ensure,
The reason I won't let you,
Is prevention's better than cure.

So forget about your pipedreams,

They'll be fossilised in granite,
My solar system's out of bounds,
You won't destroy another planet.

Your time on Earth is over now,
Even though it was quite brief,
You have caused such massive damage,
Your extinction will bring relief.

Every other form of life,
Will survive when you are gone,
The elimination of human beings,
Will bring a brand new dawn.

The Earth will come alive again,
All life will then re-nourish,
With humans now an afterthought,
My planet will then flourish.

God is your master here on Earth,
It is I who dictates the pace,
I'll determine what the future holds,
Not you the human race.

I hate everything you stand for,
You have acted against my will,
So the day you become extinct will be,

“ The Day The Earth Stood Still ”

Bri Mar

" The Despicable Tories "

A dictatorship so cruel,
Decided they'd kill,
The sick and the differently abled,
Over them they'd rule,
With an iron will,
For brutality they were fabled.

If weak and infirm,
They'd make you pay,
They looked upon them as scum,
By making them squirm,
They did not have a say,
The disabled would be overcome.

To those genuinely ill,
The future was grim,
They'd ensure they faced persecution,
Though a bitter pill,
It was done on a whim,
That they would face retribution.

Despite the facts,
They harried the weak,
With no thought for that person's condition,
These are criminal acts,
Being forced on the meek,
Trying to force them into submission.

Without any care,
Their lives were in tatters,
With sanctions from the Dickensian age,
Sympathy was rare,
But to them nothing matters,
Regardless of condition or age.

Through this many died,
They could no longer cope,
Truth is they couldn't take any more,
With their benefits denied,

They were left without hope,
Life was too much of a chore.

These evil dictators,
Are not from the past,
Nor am I making up stories,
They're present day operators,
Who will leave you harassed,
Who are they?

“ The Despicable Tories ”

Bri Mar

" The End Of Our Days "

Our fragile peace,
Is based on fear,
Along with our manic mistrust,
It will never cease,
Nor disappear,
Until we are all turned to dust.

Who fires first?
Will they win?
The consequences outweigh the threat,
There is a thirst,
For the ultimate sin,
But it's a decision the world will regret.

As resources die,
The time will come,
When someone will make that decision,
Common sense won't apply,
They'll be struck dumb,
For the outcome we've made no provision.

The nuclear deterrent,
When finally released,
Will show Earth as a bright dying star,
In Humans it's inherent,
To create the deceased,
Strange but to us not bizarre.

An almighty fire,
Will then ensue,
A nuclear storm will follow,
For life it's dire,
We'll all say adieu,
Our planet will become but a hollow.

This is reality,
We're almost there,
Unless Humankind changes it's ways,
We face finality,

Yes, total despair,
We are witnessing,

“ The End Of Our Days ”

Bri Mar

" The Female Human Being "

I've searched for aliens all my life,
Ever since I was a child,
From distant planets to far away stars,
My quest is driving me wild.

I'm not sure what I'm looking for,
As nobody's written a draft,
Could it be a small green man,
From a silver disc shaped craft.

Or could it be they're already here,
Perhaps they live in the sea,
Or is it really possible,
It could even be you or me.

That's really not as daft as it sounds,
We have strange creatures here,
They get stoned and out of their heads,
On drugs and potent beer.

When we see them lose their minds,
They then enter outer space,
Their behaviour is alien to all around,
They are not of the human race.

I don't think that is accurate though,
Aliens would have more sense,
Humans beings are quite unique, ,
Could our visitors be so dense.

Perhaps there's nobody out there,
They've been here all along,
I think I know the answer,
It's for you to prove me wrong.

Some say we live among them,
Their attitude can be aloof,
They live within a twilight world,
All we need now is the proof.

Their powers of persuasion,
Cannot be denied,
One look from those piercing eyes,
Can make you feel you've died.

Their intelligence is far superior,
So much so it's out of sight,
They make us feel inferior,
As when wrong they're always right.

They love to dress in fancy clothes,
With a room for shoes alone,
never ask why they need so many,
or you'll hear a sickly groan.

If you do something exceptional,
Your story they will edit,
They'll make you think it wasn't you,
Then they'll take all the credit.

They can make us feel incompetent,
Then make us feel our best,
Drive us bloody mental,
Or fill us all with zest.

When we do the cleaning up,
They'll say you've left a pong,
Despite all your best efforts,
You can guarantee it's wrong

When they get themselves upset,
We'll say, oh what a shame,
Then they'll claim it's all your fault,
You're the one to blame.

By trying to outsmart them,
You are being so unwise,
They can and will outwit you,
Which will lead to your demise.

Beware if you upset them,

They can be really mean,
If you make them angry,
You will see them turning green.

If they ask, do I look fat in this,
Say no my dear, of course,
If you tell the bloody truth,
you'll feel what is, " The Force ".

If you're seen with one of their species,
They become quite over zealous,
They change back to their alien state,
As they can be pretty jealous.

What species could have so much power,
They're impossible to outsmart,
Their culture is from another world,
They are truly a breed apart.

The problem with these aliens is,
If you take one on a date,
When they think they like you,
They'll expect you to be their mate.

They are the ultimate Extra Terrestrial,
Their abilities are all seeing,
This species is known to man as,

" The Female Human Being "

Bri Mar

" The Final Solution "

We're killing for fun,
It's a total disgrace,
Soon we'll be done,
No more human race.

There's no distinction,
Be it colour or creed,
To cause extinction,
We've a terrible need.

Ask yourself why,
Living's so bad,
That we want to die,
It's really so sad.

Is there a reason?
We're obsessed by death,
It's akin to treason,
To take that last breath.

We've lost the plot,
Suicides the norm,
No one's distraught,
Any port in a storm.

Butchery we've mastered,
We'll be left bereft,
Kill every bastard,
There'll be nothing left.

As the end draws nearer,
We continue the killing,
It couldn't be clearer,
To stop we're not willing.

We will never agree,
Is that evolution?
Yes, you and me,
We're,

“ The Final Solution ”

Bri Mar

" The Good Lord Has Arrived "

Do you exude fear or expressions of charm?
Is it you who will ultimately decide,
Will you show love or will you deride,
Or neither option can you abide.

Are you a protector or one who could harm?
Only you can make that decision,
But it must be made with precision,
Hesitation can and will cause derision.

Do you have the ability to disarm?
The faculties to make you aware,
That your skills you'd be willing to share,
Do you have the desire to care?

Does the thought of dying fill you with alarm?
If your religious ask yourself why,
Do you believe death should never apply?
Are you worried Gods promises are a lie.

Are Gods real or is it all smarm?
When it's too late to atone,
That's when it'll be known,
If it's Heaven or Hell we are shown.

Someone out there is the chief gendarme,
Over all life they have total control,
Are you next on the list that they scroll?
Is their treasure the gift of your soul?

Our planet Earth is one large farm,
Extinctions happened whilst others have thrived,
Will all life one day be revived?
If the answers yes,

" The Good Lord Has Arrived "

Bri Mar

" The Human Being "

A tiny seed is placed in the ground,
It's the start of the miracle of life,
Before very long growth will be found,
Making ready for the stresses and strife.

Throughout the seasons that seed will grow,
Nurture it and a gem will be found,
Treat it with contempt and soon it will show,
There's no goodness inside to be found.

It's an individual with a mind of its own,
Treat it wisely and you can be sure,
When your seed has finally grown,
It's guaranteed to turn out to be pure.

Will it bear fruit well that's up to you,
Have you treated it with love and respect,
Or did you ignore it and cause it ado,
If you did it's the dregs you'll collect.

Never forget we were all seedlings once,
Ignorance towards others must be learned,
Treasure all life do not be a dunce,
Respect from others as a gift must be earned.

Life is a challenge regardless of type,
We're all together in a fight to survive,
As Humans we tend to believe our own hype,
Interdependency is what makes all life thrive.

We are the masters of greed and corruption,
For our future we don't seem to care,
As all life forms now face disruption,
Now's the time to make everyone aware.

Our continued arrogance will bring us all down,
We must acknowledge we are not all seeing,
If we don't we'll be witnessing the death of the clown,
Otherwise titled,

" The Human Being "

Bri Mar

" The Humble Bumble Bee "

This little creature is so underrated,
Its importance can never be overstated,
With our eco system this creature's related,
All could die if we refuse to see.

If we're not careful they'll disappear,
That very thought should fill us with fear,
The consequences will be severe,
They're what sets mother nature free.

For their problems we need to find a cure,
Their future survival we must ensure,
That's perfectly clear it's not obscure,
They're a diamond amidst the debris.

We need to wake up and smell the roses,
Before our mother nature forecloses,
If she does the question this poses,
What will happen to you and me?

It truly is a wonderful creation,
They're required throughout every nation,
Without them there'd be no pollination.
Though not everyone would agree.

To save this miracle is our major task,
On past achievements we cannot bask,
Can we save it is one major ask,
We need,

" The Humble Bumble Bee "

Bri Mar

" The Incomparable Ole Blue Eyes Frank "

Here was a man years ahead of his time,
His talents we all adored,
With his big band sound he sounded sublime,
He's, "The Chairman Of The Board ".

For his acting skills he got his reward,
In Nineteen Fifty Four,
His biggest critics died by the sword,
When " Oscar " knocked on his door.

If you're looking for inspiration,
Here's a man that everyone knows,
This guy was a true sensation,
As for living well, " Here Goes "

There was Armstrong, Crosby and Doris Day,
But he was truly a class apart,
This guys singing could lead you astray,
He was forever, " Young At Heart ".

He lived and loved his life to the full,
Some said he was a little uncouth,
When asked why, he'd say, keep it cool,
You can, " Blame It On My Youth ".

Long before Nineteen Sixty Nine,
He was the master of croon,
As for lunar travel, he'd say that's mine,
Now, " Fly Me To The Moon ".

A magnificent artist who was truly unique.
Like his country he loved to be free,
With the media he loved to play hide and seek,
When it suited he'd say, " Talk To Me ".

Whenever he sang those mission bells chimed,
He treated his audience as kin,
All he'd need say to get his fans primed,
Was, " I've Got You Under My Skin ".

This artist is an American treasure,
For the joy his music brings,
When asked why he gave us such pleasure,
He'd say it's, " Just One Of Those Things ".

He was sophisticated but also quite gritty,
From his fans he was never apart,
He could relieve you of your self pity,
From, " The Curse Of An Aching Heart "

Living and loving was what he done,
Despite all his troubles and strife,
He always believed the fight could be won,
When asked how, he'd reply, " That's Life "

He could do things which would always astound,
His talents were a gift from above,
Whenever he heard that big band sound,
He'd say it's, "Almost Like Being In love ".

He loved Chicago you'd hear him tell,
When leaving it made him frown,
If you asked him why he'd say, it's swell,
It's, " My Kind Of Town ".

His memory will last forever more,
Though at times he was on the ropes,
Like a song he was a man we could all adore,
He gave us all, " High Hopes ".

Though his life is over his legacy lives on,
Through his music he laid down his stall,
In our hearts and minds he'll never be gone,
We'll have " All Or Nothing At All ".

He raised millions of pounds for charity,
His reasons were truly divine,
For others he just wanted parity,
He'd ensure that, " Come Rain Or Come Shine ".

On his way to Heaven he bumped into God,

Who said I've been struck dumb,
He told him there's no need to feel overawed,
" The Best Is Yet To Come "

Nobody will tell this guy how to sing
As he waltzes on a Heavenly highway,
With some help from Sammy, Deano and Bing,
He would say I did it, " My Way "

His acting, the singing and dancing,
Will never be surpassed,
At his style you'll forever be glancing,
What a legacy this man has amassed,
We'll forever be grateful for his films and songs,
Tthough in person he'll be sadly missed,
In our thoughts and memories is where he belongs,
That's just what he would insist,
His talents are still there for all to see,
Who's this icon we've got to thank,
He's the one and only I'm sure you'll agree,

" The Incomparable Ol' Blue Eyes, Frank "

Bri Mar

" The King Of Cool "

When Deano and Jerry finally part,
Both carry a heavy load,
For Dean it was to be just the start,
Very soon he'd be,

" King Of The Road "

Teaming up with and Frank and Sammy,
He climbed to the top of the tree,
He really should have won a grammy,
For singing,

" Little Old Wine Drinker Me "

The rat pack was his life for many years,
Over Deano, Frank had no control,
Through all the heartache and many tears,
They shared both,

" Heart And Soul "

A family man through and through,
Playing a round he was in his glory,
When asked if he preferred drink or golf,
His reply was,

" That's Amore "

An independent man with a mind of his own,
In truth a talent supreme,
Over the years his stature has grown,
He would say,

" I'll Buy That Dream "

He lived life to the full with no pretence,
His looks and charm were so beguiling,
A clever man who was anything but dense,
What he loved was,

" When You're Smiling "

Some would say he consumed too much booze,
He would say they were easily led,
The truth was it's something he did not abuse,
To his critics,

" Ain't That A Kick In The Head "

He also acted with some of the best,
His talents no one could dismiss,
In this his life he passed the test,
He'd say,

" Memories Are Made Of This "

When he arrived at the gates of Heaven,
Saint Peter asked what do you do,
Dean said I starred in Oceans Eleven,
I'd like to be,

" Hanging Around With You "

He said to Dean, how are you feeling,
He replied, what can I say,
I'll tell when I get down from this ceiling,

" A Hundred Years From Today "

You'll love it up here there are angels galore,
Dean said my God you are far too kind,
He replied why, Dean said I couldn't want more,
This is,

" Gentle On My Mind "

Then came the time he finally met God,
He said sir I don't mean to pull rank,
But what I'm finding really odd,
Is you're the image of my old friend Frank,
Sammy said, Deano I'm afraid you're right,

Please try to respect his rule,
In Heaven the Godfather will see you right,
Even up here you're,

" The King Of Cool "

Bri Mar

" The Last World War "

Survival is king,
Has a beautiful ring,
It's a concept of the human race,
Think of the joy we could bring,
If only we'd talk face to face.

We put on a show,
A façade, a glow,
Pretending that our world is good,
The facts are that the majority know,
As Humans we relish a feud.

Peace in our time?
Sounds so sublime,
Though we've never had it for years,
Our hypocrisy should be classed as a crime,
We watch as our victims shed tears.

Those selling arms,
Turn on the charms,
As they show off their latest editions,
Barbaric weapons should set off alarms,
Their biggest clients are our politicians.

Humans are dying,
Families are crying,
Our intelligence I'm afraid is no more,
It's to our own species we have been lying,
Utter madness springs to the fore.

The situation's assessed,
World leaders possessed,
They're pondering who'll fire first,
Simultaneously the red buttons are pressed,
For genocide we do have a thirst.

They'd have you believe,
Nobody should grieve,
Conflict they all claim they abhor,

In truth they don't care who they bereave,
As we embark on,

" The Last World War "

Bri Mar

" The Master Of Death "

Our ancestors tried,
So many of them died,
Trying to make peace not war,
On the goodwill of human's they relied,
Today we're still asking what for.

With intelligence to the fore,
We vow no more,
Then tomorrow the wars start again,
Is living in peace to much of a chore,
Do we really know how to refrain?

Is living that bad,
That it drives us all mad,
As each other we try to outdo,
If we'd only speak there's peace to be had,
But we're unable to see the talks through.

By killing each other,
The truth we smother,
It's brutality and butchery in one,
Each one killed is just A.N. Other
Will our madness ever be done?

Genocide is rife,
It cut's like a knife,
As we murder both son and daughter,
We know nothing of the meaning of life,
Are we but lambs to the slaughter

Refusing to be drawn,
Our creator looks on,
That free will he now sees as a curse,
His decision is? it's time we were gone,
Before things can get any worse.

It makes him scream,
Us thinking we're supreme,
As he sees us extract that last breath,

Peace I'm afraid is no more than a dream,
The Human Being was,

“ The Master Of Death ”

Bri Mar

" The Meaning Of Life Is Unique To Us All "

When I was five I wanted to be ten,
How I longed to be a young man,
My mind would wander every now and then,
I wanted to be in the grown ups clan.

When I reached ten I thought of being twenty,
By then I'd be driving my car,
Time for the future, well I still had plenty,
Getting older was a distance too far.

Now I've hit twenty I've nothing to fear,
Time goes past so very slow,
I'm still a young man so I've nothing to fear
I've still got a long time to go.

Thirty years old and it's still not too bad,
I've a wife and children I love,
My health is good I love being a Dad,
My life is a gift from above,

The big four zero has finally come,
I now watch, as my parents grow frail,
The thought of that is making me feel numb,
To prevent it should be our holy grail.

I'm now in my fifties my children have flown,
This life can be really quite strange,
Back when I was five I wish I had known,
Growing older you cannot exchange.

Be careful what you wish for it may come true,
Take your time for life is too short,
Enjoy every minute, age you cannot subdue,
When young the facts you distort.

I'm now in my eighties how I wish I were five,
My time here has just flown by,
All those I loved would still be alive,
Now their memories still make me cry.

The moral is don't wish your life away,
Treat each living second as your last,
Enjoy your years every glorious day,
For in the blink of an eye it has passed.

Scientists spend billions asking why we exist,
Look outside, what you see will enthrall,
It is solely for living is the point they've all missed,

“ The Meaning Of Life Is Unique To Us All ”

Bri Mar

" The Meaning Of Stress "

While under attack,
We just stand back,
While the rich continue to take,
Accepting the flak,
It's we who crack,
It's never those on the make.

Foodbanks galore,
The free food store,
Stop and ask yourself why,
Life's such a chore,
It hurts to the core,
Yet still they know we'll comply.

Put a record out,
Isn't that stout,
In its message, we don't have a say,
As the millionaires pout,
There is no doubt,
For their record the poor have to pay.

Injustice is rife,
It cuts like a knife,
The platitudes make things even worse,
The poor suffer strife,
Is this really life,
If it is then life is a curse.

Politicians talk mince,
Their mouths need a rinse,
What they say we know isn't true,
Even the prince,
Just makes us wince,
In reality, they haven't a clue.

The reason we know,
They put on a show,
Is publicity, no more or less,
It's hello, cheerio,

While you're left below,
They no naught of,

“ The Meaning Of Stress ”

Bri Mar

" The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth "

All animals have a brain,
Some strong some weak,
There's the vicious or meek,
Some truly unique,
Yet we treat them with total disdain.

As partners they're great,
Either Dog or Cat,
A nice Hamster or Rat,
They come thin or fat,
Positivity is what they create.

They give us love and affection,
Help us to thrive,
They fight to survive,
Keep us alive
Like us they're a diverse collection.

They do sustain the Human race,
Yet we treat them cruel,
Some we ridicule,
That's the act of a fool,
Our behaviour can be a disgrace.

Animals are just like you and I,
They suffer depression,
Yes show aggression,
They make an impression,
As they live they also die.

I think now is the time to ponder,
None of us are superior,
Animals are not inferior,
They've the same interior,
Their viability we mustn't squander.

Does Gods Heaven really exist?
Will animals gain entry?
Waltz past the sentry,

Be classed as life's gentry,
While us Humans are readily dismissed,

Of compassion for animals there is a dearth,
So we'd better beware,
Unless we take care,
We'll be facing despair,
For,

“ The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth ”

Bri Mar

" The Men In Black "

Aliens here on Earth,
That's what they're saying?
Where do they berth?
On whom are they preying.

They live quite well,
Under the sea,
We cannot rebel,
They want you and me.

They live underground,
In chambers deep,
That's where they're found,
Our secrets they keep.

It is their mission,
To experiment on us,
We're their acquisition,
We can't make a fuss.

Our world leaders,
Have made a deal,
Hybrid breeders,
No it's not surreal.

For technological advances,
We are their price,
While their lives it enhances,
They treat us like lice.

This may well cause friction,
I'm not being uncouth,
But it's fact not fiction,
Yes it's the truth.

They maim and they kill,
We are facing destruction,
Against our will,
We face Alien abduction.

I should never have spoken,
I'm now on their list,
My spirit's been broken,
I'll never be missed.

I've been taken to task,
I'm now under attack,
By whom you all ask,

“ The Men in Black ”

Bri Mar

" The Next Poet Laureate Might Be Found "

If you want a laugh and some good conversation,
Why not visit the poemhunter page,
Fighting and bickering throughout every nation,
Though some of it is quite hard to gauge.

Mines are better than yours, oh no they're not,
I'm telling you they bloody well are,
Don't criticise me or I'll leave you distraught,
Mines are readable whilst yours are bizarre.

Poems being plagiarised from Christmas crackers,
Surely this couldn't possibly be true,
Time to call in poemhunters trackers,
Watch out they are coming to get you.

Blacken me at your peril is one major threat,
How could you do this to a friend?
With verbal bulldust you'll now be beset,
This relationship has now come to an end.

Some of our writings though you wouldn't know it,
Would put Rabbin Burns to shame,
There are others were never written by a poet,
I would suggest upbringing is to blame.

We all like to think, mines is better than yours,
That's the nature of the human beast,
Words written that take us on mystery tours,
Are what I'd describe as a proverbial feast.

To everyone writing please don't ever cease,
Your words no one else can control.
The praising and slagging must never decrease
Critique is good for the soul.

Are any of us qualified to say what's good or bad,
Stay conceited and you'll end up a goner,
Thinking you're better than others is really sad,
Don't forget self-praise is no honour.

So keep up the battle you have a long way to go,
Let the compliments and criticism abound,
By taking it the chin you never know,

Bri Mar

" The Pen Is Your Sword "

The subject of writing,
Is similar to fighting,
It turns in to a battle of wills,
Challenging yes, but forever exciting,
Morality is what it instills.

You overhear natters,
Your subject matters,
Remember that anything goes,
Poets are normally as mad as hatters,
That's a fact that everyone knows.

Those words you create,
Be they love or hate,
Will be read in an unequal measure,
Critique I'm afraid you will never abate,
But you'll also give others such pleasure.

Write what you feel,
To no one kneel,
You the creator are in total control,
Whether it's fiction or entirely real,
Give it your heart and your soul.

Write to enthrall,
Give it your all,
There's nobody knows better than you,
The ability to write you must never forestall,
Make sure you enjoy what you do.

Your finished piece,
You'll then want to release,
Though contentment may be your only reward,
From following your dream don't ever cease,
Remember,

" The Pen Is Your Sword "

Bri Mar

" The Planet Earth Does Not Have A Spare "

As Voyager now leaves our Milky Way,
Into whose solar system will she stray?
Our actions could well cause us affray,
From the unknown we need to beware.

Our aim in life is to reach for the stars,
We've been to the Moon now it's off to Mars,
Why because our Earth is covered in scars,
Caused by our lack of care.

If we can't look after the planet we're on,
Why to another are we being drawn?
Just another destructive race to spawn,
To others planets we are not being fair.

We are but one in Gods universe,
To another's world we've no right to disperse,
The damage we've done here we can still reverse,
This planet's infrastructure we need to repair.

No more travelling to outer space,
Our problems here on Earth we have to face,
Or it will be the end of the human race,
Common sense among humans is rare.

In our arrogance we tend not to think,
That our planet's future is on the brink,
The Human Being is the destructive link,
No other species will ever compare.

Sending messages to space could cause us ado,
We are a violent species they could be too,
If they are then we are all through,
It would be time for the proverbial prayer.

If aliens came here and then attacked,
We'd say consideration is what they lacked,
To defend ourselves would be our final act,
We would not just sit back and stare.

If there's life elsewhere to protect they will fight,
They'd tell us what we're doing isn't right,
On our universe you are but a blight,
War on us they would then declare.

Being more advanced by billions of years,
Us against them wouldn't hold any fears,
For the Human Race it would all end in tears,
Our species would be left in despair.

In all of this there's a lesson to learn,
For what we have now we must show more concern,
Respect from Mother Nature is what we need to earn,
Why,

“ The Planet Earth Does Not Have A Spare ”

Bri Mar

" The Planet Owns Us "

It will cause regret,
But we tend to forget,
We're but a miniscule form of life,
Nature herself is our greatest threat,
Our actions are causing her strife.

A tiny cog,
The equal of a dog,
Yet we refuse to open our eyes,
From the plants right through to the humble frog,
We're responsible for their demise.

Polluting the seas,
Doing as we please,
Destroying what we need for living,
Soon our planet will be on it's knees,
Mother Nature can be so unforgiving.

Human creation mars,
Planes and cars,
Are responsible for toxic pollution,
Our answer is, let's reach for the stars,
The fact is it's not a solution.

We're under attack,
There's no going back,
Our destruction is taking its toll,
Of understanding there is a lack,
The truth is we've now lost control.

Heading for a fall,
Is the know it all,
Yes the one we titled the human,
It's time to give your deities a call,
For soon there'll be no man or woman.

We're too much of a chore,
Those signs we ignore,
Yet we still ask what's all the fuss,

We do not own the Earth what we need to explore,
Is the fact that,

“ The Planet Owns Us ”

Bri Mar

" The Powers Of Addiction "

This feeling is an uncontrollable urge,
Very soon I'll be ranting and raving,
On my body and mind it is truly a scourge,
I must score to get rid of my craving.

It's okay to drink it's fine to smoke,
Though it kills more than my illegal drugs,
While your liver fails and your black lungs choke,
It's not just us Junkies who are mugs.

Addicts are not those down and out scum,
Society just loves to portray,
They can be rich and famous yes clever not dumb,
Does that make their addiction okay.

When I look at my own reflection,
The ravages of drugs I don't see,
I still look at myself with affection,
Deep inside that skeleton is me.

I've disgraced my Father and Mother,
Yes I'm disgusted at the life I am living,
But my guilt I can easily smother,
I use those who are always forgiving.

They supply me with clothing and with food,
My needles I am given for free,
My benefits can go on my fix now that's good,
If only the blind could see.

They believe they're providing assistance,
When in fact our problems they compound,
When required we'll put up resistance,
Those tactics will always confound.

To get high I will beg steal or borrow,
As for shame I no longer care,
Regardless I no longer feel sorrow,
When I fall down I know they'll be there.

You spend millions trying to help us all,
But the majority don't want to be cured,
While on our drugs we are having a ball,
Of that you can rest assured.

The question in reality this poses,
Is why do so few of us finish with drugs,
If they woke up and smelled the roses,
They would know we treat them as mugs.

By pandering to us our addictions they feed,
That's a subject they don't like us to mention,
When all's said and done it's our fix we need,
Cessation was never our intention.

They even give us a temporary fix,
Some methadone to see us through,
It does till we get our stronger kicks,
Though long term it's a decision you'll rue.

Would you give booze to an alcoholic?
I very much doubt if you would,
Though it allows them some fun and frolic,
It certainly won't do them any good.

So why do you feed us a drug that kills,
It just doesn't make any sense,
It's akin to taking too many pills,
The decision makers must be all dense.

To get high I will beg steal or borrow,
As for shame well I no longer care,
Regardless I don't feel any sorrow,
When I fall down I know they'll be there.

Every twist and turn I take,
I find there is no way out,
Any decision I attempt to make,
Fills me up with self-doubt.

I'm caught up in a vice like grip,

There is no way I can escape,
I know my dignity this habit will strip,
My existence is so out of shape.

I love the feeling when I'm on a high,
But I detest that road back down,
I feel so depressed I just want to cry,
In self-sympathy I just want to drown.

It's always someone else, who's to blame,
My peers my friends or whoever,
It's never me that's why there's no shame,
As an excuse it's really quite clever.

I know you will say I deserve all I get,
For this is the life I have chosen,
Have you lived a life without any regret?
From society have you ever been frozen?

You may well ask why am I so obtuse,
I'm responsible for my own affliction,
Well I say to you no it's not an excuse,
I've succumbed to,

'' The Powers Of Addiction ''

Bri Mar

" The Ravages Of Time "

This thing called living,
Gets harder each day,
It can be so unforgiving,
Keeping time at bay.

But that's what we do,
For we have no choice,
Be it me or you,
It doesn't hear voice.

It brings on a frown,
Puts us in a rage,
As it drags us down,
How long will we age?

Some are taken too soon,
Without living a life,
No time to attune,
To the meaning of strife.

Other's live for years,
Long life they savour,
For some it is tears,
Life's a bitter flavour.

As hard as we try,
To enjoy every second,
One day we'll die,
Some others pray, beckoned.

To where no-one knows,
But we do live in hope,
Though God never shows,
Somehow, we cope.

Life is a treasure,
In the main it's sublime,
but what kills the pleasure,
Are,

" The Ravages Of Time "

Bri Mar

" The Second Big Bang "

An intelligent creature,
Once came to Earth,
With many a feature,
He said here I will berth.

Rich in resources,
He thought, they'll last forever,
Took some dangerous courses,
Some not very clever.

He was given a mate,
To continue the line,
They did procreate,
At first all was fine.

With water and food,
They could enjoy life,
But they started to brood,
It was causing them strife.

They wanted much more,
Despite having no need,
Life was a chore,
Then they found greed.

Soon they were fighting,
It became true to form,
Each Other inciting,
Death was the norm.

Despite dangerous interventions,
They continued to thrive,
Then came the inventions,
Life took a dive.

Soon weapons of death,
Were aimed at each other,
To enforce that last breath,
The urge they did smother.

No problems were solved,
We all lived in fear,
Then as we evolved,
It soon became clear.

The arms we so treasured,
Took on life of their own,
our power can't be measured,
They let it be known.

Our influence was diminished,
The mission bells rang,
Our species were finished,
By,

“ The Second Big Bang ”

Bri Mar

" The Sick Politician "

Some live to kill,
Others kill to live,
We all have the will,
If we want, to forgive.

Peace is our dream,
Most dream of peace,
Some think they're supreme,
Their aim is to fleece.

Stand in their way,
In your way they'll stand,
You do not have a say,
Their way is demand.

It's you they will rule,
There'll be no rule by you,
They see you as a fool,
What they say is true.

They take without giving,
No giving just take,
They are so unforgiving,
It's you they'll forsake.

Whenever trouble arises,
They arise from the trouble,
There'll be no surprises,
As we're left in the rubble.

Of truth, they no nought,
They no nought of the truth,
The corrupt can be bought,
They are the uncouth.

Our votes mean election.
Their election needs votes,
Manifestos mean correction,
Don't dare repeat quotes.

It's their mission to deceive,
They deceive their own mission,
How did we conceive,

“ The Sick Politician ”

Bri Mar

" The Skeletons Had Lost Their Smiles "

In a universe so vast,
Born from a blast,
Human arrogance stands out in the crowd,
Out of all the disasters we have amassed,
We think with intelligence we are endowed.

Looking elsewhere,
It's to space we stare,
It's time we the people asked why,
Our lords and masters really don't care,
They truly believe they won't die.

Our planet is bleeding,
On greed we are feeding,
There's a limit to what she can give,
Humans are continuously over breeding,
There's a limit on how many can live.

As resources disappear,
We need to feel fear,

Our very being is under attack,
The outcome is becoming crystal clear,
As of now there is no going back.

The damage is done,
Life is no longer fun,
Food and water are a thing of the past,
Every life form is now on the run,
We know we can no longer last.

The plans are in place,
For the Human Race,
I mean of course for the chosen few,
To go elsewhere in deep outer space,
Those left will have to make do.

In their arrogance they forgot,
We age and we rot,
One light year is 6 trillion miles,
Sadly they were all left distraught,

“ Their Skeletons Had Lost Their Smiles ”

Bri Mar

" The Spirits Are Alive And Well "

The spirits are alive,
All around us they thrive,
Look closely, you will see their throng,
What they derive,
Is the will to survive,
Their atoms are now where they belong.

Yes, they go for walks,
Sit and have talks,
They just live in another dimension,
Where they don't have clocks,
And nobody mocks,
To living it's their Heavenly extension.

Try communication,
They do feel elation,
You will, when you find out they're there,
It's reincarnation,
The ultimate liberation,
When they know that you really care.

They can be seen,
By the very keen,
But charlatans they truly detest,
They find them obscene,
To them they'll be mean,
They could well end up being possessed.

They love interaction,
It gives satisfaction,
But only if you're being kind,
They're not a distraction,
Or a monetary transaction,
They're there to assist humankind.

Don't ever deny,
They're real not a lie,
Their presence don't ever dispel,
When you say good-bye,

You can testify,

“ The Spirits Are Alive And Well ”

Bri Mar

" The Story Of Your Life "

Behind each wrinkle,
Lies stress or glory,
Look at each crinkle,
Each one tells a story, .

In those early years,
You screwed up your face,
Creating channels for tears,
You could never replace.

Listening and learning,
Brought on a frown,
Respect you were earning,
In knowledge you'd drown.

Then falling in love,
That gave you a crease,
Though a gift from above,
Those lines did increase.

When children arrived,
The pressure was great,
Even more grooves contrived,
That was your fate.

Through despair and joy,
You added some more,
Though at times they'd annoy,
You were proud to the core.

Being a grafter,
You added some scars,
Then there was laughter,
Your lines could take cars.

All of life's trials,
Then added their own,
No more denials,
Your face they'd outgrown.

When you see your reflection,
Don't let it cause strife,
Look on with affection,
At,

“ The Story Of Your Life ”

Bri Mar

" The Third World War "

As our world dips deeper into recession,
Unemployment then falls through the floor,
Millions without work causes depression,
As the working class are shown the door.

They watch as the rich go on their merry way,
The very people who caused this crash,
On their lavish lifestyles we do not have a say,
They look upon us as their trash.

As worldwide we lose our work and homes,
Our patience is running out fast,
As the rich sit back polishing their chromes,
We are asking how long can this last.

We need to be very careful here,
Our history shows where we are heading,
The very thought should fill us with fear,
It's world leaders we should be dreading.

To curb unemployment in one fell swoop,
The answer is there in their face,
We already know just how low they'll stoop,
Millions of us will vanish without trace.

It creates work for all in a very short time,
It's a solution they do like to use,
Any other day it would be classed as a crime,
So we need to watch out for their ruse.

The Eurozone " PLEBS " are up in arms,
We're all paying for the rich boys mistakes,
Why they're not affected should sound our alarms,
While we starve the politician takes.

The whole Middle East is about to erupt,
Turkey and Syria are about to implode,
Israel is watching with baited breath,
As their weapons of death they unload.

Their allies stand by waiting to move in,
With nuclear weapons in hand,
They'll then start a battle no one can win,
Claiming against evil we must make a stand.

This will be Armageddon of that there's no doubt,
They need to know their actions we abhor,
Common rules of decency politicians will flout,
As they instigate,

" The Third World War "

Bri Mar

" The True Martyrs We Will Proclaim "

The world watched in horror as our twin towers crashed,
The lives of thousands of innocents were dashed,
For those left behind their ideals were trashed,
Murder was the terrorist's game.

They believed they'd be given the title of martyr,
They should have known that was a non-starter,
Allah doesn't allow murder in his Holy Charter,
On your religion you have brought only shame.

Murdered by cowards who we treated as brothers,
The fact of the matter is your hypocrisy smothers,
If you can't stand life why take another's?
The answer is your excuses are lame.

Al -Qaeda claim their reasoning is strong,
Yet the agony of innocents is all they prolong,
They know full well what they did was wrong,
But they refuse to accept any blame.

Your actions were committed with evil intent,
For the crime of mass murder you can never repent,
From destroying your ideals we will never relent,
You've succeeded in igniting our flame.

Ask yourselves now what have you achieved,
Bin Laden is dead I wonder if you grieved,
Your excuses for this crime will never be believed,
It's your own beliefs you defame.

Though time has moved on we will never forget,
Our families and friends still live with regret,
Freedom and democracy never gives in to threat,
We've a tenacity that you'll never tame.

For a world without war we will always strive,
Despite your worst efforts we will survive,
While you self-destruct we'll continue to thrive,
World domination is your only aim.

Those who were slain we'll forever remember,
Their light will shine on like a burning ember,
On this day of Our Lord the Eleventh of September,

“ The True Martyrs We Will Proclaim ”

Bri Mar

" The Truth Is Out There "

What is it you see?
When first you are born,
Now you are free,
What face will you adorn?

We know nothing of life,
But soon you will learn,
Our masters cause strife,
Yet their respect we must earn.

Teaching right from wrong,
They have a thirst,
Where do they belong?
You must find out first.

Don't believe all you hear,
They don't all tell the truth,
Most are what they appear,
But some can be uncouth.

About lies we know naught,
Same with colour or creed,
Like maths they are taught,
Among evil they breed.

Try not to be blind,
Question everything you're told,
Keep a free mind,
It's a power to behold.

Show respect for each other,
From the facts never hide,
If the truth you don't smother,
You won't lose your pride.

Don't be afraid,
Make sure you're aware,
Though we're easily swayed,

“ The Truth Is Out There ”

Bri Mar

" The Universe Conceals "

Our burning desire,
Which lights many a fire,
Is to discover the origins of life,
Of brand new theories they never tire,
The facts are they just cause more strife.

God the creator,
None they say greater,
Created everything in a matter of days,
The human creation is a good indicator,
That from facts he normally strays.

The big bang theory,
Does leave one weary,
From nothingness the universe was born?
Planets appearing with life is quite dreary,
No wonder we treat theorists with scorn.

Multiverse is another,
It's a tale like no other,
Where new ones emerge every day,
Though imagination we will never smother,
What is true is, there's no one can say.

Could we be simulation,
Created by a nation,
Who see us on Earth as fair game,
Will it fill them with consternation?
When to them someone's doing the same.

You may say I'm uncouth,
But let's face the truth,
In the end all that's living will perish,
Those answers you seek ignore the sleuth,
The life you have now you must cherish.

They think they're adept,
Yet some cannot accept,
Their theories are but someone's ideals,

At finding the answers they are totally inept,
What they search for,

“ The Universe Conceals ”

Bri Mar

" The Universe Has You Up For Adoption "

Is death the end?
Or does it depend,
On whether it's joy or grief,
Is it down below or to a Heaven ascend,
Without a care or eternal grief?

Does it scare?
That nothing is there,
Why worry if that is what's true,
There is no need to feel any despair,
What you don't know you can't possibly rue.

Atoms abound,
They are all around,
Life is part of the infinity of space,
In every form they're there to be found,
They are staring us all in the face.

Ask yourself why,
If atoms don't die,
What happens when we finally depart?
Do ours just join that endless supply?
Or move on to make a fresh start.

Science cannot explain,
It drives them insane,
The very subject is far too demanding,
Could it be you enter a new domain?
Is that why the universe is expanding?

Don't be afraid,
By what is portrayed,
For the hereafter we all need to prep,
When your death happens do not be dismayed,
Prepare for what is the next step.

While you're here,
Do not feel fear,
Death after life was never an option,

Your future will soon become crystal clear,

“ The Universe Has You Up For Adoption ”

Bri Mar

" The Universe Is Alive And Well "

When humans arrived,
They ducked and dived,
With all others they lived as one,
A long term plan they then derived,
They became a smoking gun.

Their main intentions,
Were deathly inventions?
For great riches they had the will,
Soon they would plunge into new dimensions,
Uncaring about what they'd kill.

What then followed,
The Earth they'd hollowed,
Caused by mass extractions,
Anything alive they then swallowed,
They didn't care about our reactions.

Soon nothing was left,
They were guilty of theft,
Their arrogance caused mass extinctions,
Too late now to feel bereft,
As humans make no distinctions.

They murdered their own,
Now they're all alone,
With nothing to eat or drink,
Mother Nature they have outgrown,
Yet still they can't see the link.

The seas disappeared,
The rivers all cleared,
Into their holes in the ground,
What they have done is far worse than feared,
The effects are worse than profound.

They are guilty as charged,
Through nature they've barged,
They're on the verge of that meeting with God,

From their sins they will not be discharged,
The creator does recognise the fraud.

From the Earth they depart,
Having ripped out its heart,
Mother nature is the one left crying,
There'll be life left to make a new start,
Our relief we will not be denying.

There's a future for Mars,
They did not reach the stars,
Though this planet they've put through Hell,
Nowhere else will suffer their scars,

'' The Universe Is Alive And Well ''

Bri Mar

" The Universe So Vast "

Each star at night,
Shining ever so bright,
Their virtues we need to extol,
Maybe one day we will see the light,
Of the universe stars are its soul.

Each one a cog,
Like an analogue,
In what is but a giant machine,
If only humans could see through the fog,
We'd know they do more than glean.

Out there they thrive,
Like us they're alive,
Ever changing in mysterious ways,
Despite the conditions they do survive,
Living in their heavenly maze.

With rules they comply,
Yet they can go awry,
They can cause a bit of a fuss,
One day in the future yes they'll die,
In fact, they're just like us.

Worthy of adulation,
They're a wondrous creation,
Emerging from humble beginnings,
One day they'll reach the ultimate destination?
After they've finished their innings.

Those stars you view,
One day will be you,
It's our destiny when we have passed,
That on the day you say adieu,
You become a star in,

" The Universe So Vast "

" The Verdict We'Re Afraid Is Excission "

The Federation of Planets have now convened,
In the past have they have rarely intervened?
They're discussing the life forms we have demeaned
They regret delaying their decision.

They know there's a balance that they must strike,
There's only one species they really dislike,
So they've agreed to ensure we all take a hike,
For our future there'll be no provision.

What we think about this they don't really care,
As the decent among us like the Yeti are rare,
The universe has nothing, to which we can compare,
Any protests they will treat with derision.

They reach the conclusion they must make us extinct,
As our gift for destruction is very distinct,
To the death of our planet we'll forever be linked,
Everywhere we go we create a division.

Out of all our galaxies you are truly unique,
Killing for fun is a sick technique,
While we watch it is havoc you wreak,
There was bound to be a collision.

Over the centuries it has clearly been shown,
Your greed and corruption stand alone,
Your refusal to protect even your own,
Shows us there's a great division.

Allowing travel into space was a large mistake,
Knowing your promises you would forsake,
In cooperation with others you refuse to partake,
That's the nature of the human condition.

Instead of us trying to plead a good case,
We throw their demands back in their face,
When we try to hit back with a coup de grace,
Our tactics soon need a revision.

Within seconds we are under their total control,
Our existence they refuse to extol,
For your past misdeeds there'll be no parole,
On our contract there's now a rescission.

Your lack of respect we cannot comprehend,
Your behaviour here on Earth we cannot defend,
Human life in our universe we will not extend,

“ The Verdict We're Afraid Is Excision ”

Bri Mar

" The Whole Concept Of Gods Is A Lie "

Our creator,
Or is it dictator,
Tell us do you ever feel shame,
Of everything alive you are the curator,
Yet for death you do not accept blame.

You blame another,
The truth you smother,
Is that the behaviour of a God?
Why would you watch us destroy each other,
Then your presence expect us to laud?

Do you watch from afar?
From some distant star,
Does death fill you up with elation?
With the one called Satan you're on a par,
Hell bent on the death of creation.

For freedom of choice,
We're supposed to rejoice,
Problem is the choice is all yours,
Believe or grieve doesn't give us a voice,
Blind loyalty is what it procures.

By following your will,
We learned to kill,
If you can do it then so can we,
Though that may seem like a bitter pill,
It's a fact with which you must agree.

To rule by threats,
Will cause regrets,
Not just for us but also for you,
Though people may follow their beliefs are hollow,
A hypocrite always forgets.

Let's face the truth,
Your rules are uncouth,
Being accountable to you doesn't apply,

You will never stand in the witness booth,
Why?

“ The Whole Concept Of Gods Is A Lie ”

Bri Mar

" The Wife Is Always Right "

I've been married now for 50 years,
Yes there's been laughter and the tears,
Our life isn't always what it appears,
But our future's looking bright.

What the secret I hear you ask,
As in happiness we seem to bask,
Don't make life a massive task,
It will keep your flame alight.

Love each other with a will,
Never treat marriage as a drill,
Staying in love is truly a skill,
Respect really does unite.

Keep arguments few and far between,
Don't always say what you mean,
Never make your partner green,
Or their ire you'll incite.

Always apologise when you're wrong,
That will keep you both on song,
For each other you must be strong,
To each other be polite.

Life is really hard enough,
Take the smooth with the rough,
Be there when the times get tough,
Of each other never lose sight.

Don't insult or cause affray,
Always give your spouse a say,
You'll live to fight another day,
Never deal in spite.

The greatest secret of them all,
Is to ensure that you don't brawl,
The golden rule I must install,
Is,

" The Wife Is Always Right "

Bri Mar

" The Will Of Our Great People "

For centuries now our nations,
Have defended against attack,
Woe betide our aggressors,
When we start fighting back.

The Japanese in forty one,
Attacked your naval fleet,
They thought that this would bring you down,
They thought you could be beat.

But you rose up from the ashes,
To the Battle of Midway,
You sent them home to think again,
My God, they were made to pay.

The Germans bombed Britain ruthlessly,
They thought we would give in,
But we fought on and won the day,
It was a battle we knew we'd win.

Together with our world allies,
We eventually won the day,
Evil died and goodness thrived,
There was no other way.

Just now we have the terror groups,
Committing cowardly acts,
I think it's time we furnished them,
With some grass root basic facts.

Your murderous ways kill innocents,
Then you say you feel such pride,
Believe me when you meet your God,
There'll be no place to hide.

The main mistake you cowards make,
Is to underrate our will,
You are jealous of our comradeship,
To you that's a bitter pill.

When you commit your evil deeds,
It's Satan who is your mentor,
For when it comes to judgement day,
It's his Hell that you will enter.

If you face the facts presented,
Then you must surely know,
Your evil will never triumph,
While our spirit will forever grow.

This bond we have is so unique,
In brotherhood we are seated,
As defenders of democracy,
We will never be defeated.

The moral of this story is,
Better than you have tried,
But like the scum before you,
Every one of them has died.

You may bomb our planes and buildings,
Bring down our tallest steeple,
But there's one thing you will never destroy,

" The Will Of Our Great People "

Bri Mar

" The Word Of Our Lord "

It's that time of year,
Where we overspend,
Then shed a tear,
Will this debt ever end?

Buying things we don't need,
Just to please others,
It's big business we feed,
True Christmas it smothers.

Ensuring mental wealth,
Gives you a head start,
It encourages good health,
Goodness comes from the heart.

Use this special time,
To forgive and forget,
Get rid of past grime,
Don't live with regret.

Show those you love,
What they mean to you,
They're a gift from above,
You know that is true.

With family and friends,
Sitting round the table,
Where joy never ends,
That is the real fable.

The birth of our saviour,
Is the true celebration,
On our best behaviour,
A world filled with elation.

All living as one,
To the saviours accord,
Where we no longer shun,

“ The Word Of Our Lord ”

Bri Mar

" The World Of Poetry Is Open To Us All "

I write poetry, some good some bad,
Rhymes, some happy while others are sad,
My aim in life is to make everyone glad,
So I do hope none of them appal.

There's a wide variety, so take your pick,
Some will say, he makes me sick,
Others will comment, he must be thick,
A brain he needs to install.

Never be afraid to express what you feel,
In the face of your critics never kneel,
Your inner soul you must never conceal,
Over your work some critics will brawl.

You can't please everyone all of the time,
Even trying to should be classed as a crime,
Looking for praise, you've a mountain to climb,
It's really hard to enthrall.

If torn to shreds do not take the huff,
Then walk away saying I've had enough,
Continue your writing and call their bluff,
Ensure you stand ten feet tall.

The secret is in enjoying what you write,
Your inner fire is what you'll ignite,
If the thought of composing still does excite,
Then get out there and have a ball.

It's an open market so don't be afraid,
To reach the top your work must be displayed,
Maybe one day you will make that grade,
Stay focused for what is the long haul.

Success like beauty is in the eye of the beholder,
Don't be afraid fire ignites from smoulder,
Your hidden gem could be in your folder,

Bri Mar

" The World Will Applaud "

Keep reality in sight,
You will see the light,
Though you can't see the wood for the trees,
Though you feel that little goes right,
Positive thoughts will help to appease.

Everything goes wrong,
Yes, that old song,
At one time we all feel the same,
In negativity is where you belong,
You feel as if you're in the frame.

Woe is me,
Will not set you free,
It's the start of the road to Hell,
It's not what you can't but what you can see,
That will teach you that all can be well.

Whenever we fail,
We start to wail,
Why me is the question we ask,
Say why not, add a twist to the tail,
Then give life all you have got.

Walking away,
Will never hold sway,
Every problem has its own solution,
Will I find it, only you can say,
Make it part of your new resolution.

Thinking you'll crack?
Turn defence to attack,
Onwards and upwards is your goal,
Courage and tenacity you no longer lack,
You're now in charge of your soul.

Now is your time,
You've a mountain to climb,
But you'll do it with both shoulders broad,

Life for you is now so sublime,
Your tenacity,

“ The World Will Applaud ”

Bri Mar

" Their Bright New Dawn ""

Our end is nigh,
We start to cry,
As the death of our species draws nearer,
Our wanton abuse we still deny,
Our responsibility couldn't be clearer.

We destroyed what sustains,
For our ill-gotten gains,
Greed was our sole motivation,
Despite our claims of superior brains,
We have failed what was our probation.

We all get a chance,
All life to enhance,
But sadly, we miserably failed,
We did not give survival a second glance,
Our final breath will now be exhaled.

The Earth will survive,
As other life forms strive,
To continue the fight to progress,
Now we're extinct the majority will thrive,
No more Human like stress.

We destroyed for fun,
Everything bar none,
We were truly a barbaric race,
A species so cruel that nothing could stun,
Disaster we loved to embrace.

As the red mist clears,
There are joyful tears,
They are glad the Human has gone,
A life of contentment with far less fears,
As they awake to,

" Their Bright New Dawn "

Bri Mar

" Their Future Is Ours To Pursue "

It may come as a blow,
But our legacy will show,
To extinctions we closed our eyes,
Our intelligence in reality was in fact low,
We ignored our future demise.

The new born child,
Will grow up riled,
That we've left their generation bereft,
For what we've done we'll be reviled,
For them there is nothing left.

We made it our vow,
To live for now,
Our lives weren't based on need,
How they'd survive we did not care how,
Everything we did was for greed.

For their future years,
We didn't shed tears,
We took without ever giving,
We totally ignored that we were their peers,
Yes, we are the reason they're living.

It was trouble we stored,
The warnings we ignored,
But the Earth we continued to plunder,
We refused to take nature's warnings on board,
That was a terrible blunder.

Though it wasn't fair,
We just didn't care,
That our children would struggle to survive,
At their barren planet they now stand and stare,
It is they not us who're alive.

Before it's too late,
Let's sort out their fate,
Our contempt we need to subdue,

Don't leave behind a legacy of hate,

“ Their Future Is Ours To Pursue ”

Bri Mar

" Their Inventions Spiral Out Of Control "

Life's not a dream,
It's a hair brained scheme,
Thought up by our beloved creators,
Something to boost their self-esteem,
Who now look upon us as traitors.

They once had a hold,
Where we would be told,
What to do and how we would act,
Our reaction now is leaving them cold,
Their very ethos we have attacked.

Giving us free will,
Was a bitter pill,
Our actions fill them with regret,
They also gave us the ability to kill,
That alone is making them fret.

They don't have much say,
We no longer obey,
For their rules there's nobody cares,
Their fear is we lot are heading their way,
To meddle in their sordid affairs.

They are running scared,
With technology we've paired,
Artificial intelligence has come back to bite,
They never believed we would have dared,
To travel to their distant light.

It's themselves they deceive,
They just cannot believe,
They ask why did we grant them a soul,
Our creators can now only watch and grieve,
As,

" Their Creations Spiral Out Of Control "

Bri Mar

" Their Is No Measure "

Are you aware,
That by showing you care,
You are ridding another of strife,
Lifting someone from the depths of despair,
Can actually improve someone's life.

By helping those lost,
You clear the frost,
Suddenly they can see the light,
Ask yourself what it would cost,
To make another's future shine bright.

You know what it means,
It's in our genes,
To deal with another's fragility,
We are human beings we're not machines,
To use it we have the ability.

To listen or talk,
Even go a short walk,
For recovery you are planting the seed,
By just allowing them time to take stock,
Their desire is what you then feed.

From young to old,
From the timid to the bold,
We will all have our troubles to seek,
Stand shoulder to shoulder don't leave them cold,
Soon they'll be strong not weak.

The gift of caring,
The joy of sharing,
Are things every one of us should treasure,
As to the rewards, there's no comparing,
For that feeling,

" There Is No Measure "

" Then Evil Will Lead Us Astray "

When the aliens arrived on our beloved Earth,
We refused to allow their craft to berth,
As for compassion there was a dearth,
Our visitors were filled with dismay.

While some of the humans offered assistance,
The other half put up a resistance,
After travelling all that distance,
Their fears we had to allay.

Though they had powers beyond our control,
There were those among us who refused to console,
Their superiority they would not extol,
Our visitors they wanted to betray.

Despite the fact that they came here in peace,
Our visitors craft they refused to release,
It was their technology they wanted to fleece,
To steal it there'd be no delay.

The aliens warned them there is no going back,
If you force our tentacles we will surely attack,
But in times of greed common sense we did lack,
Humans were determined to cause them affray.

When their craft was held and then secured,
That's when they told us to rest assured,
The views of their enemies were being obscured,
They wouldn't stand for foul play.

Throughout our universe your probes have been found,
Your effect on other life forms has been really profound,
They said you sent for us not the other way round,
So why this aggressive display.

Their superior intelligence soon made us cower,
No weapons required just an alien glower,
We were forced to concede to their astonishing power,
Their enemies then all ran away.

Your messages to us speak of peace loving creatures,
Of love and compassion your are the teachers,
From what we've witnessed you've got none of these features,
What you do is lead others astray.

In life there's someone more clever than you,
Rather than acknowledge it you cause them ado,
Your misconception you're superior is in need of a review,
Total conceit is what you portray.

It's this arrogance and greed that are costing us dear,
That's why we're living in a world filled with fear,
If with God's commandments we refuse to adhere,

'' Then Evil Will Lead Us Astray ''

Bri Mar

" There Are No Pockets In A Shroud "

Money makes the world go round,
I wonder who said that,
It must have been a billionaire,
A grass roots spoiled brat.

They take their lead from politicians,
Do as I say Not as I do,
They write how to fiddle editions,
As more funds they must accrue.

The rich are really all the same,
Whether they act or if they sing,
They'll always preach to you and me,
Money isn't everything.

Don't you find it really strange,
It's actually quite funny,
That the very people who make this claim,
Have all got loads of money.

Now I'm not being flippant,
Nor am I being abrupt,
But cash along with power,
Really does corrupt.

They love their yachts and fancy cars,
But you must always be aware,
Though it's you and I who make them rich,
For us they just don't care.

As they live their lives of splendour,
They ignore the plight of others,
To sharing they'll never surrender,
Their self delusion and arrogance smothers.

These greedy people the world over,
Are so obsessed with amassing wealth,
As they strive to make their trillions,
They tend to ignore their health.

Before they know it's time to go,
They shout out, we need more time,
We've got loads of lovely dosh to spend,
To take us now would be a crime.

When they arrive at Heavens gate,
They all put on a frown,
No debit cards or hard fast cash,
Just a plain white gown.

God says, on Earth you were rich and famous,
You stood out in a crowd,
But you cannot take it with you,

"There Are No Pockets In A Shroud"

Bri Mar

" There Is No Going Back "

We live in a world,
Where everyone's judged,
While insults are hurled,
The facts are then smudged.

Where truth is rare,
It's much easier to lie,
We no longer care,
That the weak we deny.

We steal from each other,
To this we are blind,
The facts we then smother,
By pretending we're kind.

Our beloved politicians,
Those laws they make,
It's within their traditions,
Their rules they'll break.

Those bankers we trusted,
They all took a dash.
Leaving us disgusted,
When they stole all our cash.

We eye with suspicion,
Our family and friends,
We show no contrition,
Why make amends.

Some have the will,
To maim and destroy,
Whatever they kill,
Doesn't seem to annoy.

Armageddon draws near,
This fact we disguise,
We will all disappear,
Open your eyes.

What we've done is a crime,
We'll now suffer the flak,
We are now out of time,

'' There Is No Going Back ''

Bri Mar

" There Will Be No Resurrection "

It was time to return,
To his Fathers creations,
The thought of it filled him with dread,
Would they once again spurn,
His attempt at relations,
Once again he could end up dead.

First time round,
He failed to convince,
My God did they make him bleed,
His intentions though sound,
They did make him wince,
His wisdom they just wouldn't heed.

This is a curse,
Me going back,
Please can I send another,
If anything, they're worse,
I'll be under attack,
The truth I know they will smother.

The Commandments you wrote,
Are cast to the side,
Your instructions they refuse to obey,
They'll slit my throat,
Open wide,
You no longer hold any sway.

They pretend to believe,
In their Gods on high,
Facts prove, they are greedy and cruel,
They live to deceive,
While me they defy,
In reality they prefer the jewel.

When I appeared,
They laughed in my face,
They proclaimed I was surely a fraud,
It was worse than feared,

The entire human race,
Mocked the true son of God.

Their taunts I braved,
But I had to give in,
They are way beyond any assistance,
They can't be saved,
They are evil within,
I decided to keep my distance.

God did inquire,
Did they all repent?
I said no, all I faced was rejection,
Father said, dire,
It is now my intent,

“ There Will Be No Resurrection ”

Bri Mar

" There's Just As Much Life In A Salad "

Veggies and Vegans say it's not cool,
They claim it's a murderous act,
If you eat any meat you must be a fool,
Is that nonsense or is it a fact.

Animals kill others that is true,
They must if they're to survive,
Humans eat meat like they do,
It's one method of staying alive.

Others eat grass, vegetables or hay,
True life forms every one,
We all need a feed from day to day,
When all is said and done.

That is life it's nature's way,
Till vegans and veggies came along
These people feel the need to say,
That what we're doing is wrong.

We don't tell them what to eat,
So why do they tell us,
There's nothing wrong with eating meat,
So what is all the fuss.

They say that it's just so inhumane,
It's the taking of a life,
In their efforts they won't wane,
They just love to give us strife.

Some of them eat chicken and fish,
Both of them living things,
Like steak they make a lovely dish,
Yet still no alarm bell rings.

Others say it's a heinous deed,
Killing animals for food,
Vegetables live but they don't take heed,
It's their insulated minds they delude.

Plants, fruits and vegetables come and go,
They're born and then they grow old,
Just like us they live and grow,
They're a part of life's great fold.

What gives veggies the right to dictate?
Don't plants have any rights,
Is it just because it's meat they hate?
They have us in their sights.

We are murderers they'd have you believe,
While they devour poor plants,
Truth is it's themselves they deceive,
With their hypocritical rants.

Plants like animals can't refuse,
None of them have a voice,
We eat to survive we do not abuse,
How we do that should be our own choice.

Killing year old lambs for Sunday lunch,
Are the actions of bloody louts,
I would counter that, now here's the crunch,
What about those poor baby sprouts.

The next time we're sitting down to our steak,
To all veggies we'll sing you a ballad,
The content will read that your argument's fake,

'' There's Just As Much Life In A Salad ''

Bri Mar

" There's More To Our Lives Than Oil "

The Gulf of Mexico is a beautiful place,
Where nature and wildlife abound,
Spoiled by who else but the Human Race,
These disasters no longer confound.

Whenever they happen we say never again,
An enquiry is what is required,
We know for a fact it's not if it's when,
These incompetents should all be fired.

Being brutally honest what do enquiries achieve?
Apart from wasting our money,
The outcome reached none of us believe,
If it weren't so sick it'd be funny.

What kind of profits are they making?
When twenty billion dollars can be set aside,
It is nature they are forsaking,
From that we must not let them hide.

To the locals the oceans are their way of life,
Oil destroys all life in the seas,
Everything that moves is being killed by the strife,
It's them they should be trying to appease.

The oil companies just don't give a damn,
As long as they find more in reserve,
Into their pockets vast profits they'll cram,
Nature they don't want to preserve.

Now it's on to the Arctic so pure,
Unspoiled by the greed of mankind,
Once we start drilling you can be sure,
There'll no longer be an Arctic to find.

Governments must take their share of the blame,
They issue the licences involved,
All of them should hang their heads in shame,
Such disasters will never be resolved.

The entire Human Race is just as bad,
For fuel we have a terrible obsession,
Dependence on what's limited is totally mad,
Our intelligence is in a recession.

As we drill deeper the dangers increase,
But the powers that be just don't care,
We genuinely don't know just what we'll release,
It's a fact it will lead to despair.

Oil is a fuel that is dwindling fast,
It may last just fifty more years,
Thereafter it will be that thing of the past,
That reduced our planet to tears.

While we waste our talents on dangerous fuels,
Sustainability is what we should seek,
The future will show that Human beings were fools,
Earths future outlook is bleak.

We must find alternatives here and now,
Our future needs are dependent on soil,
Underwater drilling we must not allow,

'' There's More To Our Lives Than Oil ''

Bri Mar

" There's No Substitution "

When problems arise,
Don't close your eyes,
Never delay a response,
The bare faced facts you cannot disguise,
Don't treat them with a sick nonchalance.

Under the carpet won't work
It just creates murk,
Worse still if you've got wooden flooring,
It never pays to behave like a jerk,
Soon trouble you will be storing.

See through the cracks,
Face up to the facts,
Problems can be overcome,
The best defender is the one who attacks,
Not to is totally dumb.

Physical or emotion,
Show some devotion,
Then soon you'll be back to your best,
A desire to solve them is your magic potion,
Ignore them and you'll end up distressed.

Turning your cheek,
Just shows you are weak,
That attitude will cause you affray,
If necessary then it's help you must seek,
Otherwise your troubles will not go away.

When life's problems are real,
With them you must deal,
Work hard to find that solution,
It will change entirely the way that you feel,
For positive thinking,

" There's No Substitution "

" There's No Such Thing As Perfection "

Sitting quite snugly,
Perfection said smugly,
I won' t mellow, as I grow older,
I'll continue to expose what I see as ugly,
Of purity I am the beholder.

Is it your duty?
To be so snooty,
Who says that you know best?
Describe to me the definition of beauty,
You cannot when put to the test.

Take the frog,
On top of a log,
Together they're a beautiful sight,
Yes, only when they're enshrouded in fog,
They do not look good in the light.

An Armadillo,
Asleep on its pillow,
Surely it's a sight to behold,
Yes, covered in leaves caught by the billow,
The unsightly should be controlled.

Look at the bee,
Buzzing free,
Providing you with pollination,
Perfection said you should leave that to me,
I can control stagnation.

The beautiful dove,
The birds up above,
The plants and the fish in the seas,
The definition of beauty doesn't fit like a glove,
There's elegance in every breeze.

Look all around,
Allurement can be found,
It takes on many a disguise,

With your ideals we must not be bound,
Beauty is in the beholders eyes.

What one sees as precision,
Will cause a division,
That's why there's so much confusion,
The human ideal is in need of revision,
What we've created is but an illusion.

Nature is defined,
By being so refined,
When required it will make a correction,
To the meaning of beauty, we are totally blind,

“ There's No Such Thing As Perfection ”

Bri Mar

" There's Nobody Knew "

The animals went in one by one,
Then came out again as two,
What exactly was being done,
In this clapped out aquatic zoo.

Then the hybrids soon appeared,
Half Human and cockatoo,
This could turn out worse than feared,
What in Gods name could we do.

Suddenly a horse appeared with wings,
Playing a didgeridoo,
The wife said it's just one of those things,
You know it cannot be true.

Along came a cow with two long arms,
A bear attached to a Gnu,
I never succumbed to it's obvious charms,
I thought what a nice pot of stew.

I could see a dog and a cat combined,
The poor thing was feeling blue,
It shouted out, I need refined,
My reflection's making me spew.

Obviously someone was having fun,
When out popped a Hippoaroo,
Where the Hell did you put my gun,
Why, Chaos is about to ensue.

New life forms appeared of every type,
Then the scientists and their motley crew,
Asked us, hey what's all they hype,
Please form an orderly queue.

Was Mother Nature playing tricks?
No, with her we do love to screw,
Now our problems we cannot fix,
Why,

“ There’s Nobody Knew ”

Bri Mar

" There's Solace In Verse "

A song's but a way of telling a story,
It can be about love even sadness or glory,
Whatever the lyrics you can guarantee,
By singing those words you can set yourself free.

While listening to music be it night or day,
The song takes you over you get carried away
Before you know it you are singing along,
You become that person, the singer of that song.

When you're writing the lyrics ensure they're kept terse,
For that's when you will find,

" There's Solace In Verse "

That's the wonder of music regardless of type,
It makes you feel good you believe all the hype,
A song can lift you when you're feeling grief,
If you need cheering up it will bring you relief.

That's the wonder of music for like it or not,
It stirs up a feeling which just cannot be bought,
Next time you feel down if you just want to cry,
Put on some music go on give it a try.

Before you know it those thoughts will disperse,
Very soon you'll believe,

" There's Solace In Verse "

So become a believer play your favourite song,
If you don't feel the vibes you can say I was wrong,
But that won't happen for I know that it's true,
When you play the right music it will happen to you.

From that special feeling you will not want to hide,
It will change your perspective; it can turn the tide,
Before you know it your life has unfurled,
You'll be back to your best, on top of the world.

In the lyrics and music you will soon immerse,

It's then you'll have learned,
" There's Solace In Verse "

Bri Mar

" They All Died "

Killing I abhor,
But I went to war,
Didn't ask what for,
Then I cried.

Though blood I was spilling,
I felt unwilling,
To continue the killing,
Truth denied.

Those I didn't know,
Will never grow,
The death we sow,
Hurts inside.

Politicians are scum,
Treat us as dumb,
What will we become?
They lied.

Why, don't ask,
Don't take them to task,
Reality wears a mask,
They are snide.

Take credit when winning,
Where's our new beginning,
It's lies they are spinning,
All classified.

Though conflict is rife,
Be it gun or the knife,
They don't take a life,
They stand aside.

After being misled,
Our blood was shed,
Medals for the dead?
Satisfied.

When destruction ends,
Instigators become friends,
Our heart never mends,
Loss of pride.

We who are left,
Some turn to theft,
Homeless and bereft,
On the slide.

While some live on,
To see that new dawn,
Millions are gone,

“ They All Died ”

Bri Mar

" They Are Obese "

Everyone's equal in in the eyes of their Gods,
So with their creators have they been at odds?
Religions are awash with charlatans and frauds.
Are they giving us all a new lease?

Religion seems to be changing its ways,
Equal rights for transgenders and gays,
The simple fact is equality pays,
As congregations decrease.

They change their bibles to suit their needs,
They've never cared about which one bleeds,
On naivety the predator feeds,
As long as their palms they grease.

They've deciphered the text over many years,
So all is not what the book appears,
Each day they enter new frontiers,
By issuing a new release.

What doesn't suit will be removed,
Relations with minorities will be improved,
God help those who've disapproved,
They'll soon find eternal peace.

Is their God a capitalist who deals in shares?
A deity who loves to show off his wares,
A person who approves of corrupt affairs,
Who knows not the meaning of peace.

One day yes the truth will have dawned,
People will acknowledge the lies they have spawned,
By those at the top you are being conned,
Their aim in life is to fleece.

You do not need them to believe in your God,
Do it yourself with shoulders broad,
Religions like banks are awash with fraud,
Their grip they refuse to release.

Let's face the facts as religion dies,
As more and more people cut the ties,
Out they will come with even more lies,
With corruption,

" They Are Obese "

Bri Mar

" They Demand Our Acclaim "

With royalty and gods,
I'm all at odds,
To me they're one and the same,
Nothing I'm afraid but man made frauds,
For their actions they don't accept blame.

Why all the fuss?
While funded by us!
None of them ever feel shame,
Through their morals you could drive a bus,
But you're not allowed to defame.

Always on song,
They can do no wrong,
Their ire we must never inflame,
On a piece of string they pull us along,
If they err we're placed in the frame.

Blasphemy they say,
If we cause them affray,
We are in charge of this game,
Both judge and jury to them we must pray,
As a concept it is pretty lame.

It's not a lie,
You must worship or die,
Instilling fear is one of their tools,
Yet with reality they refuse to comply,
They portray non-believers as fools.

Humility is rare,
For us they don't care,
Let's send them back from whence they came,
All they do is cause us despair,
For that privilege,

" They Demand Our Acclaim "

" They Did Choose The Latter "

We were given a chance,
All life to enhance,
With the answers we soon became bored,
To saving our planet we were in a trance,
The solutions we then all ignored.

Our future need,
We did impede,
From reality the Human strayed,
Our incompetence we refused to concede,
It's our children we have betrayed.

Jack's alright,
You kept that in sight,
While screwing the next generation,
To help your own you refused to fight,
You sentenced them to eternal damnation.

While cash rich,
You made your pitch,
A billionaire is how you will die,
To have all this money there was only one hitch,
You'd taken everything your money could buy.

Suddenly you care,
Now you feel despair,
The inevitable is what you now hate,
Contribution among you lot is exceedingly rare,
Sadly, it is now far too late.

Let's face the facts,
Due to our criminal acts,
The species we call, HUMAN RACE,
Were literally papering over the cracks,
While staring death in the face.

When given the choice,
Would we mourn or rejoice,
Life or Riches?

To you what would matter,
The vast majority who did use their voice,
Yes,

“ They Did Choose The Latter ”

Bri Mar

" They Don'T Last Forever "

They give you a life they look after you,
To them you're their reason for living,
Whatever happens if troubles ensue,
They'll be caring and always forgiving.

Do they own you or is it the other way round,
In fact neither statement is true,
Parent child relationships were made to astound,
You love them and they'll always love you.

They will want you to achieve so much more,
Regardless you will fill them with pride,
With you they will have a unique rapport,
Their devotion will never subside.

They'll try to teach you about good and bad,
To ensure you avoid all their mistakes,
They'll forever be there be it happy or sad,
A good parent just never forsakes.

Yes there'll be times they will get annoyed,
You will bring them to total despair,
Any troubles you have they will never avoid,
For you they will always be there.

You may well think they just interfere,
Their aim is to cause you great strife,
As you grow older it will become clear,
They just want you to have a good life.

They'll try to put up with your mood swings,
Watch over you each day as you grow,
The good times and problems another year brings,
Their love you will feel and will know.

Embarrassing you is a parents right,
There'll be times they will drive you wild,
Regardless of that they will never lose sight,
That to them you will always be their child.

You will do things that will surprise,
Good parents like nothing more,
What you can achieve will open their eyes,
That's why it's you they adore.

If you only strive to do your best,
Without the need for discord,
If with common sense you are blessed,
That will be your parents reward.

When you have children yourself one day
That is when you will learn,
The sacrifice your parents had to pay,
Mutual respect is a gift both must earn.

Your Mum and Dad are messengers from God,
Look after them while they're here,
What they do for us we should all applaud,
Their actions we must truly revere.

Your parents will give you love and care,
That special bond you must never sever,
God's trials of life can be so unfair,
For the pity is,

" They Don't Last Forever "

Bri Mar

" They Had Nothing To Do With God "

All of us have a gift on Earth,
It's up to us to treasure,
life is what it's all about,
Live good and you'll gain pleasure.

Beliefs are what we are taught,
By seeds the adults sow,
This determines our values,
Respect and how we grow.

There's no excuse for fighting,
But at times we must defend,
Most of us dream of world peace,
But on goodwill that would depend.

Human Beings the world over,
Should be living life in peace,
If we could end our conflicts,
Then all the wars would cease.

The problem with us Humans is,
We seem to have a need,
To covet others land and goods,
I think they call it greed.

We also have it preached to us,
Everything is Gods will,
He really must love conflict,
That would be a bitter pill.

No one's ever seen him,
Yet we all think it's right,
We're all the same we use his name,
To justify our fight.

All religions make the claim,
That "their God" is supreme,
Is this really based on fact,
Or is it just a dream.

When we fight in wars the world over,
We all shout out his name,
Is that to say in our own way,
That God's the one to blame.

If we say we kill for him,
We use his name in vain,
Does man believe God would say yes,
It's good that you have slain.

When someone dies does he get blamed,
Oh no well that's satirical,
For if they live It's then claimed,
My God, "it is a miracle".

I think if he could talk to us,
To this notion he'd object,
For us to claim we kill for him,
Is an ideal he'd reject.

A suicide bomber primed to kill,
Is told, you will die well,
There is no God would take this view,
He'd send him straight to Hell.

So why do we behave this way,
We all have self belief,
This slaughter in the name of God,
Just causes untold grief.

If God would come and speak with us,
I'm sure that he would say,
Though some are mad you're not all bad,
Try not to fight but pray.

Throughout your lives you've never changed,
You fight because you're tribal,
Just take a look at your main book,
The one you call the bible.

It's full of wars and disputes,

The things that I forbade,
Stop blaming me then you will see,
Your troubles are all man made.

I imagine he would also say,
To give yourselves a chance,
Stop slaying, "in the name of God",
Then your lives you will enhance.

But Humans wont be happy till,
Our planet's reduced to rubble,
Even then you'll find a cause,
To go and look for trouble.

Then when you all destroy yourselves,
Looking back you'll find it odd,
Your troubles were caused by Humankind,

"They Had Nothing To Do With God".

Bri Mar

" They Use Talking For Communication "

My parents were making a funny noise,
While looking each other in the face,
I was busy playing with my toys,
It was like a drone from outer space.

The aliens have landed I suddenly thought,
They were making a terrible din,
I'd hide in here in case I get caught,
I could feel them get under my skin.

I text my friend to ask if he knew,
Did his parents do much the same?
He e: mailed back saying he just withdrew,
Whenever they played that silly game.

I decided this needed looking at,
Were all adults really that sad?
It's a bit like watching a dog and a cat,
Could our elders be all barking mad?

As I roamed the streets it was total despair,
For this grunting they all had a craving,
All I could do was just stop and stare,
Everywhere I looked they were ranting and raving.

I then visited my Grandparents house,
Gran was holding something attached to a wire,
Granddad was squeaking like a stamped on mouse,
Of this adult behaviour I was beginning to tire.

I then ran home and tabled all my friends,
This madness had gone too far,
Into the depths this adult behaviour descends,
It's disgraceful and totally bizarre.

I went on to the web to the history page,
Could they possibly shed any light?
What I found out put me in a rage,
This just couldn't possibly be right.

In the past this was an ancient way to learn,
It was prevalent throughout our planet,
This was causing me great concern,
I must find a way now I can ban it.

This is something the young could never endorse,
It's a primitive form of oration,
It will never catch on it fills us with remorse,

Bri Mar

" They Were More Talented Than Us "

When viewing a scene,
Our ancestors we demean,
By saying they didn't have flairs,
To deny they were talented is truly obscene,
Their achievements are all theirs.

On close inspection,
No room for correction,
They mirrored the stars at night,
Pyramids show a level of perfection,
We can't copy, try as we might.

On a mountain peak,
There is beauty to seek,
The Incas certainly knew how to build,
Mach Picchu is filled with mystique,
Ancient yet incredibly skilled.

In England's fair land,
These tall stones stand,
Their enormity is beyond comprehension,
Stonehenge can only be described as grand,
The detail required great attention.

The Pyramid of the Magician,
By it's own admission,
Is truly a sight to behold,
The architect must have been a logician,
It's properties we still can't unfold.

They didn't have the will,
Nor the skill,
To sculpt such wonderful creations,
Admitting they did is a bitter pill,
We class them as our poor relations.

What we can't explain,
Does drive some insane,
So much so they kick up a fuss,

It was aliens or something else inane,
No,

“ They Were More Talented Than Us ”

Bri Mar

" They Were Out There "

Are we all alone?
In the vastness of space,
Will it be shown?
There's an alien race.

Ask yourself why,
We should even care,
Their lives we'd decry,
They'd suffer despair.

We can't live as one,
On this planet Earth,
It's the law of the gun,
Where death is our berth.

If they're anything like us,
We're asking for trouble,
You ask what's the fuss,
They will burst our bubble.

If they're light years ahead,
Brutality will reign,
Our evolution it's said,
Will bring on more pain.

Throughout human existence,
Our aim is to kill,
With a deathly persistence,
We've shown the will.

With weapons of woe,
We have an obsession,
How far can we go?
Genocide's our profession.

On history it's written,
We're obsessed with death,
With the bug we are bitten,
We love that last breath.

We'll be easy to find,
No sat nav corrections,
To the truth we were blind,
We gave them directions.

In our search for life,
We refused to take care,
Now we're suffering strife,
Yes,

" They Were Out There "

Bri Mar

" They Will Never Rest"

Georgie Porgie's such a nice guy,
Sees the poor and spits in their eye,
A true blue Tory in every way,
What he dictates we must obey.

Then we have the adorable Boris,
Reminds me of a pig named Horace,
Thick as a plank rotten to the core,
He wants our Georgie out of the door.

Take our Theresa another Thatcher,
She wants to become the immigrant catcher,
Homeward again they'll be released,
Yet under her watch they have increased.

What about our Michael Fallon,
Talks total garbage ten to the gallon,
As for fighting he sits on the fence,
The lunatic's sold off our defence.

I.D.S. his sympathy is fabled,
According to him no one's disabled,
Better than Jesus he can reassure,
For any illness he'll give you a cure.

At the next election David's leaving,
After he's left the workers grieving,
With our cash it's a life of leisure,
Taking does give the Tory pleasure.

A party so sick that though they're in power,
Fact is they make each other cower,
Nothing but a bunch of liars and crooks,
Who know full well how to cook the books.

These are just some, who want to compete,
To become the ultimate Tory elite,
United they stand but they will attack,
Their claim to fame, they stab in the back.

This is pure fact it's not a story,
There are none so low as the capitalist Tory,
The working classes they truly detest,
Until we're defeated,

“ They Will Never Rest ”

Bri Mar

" They Won'T Want To Go Back "

While we live our lives as best as we can,
There are those who couldn't care less,
The criminal fraternity do what they like,
We're left to pick up the mess.

Soft justice favours the criminals,
While the victims are the ones left to rot,
To turn the tide the other way,
A hard lesson needs to be taught.

Take the murderers they don't give a damn,
Jail for them doesn't hold any fears,
Three square a day free drugs and no rent,
Then back out in just a few years.

There are those who advocate killing us all,
Yet these terrorists are now cowering in fear,
Saying please don't send us to the A.
We'd much rather do our time here.

The rapists and thief's who couldn't care less,
They'll do it day in and day out,
They show no remorse for their victims,
Then ask what are we all about.

If they mug an old man or a women,
Which results in their violent demise,
They will not be charged with their murder,
For their lawyers make out it's all lies.

We are now running scared of the criminals,
The do gooders have them in their sights,
There's money galore to be made from these thugs,
It's the innocents who have no human rights.

Society now favours the criminal,
They're much better off than us,
When we ask why there's no retribution,
We're told to stop making a fuss.

They now live in five star prisons,
We want more is what their lawyers shout,
The more we give them the more they demand,
No wonder they don't want to come out.

Soon they'll be appealing their sentences,
Telling us we need to be tough,
They're enjoying prison life so much,
Their sentences are not long enough.

The do good brigade fall over themselves,
Criminals aren't bad they'd have you believe,
While criminals make them lots of money,
They'll continue living to deceive.

These poor souls need everyone's sympathy,
For their crimes they are never to blame,
This attitude is why they don't give a damn,
Then go out and do more of the same.

They tell you they had a bad childhood,
They were given a really hard time,
The hardships they've had to endure in their life
Is why they were drawn into crime?

They wouldn't know a hard time if it hit them,
But they're brainwashed that's what to believe,
They've wanted for nothing all of their lives,
Yet the victims are the ones left to grieve.

There are people who've fought in bloody wars,
Those who have worked all their days,
They had rationing and living with nothing,
They were never part of the criminal craze.

It's now time to get tough with these scumbags,
Soft soaping them is one major gaffe,
If they knew they'd be properly punished,
They wouldn't be so quick to laugh.

They need to know that when they're caught,

Their punishment will be severe,
No remission or an easy life,
That must be made crystal clear.

They must pay all their own legal fees,
That will stop their endless appeals,
No drugs or mobiles, no satellite T.V.
Fed with the most basic of meals.

One hundred years for murder,
No mercy or any parole,
They'll endure hard labour until they are dead,
There'll be no repose of their soul.

Trafficking drugs you'll be jailed for life,
You can't say you were being led,
You're responsible for your own actions,
You've created the walking dead.

Raping, burglary and knife crime,
Will be treated in much the same way,
If you're willing to commit the offence,
Incarceration is the price you will pay.

Paedophiles are truly a breed apart,
For them no mercy should be shown,
They must rot in jail until they are dead,
Punished for the seeds they have sown.

When they learn we mean what we're saying,
They'll beg us to cut them some slack,
When our prisons become a deterrent,
you can bet,

“ They Won't Want To Go Back ”

Bri Mar

" They'LI Be Dropping One On You "

Some people live to create havoc,
Their aims are causing scandals,
Among this group of degenerates are,
Those I'll call graveyard vandals.

They topple our stones and ornaments,
Destruction is what they crave,
But in reality they're just imbeciles,
Who else would destroy someone's grave?

They drop their kegs regardless,
They urinate on our stones,
The stench is quite disgusting,
It can't be good for our bones.

They allow their pets to roam our land,
As they sit and drink their beer,
They desecrate our holy ground,
They destroy everything we hold dear.

They truly are a breed apart,
Their morals are straight from a sewer,
They should all be taken out and shot,
Then hung on the end of a skewer.

This also applies to those who think,
We are just their pets latrine,
If we did the same in your backyard,
I bet you wouldn't be so keen.

How would you like to be fouled upon?
I bet you'd make a fuss,
So why on Earth do you come in here,
Then proceed to foul on on us.

There are those who think they cause no harm,
As they exercise their dog,
By walking away and leaving their mess,
You are treating us like a bog.

So think before you toilet in here,
Please try and show some grace,
This is not an outside loo,
It's our final resting place.

One day soon your clock will stop,
That's when you should feel fear,
For it's more or less a certainty,
You'll be laid to rest in here.

As your mates above wreck the place,
You'll think that's so uncouth,
But don't forget you did the same,
When you were but a youth.

As your friends and pets are doing their bit,
You can no longer cause ado,
As you lie there looking up at them,

" They'll Be Dropping One You "

Bri Mar

" They'll Become Extinct "

The weather is changing,
Could we be to blame?
Our planet's rearranging,
We're in the frame.

Burning oil and coal,
From the bowels of the Earth,
Tearing out her soul,
Of brains there's a dearth.

Taking without giving,
Just cannot last,
Sustainable living,
Leaves some aghast.

Two minus three,
Just doesn't equate,
Why can't we see?
It will soon be too late.

Intelligence abounds,
Humans truly believe,
There are no grounds,
It's deceit that we weave.

The future's not ours,
That we choose to ignore,
This attitude sours,
It's becoming a bore.

Our offspring will struggle,
Just to get by,
The facts you can't juggle,
Of starvation they'll die.

Your son and your daughter,
Will have barely blinked,
With no food or water,

" They'll Become Extinct "

Bri Mar

" They'll Eat Me When I Die "

I have a dog,
Who thinks he's a frog,
He croaks instead of barks,
He also loves rotting logs,
That's why he adores the parks.

My lovely cat,
Is more than that,
He's friendly with my mouse,
He really loves my big black rat,
It's such a peaceful house.

I have a skunk,
Thinks he's a hunk,
He normally behaves quite well,
After eating lots of junk,
He leaves a terrible smell.

Take my fish,
They grant my wish,
When they grow I'm onto a winner,
They always make a lovely dish,
I just fry two for dinner.

Friends for life,
There'll be no strife,
I let nature take control,
For dinner I fed them all the wife,
No need for a six-foot hole.

For all my pets,
There's no upsets,
I will not tell a lie,
They're trained to have no regrets,

" They'll Eat Me When I Die "

Bri Mar

" They'll Shed Genuine Tears "

Let the journey begin,
Will you lose or win,
Be a leader or will you be led,
The answers my friend lie deep within,
Heed them or you could end up dead.

There'll be choices to make,
Some you'll need to forsake,
But will that decision be yours,
In life be prepared to give and take,
Wisdom my friend reassures.

Take all you learn,
For what will you yearn,
Vast sums or a good reputation,
Be careful what you choose to earn,
Some things do bring consternation.

Will you help the needy?
Or rather be greedy,
What will be your ultimate reward?
Being known as kind or terribly seedy,
What fits with your accord?

Influence from some,
Will inevitably come,
But ultimately, it's what you choose to do,
Don't make excuses for acting dumb,
The answers lie squarely with you.

To try and pass blame,
Will only bring shame,
True contrition cleanses the soul,
When telling lies it's yourself you defame,
Truth makes you once again whole.

The journey will end,
The past you can't mend,
Use the present to control future years,

Your legacy others will forever defend,
For you,

“ They'll Shed Genuine Tears ”

Bri Mar

" They're Best Of Friends "

My Mum and Dad,
Are really bad,
Whilst in their bed at night,
The noise they make drives me mad,
All they do is fight.

The wall gets banged,
The headboards pranged,
It's up against my wall,
My Father shouts, I'm being harangued,
Why don't they ever stall.

Get them off,
My Dad will scoff,
Or I'll rip them apart,
No Mum shouts it's not a trough,
Her screams go off the chart.

Harder she gloats,
Eat your oats,
My God I feel her pain,
For my own good I'm writing notes,
Oops, she's shouting out again.

She's now on top,
Saying he's a flop,
It's time for you to drown,
That's put my Dad in a strop,
He's saying, I'm going down.

This is a dream,
I hear Mum scream,
Does fighting give such pleasure,
Dad's like the cat who licked the cream,
They're both mad in equal measure.

Into a huddle,
They lie and cuddle,
Thank God the fighting's done,

This has got me in a muddle,
I don't know which ones won.

What was out of hand,
I don't understand,
For they always make amends,
Fighting in bed must make life grand,
Next day,

“ They're Best Of Friends ”

Bri Mar

" They're Dangerous This Pair Of Nutters "

My weapons are bigger,
But I'll pull the trigger,
Trump says, it's going to get hot,
I'll do it with vigour,
That makes Kim snigger,
His reply is, oh no you'll not.

Oh yes, I will,
It's you I will kill,
Kim says we'll see about that,
By using my skill,
It's fear I'll instil,
It's death if you harm my cat.

You've got one on your head,
It has to be said,
Mr T says I'll put you all down,
You are easily led,
Just let it shed,
This comment brings on a frown.

Where are the codes,
Which ones, there are loads,
For destruction both have a thirst,
They are antipodes,
Who drive the same roads,
Which one will get to them first.

Suddenly Mum appears,
Both are in tears,
It's bedtime both Mothers say,
As Donald disappears,
Kim's dark mist clears,
Why do mums always get their own way.

Are we really so dense?
That we sit on the fence,
While listening to threats each one utters,
Let battle commence?

At our expense?

“ They're Dangerous Are This Pair Of Nutters ”

Bri Mar

" They'Re Left Living In Fear "

As oh so blindly I let my mind wander,
I ask you kindly to let me ponder,
Your noise please curb all will be fine,
Do not disturb is my favourite sign.

Happiness and peace are all that I ask,
To find that release is one major task,
Our world is full of lies and deceit,
Humans are cruel as it's evil they secrete.

An intelligent creation I would have to say not,
During our duration we're destroying all we've got,
When it comes to survival we're not very deft,
Since our arrival there isn't much left.

Our arrogance abounds though I've got to ask why,
More interested in pounds, that's fact not a lie.
Corruption and Greed are making us blind,
On misery we feed we are so unrefined.

Killing others has become our way of life,
As our planet smothers we live with the strife,
Time is running out yet our plight we ignore,
Let there be no doubt we will soon be no more.

We must co exist with all that's alive,
We choose to resist so we'll no longer thrive,
Our planet is dying that is a fact,
We'll all be left crying if we don't show some tact.

In the push for power we are now into fracking,
Your ivory tower will soon be cracking,
Like nuclear mistakes we will lose control,
As the Earths crust breaks we'll disappear down the hole.

If humans want extinction then that's fair enough,
But we make no distinction to all others we say tough,
It's our children we betray their future's unclear,
Our legacy to them,

“ They’re Left Living In Fear ”

Bri Mar

" They'Re More Equal Than Others "

Democracies, Dictatorships and Communism,
Are contradictions they'd have us all think,
Yet as all of them head for cataclysm,
It's the poor who are left to sink.

As our leaders tear our economies apart,
It's time to stand up and be counted,
These idiots are determined to tear out our heart,
Mass protests against you will be mounted.

We're in this together they'd have you believe,
But it's we who must follow their rules,
While they live in splendour we're left to grieve,
Working people are treated like fools.

We are taxed us from birth till the day we die,
To ensure we stay under the thumb,
While they're on the take we're left to cry,
They look upon commoners as scum.

Those who preside at the top of the tree,
Politicians and fat cat millionaires,
The plight of the poor they refuse to see,
If truth be told not one of them cares.

These hierarchies dictate how we all should live,
We must struggle just to stay alive,
While their lives are based on take not give,
They leave us barely enough to survive.

We're being squeezed to death by these parasites,
Who want nothing but fortune and fame,
It is us they condemn they're abusing our rights,
While their excuses are always the same.

They bring all of our countries to their knees,
Through sheer incompetence and greed,
Then walk away rich denying the sleaze,
Their lavish lifestyles they go on to feed.

While they live their lives in prosperity,
The workers end up unemployed,
We must suffer a life of austerity,
While their lives are being enjoyed.

The fat cats claim it is never their fault,
Whenever the stock markets crash,
To fix it they enter the taxpayers vault,
Then they walk away with our stash.

We're then left to pick up the pieces,
As taxes and prices all rise,
It's the workers the speculator fleeces,
By so called experts, another myth dies.

They lie so much they forget the truth,
Then get caught in their venomous webs,
Their indignant attitude is then so uncouth,
When they call us nothing but " plebs "

The truth is none of them would be rich,
Without us they'd be walking the streets,
For a life of austerity they don't have the itch,
They're the epitome of low life cheats.

Fact is for us they do not give a damn,
The truth a liar always smothers,
We are being conned by their illegitimate scam,
They believe,

'' They're More Equal Than Others ''

Bri Mar

" They're Not The Ones Who Fight "

Kim Yong Un and Donald Trump,
Through insults at each other,
That's until one takes the hump,
The outcome? it's we who'll smother.

I'll blow you up you rocket man,
If you don't toe the line,
Of your nukes I'm not a fan,
But mine are just divine.

I'll shoot your planes down from the sky,
Says Un from North Korea,
Common sense does not apply,
When spouting verbal diarrhoea.

A war of words can be misconstrued,
The context is then mistaken,
When their threats can't be subdued,
It's we who'll be left forsaken.

While Trump and Un scurry underground,
Their deathly codes are placed,
In a nuclear war we'll be drowned,
In a sea of atomic waste.

Someone needs to intervene,
Before the world goes mad,
These children should be heard not seen,
Nuclear bombs are not a fad.

When world leaders start a war,
They don't care who's right,
You'll never hear them ask, what for,
Why?

" They're Not The Ones Who Fight "

Bri Mar

" They'Re Now Living The Life Of Riley "

God and Satan have decided to meet,
They're trying to agree a location,
The good lord says he can't stand the heat,
The devil doesn't want a vacation.

What about purgatory that place in between,
Where all the lost souls lie in wait,
Both agree that it is quite serene,
All we need now is to set a date.

Satan tells God I'll leave that to you,
As you have more time on your hands,
My place is busy with the evil they spew,
As they refuse to obey your commands.

God says that's cynical there are more good than bad,
That's why my place is bigger than yours,
Whereas in Hell they're all bloody mad,
For your lot there are no cures.

Both then agree it'll be Christmas day,
In the interests of finding a solution,
Even Satan admits to terrible dismay,
We both need a new constitution.

For the evil on Earth we need to be bold,
Forgiveness is no longer the answer,
Barbarity among humans has increased ten-fold,
They have become an incurable cancer.

With the evil in Hell I can no longer cope,
I thought there's no one in here worse than me,
Now for my future as leader there is no hope,
As allies we could set ourselves free.

God agrees he has problems as well,
There are those who would drive me out,
Heaven is becoming a bit like your Hell,
My commandments no longer hold clout.

This thing I called blasphemy is now ignored,
They constantly use my name in vain,
Satan say's with humans I'm becoming bored,
They are slowly driving us insane.

Humans are a nightmare their brutality has grown,
Our ways they no longer respect,
As for their evil they refuse to atone,
Our existence they continue to dissect.

They'd reached the conclusion their time was done,
Over humans they had no controls,
They were in a battle that could not be won,
Both concurred they should save their own souls.

On that historic day both of them agreed,
This is where our hostility ends,
From our responsibilities we are now freed,
God and Satan are now best of friends.

They now live in exile in a far away place,
Both concur they have played it wily,
After saying Au Revoir to the Human Race,

“ They’re Now Living The Life Of Riley ”

Bri Mar

" They'Re Our National Treasure "

If there's one thing in life which will start a war,
It's conflict between the young and old,
Let's stop and reflect and start asking what for,
These disputes can and do leave us cold.

I observed an old guy the other day,
As he was carrying out a menial task,
When I offered assistance he said, no way,
I'm grateful but there's no need to ask.

What a stubborn Old Git I thought to myself,
He's just bitter because he is old,
It's not my fault he's been left on the shelf,
His attitude did leave me cold.

Then I thought to myself, what would I be like,
If I ever reached the same age,
No more football or stunts on my bike,
That notion placed me in a rage.

Like me he must have been young and fit,
Yet this old guy I was trying to deride,
I knew by his actions his fire I had lit,
He was showing me he still had his pride.

This got me thinking about why we fight,
The reason we are so far apart,
Generations divided by who's wrong or right,
To bridge this divide we must start.

There's so much our Elders know about life,
Yet their knowledge we choose to ignore,
Our attitude towards them can cause so much strife,
They're our mentors they should not be a chore.

Yet in truth they know more than you or I,
They've been round the course a lot longer,
We forget they were young that we cannot deny,
Why don't we try make our relationships stronger.

We must have a truce and evaluate each other
Both our groups have so much to give,
Our differences we know can and do smother,
We must learn to live and let live.

This works both ways, they can be the same,
Saying their time was more respectful than ours,
In life generations go through much the same,
We have weaknesses but we also have powers.

It's our turn next so don't ever forget,
Respect as a gift must be earned,
We owe all our ancestors a massive debt,
Without them what would we have learned.

It's a fact of life that we become more skilled,
Each generation improves on the last,
Thanks to our Elders future dreams are fulfilled,
Only our memories remain in the past.

The reason for this fact is plain to see,
Our forefathers did their job well,
Skills they've given us you'd have to agree,
Is the reason we can now excel.

No group in history has ever got it just right,
Fact is we will all make mistakes,
That's how we learn to make things right,
By distinguishing the real from the fakes.

If we'd treat each other with more respect,
Our differences we could make disappear,
If on each others attributes we tried to reflect,
Then both parties would have nothing to fear.

We all need each other we know that is true,
Living in harmony would give both parties pleasure,
Without our Elders what would we do,
in truth,

'' They're Our National Treasure ''

Bri Mar

" They'Re Your Imagination "

I'm in a padded cell,
For talking to plants,
This does not augur well,
They don't know of the ants.

I also converse,
With the birds and the bees,
No need to rehearse,
When I talk to the trees.

Badgers and cows,
They are fair game,
Foxes and sows,
They're wild not tame.

There are mice and rats,
They love conversation,
A talk with the bats,
Fills them with elation.

Dolphins and whales,
The fish in the sea,
Slugs and snails,
They all talk to me.

Those cats and dogs,
Just love to converse,
The flies and frogs,
You don't need to coerce.

They are all around,
So why am I here,
Invisible Gods can't be found,
Yet my beliefs you fear.

As we destroy each other,
Where is your saviour?
The facts you smother,
That's insane behaviour.

From where I sit,
It's you, who is mad,
But you refuse to admit,
You are being had.

What I talk to is real,
There is no aggravation,
Those gods that you feel,

“ They're Your Imagination ”

Bri Mar

" This Has Turned In To A Charade "

If we were made in Gods image then it's safe to say,
He won't look the same as we do today,
Nowadays we have such a colourful display,
As each culture has a different shade.

There's black and white and yellow and red,
Brown and pink we turn grey when we're dead,
We go all sorts of colours when we're interbred,
As all over the planet we've strayed.

As we're unable to remain in any one place,
It is going to affect the issues of race,
Next thing is breeding in outer space,
On the Earth he'll wish we had stayed.

Little green men blessed with human traits,
Out there God knows what else awaits,
God help whoever's on the pearly gates,
Saint Peter will be hard to persuade.

Your are not in Gods image how can this be,
A six foot green hybrid there in front of me,
I cannot honestly believe what I see,
The good lord will be dismayed.

He gave each and every one of you a place to live,
Yet you look as if you've been drained through a sieve,
When he sees what you've done he will not forgive,
I doubt if he will be swayed.

Being made in Gods image no longer applies,
What I see in you is such a surprise,
If nothing else you have opened my eyes,
I feel as if I've been betrayed.

Do you think he will find us incredibly odd,
Will he be reviled or will he applaud,
Could it be he's a multi coloured God,
Exactly how will he be portrayed?

As the creator of all life came into the light,
What greeted him gave him a bit of a fright,
As his creations all came into sight,
He said, what a beautiful parade.

Despite all the lessons I have taught,
Very rarely did I say cannot,
Such a mixture of colours just couldn't be bought,
This is a miracle I would not trade.

No need to go back to the drawing board,
With this mix of colours I will never get bored,
Normality in my image must not be restored,

“ I Adore A Colourful Cascade ”

Bri Mar

" This Nightmare Is Real "

The human population,
Increases each day,
Just like rising inflation,
It causes dismay.

As water and food,
Become ever rarer,
We can but conclude,
This will be our new terror.

Millions dying of thirst,
Nothing to drink,
Some will come first,
Though it will cause a stink.

While we starve,
It's us they'll fleece,
As their meat they carve,
We won't get a piece.

The chain of life,
Means the rich will thrive,
While we suffer strife,
They will survive.

Already it's started,
Our water's being stored,
Into territory uncharted,
They'll build up their hoard.

As food disappears,
For the poorest of us,
They won't shed tears,
They'll ask what's the fuss.

Under armed guard,
Their reserves they'll protect,
From them we'll be barred,
Our lives will be wrecked.

This will be normality,
Us dying for a meal,
Face up to reality,

“ This Nightmare Is Real ”

Bri Mar

" Those Aliens Are Us "

A message to space,
To an alien race,
That is S.E.T.I.s new communication,
In the hope it reaches an alien base,
Hopefully they're a peaceful nation.

If they're not,
Will things get hot?
When they eventually decide to appear,
Humans cooking in an alien pot,
Should fill us all with fear.

Will they show grace?
Be nice to our face,
Then fill us all up with elation,
Pretend our culture they love to embrace,
Then ensure we face sheer deprivation.

Left feeling fraught,
Fight them we cannot,
Over us they have complete domination.
Like us they leave the weaker distraught,
They then relish the aggravation.

Used as tools,
We are the fools,
Common sense we just never used,
It's them not us who make up the rules,
We understand now the meaning of confused.

They know no shame,
Nor accept blame,
They are cruel and also unkind,
We can't send them back from whence the came,
Domineering is how they're refined.

Behaving like ghouls,
They use us as mules,
By interbreeding a new species is designed,

A more dangerous animal is what this fuels,
Like us there are none so blind.

Their ways we defame,
They're brutal we claim,
As they destroy the whole of mankind,
Debauchery and greed is how they gauge fame,
Their behaviour is so unrefined.

Destroying all that's alive,
Is how they thrive,
But in reality we cannot make a fuss,
A more dangerous creature we could not contrive,
Why not,

“ Those Aliens Are Us ”

Bri Mar

" Those Flag Draped Coffins "

Who can we talk to is there anyone there,
Why won't you listen does nobody care,
When we arrived here we were full of zest,
It was our sole intention to do our best.

To achieve that goal takes the will of a nation,
We need them on our side the entire population,
But as time's moved on they have drifted away,
We are seen as, " THE ENEMY " we no longer hold sway.

Their tactics against us are so underhand,
Yet our powers that be just can't understand,
You can only help people if they want your assistance,
But what we have here is total resistance.

Someone is arming them with their weapons of woe,
They're a constant threat a formidable foe,
The streets are unsafe of trust there's a lack,
dropp your guard for a second you'll be shot in the back.

We are fighting an enemy that's morally corrupt,
We are in a volcano that's about to erupt,
Their views on life are the opposite of ours,
They kill us for fun while their attitude sours.

The Taliban murder their own in great numbers,
They do what they like while their government slumbers,
Then comes the news that all of us dreaded,
For enjoying life a group of women are beheaded.

They claim they're religious but God would be dismayed,
I doubt he'd approve of their genocide trade,
The west have been trying for hundreds of years,
To give them democracy all that's done is bring tears.

Democracy and freedom never merit a mention,
Misery and mayhem is their sole intention,
While our political leaders treat us as mugs,
These terrorists make billions from their illegal drugs.

The Russians have tried but their mission failed,
They finally gave up their intentions derailed,
The time has now come for us to pull out,
We are dying for nothing of that there's no doubt.

They don't want our help it's a thankless task,
So why are we here is the question we must ask
Please let us come home we are just being taunted,
Would you like to remain in a place you're not wanted.

The murder of our forces only proves what I'm saying,
They don't want our help for our blood they are buying,
Their politicians are corrupt as are the army and police,
Which proves beyond reason they want war not peace.

This conflict is futile there are too many of us dying,
These people who loathe us leave our relatives crying,
Would someone please enlighten our political boffins,
It's now time for an end to, "

" Those Flag Draped Coffins "

Bri Mar

" Those Less Fortunate We Must Never Shun "

As Christmas time approaches again,
We look forward to the celebrations,
Families together drinking champagne,
Opening their lavish presentations.

It's a day to enjoy but not for all,
So try to give them just a thought,
The homeless, the lonely, give them a call,
This is when they most feel distraught.

Out on the streets while freezing cold,
No bed or a room to be found,
Loneliness doesn't affect just the old,
Both are afflictions happening all year round.

So look around you on this Christmas day,
Try to give a stranger some cheer,
It will give such pleasure when they hear you say,
Please come in you are welcome here.

It's oh so easy to fall to the floor,
Life can easily turn into a mess,
When that fine line is crossed it can feel so sore,
You find your troubles you can no longer address.

The message of Christmas should be one of hope,
For everyone not just for some,
A friendly ear can help the vulnerable cope,
Ignorance can leave them feeling numb.

We are all Gods children regardless of type,
So never look down on another,
What gives anyone the right to take a swipe?
At what is a sister or brother?

Christmas comes but once a year,
For some problems last much longer,
We may not make their worries disappear,
But we can make them feel much stronger.

Jesus Christ was born to save us from sin,
Gods message is we are all as one,
The gift of caring for others comes from within,

“ Those Less Fortunate We Must Never Shun ”

Bri Mar

" Those Passed Still Thrive "

As I sat to ponder,
I let my mind wander,
To far distant days now passed,
The passage of time makes some grow fonder,
Why do our memories last?

Though they do bring joy,
They can also annoy,
They can also bring you great relief,
It is self-control you need to deploy,
With those that remind you of grief.

We can't pick and choose,
What we win and lose,
What we learned when put to the test,
Will determine which ones we can excuse,
Though you can't always remember the best.

How we're designed,
Can make us inclined,
To choose what we want to recall,
That doesn't mean to those bad you are blind,
The good ones do tend to enthrall.

Discard if and why,
These words don't apply,
To those who have now moved elsewhere,
Recollections of them you will never deny,
Memories show them that you care.

When feeling withdrawn,
By remembering those gone,
You are keeping their spirit alive,
Each tiny memory brings a new dawn,
Ensuring,

" Those Passed Still Thrive "

Bri Mar

" To Elsewhere I've Been Assigned "

I've lived a life of Hell and pleasure,
Worked so hard enjoyed my leisure,
Still searching for that buried treasure,
In general life's been kind.

My early years were filled with joy,
Nothing could or should annoy,
My brain I learned to deploy,
For survival we're designed.

My adolescence was good and bad,
At times I drove my parents mad,
My aim in life, to make them glad,
They said I needed refined.

School years I could live without,
If being honest they taught me nowt,
In hindsight they gave me some clout,
Sometimes we can be blind.

Now all the man I'd ever be,
The big wide world was meant for me,
With everyone you can't agree,
That's how life's defined.

Getting married was a big mistake,
Turned out she was a cheating snake,
My feelings I will never fake,
Adultery can be so unkind.

Never believe all you hear,
From nowhere the liars will appear,
If you're honest have no fear,
You cannot be maligned.

Make everyone happy? don't even try,
Learn the truth from the lie,
A magic wand you cannot buy,
Enjoy the daily grind.

Work and toil with a will,
Show forgiveness to those you'd love to kill,
Though it may seem a bitter pill,
They are the ties that bind.

Throughout my life I've did my best,
Some would say you'd never have guessed
But now it's time for me to rest,

'' To Elsewhere I've Been Assigned ''

Bri Mar

" To Give You Inspiration "

Would you like to know where and when you'll die?
How do you think you would cope?
Or does the very concept make you want to cry,
Knowing for your future there's no hope.

Do you think it's best, is ignorance bliss?
What would you do if given that choice?
Or is it a knowledge you'd prefer to dismiss?
It's not something you'd wish to rejoice.

Millions are given this terrible news,
When an incurable illness is diagnosed,
In their future they've forfeited their right to choose,
As their book of life is about to be closed.

I've seen it first hand with those I've held dear,
Yet their courage and dignity held strong,
I saw and shared their feelings of fear,
Yet they carried on as if nothing was wrong.

They arranged their funerals without a second thought,
Ensured they tied up all those loose ends,
Never showing that inside they were fraught,
When I think of them my broken heart mends.

Their fight with adversity never once did it show,
More concerned about how others would feel,
They'd joke is it Heaven or Hell down below,
Their worries they did always conceal.

If you knew death would be visiting soon,
How do you think you'd react?
From bitterness and self pity would you be immune,
They were which helped keep us intact.

Now they have passed their memories live on,
Their conviction deserves our admiration,
To all those who know the conclusions foregone,
I write these words,

“ To Give You Inspiration ”

Bri Mar

" To Her Memory I Will Always Stay True "

When my partner passed,
I was on my own,
For the very first time in my life,
With the memories I'd amassed,
My confidence had grown,
It was time to ease my strife.

I'd go out for a walk,
For perhaps a mile,
Just to see friendly faces,
To some I would talk,
I'd give others a smile,
I showed no airs or graces.

It's far too soon,
I would overhear,
She's not even cold in her grave,
Reach for the moon,
Others made clear,
I was either foolish or brave.

Life does go on,
So don't be cruel,
We all have our own way of grieving,
Seek that new dawn,
Or obey the fool,
Whose gossip can be so unbelieving.

You will never forget,
All those cherished years,
But this life was made for living,
What time I have left do I have to regret,
Some people can be so unforgiving.

Opinions that are curt,
Are selfish and unkind,
I wouldn't dream of wishing this on you,
To my inner hurt,
You are totally blind,

“ To Her Memory I Will Always Stay True ”

Bri Mar

" To Live And Be Free "

If you term me as coloured does that mean you're not,
Do I have other attributes that you haven't got?
Does the fact I am different leave you distraught?
I bet you wish you could be like me.

From your racist comments I wish you'd refrain
What is it I've done that causes so much pain?
If it's true I am coloured, does that mean you're plain,
What gives you the right to referee?

A beautiful tan without lying in the sun,
My colour stays true while yours is undone,
No sunbeds to burn me is so much fun,
For my shade I don't pay a fee.

You think you're superior can I ask you why,
Are you jealous because colour to you doesn't apply?
Like you I will live and like you I will die,
That is Mother Natures decree.

Are you really that different under your skin?
Like me you are fat or perhaps you're thin,
They do say goodness emanates from within,
On that subject you'd have to agree.

What flows inside us is a deep shade of red,
Like you I've a brain inside my head,
We can be tall or short and it has to be said,
We're both capable of earning a degree.

In essence all of us are made much the same,
Using colour as a weapon should fill you with shame,
I've done you no harm so why do you defame,
Tolerance towards others is the key.

We fought as one brotherhood when conflict appeared,
Working together we became endeared,
United we soon had our enemies cleared,
On that you could not disagree.

It's impossible to hate someone you don't even know,
Take time to learn and soon it will show,
Our love for each other can actually grow,
That is my heartfelt plea.

If that's not the case then why rabble on,
We're all Human Beings from here to Ceylon,
I find this whole subject a bit of a yawn,
If only the blind racist could see.

To be accepted by who is the question we ask,
We're all the same underneath this mask,
On this very subject let me take you to task,
The colour of God comes with no guarantee.

Millions of us placed into an early grave
Those atrocities at your hands yet still we forgave,
That my friend is the meaning of brave,
Kindly leave us,

'' To Live And Be Free ''

Bri Mar

" To Live This Existence "

As you race your cars,
Write your memoirs,
Ask yourself what's all the fuss,
Spending billions on trips to the stars,
Why should you care about us?

Who really cares,
We're not millionaires,
While the minority of the people thrive,
Why even bother about our affairs?
After all we are barely alive.

A Da Vinci cloth,
Makes the rich froth,
Millions for what might be his painting?
A plate of broth,
From those guilty of sloth,
Would prevent the starving from fainting.

It's a bitter taste,
All your wanton waste,
Which would keep us alive for years,
It is with poison your morals are laced,
Then you wonder why we shed tears.

The civilised one,
Is rarely done,
Boasting of how they help others,
Truth is for us of sympathy there's none,
We're not classed as sisters and brothers.

The world is blind,
To all of our kind,
Those better off are in a state of denial,
Ignorance isn't bliss is how you'll be defined,
One day you'll all be on trial.

Dying of thirst,
While the weak are nursed,

You continue your opulent ways,
While we starve, you make sure you come first,
We are nearing the end of our days.

Think how you'd feel,
If you had no meal,
In essence starving to death,
No water to drink a daily ordeal,
Watching your children face death.

This is happening now,
Please make it your vow,
To no longer put up any resistance,
Look at our plight how could you allow,
Fellow humans,

'' To Live This Existence ''

Bri Mar

" To Reality Cowards Are Blind "

Are you feeling perturbed,
Perhaps you're disturbed,
But surely that can't be true,
This habit you have cannot be curbed,
Your aim is to cause others ado.

Snide comments you make,
While the facts you forsake,
Yet the context is yours to defend,
The actions I'd say of a bully or fake,
Reality you do love to bend.

What you enjoy,
Is purely to annoy,
With some you may well succeed,
Perhaps your conscience you need to deploy,
It's cruel to make the innocent bleed.

Ask yourself why,
You make others cry,
Methinks it could be inanity,
Then again by living a lie,
I believe it could be insanity

Some call you trolls,
The truth this stalls,
I think they are just being kind,
It's on vulnerable ears your nastiness falls,
To reality,

" Cowards Are Blind "

Bri Mar

" To Show Appreciation "

It's nice to be nice,
But it does take its toll,
Let's be clear and concise,
It affects the soul.

If someone is rude,
Turn the other cheek,
Is it really good,
To show you are weak.

Yes, I help others,
If I see them in need,
But the truth this smothers,
When they won't do the deed.

All of my life,
I've went out of my way,
To ease others strife,
But it doesn't hold sway.

I don't do it for reward,
Just a thank you would do,
Does it not strike a chord?
That yes I mean you.

There are givers and takers,
In all walks of living,
Life's filled with fakers,
And those who love giving.

If you're given assistance,
Try to be fair,
Don't put up resistance,
Tell them you care.

Kindness and compassion,
Fill others with elation,
So let's make it the fashion,

'' To Show Appreciation ''

Bri Mar

" To Write From The Heart "

The art of writing,
Though seemingly inviting,
Is not as easy as it seems,
That finished product in your eyes exciting,
Can make some go to extremes.

The message you convey,
Is wrong some will say,
Your efforts they will never applaud,
Notoriety is a price some will pay,
While others will claim you're a fraud.

Though you meant no offence,
They can leave you tense,
You can't understand their reaction,
Sometimes in writing you need a sixth sense,
As you'll never please every faction.

Some live to complain,
Though they drive you insane,
Your work as an artist is yours,
Most of the time their complaints are inane,
Self-respect is what reassures.

Where the critic is found,
Hypocrisy will abound,
They allege they know better than you,
Disagree and you they will hound,
They believe what they're saying is true.

So don't be unkind,
Remain totally refined,
When their comments try to tear you apart,
To others opinions don't ever be blind,
Just remember,

" To Write From The Heart "

" To Write Without Causing Regret "

Writing's like fighting,
Wrongs we are righting,
The best outcome must be designed,
The content exciting yet also inviting,
Rough and ready with the hint of refined.

Brash or rash,
With the rules it can clash,
Complicated yet easy to read,
To some it's trash to others a smash,
Try to make the critics heart bleed.

Paid or waylaid,
It has to be said,
Your work may well never bewitch,
Don't be dismayed very few make the grade,
Poets very rarely get rich.

Dry or rye,
Words never die,
They have an invaluable power,
The truth or a lie can make some cry,
Some stand tall while others will cower.

Shock or take stock,
Your mind won't unlock,
Though you know what you want to say,
We all take a knock from writers block,
You feel like your minds in decay.

Fight to put right,
All that's a blight,
Take the weight of the world on your shoulders,
Left feeling contrite you can't cure their plight,
The solution lies with the beholders.

Be coy and enjoy,
Your words can annoy,
Basic decency you must never forget,

Try not to destroy and make it your ploy,

“ To Write Without Causing Regret ”

Bri Mar

" Traffic Wardens We Need To Beware "

I watched an exercise the other day,
It was really riveting to see,
Troops in uniform fighting affray,
Ensuring our world remains free.

Their nationality I didn't know,
Their outfits looked really quite strange,
They were bright and had a certain glow,
They also tended to stay out of range.

Hiding in bushes and deep in the shrubs,
Camouflage was the name of the game,
You could barely see them behind the large tubs,
They thoroughly deserved our acclaim.

Space age weapons with no ammunition,
Could they be phasers, surely not?
If they were it was the latest edition,
From Star Trek they must have been bought.

Their tactics looked totally underhand,
As they waited till the enemy was gone,
They did not allow them to make a stand,
Could it be they didn't have much brawn?

On their modes of transport they then pounced,
Strange items they then placed on their screens,
Plastic explosives placed unannounced?
God only knows what this means.

After committing their dastardly deeds,
Into the darkness they would again disappear,
Conspiracy theories are what this feeds,
They have us all living in fear.

When the enemy returned they flew into a rage,
Who had vandalised their pride and joy,
With the perpetrators they couldn't engage,
Against their enemies they could not deploy.

They were guilty as charged without any trial,
Poor souls in the depths of despair,
As for these Special Forces they are in denial,

“ Traffic Wardens We Need To Beware ”

Bri Mar

" Treat Each Living Second As Your Last "

When I was five how I wanted to be ten,
I just longed to be a young man,
My mind would wander now and then,
I wanted to be in the grown ups clan.

When I reached ten I thought of being twenty,
By then I'd be driving my car,
Time for the future, well I still had plenty,
Getting older was a distance to far.

Now I've hit twenty I've nothing to fear,
Time fades past me so slow,
I'm still a young man so I've nothing to fear
I've still got a long time to go.

Thirty years old and it's still not too bad,
I've a wife and children I love,
My health is good I love being a dad,
My life is truly a gift from above,

The big four zero has finally come,
I now watch, as my parents grow old,
The thought of that is making me feel numb,
As I know it cannot be controlled.

I'm now in my fifties my children have flown,
This life can be really strange,
Back when I was five I wish I had known,
Growing older you cannot exchange.

Be careful what you wish for it may come true,
Cherish life for it's far too short,
Enjoy what you have age you cannot subdue,
When you're young these facts you distort.

I'm now eighty years old how I wish I were five,
Hindsight's such a wonderful thing,
All those I loved dearly would still be alive,
I'd be thinking of what the future might bring.

You must live for today forget tomorrow,
Just be thankful for being alive,
Though there will be joy as well as sorrow,
It's how we cope that makes us all thrive.

Life is precious don't ever wish it away,
When it's gone it becomes part of the past,
Enjoy your years every wondrous day,

“ Treat Each living Second As Your Last ”

Bri Mar

" Treat Time As Your Friend "

The predator called time,
Preys on all life,
Young, old, or in prime,
It can give joy or strife.

The living it savours,
We know it is there,
The worrier it favours,
It lays their soul bare.

How it behaves,
Well that's down to you,
If we let it cause waves,
The opposite is true.

You have nothing to fear,
From it's awesome power,
While you're still here,
Enjoy every hour.

Strictly man made,
From birth until death,
This game being played,
Will take our last breath.

It's for you to enjoy,
Not to is wrong,
Though it may well annoy,
Now is where you belong.

How long it will last?
Decades or a day,
What's gone is past,
We don't have much say.

Have a mutual respect,
One day it will end,
Past you cannot correct,

“ Treat Time As Your Friend ”

Bri Mar

" Treat Us As Scum "

We know they are lying,
There's no point in crying,
In the end regardless they win,
With the laws they make they're not complying,
But remember we vote them in.

Telling us what to do,
Yes, I mean me and you,
Means they think we don't have a say,
They hate our power yes it's true,
Yet we let them get their own way.

They rob us blind,
But we don't mind,
It's as if we don't have a care,
Illegal wars leave us undermined,
Humility among them is rare.

If you're differently abled,
A new rule is tabled,
They claim You're a liar and a cheat,
A piece of dirt is what you are labelled,
They force you to admit defeat.

Billions lie unclaimed,
Some refuse to be shamed,
Though entitled their illnesses they hide,
They feel as if they are being framed,
For others it's all down to pride.

They know nothing of life,
Their ignorance is rife,
The facts the working guy smothers,
Let's man up and give these liars strife,
They are rich kids who live off of others.

What's all the fuss?
Yes, those others are us,
We sit back while our country's in tatters,

Through their lies you could drive a bus,
They see us as the, nothing matters.

You will learn and how,
If you don't wake up now,
They look upon workers as dumb,
We the majority are their cash cow,
Yet we allow them to,

" TREAT US LIKE SCUM "

Bri Mar

" Until It's Time To Go To The Polls "

Are we living a lie?
Being forced to comply,
By those who are nothing but takers,
Breaking the law, they'll forever deny,
But it's we who support these fakers.

Rules don't apply,
When they falsify,
They just force their policies on us,
What they do is spit in our eye,
Why don't we kick up a fuss?

On us they rely,
Without us they'd die,
But on them we don't force our views,
When they send us to war we refuse to ask why,
No wonder they think we bemuse.

To the ordinary guy,
They behave very sly,
Yet they know we won't take them to task,
Every word spoken from them is a lie,
Any awkward questions? Don't ask.

You cannot quantify,
There's an over-supply,
With our resources they are running amok,
As our feelings against them intensify,
It's time they were put in the dock.

Though they do mortify,
We cannot justify,
Why we their masters allow them to rule,
A politician you cannot purify,
Ask yourself, who is the fool.

You must never decry,
Or you'll mortify,
These really sensitive poor souls,

Their errant ways they won't modify,

“ Until It's Time To Go To The Polls ”

Bri Mar

" Until We Ask Why "

We're obeying orders,
That's their excuse,
No rules or borders,
Forget any truce.

Murdering at will,
Is freely allowed,
With the ability to kill,
We've been endowed.

Our lords and masters,
Say it's okay,
Priests and pastors,
Don't cause us affray.

They make the rules,
We're supposed to follow,
Who are the fools,
Their excuses are hollow.

Murdering for fun,
Is the reality of war,
Dying by the gun,
They don't ask what for.

Religion or race,
Who needs a reason?
The colour of a face,
Or perhaps it's treason.

Troops or civilians,
War is a fraud,
Butchering millions,
Then praying to God?

We think we're all seeing,
Yet we're so immature,
An intelligent being,
Would look for a cure.

The killing will go on,
Yes millions will die,
There'll be no new dawn,

“ Until We Ask Why ”

Bri Mar

" Variation's What Makes Poets Unique "

It's pantomime season,
No rhyme without reason,
It's time for us all to rehearse,
Either or will be classed as treason,
Alliteration or is it free verse.

You think you're a toff,
Slagging mine off,
His reply is, oh no I don't,
Whenever it's read I know you'll scoff,
Then you say oh no I won't.

It's talent mine's got,
You say it's not?
Mine has a magnificent flow,
Your lines are rubbish while mines are hot,
Let's put our talents on show.

A poem must rhyme,
Not to is a crime,
It makes it much easier to read,
Look at the content it's just so sublime,
To my wonder we all must take heed.

Free verse is speech,
A way to teach,
It's a method of conveying a story,
The rules of poetry it doesn't breach,
It can cover the author in glory.

Who's right or wrong?
Where do you belong?
Or is one just as bad as the other,
Which one will win the gold plated gong?
It's talent we must not try to smother.

Don't make a fuss,
Poetry's like us,
Some of them mature with age,

Others you'd gladly throw under a bus,
It shouldn't get you in a rage.

Don't judge in haste,
If you've a different taste,
We all have our troubles to seek,
Petty squabbles should be classed as a waste,

'' Variation's What Makes Poets Unique ''

Bri Mar

" Was A Fox "

You'll hear us rave,
We are ever so brave,
So put up the village bunting,
To death I'm a slave,
Some say deprave,
Tally Ho we're going out hunting.

One must go out,
I'm so devout,
We just love doing the rounds,
There is no doubt,
The bile we spout,
Excites all our starving hounds.

Make us aware,
Is it lion or bear,
Are our families now under threat?
Do we need to beware?
Will it cause despair,
This is bringing us out in a sweat.

Is it organic?
Do we need to panic?
Could it be far worse than feared,
We're all feeling manic,
Is it satanic,
To disaster we are all geared.

Do we stay indoors?
Hide under the floors,
Are we going to be under attack?
Empty the stores,
Abandon the chores,
Our nerves are beginning to crack.

Fifty strong males,
Searching the trails,
Along with one hundred dogs,
As the trumpet wails,

The horse's tails,
Brush off the scent ridden logs.

Oh what a fright,
The prey is in sight,
Will our forces give us the edge?
We know it's not right,
But it puts up a fight,
Now the monster has run under a hedge.

In a state of fear,
The hounds appear,
Their bravery we cannot deny,
Though death is severe,
We all let out a cheer,
We look on as the beast doth die.

The task is done,
But our battle's not won,
They're demanding we be placed in the stocks,
It's no longer fun,
The propaganda they've spun,
That " monster " we butchered?

" Was A Fox "

Bri Mar

" Was God Ever Alive "

I've been sentenced to death,
My views they deny,
As I take my last breath,
I am forced to ask why.

All these prophets and gods,
Who spill blood in pools,
Is my fate not at odds?
With their biblical rules.

Thou shalt not kill,
That's what they say,
Yet none have the will,
To appear here today.

Free will and choice,
They say is all mine,
Yet I can't use my voice,
It's not classed as divine.

We must take his life,
The fanatics all screamed,
He's caused our god strife,
The heathen's blasphemed.

Who made the complaint,
Has the prophet arrived?
Whose name did I taint,
Is this verdict contrived.

I ask for the chance,
Where are my human rights?
I will make a stance,
I want god in my sights.

To prove I've did wrong,
I demand he appears,
Though I am strong,
He has left me in tears.

It was not my intention,
To blaspheme or defame,
But it merits a mention,
That he never came.

Knowing that's the case,
The fanatics still thrive,
The facts they won't face,

" Was God Ever Alive "

Bri Mar

" Watching Your Cremation "

In scriptures once written,
By those in the know,
By god you'll be smitten,
Your adoration will grow.

When you finally die,
I will watch over you,
Could that be a lie?
Or could it be true.

A paradise awaits?
Is what they tell,
Behind pearly gates,
If not you're in Hell.

It's a limited choice,
Heaven or burn,
Who will decide?
If you took the wrong turn.

A judge and jury,
Or a kangaroo court,
Does a soul feel fury?
Will it require support?

What worries me most?
Will I still be alive?
Perhaps as a ghost,
My new life would thrive.

There are no guarantees,
You're told to believe,
Is it just to appease?
The fact we all grieve.

If an afterlife is there,
Then god aint no boffin,
Because I'll be aware,
I'm lying in my coffin.

I detest the thought,
I'm not filled with elation,
Wouldn't you feel distraught?

“ Watching Your Cremation ”

Bri Mar

" We All End Up Dead "

Ten billion pounds,
Now doing the rounds,
It's enough to make one puke,
Now his atoms are doing the rounds,
I wonder if he's still a duke.

Money in sacks,
Wallet filled to the max,
With the rules there's none of them complying,
No need to pay inheritance tax,
Now that we should find mystifying.

To the rich it's a must,
We say it's unjust,
But fiddling for fun gives them pleasure,
By placing their fortunes in a dodgy trust,
It's guaranteed they won't lose their treasure.

He was never concerned,
That his fortune was earned,
Solely on the misfortune of others,
For murder and mayhem his ancestors yearned,
It's the truth that his history smothers.

Innocents overcome,
By murdering scum,
That's how their fortunes were made,
To the depths of Hell these scumbags did plumb,
To ensure that they made the grade.

They are parasites supreme,
Living the dream,
Living off their ill-gotten gains,
While we eat the dregs they lick the cream,
They laugh while we cope with the strains.

It isn't funny,
But all that money,
Does not guarantee a long life,

Though occasionally it can make life sunny,
It can cause the recipient great strife.

In life's great game,
Be it poverty or fame,
Be careful where you wish to tread,
The fact of life is we are all the same,
Regardless,

'' We All End Up Dead ''

Bri Mar

" We Are All Being Conned "

If life is for living,
And living is life,
Why do riving and forgiving,
Cut like a knife.

There's love and hate,
Some hate to love,
To berate they can't wait,
It fits like a glove.

Take bad and good,
The good love the bad,
The lewd can be rude,
It makes them feel glad.

The will to kill,
To kill we've the will,
The thrill we instil,
Is one bitter pill.

To die for another,
For another we'll die,
Then each other we'll smother,
But the truth we'll deny.

Extinction means fear,
Yet no fear of extinction,
To revere why we're here?
There's no clear distinction,

The religious love gods,
Are their gods religious,
The odds are that frauds,
Are really prodigious.

We live and expire,
To expire you must live,
Our desire to go higher,
Some can't forgive.

What's dawned is the truth,
The truth has now dawned,
The sleuth is uncouth,

'' We Are All Being Conned ''

Bri Mar

" We Are Destroying The Planet Earth "

Draw a nail from the wood,
You weaken the frame,
The wind won't be withstood,
Because it's structure you maim.

By melting the ice caps,
The worlds oceans will rise?
Then the land will collapse,
Right in front of our eyes.

Take out oil and coal,
Soon there's nothing left,
But a very large hole,
Of brains we're bereft.

Take the fish from the seas,
They'll become extinct,
Destroy the rainforest trees,
With disaster we're linked.

Forests being destroyed,
Which give us life,
Of intelligence we're devoid,
We live to cause strife.

Choosing money over matter,
Is totally insane,
While our planet we batter,
From responsibility we abstain.

Nuclear ideology's misplaced,
It will all end in tears,
The obscene deadly waste,
Pollutes for thousands of years.

Our Problem is now we've went to far,
Mother Nature we cannot withstand,
Human behaviour is frankly bizarre,
On Earth she's in total command.

Our demise has begun now we can't go back,
Our mistakes are coming home to berth,
It's the human race that's now under attack,

'' We Are Destroying The Planet Earth ''

Bri Mar

" We Can Enjoy Your God Given Write "

Writing down your thoughts cleanses the soul,
It can help lift you out of life's goldfish bowl,
Though your words can enrage they may also console,
Never give up the fight.

Life is a challenge for those given the chance,
Your own and others you must try to enhance,
By writing what you feel your spirit you'll enhance,
You will also never lose sight.

You must never be afraid of honest critique,
Though some can make your future feel bleak,
Everyone in life has their troubles to seek,
The written word can and will bite.

Who's to say any poem is better than yours,
Words from the heart are usually what lures,
Others personal opinions are not what obscures,
The writers own inner light.

Never be put off by what people may say,
Some live their lives just to cause others affray,
You will live to fight another day,
Let the fire inside you ignite.

Criticism and praise can help you to learn,
As long as you show all others concern,
Both are attributes we all have to earn,
Your writing at times will incite.

Just remember your poems can cause distress,
If done truthfully your writing you can honestly express,
Regardless of whether it causes duress,
You'll have no need to feel uptight.

The written word can and does bring us joy,
As a weapon it can also be used to destroy,
If you just try your best not to annoy,

'' We Can Enjoy Your God Given Write ''

Bri Mar

" We Can Have Here "

A beautiful place to rest your soul,
To exist in a permanent peace,
No colour or creed to take its toll,
Where your contentment will never decrease.

A paradise without any brutality or fights,
Where nobody ever dies of starvation,
A place where we recognise all life has rights,
Where we know the meaning of salvation.

No petty squabbles no shedding of tears,
A place where we all want to be,
No more worries or unwarranted fears,
Where everything and everyone is free.

Surrounded by beauty in its natural state,
Mother nature being loved and respected,
Where nobody knows the meaning of hate,
What's ours we'll ensure is protected.

No capitalist ideals were only the fittest survive,
While the rest must struggle to get by,
No wealth required because we all thrive,
Where injustice need not ever apply.

Everything we need what more could you ask,
All that's required is we all must take part,
Everyone committed to completing our task,
Which is to keep her we must remain smart.

Where is this place this Heavenly domain?
Will death make it become crystal clear?
No my friends I am not insane,
What's craved in Heaven,

'' We Can Have Here ''

Bri Mar

" We Die Of Thirst "

As water becomes rare,
Dark forces will emerge,
They're already there,
Ready to converge.

The draining has started,
By these billionaires,
Leaving us broken hearted,
But none of them cares.

That dry water tower,
That nurtured all life,
Underneath you cower,
Filled up with strife.

Reservoirs of water,
Hidden from view,
Like lambs to the slaughter,
Though not for the few,

Large swathes of land,
Where the deceitful live,
You can't understand,
Nor will you forgive.

All life will perish,
Without liquid gold,
It's death we will cherish,
Their souls they have sold.

We'll be killing each other,
For the want of a drink,
Be sister or brother,
Does that make you think?

This is happening now,
All over the Earth,
We are dying and how,
Death is our berth.

More valuable than oil,
Our bubble has burst,
As the sun burns the soil,

" We Die Of Thirst "

Bri Mar

" We Do Need Each Other "

The female and male,
Are worlds apart,
The facts will prevail,
So let's make a start.

Our feelings differ,
What you love we hate,
Your resolve is stiffer,
None tell it straight.

You're always right,
Regardless of facts,
With money you're tight,
That's how one acts.

Economical with the truth,
Is the preserve of the man,
They'd say it's uncouth,
Our lies they would ban.

Our love is one way,
That requires correction,
Though it will cause affray,
It takes many a direction.

You play with emotion,
We're loyal and true,
We promise devotion,
But we won't say to who.

Your ideas on fun,
Are football and drink,
Ours are of sun,
And the Rose that's pink.

Handbags and shoes,
Help us to thrive,
The odd drop of booze,
Keeps us alive.

It's a gift from above,
But do take your time,
When with us you make love,
Please make it sublime.

Give us compliments galore,
But ensure they are meant,
Make it a chore,
And your ears will be bent.

Our differences though wide,
The facts we can't smother,
What we can't hide,
Is,

'' We Do Need Each Other ''

Bri Mar

" We Do Prefer Living "

The futility of war needs exposing,
In peace we have got to believe,
On genocide we are now overdosing,
It's time for the politicians to grieve.

Arms dealers lined against a wall,
Of their armoury we will try out their best,
We will refuse when they ask us to stall,
When on them their weaponry we test.

Our refusal to fight for corrupt politicians,
Will send a shiver through their bones,
We'll tell them where to shove their munitions,
Already we can hear their groans.

Let them do the fighting it's only fair,
What they start they must see to the finish,
Once of the horrors they become aware,
Their stomach for a fight will diminish.

Intelligent beings destroying each other,
Makes a mockery of the word Humane,
After every conflict the truth we smother,
The fact is they all died in vain.

Instigators of war are sick in the head,
Human brutality can be so unforgiving,
When to the front politicians were led,
Their cry was,

" We Do Prefer Living "

Bri Mar

" We Do Taste Nice In A Curry "

We are sending messages into outer space,
Based on our knowledge and understanding,
In the hope we will hear from an alien race,
Their reply could well be demanding.

What if our messages have the opposite effect?
It could well mean peace means war,
What we say is wrong to them is correct,
What we like they might well abhor.

What will we do if their signal appears?
How will we know what they're saying?
Their interpretation of love could confirm our worst fears,
That it's for our blood they are baying.

When we say tomato they say chapel,
Very soon each other we'll baffle,
We then say potato they reply with apple,
It will be like a ticketless raffle.

Among our own species communication fails,
Yet we expect aliens to come in and converse?
Us Humans are famous for telling tall tales,
These they may well find perverse.

If they are up there looking down,
They'll see we love killing for fun,
In a sea of blood we watch others drown,
Our species are about to be undone.

What will they look like how will we know?
If their intelligence is light years ahead,
Their craft and their presence they may not need to show,
The thought they're coming should fill us with dread.

When they arrived they said first things first,
It looks like we're on to a winner,
We're going to need drinks to quench our thirst,
We've heard you make a lovely dinner.

Know it all Humans with an arrogance to match,
Being told you're going nowhere in a hurry,
The aliens telling us we're not much of a catch,
But,

“ We Do Taste Nice In A Curry ”

Bri Mar

" We Don't Want To Die "

I've took that last breath,
Could this be death?
Consciously how will I know?
I've never smoked or taken meth,
This could well come as a blow.

What will I feel?
Will it have an appeal?
As dying is so uncouth,
Could it be this life is surreal?
Can anyone tell us the truth?

As intelligent creatures,
We are our own teachers,
Who's to say who is right or wrong?
Within our minds there are many features,
To the fantasies we do tend to throng.

Right to the fore,
There are gods we adore,
Though none of them have ever been seen,
Strange thing is they need money galore,
They also like trinkets that glean.

After this earth,
In their kingdom we'll berth,
But only if you've obeyed what they say,
Which one is right of facts there's a dearth,
Is that why they ask us to pray?

There are countless gods,
Who are all at odds?
As many as species of pigeons,
Who is to say which ones are frauds?
That is the curse of religions.

The facts are sparse,
Gods are a farce,
The fact is the whole concepts a lie,

Human intelligence I'd say, my arse,
Truth is,

" We Don't Want To Die "

Bri Mar

" We Had Better Beware "

The year of our lord nineteen sixty nine,
We are about to berth on the moon,
As the Eagle landed all seemed fine,
Mans footprints would appear quite soon.

As Neil and Buzz placed their feet on the dust,
They could not believe their eyes,
Just to their left on the lunar crust,
An alien craft gave them such a surprise.

They informed Houston they were not alone,
As the "bogey" watched their every move,
Terror and helplessness was attached to their tone,
Not knowing if the aliens would approve.

Houston instructed them to stay well away,
No contact either physical or of sight,
They were ordered not to cause any affray,
Or their ire the astronauts could ignite.

Warned by the aliens this is a step too far,
You were given a world on which to live,
On travelling any further there is now a bar,
Human destruction we will not forgive.

The Apollo programme went to seventeen,
Further visitors were all told the same,
Stay well away we say what we mean,
We're no longer playing along with your game.

Apollo eighteen NASA claim didn't exist,
Yet these astronauts all disappeared,
No trace of their bodies yet still they insist,
These allegations mean their legacy is being smeared.

Though they'll never admit contact was made,
It's the reason moon landings were halted,
Future lunar missions the aliens forbade,
Because on pledges the Human Race defaulted.

If we were under threat we would go to war,
Our planet is the home we were given,
It's our arrogance and deceit the aliens abhor,
They can see it's with greed we are driven.

They are not aggressive but they'll fight to protect,
These past lessons need to be learned,
With their reasonable demands we need to connect,
Or their Respect will never be earned.

If we don't face the facts we are not unique,
That there's an abundance of life out there,
By ignoring their warnings it is havoc we'll wreak,
From what is known,

'' We Had Better Beware ''

Bri Mar

" We Have Failed Life's Ultimate Test "

In our quest for knowledge it's ourselves we've betrayed,
As our planet we self destruct,
It's Ignorance for all others we have displayed,
Our responsibilities we have ducked.

Guardians of the planet is just so untrue,
Destroyers is a better description,
Devastation of all life is what we pursue,
There will be no miracle prescription.

Even now we refuse to accept any blame,
For all the neglect and abuse,
Instead of hanging our heads in shame,
We become even more obtuse.

Our arrogance and ignorance we refuse to believe,
That's a major cause for concern,
If truth be told Humans live to deceive,
From our mistakes we refuse to learn.

As the end draws nearer we still show no remorse,
Could it be that we just don't care,
The plight of others we refuse to endorse,
We can't say we were not aware.

The others I refer to are the birds and the bees,
Why are they becoming extinct?
Mother Natures warnings we refuse to appease,
Why can't we see that to us it's all linked?

In the end we believed our own scientists hype,
Scaremongering is what they claimed,
For a new species takeover the time is now ripe,
Our planet will now be reclaimed.

We were given the chance to live the dream,
In all respects we have failed,
We thought as a race we were supreme,
Upon our failures we have been impaled.

The warnings signs we have continually ignored,
Because we thought that we were the best,
The damage to our species cannot be restored,

“ We Have Failed Life’s Ultimate Test ”

Bri Mar

" We Have No Need For Wealth "

In my final stages,
My ire rages,
Why's there a need for death,
As I look back through my life's pages,
I finally exhale my last breath.

Rich all my life,
No concept of strife,
I can't wait to reach Heavens gates,
God will know my wealth is rife,
A new life of splendour awaits.

I've seen life through,
Caused others ado,
In my quest for my holy grail,
Causing upset for me is nothing new,
I can buy my way out of jail.

At last, the light,
Is now in full sight,
I'll make my way to the front,
Saint Peter says no, that can't be right,
With him I'll need to be blunt.

I'm pushed to the back,
This I cannot hack,
So I offer my hard earned cash,
Very soon I am under attack,
With their principles there has been a clash.

No money required?
Has got me all fired,
I've bought others all of my days,
Of my antics St Peters is tired,
He's saying I'll go out in a blaze.

I feel put upon,
Where's my money Gone,
You can't take it with you they claim,

They're saying my account is well overdrawn,
What happened to fortune and fame?

For your lack of care,
We will make you aware,
You robbed those poorer by stealth,
Your morals are in a state of disrepair,
In Heaven,

'' We Have No Need For Wealth ''

Bri Mar

" We Have Stripped The Planet Earth Bare ""

The moon in the ocean,
Gave a beautiful motion,
I'd say it was almost perfection,
Then out of the blue I had a notion,
From Humans they both need protection.

The beauty of the seas,
Were made to appease,
For everything alive to enjoy,
We come along and do what we please,
Our aim seems to be to destroy.

The wonder of plants,
The microbes and ants,
They're truly a joy to behold,
When warned they're dying we said stop the rants,
Our attitude has left this world cold.

The planet now warms,
Creating more storms,
We are literally falling apart,
We know what's required but ignore the reforms,
The Human Race Has Ripped Out It's heart.

To our planets life,
We've caused nothing but strife,
Everything alive is now dead,
We've cut through resources like a red hot knife,
Not only dangerous but sick in the head.

Now everything's gone,
We feel put upon,
But still we do not accept blame,
We still believe we're the ones with the brawn,
We don't know the meaning of shame.

Take life as a prequel,
Where everything was equal,
Extinctions were extremely rare,

After our time here there'll be no sequel,
Why,

" We have Stripped The Planet Earth Bare "

Bri Mar

" We Have The Means "

As one relaxes,
Others wield axes,
It's amazing you plebs never learn,
As a billionaire I pay no taxes,
While you're on pay as you earn.

It is not a lie,
Without plebs we'd die,
It's your cash that makes us so rich,
But with the rules we refuse to comply,
No tax paid without any hitch.

In our offshore accounts,
We store vast amounts,
World governments are in on the act,
Our seedy billions nobody counts,
It's fiddling, that is a fact.

The large institutions,
Make sparse contributions,
Vast profits are their main aim,
If there's a con they'll find the solutions,
To the rich it's all part of the game.

Though you earn less,
You suffer the stress,
You pay far more tax than us,
Miss a payment they'll cause you distress,
Though they never cause us any fuss.

You're being robbed blind,
But you don't seem to mind,
That we are fiddling you rotten,
Obeying the law is so unrefined,
When you know, our cash is ill-gotten.

We the one per cent,
Will circumvent,
Your rules concerning taxation,

You may resent,
But you won't prevent,
Our desire for self-preservation.

Though it may derange,
It's not really strange,
Subservience is contained in your genes,
While we fiddle you lot never change,
To steal from you,

'' We Have The Means ''

Bri Mar

" We Haven't Left At All "

If life's that bad,
It drives you mad,
You then up and sail away,
Left lonely, bereft and feeling sad,
You're then treated like a stray.

Dictated to,
By god knows who,
Demanding you obey their rules,
What is this we are being put through?
Do they think we are faceless fools?

Live or die,
Obey or comply,
What would be your choice?
To protect your family you must try,
Don't take away our voice.

We want a life,
Detest this strife,
Why can't the people see?
Being discarded cuts like a knife,
Our sole aim is to be free.

Being brutalised,
Then despised,
Is that compassionate behaviour,
We actually believed you were civilised,
Methinks you're not our saviour.

Filled with fear,
Fences appear,
Stopped by an armed guard,
With pepper spray he makes it clear,
Not another yard.

It's so unkind,
That what we find,
Is the sacrifice we've undertaken,

Is being totally undermined,
Our humanity has been forsaken.

We felt despair,
We thought you'd care,
But you refuse to heed our call,
Your brutality make us feel more aware,

'' We Haven't Left At All ''

Bri Mar

" We Humans Are So Easily Conned "

Who do I exalt,
In the Heavenly vault,
The home of the ones we term Gods,
If wrong will I be classed as at fault,
For failing to see through the frauds.

There are literally millions,
No make that billions,
How do we know which one is real?
Religions aim is to make them trillions,
Not a fact Gods would say is ideal.

Obey their rules,
Just one of their tools,
To gain entry to paradise above,
Refuse to obey then Hell is for fools,
What happened to forgiveness and love?

The Gods you can't see,
So why pay a fee,
If you didn't would that make them fret,
Would he tell you nothing in this life is free?
Does he need it to clear off his debt?

Miracles to the fore,
When shares hit the floor,
Why on Earth did he not intervene,
No need said they we just ask you for more,
Come on now don't be so mean.

Life is a farce,
Free will my arse,
We're brainwashed from birth until death,
Hard evidence of Gods let's say is sparse,
To meet up you must take your last breath?

Everything man made,
On Earth it's displayed,
Apart from these Gods from beyond,

From these unearthly deities be very afraid,

“ We Humans Are So Easily Conned ”

Bri Mar

" We Humans Had Stripped Them All Bare "

The Human race,
Can't keep up the pace,
The population is now out of control,
Some believe there's a future in space,
Their thoughts this helps to console.

Our trip to the stars,
Started with Mars,
We believed we'd a good understanding,
Like our Earth it had similar scars,
This discovery was very demanding.

Jupiter beckoned,
A good life we reckoned,
We'd soon have her whipped into shape,
The problem was after a second,
We realised there had been an escape.

Soon Saturn appeared,
Then as the clouds cleared,
There was evidence of life in the past,
Whoever lived there had not been aware,
Their lifestyles meant they'd all been gassed.

With Uranus in view,
We'd start life anew,
This was a planet to behold,
Evidence of past life did cause us strife,
We believed it was far too cold.

Next Neptune in line,
All would be fine,
But soon we'd be feeling fear,
The planets atmosphere we could not refine,
Who'd ruined it just couldn't be clear.

Back to Mercury we headed,
Our nerves were unsteadied,
Our very existence was under attack,

The truth was exactly what we dreaded,
From now there was no going back.

Venus the last,
A glimpse of our past,
Was soon appearing in view,
The evidence left us all aghast,
What we suspected turned out to be true.

In darkness we drift,
We've destroyed our gift,
Our destruction had come to the fore,
Now our demise we hoped would be swift,
All the planets had been wrecked to the core.

It's too late for shame,
We were to blame,
There are no planets to live on out there,
For mass destruction we're in the frame,

“ We Humans Had Stripped Them All Bare ”

Bri Mar

" We Must Obey Their Every Command "

I bought my wife some shoes today,
I thought she'd be impressed,
All it did was cause affray,
Now I feel quite distressed.

She said you just can't buy shoes alone,
They need to go with a bag,
I told her I didn't like her Tone,
My patience was beginning to flag.

The bag and the shoes had to match the dress,
As well as her underwear,
What she meant was anyone's guess,
To be honest I just didn't care.

Then she claimed she needed a jacket,
To match all the other gear,
I said I'd need to be in the high tax bracket,
Her behaviour was very austere.

Then came the need for her hair to match,
Everything she had now bought,
The nails and eyelashes they'd have to attach,
My finances were getting very taut.

Then came the make up she said it refines,
That cost a shed load of money,
She said they're caused by laughter lines,
I replied there's nothing in life that funny.

Just when I thought things couldn't get worse,
In tears she said this was the end,
Why? the bag didn't match her purse,
She was driving me round the bend.

Ten hours later she was ready to go,
But outside she got caught in the rain,
She said it's my duty to let you know,
I'll have to start all over again.

Male domination is their greatest con,
It's a fantasy they have created,
One day the truth will finally dawn,
It's with an alien you have been mated.

Women live in a world of their own,
They are creatures we don't understand,
Throughout our history it has been shown,

'' We Must Obey Their Every Command ''

Bri Mar

" We Need To Beware "

I hear someone saying I'm sorry he's dead,
The strange thing is I'm not filled with dread,
Am I going to where angels fear to tread,
It's a really strange affair.

In the distance I can see a shining light,
I'm frightened but the thought does excite,
Is it true eternal life is in sight?
Or could I end up in despair.

I don't feel dead if that makes any sense,
This feeling of life is so intense,
Yet here am I being kept in suspense,
I wonder if there's anything there.

Suddenly I become so overawed,
It's like standing in front of a firing squad,
On the left is Satan on the right is God,
Initially all I can do is stare.

Saint Peter says things can't be smudged,
No previous issues can be fudged,
It's your time now to be judged,
I feel that I could swear.

This process is done with quiet precision,
After your hearing we'll make a decision,
I treat his comments with some derision,
Then exclaim this isn't fair.

I demand to have the right to talk,
My request they all then try to block,
Their theory of fairness I then mock,
This has them in despair.

Questioning us is not permitted,
We decide if you'll be acquitted,
Then we'll say where you're committed,
Challenge us if you dare,

I tell them theirs is a heinous act,
But they refuse to face the fact
God and Satan in an evil pact!
They both give me a deathly glare.

Throughout our struggle to survive,
You cause us grief while we're alive,
Then in death you both connive,
To ensure our souls we bare.

Saint Peter then tries to intervene,
He asks me not to cause a scene,
Both these people you cannot demean,
My reply is I don't care.

I tell them the two of you are in denial,
Autocracy I've been taught to revile,
It's you not me who should be on trial,
For Hell you both need to prepare.

The one who is innocent has no shame,
Whilst the other the righteous defame,
Personally I think you are both to blame,
Our judgement you both impair.

Two people whose misdeeds are unsurpassed,
Crimes against humanity enormously vast,
You two judging anyone leaves me aghast,
It's from you both,

Bri Mar

" We No Longer Care "

We justify killing,
It's now graded,
Because we're willing,
The cost has now faded.

Manslaughter, homicide,
Are two of these,
No I'm not being snide,
Murder's measured by degrees.

I stabbed to wound,
With my Rambo knife,
My mind was attuned,
Not to take his life.

That punch I threw,
Wasn't meant to destroy,
Yes I knew,
He was just a boy.

Yes I was Drunk,
When I drove my car,
A young life sunk,
When she walked on the tar.

I've just killed ten,
In my bomb filled vest,
I'll be a martyr then,
Yes one of the best.

World leaders kill millions,
Yet no one abhors,
Truth is it's billions,
Die in illegal wars.

Murder is a crime,
Mainly one we ignore,
After a short time,
They walk out the door.

The victims are forgotten,
The killer lives on,
The system is rotten,
The whole thing's a con.

The truth we now smother,
Life just isn't fair,
For the death of another,

" We No Longer Care "

Bri Mar

" We Only Came Here To Borrow Some Sugar "

Hubble has detected some movement in space,
As yet the scientists are unsure,
Could it possibly be from an alien race?
They can't say, as it's far too obscure.

Could it be a planet or an exploding star?
They're saying no its movement is controlled,
The speed it is travelling is really bizarre,
The power is something to behold.

As it draws nearer they detect more than one,
They're now saying there's an entire fleet,
The religious are saying the end has begun,
Very soon we'll be swept off our feet.

The worlds in a panic, mass suicides abound,
Some believe that God is returning,
The effect on Humans is just so profound,
Throughout the planet their stomachs are churning.

Once again our race are torn and divided,
As one group get ready to fight,
The other says over futile wars we've presided,
When will we ever see the light?

As they enter our domain we shout open fire,
Without giving them a chance to talk,
The consequences for us turned out to be dire,
What happened next came as a terrible shock.

Our weapons were useless against such awesome power,
The aliens were stunned by our manner,
Looking down on us they gave us a glower,
As we all sang the star bangled banner.

When the Human Race was almost destroyed,
They turned to me and asked why,
Aggression among Humans is to be enjoyed,
Even if it means we must die.

You're all bloody mad the aliens said,
As I took aim at my head with my luger,
Your warmongering actions have filled us with dread,

“ We Only Came Here To Borrow Some Sugar ”

Bri Mar

" We Were Not All Seeing "

If this is evolving,
Just what are we solving,
By the creation of weapons of woe,
Around greed and corruption we are revolving,
With our intelligence we ought to know.

We reward the fraud,
Money is our God,
Deities now take second place,
Over the commandments we now maraud,
Our behaviour is a total disgrace.

The Earth we plunder,
Life we put asunder,
For other life forms we show no respect,
That in itself is one major blunder,
Already we can see the effect.

The signs are there,
But we don't seem to care,
As humans that is so true to form,
Already we are in the depths of despair,
Riding headlong into the storm.

We let others die,
Sit back as they cry,
To some they don't merit a mention,
With common decency we refuse to comply,
They need and deserve our intervention.

We'll end up bereft,
When there's nothing left,
Perhaps then we'll admit our mistakes,
Too late to realise we are not that deft,
Too far gone to slam on the brakes.

If we're intelligence led,
Who is it that said,
The human was the ultimate being?

Like everything else we ended up dead,
Turned out,

“ We Were Not All Seeing ”

Bri Mar

" Welcome, This Is Hell "

I've just arrived at Heavens gate,
But nobody's here to greet me,
I'm rich and powerful I shouldn't wait,
Why don't they come to meet me?

I have all my cards and some cash,
So I've jumped to the front of the queue,
I've told the rest I need to dash,
Or else chaos will surely ensue.

I'm getting quite impatient now,
I refuse to wait much longer,
Saint Peter will be told and how,
My ire is getting stronger.

How dare they treat me like a jerk,
On Earth they would wait on me,
If they don't show soon I'll go berserk,
I will let these morons see.

At last I see a chink of light,
My wait is almost over,
I'll treat it as an oversight,
As above the angels hover.

I'm told at once to step aside,
As most others are being booked in,
This ignorance I will not abide,
To me it's a mortal sin.

Suddenly the gates are closed,
While we're left outside to sweat,
I tell them all to keep composed,
I'll get you in, you bet.

Just at that they gather round,
They're not listening to what I'm saying,
There is no solace to be found,
It's for my soul that they are baying.

Just then I hear an eerie voice,
I suddenly feel quite dire,
Like all the others you had the choice,
I'm so glad you chose my fire.

When alive you created terrible stress,
That's why on your sword you fell,
But the one called Satan you did impress,

" Welcome, This Is Hell "

Bri Mar

" We'll Be Swallowed And How "

Dig a large hole,
Then fail to fill in,
Without any soul,
Danger lurks from within.

When it starts raining,
The water then flows,
Gravity means draining,
Underground it goes.

Into the abyss,
Created by us,
Something is amiss,
What's all the fuss?

The oil has gone,
As have diamonds and gold,
Coal is well overdrawn,
Our souls we have sold.

Prospecting has created,
New worlds below,
Now left unabated,
The chasms still grow.

Into the Earth,
Among the deep hollow,
The land comes to berth,
The seas then follow.

Through the confusion,
You hear our screams,
This is not an illusion,
Nor are they dreams.

We refuse to believe,
This is happening now,
There'll be no reprieve,

'' We'll Be Swallowed And How ''

Bri Mar

" We'Re All Being Conned "

There's evil and bad,
The sane and mad,
Who determines which one you'll be,
Throughout life you'll either be sad or glad,
Sometimes both there's some would agree.

There's wrong and right,
Those who would fight,
The peace lovers who die without pause,
Are they any different from those we indict?
As they also fight for their cause.

Some assist some use,
Who do you accuse?
On the innocent you will feel their fury,
Does it all depend on whom you abuse,
Who will be their judge and jury?

There's give and take,
Those on the make,
Who's in a position to decide?
It's hard to judge the genuine from the fake,
As behind many masks they do hide.

There's love and hate,
Which we'll never abate,
But how will you know which is real,
The chaos either or will create,
Will materialise in just how you feel.

To detect lies from truth,
You need to be a sleuth,
Even then you may well get it wrong,
Though hiding the facts can be so uncouth,
Such tales can carry you along.

Do we live and die,
Is life but a lie,
Created by another beyond,

There's confusion and clarity in equal supply,
Could that mean,

" We're All Being Conned "

Bri Mar

" We'Re All Different, Not Disabled "

If you class yourself as 'normal',
Why are you not aware,
That all of us are different,
So why the need to stare.

What does being ' normal' mean?
Exactly how is it defined?
If you don't fit the stereotype,
Does it merit you being maligned?

We didn't ask to be this way,
But life's challenges we accept,
We work and laugh the same as you,
Truth is we're quite adept.

Some individuals are born this way,
Others by sheer chance,
By treating us all as equals,
Our lives you will enhance.

Try not to be judgemental,
There's more to life than wealth,
If we had the chance to choose,
We'd rather have good health.

We have our partners some have kids,
The mortgage and the stress,
Our lives are much the same as yours,
Same problems more or less.

We go out to our work each day,
We socialise and play,
Pay our dues the way you do
There is no other way.

When you're in our company,
This should hold no fear,
You can talk to us directly,
Some of us can hear.

When we try to integrate,
You will always get the clown,
Who'll look at you and comment?
" They should have that put down ".

None of us are perfect,
All human beings have flaws,
So think about the damage,
Remarks like that can cause.

Some say we've got it easy,
We come out on top,
If you really think that,
With you we'd gladly swap.

We may be in a wheelchair,
Some can barely walk,
There are the blind and infirm,
Those who can't hear or talk.

Some have problems mentally,
But like us they want to survive,
If we take the time to help them,
They can be glad they are alive.

Disadvantages are prevalent,
They come in all shapes and sizes,
Both the mental and physical,
Appear in many guises.

This is true of life itself,
That's why we're all unique,
Just think if we were all the same,
We'd have our troubles to seek.

We all have problems of our own,
You know that to be true,
Regardless of your troubles,
We will not look down on you.

Try not to treat us differently,

We don't ask for any favours,
Being treated as an equal,
Is what everybody savours?

We just ask you to be considerate,
Try not be all seeing,
When you look at me I want you to see,
Just another human being.

If you want to get to know the facts,
Then get your questions tabled,
Like every living thing on earth,

" We're All Different, Not Disabled ".

Bri Mar

" We'Re In A Battle That Cannot Be Won "

My children loved me till my wife cheated,
Our relationship was really strong,
Now from their lives I've been deleted,
Why, I never did anything wrong.

When I went to court to gain access,
I was made to feel I was to blame,
Why when I wasn't the one to transgress,
Should I be made to feel shame.

Children are better off with ther Mother,
That's what the experts say is the rule,
As parents they are like no other,
Whoever said that is a fool.

As a Father I know this is so untrue,
We love our children that is a fact,
But Mothers have rights no man will undo,
That's why so many Fathers have cracked.

No account was taken of her cheating,
Or that her marriage vows were a lie,
My appearance in court was quite fleeting,
It was over before I could ask why.

I've to pay for my kids I no longer see,
If it wasn't so sick it'd be funny,
I don't mind paying but between you and me,
My children won't see any money.

I've lost my children as well as my house,
Her cheating caused me such tension,
To add insult to injury the cheating louse,
Then demanded half of my personal pension.

Fathers are nothing but sperm banks,
In courts they are treated like dirt,
They are run by a bunch of inept cranks,
Who think Dads don't feel any hurt.

Some children are poisoned against their Dad,
The Mother will then change their name,
What really drives a Father mad,
Is to some Mothers it becomes a sick game.

They're then branded with the title of deadbeat,
Then into obscurity they will fade,
This is all caused by a lying cheat,
Who every week still expects to be paid.

The pressure then becomes so hard to bear,
He will lose the will to live on,
Society will say he just doesn't care,
No-one will notice when he's finally gone.

Friends say one day the truth will come out,
When they find out they'll come back to you,
Though they're trying to be kind I just want to shout,
Those missed years I can never undo.

Absent Fathers are not all uncaring scum,
They have feelings which are really strong,
Society's attitude is really dumb,
The way we are treated is so wrong.

To those children who think their Fathers don't care,
I would never make up a lie,
As a broken man please be aware,
I will love you till the day I die.

Decent Fathers are being attacked,
By social services and courts we're outdone,
We are treated like dirt that is a fact,

" We're In A Battle That Cannot Be Won "

Bri Mar

" We're Now Believing "

Do aliens exist?
Let's clear the mist,
The truth is we're not alone,
How many variants are on the list,
That evidence is very well known.

Government lies,
The politician denies,
They claim we are being uncouth,
Our efforts to prove it we need to revise,
World leaders do not tell the truth.

It's all a game,
To earn fortune and fame,
The winner they think takes it all,
In reality, they're all the same,
The aliens will soon make them crawl.

Our intelligence test,
They treated as jest,
Could our species really be that thick,
If our leaders are elite, forget the rest,
What in Gods name makes them tick?

After reading their thoughts,
They'd call the shots,
Our bosses said, we've got them conned,
But soon our visitors tied them in knots,
Suddenly the truth then dawned.

The alien brain,
They couldn't drain,
Our species were treated with contempt,
On our parade, they'd soon make it rain,
Not one of us would be exempt.

Their visit here,
Had us living in fear,
They had no intention of leaving,

After making our elitists disappear,
In the aliens,

'' We're Now Believing ''

Bri Mar

" We'Re Still Here The Humans Have Died "

The animals on Earth have decided to meet,
Almost every life form will have a seat,
The Human Race have not been invited,
The reason is we have been indicted.

For mass destruction you stand accused,
The world's resources you have abused,
It has to be said at all others expense,
For neglect of duty there is no defence.

Rainforests decimated, oceans polluted,
All over the planet your destruction's commuted,
In the name of God you continue to destroy,
That " superior" intelligence you refuse to deploy.

As the planet warms extinctions grow faster,
You refuse to believe because you are the master,
Master of destruction should be your title,
Vast wealth over health to you is more vital.

While you hunted for diamonds and precious metals,
You failed to notice all the dying petals,
Due to greed and corruption there is nothing left,
Of common sense you are all bereft.

As the food ran out your minds were elsewhere,
So long as you were rich you just didn't care,
The water evaporated until there was none,
Caused by your negligence and the warming sun.

Then came the day you all started to cry,
Our planets oil had finally run dry,
Suddenly humankind had run out of hope,
Without their black gold they could no longer cope.

Their lives were in turmoil so they started to fight,
Although killing each other will never be right,
We just sat back and watched the destruction,
You're all fully versed in causing a ruction.

After a nuclear holocaust the fighting ended,
With you all gone now the Earth could be mended,
Extinctions are now a thing of the past,
Your cruelty and neglect left us all aghast.

We did you no harm yet it's us you deprived,
If you'd heeded the warnings all life could have thrived,
But our summit is over we've been vilified,

'' We're still Here The Humans Have Died ''

Bri Mar

" We're The Problem Not The Solution "

As our visitors draw near,
There's a feeling of fear,
For others it's apprehension,
Will they make us all disappear?
Into another dimension.

Will they have the power,
To make us all cower,
As evolution has made us quite mad,
Could it be a smile or perhaps a glower?
Will they be evil or bad?

By travelling so far,
From their distant star,
Their intelligence must be quite high,
Though their habits we may find bizarre,
With our ways they may well comply.

Then again no,
They may want to show,
They're superior to carbon based life,
What we're capable of they'll well know,
We've a tendency to cause others strife.

They're now in sight,
We're feeling contrite,
Why did we give them directions?
There's nobody here can aid our plight,
It's too late to make any corrections.

At last they've arrived,
With what we've contrived,
Immediately they show they're annoyed,
From negotiations we've been deprived,
From intelligence, they say we're devoid.

Our errant ways,
Don't impress the greys,
It's time humans were erased from this Earth,

What that means is the end of your days,
They decide this is where they will berth.

With other life forms they talk,
Together minds lock,
As one they are now in collusion,
Our efforts our visitors totally block,

`` We're The Problem Not The Solution ``

Bri Mar

" We've An Abundance Of Food "

The human destroys,
All they've been given,
What really annoys?
With greed they are driven.

What they don't want,
Is cast to the side,
Other species they taunt,
Their behaviour is snide.

They take without thinking,
What happens next,
Into Hell they are sinking,
Which leave us perplexed.

Destroying one other,
Means nothing at all,
While we smother,
They all have a ball.

Our resources are dwindling,
At a very fast rate,
Each other they're swindling,
With death they've a date.

While we fight to survive,
They can't see the truth,
Mother Nature's alive,
She can be uncouth.

Now they're under attack,
She makes no distinction,
For when she fought back,
The Human faced extinction.

Now that they've gone,
We will not shed tears,
In this our new dawn,
Our enemy disappears.

Though their gains were ill gotten,
They've done us a favour,
We can eat what is rotten,
Their corpses we'll savour.

Now the humans are dead,
They've at last done good,
For it has to be said,

'' We've An Abundance Of Food ''

Bri Mar

" What A Con "

As austerity bites,
Can't afford the lights,
Face the last rites,
Put upon.

Differently abled,
No longer disabled,
With liar you're labelled,
Now gone.

Zero hours,
Really sours,
In a corner she cowers,
Overdrawn.

Foodbanks galore,
Getting more and more,
Life is a chore,
No new dawn.

It isn't funny,
Taxpayers money,
Make their lives sunny,
Cotton on.

A life of leisure,
Constant pleasure,
Storing up treasure,
What brawn.

A parasite is she,
Takes from you and me,
Some refuse to see,
Begone.

A two million pounds rise,
Robbery in disguise,
Open your eyes,
Where's the pawn.

It brings on tears,
Sixty plus years,
Puts us in arrears,

" What A Con "

Bri Mar

" What Can Be Achieved "

Let's be formal,
What is normal?
Is it you or could it be me,
Your answer could well be informal,
Though I doubt if we'll ever agree.

One who is blind,
Can he be refined,
Be careful you don't judge in haste,
To adapt to suit we are all designed,
For living we all have a taste.

Take her with no legs,
Is she classed as dregs?
For some it's their way of life,
For equality and parity is all she begs,
Why would anyone want to cause strife?

Mental health,
Can creep up by stealth,
It's an issue too easily fudged,
Understanding it is their true wealth,
Do not judge them lest you be judged.

Him with no arms,
Still has his charms,
He'll melt you with his beautiful smile,
A mind so refined he can ring alarms,
His voice can also beguile.

Though some can't hear,
We've nothing to fear,
They know exactly what we're saying,
Words in many guises appear,
Our attitude to life needs surveying.

I can't talk,
My mouths in a lock,
But believe me I'll get my message across,

Of everything above, we need to take stock,
Why we don't, put's us at a loss.

In life's great game,
There'll be those who defame,
With prejudice, they are being deceived,
In reality we're all Human, yes exactly the same,
There's no limit to,

'' What Can Be Achieved ''

Bri Mar

" What's Lies And What's Truth "

What is living,
If you don't meet death,
Is it so unforgiving,
To take that last breath.

Are we really here?
Do we truly exist,
When we disappear,
Do you think we are missed?

Billions are dead,
Their bodies lie rotten,
It has to be said,
The majority are forgotten.

Is there a God,
A Satan in Hell,
Isn't it odd,
That no-one can tell,

Do we have a soul?
Or is life a dream,
Who has control,
A being supreme?

Is life but a lie,
An experiment of sorts,
If you refuse to comply,
Your creator aborts.

Is Earth a reality,
Or a computer type game,
Where kindness and brutality,
Are one and the same.

Are fascist dictators,
Those in the know?
Will these creators,
Ever bother to show.

By choosing to ask,
Are we being uncouth,
If reality is a mask,

'' What's Lies And What's Truth ''

Bri Mar

" When It's Your Time To Leave "

We're no longer complying,
Religion is dying,
The churches are closing their doors,
The message of God we are now denying,
Hatred is deep inside our pores.

Murder is the norm,
As we humans reform,
Commandments are a thing of the past,
We cannot see the truth for the storm,
How much longer can our species last?

Wars everywhere,
But we don't care,
Genocide is our new way of living,
Destroying each other we see as fair,
We have lost the art of forgiving.

No food for some,
It will never come,
We're no longer willing to assist,
It's as if our species has been struck dumb,
We laugh and say they'll not be missed.

No water to drink,
We don't even think,
That there's more than enough to go round,
Into the ground like the water they sink,
While we throw away our last pound.

Death is their aim,
In this crude sick game,
Those without will get what they're due,
Those who have no longer feel shame,
They believe it's the right thing to do.

It's a risk we take,
Saying God is a fake,
But more and more this is what we perceive,

The consequences of a God you forsake,
You'll find out,

'' When It's Your Time To Leave ''

Bri Mar

" Where We Live Now Is Where We Will Die "

All these planets they're seeing,
Nobody's agreeing,
The fact they are out of our reach,
There's nothing like the Human being,
As the laws of nature we breach.

It would take millions of years,
Filled with sorrow and tears,
Just for a glimpse of its light,
The truth's not always the way it appears,
Methinks humans are not very bright.

Humans hate theft,
It leaves us bereft,
Yet that is what we are proposing,
Solely because here there's not much left,
Our beloved Earth is decomposing.

If they visited us,
We'd cause such a fuss,
How dare they take what is ours,
Through our principles they'd drive a bus,
They'd tell us our attitude sours.

Just face the truth,
We are so uncouth,
Our intentions would get them annoyed,
We think of ourselves as the super sleuth,
Yet our intelligence we never deployed

Keppler 452 B,
We can barely see,
They say it's in the Goldilocks zone,
On it's surface we will never be,
For fantasy the Human is known.

More planets each day,
Doesn't hold any sway,
Living out there will never apply,

Others out there will not let us stray,

“ Where We Live Now Is Where We Will Die ”

Bri Mar

" Where We'll Require A Very Large Grave "

The planet's in despair,
Sympathy is rare,
War's now our reason for living,
For human dignity we no longer care,
As a species we are so unforgiving.

The children lie dying,
Their parents are crying,
To give aid we put up resistance,
Their hopelessness we are just not buying,
Why won't we give them assistance?

We've created their mess,
Left them in distress,
All they can do now is pray,
From the basic facts we then digress,
We Say "OOPS" and just walk away.

They are war refugees,
Who can't do what they please,
Unlike those who started their war,
Being treated like an infectious disease,
Is something we should all abhor?

Their stomachs are churning,
Their homes are burning,
We watch as the people starve,
Our politicians say they're not for turning,
As their side of roast beef servants carve.

It leaves most aghast,
That lessons from our past,
Are buried and soon forgotten,
Their mistakes our leaders refuse to lambaste
To the core politicians are rotten.

" LEST WE FORGET "
Is a saying we'll regret?
Unless these people we save,

We are playing a game of Russian roulette,

" Where We'll Require A Very Large Grave "

Bri Mar

" Where Your Soul Will Berth "

To that destination,
Where you want to venture,
To begin you require some guile,
A sound foundation,
With perhaps an indenture,
To assist you rather than rile.

Are you really that good,
You require no assistance,
If so then you won't need to learn,
That knowledge is food,
It provides subsistence,
Comprehension is a gift you must earn.

Seek those in the know,
Who live by truth,
Learn from mistakes that are made,
Let inner feelings grow,
Ignore the uncouth,
Lessons learned can be sharp as a blade.

Never walk away,
From those in need,
As time we'll all suffer despair,
Your input holds sway,
Don't let them bleed,
Their cure is the fact you are there.

Show others respect,
You don't need to agree,
With everything they choose to believe,
You can have an effect,
By letting them see,
You have no desire to aggrieve.

We live and we die,
But what's in between,
Will determine our legacy on Earth,
Don't just say goodbye,

Pass on what you've seen,
It will determine,

“ Where Your Soul Will Berth ”

Bri Mar

" While You're Here "

The joy of living,
Is second to none,
To be forgiving,
Can be so much fun.

You can't turn a dial,
When it has gone,
Take on the trial,
Seek that new dawn.

Families are precious,
Keep them close by,
They tend to refresh us,
Them you mustn't deny.

Friends are for life,
Look after them well,
Enemies cause strife,
They'll make you unwell.

Don't be persuaded,
To do any wrong.
Left feeling degraded,
Doesn't take long.

Make your own choices,
But if ever in doubt,
Hear those friendly voices,
Give them a shout.

Treat all with respect,
Give them their say,
When evil you detect,
Throw it away.

Make life your treasure,
To good do adhere,
That way you'll gain pleasure,

'' While You're Here ''

Bri Mar

" Who Fires First "

Throughout this war,
No-one asked, what for,
Those in power decided we'd fight,
After this there'd be no encore,
Their aim? To set the world right.

The Battle of the Somme,
Remembered with aplomb,
We do like to put on a gloss,
Whether they were killed by a gun or a bomb,
One million dead is a terrible loss.

With no-one to appease,
They used W.M.D.s
Chemical weapons were used as the norm,
The fact is everyone could kill as they please,
Human intelligence being so true to form.

Millions lie dead,
To their deaths they were led,
By those who asked for their trust,
Regardless of country to the lions they were fed,
Their deaths were both cruel and unjust.

When the battle was won,
All wars were done,
The world vowed, never again,
A short time later a new war begun,
From killing we refuse to refrain.

Peace in our time,
Sounds really sublime,
But the fact is wars are a curse,
Becoming more civilised should be classed as a crime,
As humans can we get any worse?

New weapons we invent,
For mass destruction they're meant,
For our past we show no contrition,

Why can't we admit that our morals are bent?
Are we scared to make that admission?

This we cannot deny,
It's truth not a lie,
If our warring ways we don't mend,
Life as we know it will all surely die,
Other life forms won't mourn our end.

The facts can't be dressed,
By now you'll have guessed,
For genocide we've developed a thirst,
Regardless of when that button is pressed,
It won't matter,

'' Who Fires First ''

Bri Mar

" Who Would You Say Is Addicted "

I swallow tablets every day,
They're required for my afflictions,
I never will get hooked on them,
They're all on repeat prescriptions.

I drink some alcohol every day,
Just to be sociable you understand,
I buy it from the pubs and shops,
But I never get out of hand.

I take a pill before I drink,
To subdue my raw aggression,
I also take another one,
This conquers my depression.

I gain comfort from my pills and booze,
So with my appetite to whet,
I go and get my lighter,
Then smoke a cigarette.

I also frequent the bookies,
Where I like to put on a line,
Although I usually lose my stake,
To gamble is just divine.

As I look at all my habits,
None of them hold fears,
I've smoked, I've drank and gambled,
I've shed my share of tears.

Everything thing I do in life,
I stay well within the law,
As I look upon this life of mine,
I cannot find one flaw.

I can boast without a doubt,
Without the need for altercation,
I don't have any issues,
My habits fill me with elation.

I really have a problem though,
With Alkies and those Junkies,
They drink too much and swallow drugs,
They're all a bunch of flunkies.

One needs his bevy every day,
While the other needs his dope,
They smoke their gear, drink all day,
For them there is no hope.

They swallow pills like sweeties,
Some of them inject,
The police should just arrest them all,
Our honour they must protect.

They gamble daily with their lives,
It really makes you sick,
They have a choice the same as me,
But I'm clever, they're all thick.

They'll make the claim they're like that,
Because they feel oppressed,
They need to take their drink and drugs,
We've got them all depressed.

Most of what they do in life,
Is done without a thought,
They carry out illegal acts,
Then hope they don't get caught.

Who do they think they're kidding,
They're just a bunch of thugs,
Why can't they live the same as me,
Lay off the booze and drugs.

They need to stop this gambling,
Their habits cause such a stink,
The depression and the violence,
Is the result of this crucial link.

When you look at both these stories,

Although both equally afflicted,
You be judge and jury,

" Who Would You Say Is Addicted"

Bri Mar

" Who You Are Is Unique "

Are you who you are,
Or what others perceive,
Take a look from afar,
Does your mirror deceive.

Is that the real you?
Or just one you portray,
Could it be true,
You avoid the affray.

Do you put on a face?
In order to please,
Are you in the right place?
While trying to appease.

Are you trying to impress others?
To lessen the strain,
Though inside it smothers,
It makes you feel pain.

Does it make you feel fear?
Hiding the truth,
By refusing to adhere,
Do you believe it's uncouth?

If the answer is yes,
Then change the reflection,
Think more not less,
It's time for correction.

Stand proud and tall,
Put on a show,
The results will enthrall,
The real you they'll know.

Never be ashamed,
It's yourself you must seek,
Let it be proclaimed,

“ Who You Are Is Unique ”

Bri Mar

" Why "

It's a word we use,
Yes often abuse,
It clouds our views,
Truth or lie.

Someone will say,
Each and every day,
To God I will pray,
Then cry.

A simple task,
The truth it will mask,
That's when they'll ask,
Or deny.

Good or bad,
It can drive you mad,
Make you happy or sad,
Please retry.

It's in our face,
Setting the pace,
The answers we chase,
Then apply.

Are they true?
Will it cause ado?
It's nothing new,
Just sigh.

It's never ending,
Can be mind bending,
The message it's sending,
You defy.

It offers a solution,
Can cause disillusion,
With no resolution,
Don't comply.

It cuts like a knife,
Injustice is rife,
The bane of our life,

“ Why ”

Bri Mar

" Why Can'T Modern Science Explain "

Machu Picchu in southern Peru,
A modern wonder built by who?
They did things we still cannot do,
Their achievements drive academics insane.

Egyptian pyramids to the stars align,
Built with an accuracy we can't define,
Primitive people made this great design?
We will not see their like again.

Tikal a Mayan city state,
A masterpiece the ancients did create,
How it was built they still debate,
It's the cause of great disdain.

Angkor Wat has to be seen,
Built by humans it couldn't have been,
It's their skills we demean,
On their character we place a stain.

Petra in Jordan carved into stone,
As a human creation it stands alone,
How they managed it is still unknown,
It is such a beautiful domain.

Stonehenge a mystery as to how was it built,
Stones from Wales embedded in silt,
Despite thousand of years they still don't wilt,
They were made to take the strain.

Easter Island, which is filled with mystique,
Like all the others they reached a peak
Those massive heads that will never speak,
Leave us searching in vain.

The Coliseum built by Roman guile,
Completed by slaves in an artistic style,
It really stands out as a beautiful pile,
Our curiosity we can't restrain.

The Parthenon in Athens is a joy to behold,
Despite technology the trail remains cold,
Many of its secrets will never be told,
There are some we will never obtain.

We insult our ancestors by questioning their brawn,
An alien frenzy is all that we spawn,
Comments they were primitives need to be withdrawn,
From belittling them we need to abstain.

History is littered with lost civilisations,
They managed to fulfil their aspirations,
Yet today we treat them as the poor relations,
We allege they did not have a brain.

As our search for answers gathers pace,
Some insist they were built by an alien race,
To ignore human talent is a total disgrace,
In fact it is inhumane.

In their own time they lived hard and fast,
Their skills and the secrets now lie in the past,
These architectural wonders were built to last,
That knowledge we'd love to regain.

Today we lay claim our intelligence has increased,
They can't answer back as they're all deceased,
They were far more advanced in building at least,
Their attainments we cannot constrain.

We claim they were primitive they did not have the will,
All they ever did was to pillage and kill,
If to build ancient monuments they did not have the skill,

“ Why Can't Modern Science Explain ”

Bri Mar

" Why Do They Need To Fiddle "

Life's a struggle that's a fact,
But that can't be said for all,
Life's billionaires don't give a damn,
Their lifestyles will never stall.

They get tax relief for donations,
That's a fact they try to hide
How much wealth does a person need?
We're being taken for a ride.

They manipulate their tax returns,
While we're on pay as you earn,
They abuse every loophole as our money burns,
Finding more is what they must learn.

So why do these rich celebrities,
Tell us to give more money,
While they make billions every year,
It really isn't funny.

Politicians on the take,
Their expenses are truly ill gotten,
It proves that everyone's a fake,
To the core they are all bloody rotten.

Yet they all dictate what we should give,
Just what gives them that right?
They'll be hypocrites as long as they live,
They don't know the meaning of contrite.

Who are they to lecture us?
As they live their lives of leisure,
A million pounds from each of them,
Would give the starving untold pleasure.

While we must pay our taxes due,
It really is a riddle,
If these bastards are worth so much,

“ Why do they need to fiddle ”

Bri Mar

" Why Do We Venerate The Rich "

To hear the queen's speech,
What does it teach,
To those who are living without,
Yes, her riches are out of their reach,
Of that there shouldn't be any doubt.

Of news she's the bearer,
A society that's fairer,
That's what the prime minister reckons,
Just as they take away your carer?
Chaos for the sick is what beckons.

Take the pope,
He say's live in hope,
While preaching from his zillionaires mansion,
What about those who cannot cope,
What they view is his churches expansion.

Archbishop Welby cries,
Injustice he sighs,
While his fillet of steak servants carve,
The actual facts this fantasist denies,
He gets fat while the rest of us starve.

To learn is the key,
Yes, we pay their fee,
They give nothing back in return,
Who are the fools? Yes, you and me,
We watch as our pittance they burn.

They are self-centred scum,
Who view us as dumb,
We've no gumption to put up a fight,
To whatever they say we always succumb,
If you're honest you'll admit they are right,

There's a common equation,
Across every nation,
Since that day we exited our caves,

We their paymasters fill them with elation,
They look upon us as their slaves.

It's a well known fact,
None of them use tact,
As they all make their patronising pitch,
Against the poor the odds are stacked,

'' Why Do We Venerate The Rich ''

Bri Mar

" Why Do Your Gods Need Cash "

Would someone please enlighten me?
I'd love to have my mind set free,
With the religious I cannot agree,
Why the need to be so flash.

Massive buildings dripping in gold,
Statuettes the rich would behold,
Yet their wealth they try to withhold,
Would their Gods let their businesses crash?

Millions invested in stocks and shares,
Gods living off of your capitalist wares,
While still citing the good lords prayers,
It's really a bit of a hash.

Telling us we must remain true,
Through austerity that's what you do,
So why does it not apply to you,
With Gods teachings there's a bit of a clash.

It's surely hypocrisy to take from the poor,
While you live in what is grandeur,
Would a God allow it, I'm not so sure,
Would he say your morals are trash.

Billions in investments and works of art,
Money being made going off the chart,
These God fellows must be very smart,
As Wall Street they could turn into ash.

Do religious leaders have a direct line?
To whom this money do you consign,
A heavenly bank account sounds just fine,
Albeit a trifle brash.

Gods who can create whatever they need,
Yet taking funds from those who bleed,
It's on peoples beliefs you vultures feed,
You're all over them like a poisonous rash.

If your God walked by the people would stare,
I'm certain they'd say this isn't fair,
A God who needs to be a billionaire?
I wonder where he keeps his stash.

The secret is out it's the bishop of bling,
Spending £26 million is a bit of a sting,
He needed the money to buy God a ring,
Now he's living on bangers and mash.

It's a perfectly simple question to ask,
Even Gods can be taken to task,
Dick Turpin had the decency to wear a mask,
Please tell us,

'' Why Your Gods Need Cash ''

Bri Mar

" Why Should We Believe In A God "

From the day we are born we're taught myths galore,
Cartoon characters when young are so real,
Mickey Mouse and Bugs Bunny we love and adore,
To us they all have a special appeal.

Then once a year there comes Santa Claus,
Down our chimneys he always arrives,
Some biscuits and milk with a couple of straws,
On our goodwill this great man thrives.

Then it happens you lose one of your teeth,
Under your pillow it's then placed,
The following morning you find cash underneath,
The Tooth Fairy's tale is embraced.

Easter morning and a basket full of sweets,
Lies at the bottom of your bed,
The Easter Bunny well that's how he entreats,
You never dreamed you were being misled.

Myths by the million we're taught to believe,
But as we mature we find out the truth,
Then with our own we continue to deceive,
It's got a lot to answer for has our youth.

What they all have in common is none can be seen,
We're taught to believe in what we can't see,
What adults teach us becomes our routine,
In the main we always tend to agree.

There's one thing we're taught we must never forget,
We're assured this one's not a myth,
It's the same as the others yet we owe it a debt,
Though you can't say who or what it is with.

This unseen entity we must never defame,
It is mighty and very prestigious,
In different cultures it has many a name,
Its followers claim to be religious.

What makes it so different from all those others?
When the story is exactly the same
You can't touch or feel it, common sense it smothers,
Yet were all taught this you must never defame?

He is the creator of everything alive today,
In his presence we should be overawed,
If all other tales are myths then what I must say,
Is,

" Why Should We Believe In A God "

Bri Mar

" Wife Or The Mother "

Big brave and strong,
We're rarely wrong,
Failure is not in our genes,
With life in general we play along,
We are but well oiled machines.

Requiring assistance,
We'll show resistance,
We'll manage is our way of life,
Our watchword will always be persistence,
That's how we deal with our strife.

We do know best,
When put to the test,
From mistakes we tend not to learn,
The challenge will always fill us with zest,
Respect we tend not to earn.

A cold will kill,
When we get ill,
That never happens to you,
Our poor lives are all uphill,
I can't get rid of this flu.

From young to old,
We do remain bold,
We let nothing stand in our way,
Asking for help does leave us cold,
It causes an internal affray.

I will not lie,
We will always get by,
With the occasional word of advice,
Who it's from we tend to deny,
If I told you I'd pay the price.

Don't dare shout,
The secret is out,
The truth we males cannot smother,

At any time we are ever in doubt,
We just ask the,

'' Wife Or The Mother ''

Bri Mar

" Will Come Back On You Thrice "

When you sowed the seeds,
Of your evil deeds,
KARMA never entered your head,
On your negativity depravity feeds,
This very thought should fill you with dread.

For no good reason,
You've committed treason,
Your behaviour at the least was uncouth,
Libeling the innocent you thought was in season,
Now it's your turn to experience the truth.

Despite nefarious lies,
It will be no surprise,
When the gift of return comes calling,
Your pernicious intent you cannot disguise,
To the depths of hell you'll be falling.

There's no going back,
You will suffer the flak,
Your reward for inflicting such pain,
You'll know how it feels to be under attack,
It can and will drive you insane.

Revenge it is not,
It is nature's lot,
The rules of common decency you ignored,
For making the guiltless feel distraught,
It is future trouble you've stored.

All know you have lied,
The innocent you've decried,
For your malice you'll now pay the price,
Over chaos and misfortune you'll now preside,
Each evil deed,

" Will Come Back On You Thrice "

" Will Keep Your Life In Perspective "

On this journey we make,
Each step we take,
Is built on what went before,
Though past happenings you must never forsake,
Learning must be to the fore.

Don't let an error,
Bring on terror,
See it as a magical cure,
Of knowledge you can and will be the bearer,
Never let your ego obscure.

When put to the test,
Who knows best,
Yes, those who have experienced life,
What they pass on is a wonderful bequest,
But remember they can also cause strife.

Knowing right from wrong,
Doesn't take long,
How you use it will determine your fate,
You'll know inside just where you belong,
When you experience both love and hate.

There's the good and bad,
It will drive you mad,
Trying to determine, which is which,
If you get it wrong don't be sad,
It is but a simple glitch.

What if? you will ask,
Even take it to task,
With reality it does not comply,
For in the past you cannot bask,
Lest your future you then deny.

While looking ahead,
Though the past isn't dead,
With what's went before be selective,

Being careful about where you choose to tread,

“ Will Keep Your Life In Perspective ”

Bri Mar

" With Assistance You Can Win Back Your Pride "

I'm not an "alkie" but I enjoy a drink,
My intake I can never remember,
My friends are saying I'm on the brink,
Of the pub I'm an honorary member.

I never take notes of how much I've had,
Nor how many times I go out,
They look upon me as a Jack the lad,
I certainly don't behave like a lout.

Am I aggressive well that would depend?
I don't go looking for fights,
But if I'm pushed myself I'll defend,
I'm entitled to protect my rights.

I miss the odd workday here and there,
But that's nothing to do with the booze,
So before you start let me make you aware,
I will always do what I choose.

Drink has no bearing on my state of health,
I'm as fit as an athlete I'd say,
I'll admit it does take its toll on my wealth,
But I'm fine when I get my next pay.

I always had company but not anymore,
They're saying I was becoming a pain,
When drinking my aggression would come to the fore,
I'll never speak to any of them again.

I drink alone now I can take what I like,
I'm sick of them nipping my head,
Every one of them can go take a hike,
I enjoy getting out of my head.

I buy from superstores and corner shops,
You get far more booze for your money,
In the public bars you get charged for their slops,
With my cargo I'm the bee in the honey.

I've lost my job now why I don't know,
They're saying I was out of control,
Being blind drunk at work I'd hit a new low,
A hair of the dog I would always extol.

I don't have a problem despite what they say,
That's what I wanted to believe,
At least that's the message I was trying to convey,
It was myself I was trying to deceive.

I controlled alcohol not the other way round,
My dependency I would try to defend,
All over the house there was drink to be found,
My condition I could no longer defend.

The next thing I knew I had lost my house,
My wife couldn't stand all the lying,
She said my behaviour was that of a louse,
That she couldn't bear to watch me dying.

My children and parents tried their best,
But their moaning I could no longer stand,
They were just the same as all the rest,
Being deceitful and so underhand.

My ill health was something I wouldn't admit,
Though at times it made me quite pensive,
Despite my state I refused to quit,
My addiction was far too extensive.

I looked in the mirror and thought of the cost,
Was this worth losing all that I love?
Staring back was this stranger I thought I had lost,
This was divine intervention from above.

I'm an alcoholic I finally admitted,
The reality then hit me in the face,
The pieces of this jigsaw finally fitted,
To those around me I have been a disgrace.

It was then I tasted some humble pie,

Friends and family then all rallied round,
They told me they didn't want to see me die,
Working together a new start could be found.

My liver was ravaged beyond repair,
Though it's not alcohol, on which I'll lay blame,
The fault lies with me, fair and square,
Blaming others well that's pretty lame.

I'm well on the road to recovery now,
No alcohol is how I must live,
It's now I admit I was addicted and how,
Abuse of alcohol just does not forgive.

There is a road back that you can pursue,
But only you and you alone can decide,
If you have the willpower to see it through,

" With Assistance You Can Win Back Your Pride "

Bri Mar

" With Satan They're One And The Same "

They tell us our debt is decreasing,
Methinks it is us they are fleecing,
They commit criminal acts yes those are the facts,
It's them who require the policing.

Every one of them guilty of thieving,
Us plebs they don't mind bereaving,
Whilst us they chastise they continue their lies,
Ultimately we're always left grieving.

We are up to our eyeballs in debt,
But at no time do they ever fret,
Life's not a chore when from us they take more,
It's behind the ears we're all wet.

They need more to pay for expenses,
So they've sold off all our defences,
We cannot comprehend what they recommend,
When will we come to our senses.

They're heavily into linguistics,
Their forecasts must come from their mystics,
What they say is true believe and you'll rue,
They are lies, damned lies and statistics.

Politicians we all love to hate,
Their antics we love to berate,
When they have sinned they refuse to be binned,
They should all have a get rid of date.

They know not the meaning of shame,
Refusing to accept any blame,
None ever tires of the fact they're all liars,

" With Satan They're One And The Same "

Bri Mar

" With Time You Cannot Interfere "

Time is our enemy yet it's also our friend,
Yes it can kill but it also can mend,
It marks our beginning as well as the end,
Yes bring us joy as well as fear.

It has an effect on our daily routine,
Dictating our world with no in between,
Time can be kind as well as mean,
We've no choice but to persevere.

The time keeps us warm or can make us cold,
It's with us from young until we are old,
By this strange entity everything's controlled,
Though invisible it just won't disappear.

With all it entails we've become over obsessed,
As the issues surrounding it must be addressed,
The very fact time can leave us distressed.
Shows its power can be so severe.

You can guarantee it's full of surprises,
It does come in many shapes and sizes,
To some it's kind while others it despises,
Complicated yet also austere.

Time as we know it is a human invention,
Though how it works was not our intention,
Problems caused are too numerous to mention,
Though the idea was truly sincere.

Take the clock of life as one example,
Over our expectations it can and will trample,
Ask for more time it'll say you've had ample,
It's time you were no longer here.

Everything alive is monitored by time,
From a tiny seed to us in our prime,
Some would say it should be classed as a crime,
Especially when the end is near.

Though time can heal it can also bring grief,
Bring on sadness yet also relief,
With regards to our existence it's a bit of a thief,
It's the ultimate final frontier.

It resembles a child it will not stand still,
Though precious it can also be a bitter pill,
To listen to our pleas it does not have the will,
With an attitude that is cavalier.

At some point we all wish our lives away,
Wishing it was tomorrow instead of today,
But hindsight never did hold any sway,
Time does have the ability to sneer.

The amount you are given does not last forever,
Abusing what you have is not very clever,
Taking it slowly must be your endeavour,
Before you know it, it will disappear.

It has no interest in how it makes you feel,
Against the ravages of time there is no appeal,
Contrary to belief it doesn't always heal,
With its rules we all must adhere.

Time is a power we can never hold back,
From the day life's created we are under attack,
Once it has gone you can't bring it back,

“ With Time You Cannot Interfere ”

Bri Mar

" Without A Wok We Can'T Have Our Stir Fry "

My children asked me to go for a walk,
In unison we stared at each other,
The look on my face was of total shock,
So they ran off to see their Mother.

They said they were sorry but they'd try to cope,
Beans on toast would be fine,
For other nutrition there's plenty of scope,
There's so much more on which we can dine.

What in Gods name were they talking about,
I then told them to put on their shoes,
I could last for miles when I was a scout,
That comment didn't seem to amuse.

Have you no sympathy Dad you're very cruel,
You'll have our Mother in tears,
The way you're behaving is so un-cool?
I thought all is not what it appears.

My children wanting exercise just couldn't be true,
That's when I started to worry,
The both of them struggle just to walk to the loo,
But here they were both in a hurry.

Mother needs comfort not sarcastic jibes,
I asked why is she feeling unwell,
They said no it's to our welfare our mother subscribes,
On that front she will always excel.

I asked her if she was feeling alright,
She said yes but why do you ask,
The kids wanting a walk has given me a fright,
They're looking upon it as some wonderful task.

She said I burned the pan whilst cooking,
It was damaged beyond repair,
The reason, well I wasn't looking,
That happening to me is so rare.

We asked them both what their problem was,
They said without one they'd probably die,
With tears in their eyes they both took a pause,

"Without A Wok We Can't Have Our Stir Fry "

Bri Mar

" Without Them We Wouldn'T Be Here "

Ask yourself this question right now,
Is your view on your elders to mock,
If it is it's time ask yourself why,
You must put yourself in the dock.

To properly assess your role in this life,
Your history you just have to respect,
Those generations who have went before,
On them take some time to reflect.

Would you seek advice from your elders,
Or does the thought of that leave you cold,
Life is short so don't ever forget,
One day you yourself will grow old.

Throughout history our Mothers and Fathers,
Have encouraged their offspring to learn,
That the gift of life you must treasure,
The respect of all others you must earn.

Do you really know your Grandparents,
If not you must ask yourself why,
The knowledge they've gained is invaluable,
They also have an unlimited supply.

When they impart their vision of life to you,
Wisdom comes to the one who listens,
Our elders are worth far more than you think,
Remember it's is not just gold that glistens.

They also had parents who loved them,
If they've passed do you know their location,
Find out where they've been laid to rest,
It's a search which will bring such elation.

You'll then find it highly rewarding to find,
You're but a branch on a very large tree,
That generation gap will be cast to the side,
The knowledge gained will set your mind free.

Finally you'll have learned the meaning of life,
Age should never be used as a barrier,
We are all growing old from the day we are born,
Of that message you are now the carrier.

That question you posed will be answered,
Your life will become crystal clear,
We've a lot to thank our elders for,

" Without Them We Wouldn't Be Here "

Bri Mar

" Without You They'd Die "

There's more than enough,
To keep us all going,
To some sharing is tough,
They think they're all knowing.

They tend to want more,
Far more than they need,
They like a full store,
They're obsessed by greed.

With you they won't share,
Even if you're starving,
Neither do they care,
It's your meat they're carving.

What they class as wealth,
Is alien to you,
While you cherish good health,
It's fortunes they accrue.

They never feel shame,
Their conscience is clear,
Though it's you they defame,
They still need you near.

They'll feed you the dregs,
Just enough to exist,
Though the destitute begs,
They need you on their list.

Though they're unforgiving,
As over you they preside,
They cannot go on living,
Without you at their side.

Though they loathe to agree,
It's a sure-fire fact,
You hold the key,
Their lives you enact.

Don't you ever forget,
Though this they'll deny,
What does make them fret,
Is,

“ Without You They'd Die ”

Bri Mar

" Would You Not Do The Same "

Our planet's a bubble,
Filled with rubble,
It's a constant fight to escape,
Every day brings even more trouble,
Yet we cover it up with a drape.

Conflict is rife,
As is the value of life,
Society is on the brink of destruction,
Yet the majority ignore our strife,
Could it be they relish the reduction?

Let them stew,
They'll get what they're due,
This attitude is now common place,
It's well seen they are not one of the few,
Frankly I'd call it a disgrace.

You start the fight,
Then turn out the light,
The consequences are then ours to endure,
You walk away saying, I'm alright,
Do you really see that as a cure?

Peace in our time,
Some see as a crime,
As economies see arms as money,
Are death and butchery really sublime?
You laugh but we don't find it funny.

Leave us where we're lying,
Ignore all our crying,
Close the borders becomes their answer,
Does anyone care fellow humans are dying?
Refugees some see as a cancer.

No need for a sleuth,
So don't be uncouth,
The facts may well bring on some shame,

Faced with our plight now tell the truth,
In our shoes,

“ Would You Not Do The Same ”

Bri Mar

" Writers Block "

Some critics can be so unkind,
To the facts sometimes they're blind,
What goes on within that mind?
Why don't you take stock?

An explanation's not much to ask,
But you won't let me take you to task,
Why do you hide behind a mask?
You should be in the dock.

It really is a coward's way out,
No it's not I hear you shout,
It is, so let there be no doubt,
It's my principles you mock.

Have the decency to tell me why,
Regardless I'm sure I won't die,
Doesn't common decency to you apply?
I'm more than willing to talk.

What in the content made you terse?
Your manic response did you rehearse,
No one forced you to read my verse,
Yet to it you did flock.

As for making money you're out of luck,
I doubt if you'll ever break your duck,
In a sad existence you seem stuck,
So I think you should take a walk.

I'd say it's to arrogance you are leaning,
On freedom of speech you are intervening,
To the poets dilemma there's now a new meaning,
You've invented,

" Writers Block "

Bri Mar

" Yes This Is The Here And Now "

In ye good old days of Robin Hood,
With the downtrodden this legend stood,
The spirit of camaraderie he did exude,
He loved his task and how.

He robbed the rich and gave to the poor,
A better future he would procure
If you were in trouble he would find a cure,
Injustice he wouldn't allow.

Rich lords and ladies milking us dry,
Tears of joy is what they did cry,
Poverty to them just didn't apply,
Contempt for us they did endow.

12th century myths are what some would say,
Why would the rich cause the poor affray,
But look around you it's happening today,
Yes this behaviour we still allow.

Bowing to royalty as if they were Gods,
With the principles of decency they are at odds,
If truth be told they are parasitic frauds,
We the taxpayers are their cash cow.

Another Royal has arrived on our planet,
Their procreation we need to ban it,
Their principles should be encased in granite,
We need to make that our vow.

Millionaires everywhere robbing us blind,
Politicians starving us, is just so unkind,
We give them the impression that we don't mind,
As they stand there, taking a bow.

Most of us wouldn't steal someone's last penny,
You'd do the opposite if you had any,
But the parasites vices are evil and many,
Botox hides the frowns on their brow.

We the workers should hang our heads in shame,
By allowing it to happen we are to blame,
While they leave us their plebs without a name,
It's the depths of Hell the rich plough.

No wonder they think workers are all deranged,
Around the elite the worlds riches are arranged,
Robin Hood is dead but nothing has changed,

Bri Mar

" Yes Us "

No one they say,
Is above the law,
That should be without exception,
What causes affray,
Is there is a flaw,
In reality it is a deception.

Some commit crime,
In their line of work,
While others do it for fun,
To them it's sublime,
A form of perk,
They enjoy being on the run.

Bankers, politicians,
The religious too,
I know it's hard to believe,
Hypocrites in prominent positions,
Your pockets they will relieve.

Shoplifting scum,
Thieves from hell,
They don't care who they deprive,
The lowlife bum,
With the rich they gel,
To help make their lives thrive.

Don't be fooled,
They're all around,
The stereotype doesn't always fit,
Those who have ruled,
Have gone to ground,
After they have made their hit.

Dishonesty does pay,
They feel no shame,
They know that we won't make a fuss,
Come what may they never accept blame,
Who are the idiots?

" Yes Us "

Bri Mar

" Yes, That Reflection Is Me "

When you look in the mirror do you like your reflection,
Or does it bring back a bad recollection,
Why are you suffering after all these years,
Those thoughts of abuse still brings you to tears.

Whenever you think of it you feel you must cry,
You feel you're responsible you wish you could die,
You were but a victim you're dignity taken,
By a beast whose morals they had long forsaken.

This is an issue society has fudged,
The innocent victims are made feel they are judged,
Though you are the person who is truly affected,
The abuser is the one who is then protected.

You were the victim of a heinous crime,
Yet you are the one still doing the time,
The criminal moves on you're left standing still,
But this need not be if you show you've the will.

It's now time to live life you are not an outcast,
No blame lies with you so you must bury that past,
You did nothing wrong that you must know,
If you start to believe then your spirit will grow.

Your life will be yours without being a chore,
You will love who you are forever more,
I would never suggest that you'll ever forget,
But you did nothing wrong you should have no regret.

When that scumbag has gone I think you will find,
You will start to enjoy life you will clear your mind,
That's when you'll really start to believe,
There is nothing in life which you cannot achieve.

So pick yourself up from the depths of despair,
It's a known fact that life isn't fair,
When you feel like crying take appropriate action,
By defeating your demons you will gain satisfaction.

You're no longer the victim you have earned the right,
To be who you are now the end is in sight,
Though there were times your life was rotten,
Those terrible times should now be forgotten.

You must start now it is never to late,
It's now time to take charge of your own fate,
With help you can dig yourself out of that hole,
For the rest of your life you will be in control.

Then when your life is back on track,
you can look in that mirror and say, " I Am Back "
When you build up the courage to set your mind free,
You'll take pride in saying,

" Yes, That Reflection Is Me "

Bri Mar

" Yes, You Can Try "

Writing is easy,
If you know how,
So don't feel queasy,
Go on try it now.

No need to rehearse,
Write what you see,
That's your first verse,
Now you hold the key.

Write what you feel,
Feel what you write,
What you reveal,
Is it worthy of sight?

Never be afraid,
Of the gift of expression,
Though some will be swayed,
Don't give in to oppression.

You're in control,
To yourself stay true,
Do not dig a hole,
The denizen could be you.

Though it can be scary,
Some critics will pounce,
So always be wary,
Of what you pronounce.

Write from the heart,
As well as the head,
As what you impart,
Can be mistakenly spread.

Though you try to enthrall,
Some live to decry,
You will never please all,
But?

" Yes, You Can Try "

Bri Mar

" Yes, You Have That Power "

Feeling down,
Lift that frown,
Belief is the greatest cure,
Close your eyes or in tears you'll drown,
Grief doesn't reassure.

What's went before,
Yes, it's sore,
But life for you doesn't end,
Though feeling rotten through to your core,
It yourself you need to mend.

Problems arise,
In front of our eyes,
Deal with them, never discount,
Your feelings you must never disguise,
Each obstacle you can surmount.

Yes, it's hard,
But stay on guard,
To solutions you hold the key,
Never let doubts leave you scarred,
Action now will set you free.

There is a light,
It's shining bright,
It's a beacon only you can find,
Show some willing, put up a fight,
A warrior is how you'll be defined.

Don't give in,
Dig deep within,
The future is yours to conceive,
There's not a battle you cannot win,
In yourself you must believe.

Try not to brood,
Life can be good,
What's gone cannot come back,

No, this is not a platitude,
Predicaments respond to attack.

What you do,
Is up to you,
To stand up tall or cower,
If you fight back you'll see it through,

“ Yes, You Have That Power ”

Bri Mar

" You Alone Are The Messenger Of Death "

To all those who murder you need to be told,
It's with evil you are in tow,
An act of cowardice is nothing to behold,
Nor is a mind contemplating death row.

Humans are like fashion they constantly change,
There's the peaceful and those who love war,
Our behaviour at times does truly derange,
We are constantly asking, what for.

We can't live together we can't live without,
What's the difference between love and hate?
As greed and arrogance leave our future in doubt,
Our destruction we refuse to abate.

We claim to love Gods yet destroy in their name,
Do you honestly believe they'd say yes?
A deity who allows you to kill and maim,
Who encourages his followers to transgress?

I doubt very much such a person exists,
Face the facts it is you who is blind,
You are the reason brutality persists,
Blaming your creator is just so unrefined.

For every evil action you will find an excuse,
Accountability is then cast to the side,
Refusal to accept blame is a form of abuse,
Behind others the coward will hide.

If you pull the trigger it's you, who're at fault,
No one else, it's all down to you,
Trying to shame others is a form of assault,
The problem with humans is it's nothing new.

If you're saying you truly believe in a God,
Show us where he instructs you to kill,
If you can prove it I'd find that quite odd,
As you claim he does spread good will.

So with that in mind if your God Does exist,
When you meet him what will he say?
That journey to Hell you are next on my list?
Your repentance doesn't hold any sway?

If truth be told you're just murdering scum,
Who revel in seeing that last breath?
It's to your own depravity the innocent succumb,

“ You Alone Are The Messenger Of Death ”

Bri Mar

" You Are But A Coward "

Mr Cameron by refusing,
The T.V. debates,
It's we you're abusing,
Our Prime Minister dictates.

Are you running scared?
You won't know the answers,
Or you'll not be spared,
By that bunch of chancers.

It's not question time,
Which is well rehearsed,
A reply you can't mime,
You'll not be well versed.

Have you something to hide,
Which is so uncouth,
Have you no pride,
Are you afraid of the truth?

When you tell your lies,
Does it worry you?
Those facts you disguise,
Will be in full view,

The country's doing great,
You'd have us believe,
So why won't you state,
What you'd have us perceive,

We are in it together,
Is surely a farce?
Hoist the white feather,
Your courage is sparse.

To say where and when,
You think you're empowered,
Crawl back to your den,

“ You Are But A Coward ”

Bri Mar

" You Are But A Statistic "

The human mind,
Being so refined,
Is capable of such awesome inventions,
To what we've designed,
We are totally blind,
As we venture into new dimensions.

Though strange it seems,
We create our dreams,
It happens wherever we go,
Revelling in screams,
Or working in teams,
Magic pills or weapons of woe.

We can be cruel,
But who's is the fool,
The giver or is it the taker,
Our brain is a tool,
Let the evidence rule,
Who is real and who is the faker.

Our invisible gods,
Are they real or frauds?
The believer will die to say yes,
The one who lauds,
Takes in wads,
Why he needs money is anyone's guess.

Why are we here,
Isn't crystal clear,
It's dependant on whom you ask,
Though gods some endear,
You mustn't sneer,
As proving it is a very hard task.

You will travel far,
By being who you are,
There's merit in being nihilistic,
Though life is bizarre,

Do follow your star,
In reality,

" You Are But A Statistic "

Bri Mar

" You Are Heading For An Almighty Fall "

As the millions starve the rich saunter on,
They don't have a care in the world,
The millionaires laugh sipping tea on the lawn,
As their luxury yacht is unfurled.

Why should they care is their line of thought,
It's not our fault the children die,
In their sick life anything can be bought,
Why with nature should they have to comply?

They think they're above the likes of us,
Despite us making them rich,
Feeling superior gives them a buzz,
They'd walk past if you were lying in a ditch.

In reality they're no different from you or me,
Cut their skin and they'll all surely bleed,
They will suffer ill health; they still need to pee,
For companionship they have a need.

Take their money away they would soon disappear,
Their finance is a powerful tool,
Left with nothing they'd soon be living in fear,
Being poor they would say is uncool.

They put wealth over health which so unwise,
Thinking money is the ultimate cure,
All being equal everyone dies,
Of that fact even they can be sure.

As with all life we live and we age,
Animosity against that becomes rife,
That very thought puts them all in a rage,
Why can't their riches buy longer life?

Everlasting life is the patent of God,
His kingdom is open to us all,
If with avarice you've become overawed,

" You Are Now Dead "

Drivers are all idiots apart from me,
They shouldn't be allowed on the road,
When people see me I'm sure they'll agree,
With great skills I have been bestowed.

Yes I've had accidents but they're never my fault,
It's the idiot in the other car,
My knowledge of driving they should exalt,
I'm the superior driver by far.

Women as drivers are all second rate,
As are all those red blooded males,
Learner drivers I really hate,
They remind of slow crawling snails.

I drive through puddles at great speed,
Whenever I see someone walk by,
When you see me coming you better take heed,
With common decency I refuse to comply.

The Highway Code is a waste of space,
I can and do whatever I choose,
Want to keep up I will give you a race,
Though I can guarantee you will lose.

I use my mobile while driving fast,
To say it's not safe is a myth,
I can do anything with the skills I've amassed,
So you'd better all listen forthwith.

I can drink and drive without any ado,
So why do the police make a fuss,
These stupid laws only apply to you,
If you're that worried then jump on a bus.

By going through red lights there's trouble brewing,
So far I've never caused anyone harm,
I don't really care it's the law I'm screwing,
Despite the fact I know it causes alarm.

I went through a level crossing one night,
As the train passed I just didn't care,
I would never admit that it gave me a fright,
But of a presence I became aware.

He said you have been a bit of a fool,
You've now paid the ultimate price,
That train just crushed you, yes it was cruel,
At least your death was clear and concise.

I froze with fear and stood rooted to the spot,
I said you must be off of your head,
He said you're coming with me to a place that's hot,
Because of your arrogance,

" You Are Now Dead "

Bri Mar

" You Are One Of Life's Pioneers "

Look to within to see what's without,
Life will begin when you're rid of self-doubt,
A hearty grin will always hold clout,
Life shouldn't hold any fears.

Cherish who you are life is all yours,
Reach for that star self-belief reassures,
Deal with the bizarre search for the cures,
Seek to get rid of the tears.

You'll come across friends, enemies as well,
What one recommends the other will smell,
If wrong make amends let evil dispel,
Keep searching for new frontiers.

Try to be kind to others in need,
Don't be blind one day you may bleed,
Stay well refined don't be tempted by greed,
Lest you end up in arrears.

Make your own choices listen and learn,
To discerning voices ensure you stay stern,
In what one rejoices the other will yearn,
Pause until the dark mist clears.

You are truly unique that is a fact,
Troubles to seek? Use some tact,
Enjoy the mystique make decisions then act,
Life isn't always what it appears.

Mistakes will ensue don't sweep them away,
Always review it gets rid of affray,
See your task through each and every day,

" You Are One Of Life's Pioneers "

Bri Mar

" You Are Still Filled With Hate "

A Sikh a Muslim an Anglian and a Jew,
A Catholic a Buddhist and a Hindu,
Were told to form an orderly queue,
As they waited at Heaven's gate.

Saint Peter told them they'd all be seen,
No bad language or anything obscene,
Each other's beliefs you must not demean,
Lest on thin ice you will skate.

They looked at each other in silent grief,
Now we are dead will we find relief,
What happened next was beyond belief,
As they set the record straight.

My God is real the Muslim then said,
The Jew replied, are you off your head,
As off their hatred the Anglian fed,
Their fighting he chose to berate.

Suddenly the Sikh claimed, My God is the one,
The Catholic said you are having fun,
Face the facts when all's said and done,
The record must be put straight,

The Hindu immediately intervened,
The Buddhist said I will not be demeaned,
Which of their souls will be redeemed?
Saint Peter entered the debate.

Your noses I will have to put out of joint,
Just like on Earth you all miss the point,
Only the one you call God can anoint,
That's why Heaven is great.

So the judgement today I will no longer stall,
Your behaviour today really does appal,
In this sacred place you continue to brawl,
Hell I'm afraid is your fate.

You've fought and destroyed and what you'll find odd,
Genocide my friends is the act of a fraud,
The simple truth is, there's only one God,
Even in death,

" You Are Still Filled With Hate.

Bri Mar

" You Are The Creator "

Writing like life,
Takes many courses,
Joy and strife,
Are powerful forces.

Your daily routine,
Contains many a verse,
Think what you've seen,
Your love to converse?

That passing car,
The occupants inside,
Look from afar,
New Verse cannot hide.

Look all around,
Whatever you see,
When that poem's found,
Your mind will feel free.

Don't be afraid,
Use imagination,
On a midnight raid,
Create a sensation.

Don't be put off,
Your own mind rules,
Those who scoff,
Are but critical fools.

Always stay strong,
Adversity can destroy,
Who's right or wrong?
Never let it annoy.

Write what you feel,
Be brash and bold,
Be it fiction or real,
It's a joy to behold.'

That poem you've wrote,
There's nothing greater,
What floats your boat,
Is,

“ You Are The Creator ”

Bri Mar

" You Are Truly In The Depths Of Despair "

Suicide they say is the coward's way out,
Who exactly are " they " ?
In my mind there is a serious doubt,
That this statement should hold any sway.

The Human psyche is to fight to survive,
The opposite of taking your life,
Most would do anything to remain alive,
Yet self harm can cause so much strife.

Killing another in combat is difficult enough,
But when that existence is your own,
To make that decision must be really tough,
Tremendous courage would need to be shown.

I've spoken to people, who have wanted to die,
Yet when I tried to get them assistance,
I have been informed they are living a lie,
They would never curtail their existence.

They're attention seekers is the usual excuse,
Just humour them and they'll soon come round,
Treating them this way is a form of abuse,
It's an attitude that at times does confound.

They'll never do it the professionals preach
They like to listen to their own voice,
To them it's just a figure of speech,
It's not a preference of choice.

I once tried for hours to help a poor soul,
He told us he wanted to hang,
Though we tried to lift him from that Hells Hole,
We just knew he'd go out with a bang.

Premeditated killing is what suicide means,
The difference is that victim is you,
Your mind must be blown to smithereens,
To even consider doing what you do.

When the time comes that it happens for real,
The experts say lessons will be learned,
All his cries for help they'll try to conceal,
During his crisis none of them were concerned.

Next morning we found him hanging from a rope,
It was as if we just didn't care,
When you get to a stage you are left without hope,

“ You Are Truly In The Depths Of Despair ”

Bri Mar

" You Blaspheme Your Lord "

You scream, god is great,
Before you kill,
Yet it's you he'll berate,
For the blood you spill.

Innocents lie dead,
While others are dying,
You are sick in the head,
To yourself you are lying.

You've been radicalised,
Is your feeble excuse,
By your god you're despised,
For administering abuse.

You are not empowered,
So now face the truth,
You're a low life coward,
Whose ways are uncouth.

Those who preach jihad,
Continue to thrive,
You're dead, they're glad,
They're all still alive.

For you there's no Janna,
Just an overpowering smell,
No Heavenly Manna,
Welcome to Hell.

Wherever you cause pain,
You will be deleted,
Our ways we'll maintain,
We will not be defeated.

Butchering those others,
Won't gain you reward,
Murdering sisters and brothers,

“ You Blaspheme Your Lord ”

Bri Mar

" You Can Choose Your Friends "

We have brothers and sisters our parents as well,
Our families are precious; well that's what they tell,
There'll be times we love them, on occasions we'll hate,
But they'll always be family, now that does frustrate.

On the issue of relations, it's made crystal clear,
They're our kith and kin which we should hold dear,
They epitomise all of our hopes and fears,
While bringing us joy there's also the tears.

We must love them all, forever, it's said,
Though there are some you would love to behead,
Whoever said that must be totally insane,
Or one who refuses to engage with their brain?

The problem with relations,
Is where it all ends?
You can't pick your family but,
" You Can Choose Your Friends '

If you have a companion whom you no longer like,
You can just say to them, well go take a hike,
But if you fight with your family you're told to forgive,
Which will adversely affect you as long as you live.

Grudges are held when bad words are spoken,
Insincere apologies used as a token,
Until the next time is the golden rule,
That is a fact not the words of a fool.

Because there's a kinship we must show restraint,
Relatives are united is the picture they paint,
At family gatherings do we show some respite,
Do we hell, we get into a fight.

Kinship is different,
Life's rules it amends,
You can't pick your family but,
'You Can Choose Your Friends'

Weddings and christenings have the same effect,
Every one of the family think they are correct,
While sane and sober mistakes they'll excuse,
When they get drunk the battle ensues.

The very next day they'll think, what have I done?
My very own family second to none,
Their love and devotion does make me cry,
As do the stitches and bloody black eye.

Never again, are their fine words of choice,
They just love the sound of their own bloody voice,
Some of their mouths could do with a rinse,
The way some behave can and does make you wince.

They're supposed to be precious,
But when none of them bends,
You can't pick your family but,
'You Can Choose Your Friends'

The problem with life is we all have a choice,
But we're scared to admit it; if we could we'd rejoice,
No families to fight for, no in house disputes,
No relations to battle with, no more blood roots.

Coming and going whenever we so please,
A life without arguing, where everyone agrees.
Yes it's dream but dreams can come true,
But so can nightmares, on that you must chew.

The family portraits conceal many facts,
Including deceitful heinous acts,
Because they are kin their misdeeds we must hide,
All Retribution must be put to the side.

So become an acquaintance,
Follow new trends,
You can't pick your family but,

'You Can Choose Your Friends'

Bri Mar

" You Can'T Criticise Me "

My name is Critique as a spirit I'm cold,
Your future is bleak when I have you told,
What I say is true in my own mind,
Though I may slag you off retribution's unkind.

I am always right though never wrong,
Whatever you recite be it poem or song,
My view is final you've no right to reply,
Though I can't do what you do your work I'll decry.

With monetary persuasion I will administer praise,
On that rare occasion your spirits I'll raise,
My words can destroy even the best,
That I really enjoy it fills me with zest.

What do I do I hear you all ask,
Give you a review then take you to task,
Comments you dislike your reply I'll dispel,
At your heart I'll strike then damn you to Hell.

When I read yours it does make me jealous,
Yes my criticism can be over zealous,
But my views can determine flop or success,
Your masterpiece I can leave in a terrible mess.

I'm the ultimate being so like it or not,
My views are all seeing I will leave you distraught,
You must never forget I'm a sensitive soul,
So don't make me fret I could lose control.

My words are my bond to my fantasy domain,
I take pleasure in driving all others insane,
What I say about some is an utter disgrace,
But I don't have the courage to say it to their face.

What you manufacture you love others to enjoy,
But if truth be told I just live to annoy,
Over the years my sheer arrogance has grown,
So before you comment no I can't write my own.

Seeing all your great work with revenge I'm empowered,
So I'm not just a jerk I am also a coward,
I've just one rule in life on which you all must agree,
Though I love causing you strife,

“ You Can't Criticise Me ”

Bri Mar

" You Could Well Be Their Saviour "

A smile is free,
So you mustn't begrudge,
It lets others see,
That you're not a judge.

A moment to talk,
Need not mean danger,
It can clear the block,
For a total stranger.

When lonely or sad,
The cure's not a drug,
Make someone glad,
Give them a hug.

If you see someone cry,
Do you keep your distance?
Then just walk by.
Without offering assistance.

If a child is lost,
Would you intervene,
Or think of the cost,
Of what's unforeseen.

To that someone in need,
Would you watch them burn?
Then let them bleed,
Or do a good turn.

The present day pace,
Makes a good excuse,
For our Human Race,
To ignore the abuse.

Ignoring others in pain,
Has become the norm,
Though against the grain,
It's now true to form.

When put to the test,
Do you think it's right?
To hell with the rest,
They're seen as a blight.

To help one another,
Is normal behaviour,
What you witness don't smother,

“ You Could Well Be Their Saviour ”

Bri Mar

" You Delude "

I'm on a sea food diet,
I've just got to buy it,
Then afterwards fry it,
It's good.

One thing I hate,
It really does grate,
This obsession with weight,
Is so rude.

Enough of that,
You stick thin bat,
I'm not bloody fat,
You prude.

I just love the taste,
Of fresh liver paste,
I hate to see waste,
Allude.

Salads I'm afraid,
Don't make the grade,
The fridge I will raid,
For real food.

Ice cream and custard,
A burger with mustard,
Deep fried bustard,
Understood.

Milk, full cream,
Cheese, what a dream,
They do taste supreme,
Not crude.

Crisps and nuts,
Warm meaty cuts,
Food for our butts,
Not lewd.

Those who're on missions,
To cut out additions,
Yes, dietary physicians,

" You Delude "

Bri Mar

" You Died Filthy Rich "

Our need for money,
Takes over our brains,
It's sick yet funny,
Our morals it drains.

It can't be eaten,
Nor can it be drunk,
No it can't sweeten,
That thought we'll debunk.

To get it we'll kill,
Tell terrible lies,
Our pockets we'll fill,
Ignore others cries.

It's a man made curse,
Which we can live without,
It makes our lives worse,
Of that there's no doubt.

Some have more than others,
But they'd never share,
Compassion it smothers,
We need to beware.

Some worship this idol,
Though it's a fraud
It makes them homicidal,
Yet it's but a false God.

Soon obsessed with greed,
It alters your mind,
Far more than you need,
To reality you're blind.

Those who have none,
Are filled with desire,
You're on the run,
It's to you they aspire.

Now you have millions,
Life is a bore,
You think I want billions,
I need even more.

The stress then takes hold,
They turn off the switch,
When your epitaph is told,

" You Died Filthy Rich "

Bri Mar

" You Don't Have A Brain "

To deliberately hurt others,
Is totally insane,
It's your heart it smothers,
By inflicting such pain.

By being uncouth,
What is it you gain,
Do you hate the truth?
Why don't you refrain?

Could it be you're afraid,
To break the chain.
Have you been betrayed,
Is it heartache you feign.

You're lies and deceit,
Are causing such strain,
But you're total conceit,
You wear like a mane.

What is it you lack,
Why don't you explain,
Are you under attack?
Or perhaps just inane.

Your imperious behaviour,
Causes others disdain,
Search for a saviour,
Try to abstain.

Your arrogance shines bright,
Like burning methane,
If you don't see the light,
You're in deadly terrain.

You do know fully,
You should abstain,
You're a cowardly bully,
Does that explain.

What you're doing is sad,
No, it's so inhumane,
Either you're mad,
Or,

" You Don't Have A Brain "

Bri Mar

" You Fill Our Hearts With Pride "

The female of our species,
They're such a wonder to behold,
To be loved and cherished wisely,
They bring life to the fold.

Their loyalty and their wisdom,
Can never be denied,
When needed they'll be there for you,
A solution will be applied.

Women don't do walking away,
It's in their genes to care,
Don't ever underestimate them,
Or they'll leave you in total despair.

Contrary to what us men think,
They're more resilient than us,
They believe in solving problems,
Whereas we just make a fuss.

Women can do most anything,
They have a strong resolve,
They're up to any challenge,
It's around them we revolve.

So next time you see a woman,
See much more than a lover,
Look within that sensual beauty,
Never judge her by the cover.

They're not just wives and mothers,
But doctors and psychologists too,
They're the ultimate multi taskers,
There's nothing they can't do.

Treat them with the utmost respect,
Though with beauty they are adorned,
They can give you a terrible bite,
Hell hath no fury like a women scorned.

In a world that's dominated by men,
Well that's what women like us to think,
Remember it's from them our lives began,
Without them to the bottom we'd sink.

They truly are the ultimate being,
They're forever by our side,
Compassionate and yes they are all seeing,

'' You Fill Our Hearts With Pride ''

Bri Mar

" You Have All Been Conned

NASA released a statement saying the world will not end today, they released it yesterday just in case?

Hence the reason for this being posted today, you never know.

Merry Christmas to all.

2012 December twenty second,
Disaster yesterday is what beckoned,
Death for us all is what they reckoned,
Fear is what they spawned.

Another day and we're still alive,
Somehow we've managed to survive,
Once again the world will thrive,
The truth has finally dawned.

The charlatans find this so funny,
Taking the fools for all their money,
They'd have you believe in the Easter bunny,
Whilst waving their magic wand.

These con men play on Human fears,
They relish seeing you in tears,
What they predict never appears,
Their souls are what they've pawned.

Preppers spending all they've got,
Have they any sense, not a lot,
They're the ones left feeling fraught,
With fantasy they have a bond.

Someone will come out with another date,
Telling us when we'll meet our fate,
Fear and madness is what they create,
Then with our cash they will abscond.

With their fantasy tales we are overawed,
Their sole intention is to defraud,

Over our worries they ride roughshod,
For they know how some will respond.

Try living for today not tomorrow,
Look for happiness not for sorrow,
Faith is something you cannot borrow,
You must look above and beyond.

Do away with your survival cache,
Doomsday predictions are always brash,
Though they can be spread like a poisonous rash,
If You're reading this,

'' You Have All Been Conned ''

Bri Mar

" You Have No Human Rights "

They blow us up they shoot us down,
They have us frozen with fear,
We let them preach hatred on our streets,
Yet still they are living here.

Why, you ask is this the case,
Is our country really blind,
Known terrorists roaming free,
We must be out of our mind.

They take our housing and benefits,
But we've not to make a fuss,
Despite the fact their only wish,
Is to kill everyone of us.

If I hated a country with such bile,
My residence just wouldn't last,
If I couldn't accept their way of life,
I'd get the hell out fast.

Yet Britain is such an easy touch,
They know they've got it made,
For affording them freedom and democracy,
Contempt is what they trade.

While they're being allowed to preach,
That all westerners must die,
When we try to throw them out,
They go to court and cry.

They portray themselves as warriors,
Who love to cause us alarm,
Yet when we try to deport them,
They claim they're scared they'll come to harm.

This shows them up for what they are,
With our rights they've been empowered,
Yet they refuse leave a country they hate,
That is the mark of a coward.

We can't extradite to America,
Regardless of how many they kill,
There's a chance that they might execute,
While we don't have the will.

They will use the very laws they hate,
To throw dirt back in our face,
While we sit back and let them,
It's a national disgrace.

Our laws these bastards preach against,
Shows where their morality sits,
They're not only bloody cowards,
They're a bunch of hypocrites.

What rights do they give their victims,
Who will never have any choice,
None is the easy answer,
They have taken away their voice.

As for legal fees we pay their bill,
While they sit back and laugh,
British lawyers making millions,
Paid by the government on our behalf.

I think it's time we let them know,
No ifs, or buts, nor mights,
If you want to practise jihad,

" You Have No Human Rights "

Bri Mar

" You Have No Morals "

The preachers of hate claim they hate the west,
While on their moral throne they sit,
Yet they'll take our money when put to the test,
Their ideals are straight from a pit.

If they really hate us why do they stay,
Don't you find it sickeningly funny,
They abuse our system then cause us affray,
But love taking our hard earned money.

Hypocrisy in terrorists will forever remain,
They are cowards every one,
Like their masters they're completely insane,
As for principles truth is they have none.

They have no scruples or moral code,
Their cowardice is for all to see,
Bravery to them is too heavy a load,
They wouldn't know the meaning of free.

To murder innocents is a total disgrace,
It's a cowardly and heinous act,
When you meet your maker he will say to your face,
Hell's where you're heading that's a fact.

The people you claim to represent,
Are very few and far between,
Decent people think you're ideals are bent,
With terrorist scum they wouldn't be seen.

If you truly detest the way we are,
Your choice is crystal clear,
Leave our country and travel afar,
But that thought just fills you with fear.

If you detest us as people the way you claim,
Return to the country you adore,
We will never allow you to achieve your aim,
Your ideals are rotten to the core.

You insult our freedom and our way of life,
Go elsewhere to have your quarrels,
The fact you can take from the people you hate,
Proves to us,

" You Have No Morals "

Bri Mar

" You Have Now Been Deserted "

The desire for success,
Or a yearning for beauty,
Though both cause stress,
It's looked on as our duty.

To reach either goal,
We'll go to great lengths,
Even selling our soul,
Just to gain strengths.

How you use them,
Is for you to choose,
If you abuse them,
Yes, you may lose.

What you have got,
Just gives you depression,
What you have not,
Becomes an obsession.

Then kicks in greed,
It makes you so jealous,
You thrive on the need,
You become over zealous.

You want everything now,
Your soul is laid bare,
You lose it and how,
But you no longer care.

To achieve your desire,
Nothing stands in your way,
The consequences though dire,
Don't cause you affray.

You grow much colder,
Losing family and friends,
But you're getting older,
You can't make amends.

From living the dream,
You would not be diverted,
Life you cannot redeem,

“ You Have Now Been Deserted ”

Bri Mar

" You Have To Defend "

The aliens kept hidden,
We had overridden,
Every one of their interplanetary rules,
We had turned our planet into a midden,
They see Homo Sapiens as fools.

What they'd let us see,
Meant they'd stay free,
We wouldn't pay the ultimate price,
With our barbarity they could never agree,
Self-protection is a powerful device.

But we persevered,
Became worse than they feared,
Our disrespect they could not allow,
Twas better for all if we disappeared,
To destroy us they made it their vow.

They hated our intentions,
Our barbaric inventions,
To be peaceful we did not have the will,
Our demise required their immediate attention,
As our sole aim in life was to kill.

Though filled with regret,
We became such a threat,
They were forced to return to aggression,
Our lack of respect made the aliens fret,
They hated the thought of regression.

Gone is our voice,
We gave them no choice,
Our future they could not comprehend,
Now the universe can openly rejoice,
Against genocide,

" You Have To Defend "

" You Know The Liar Is You "

Lying is a human trait,
Some use them to hide the truth,
Small or large some cannot wait,
Despite it being so uncouth.

They'll lie to cover up mistakes,
They don't want others to know,
Lost info or a vase that breaks,
Problem is that lie will grow.

Some lie to enhance who they are,
Sometimes just to impress,
The next lie becomes even more bizarre,
The truth they must then compress.

If you forget that first white lie,
That's when mistakes will fester,
Soon you'll wish that you could die,
You'll be feeling like a jester.

Your memory must be really strong,
To keep all your lies intact,
If you forget you'll get it wrong,
That is a proven fact.

That one lie soon will change,
For the truth you'll have to smother,
Untruths you'll have to rearrange,
For one lie compounds another.

The money that you didn't steal,
That window you never broke,
Just think of how your victims feel,
When their ire you evoke.

That broken vase you lied about,
Your version soon gets lost,
Your honesty everyone will doubt,
You've deceived but at what cost,

A lie is like a smouldering ember,
You must keep it in your sights,
For come the time you can't remember,
That's when it ignites.

Those lies then become a fountain,
They're cascading everywhere,
That molehill's turned into a mountain,
That's a truth you'll find hard to bear.

Lies to you are all that matters,
Though they leave you feeling fraught,
Your reputation will be in tatters,
When not if you finally get caught.

When you look at your own reflection,
You will feel a sense of fear,
Your affair is nearing detection,
The time for truth is drawing near.

Before you know it things are out of control,
All your lies you've now forgotten,
You'll have dug yourself into a hole,
My God you'll now feel rotten.

You can fool people some of the time,
But you'll never fool them all,
Your reputation is what you begrime,
On your lies you will finally fall.

The problem with your lying deeds,
Is I can say without any doubt,
It's your false ego that it feeds,
That's until you are found out.

Remember those facts you try to disguise,
You're aware they're all untrue,
Ultimately they'll lead to your demise,

" You Know The Liar Is You "

" You Must If You Are To Evolve "

As I look at the battlefields from my sanctuary above,
I must ask the question why,
Shouldn't life be all about peace and love,
Why do so many need die.

It's a fact it has happened for thousands of years,
It would seem that humans love war,
Yet we know it's a fact it will all end in tears,
Both sides will then ask, what for.

Was there ever a reason to murder and maim,
Can anyone give justification,
Why innocents need die while the victors will claim,
It was done for God and their nation.

In democracies it's claimed the people decide,
But in war that's strictly not true,
The electorate, politicians will override,
It is they who decide not you.

They have referendums for voting reform,
Inquiries for claims for expenses,
But never for war that would create a storm,
For the public would bring them to their senses.

Young women and men being sent to their death,
For reasons they don't understand,
For their country these heroes will give their last breath,
That's why their treatment is so underhand.

There are times a country needs to defend,
But only when it is attacked,
In this day and age we should try to befriend,
War is futile that is a fact.

There are no winners in a battle royal,
Apart from the ones who produce arms,
To the highest bidder these mercenaries stay loyal,
That should set off your alarms.

Fighting is the primitive use of strength,
Your problems it will never resolve,
To gain peace you must go to any length,

" You Must If You Are To Evolve "

Bri Mar

" You Remained A Coward Till The End "

You claim you're hunting but you're killing for fun,
Hunted animals are rarely eaten,
I have no chance against the force of a gun,
You know you have me beaten.

When you've killed me you'll stand over me proud,
Arrogant is the word I prefer,
Butchering me this way should not be allowed,
With no weapons you wouldn't dare.

If you think you're so brave come to my land,
But leave all your weapons behind,
Use your God given skills with nothing underhand,
Then we'll see how your species is defined.

To fight one on one which you claim is fair,
Is a subject on which we won't disagree?
With no weapons allowed we can then prepare,
To find out who the victor will be?

Our problem is you don't play by the rules,
You'll do almost anything to win,
Without barbaric weapons you are the fools,
So we'll now let the battle begin.

After hours of stalking you out of sight,
I now decide it's time to attack,
I'll let you feel the full force of my might,
Your despair shows you've been taken aback.

As I am about to maul you to death,
I can see you're completely distraught,
As I hesitate to watch your final breath,
Suddenly out rings a shot.

As I lie here dying I see cowardice in your eyes,
This challenge you knew you would lose,
With the rules of decency a human never complies,
Where you go chaos always ensues.

You tell me you're sorry but it's far too late,
In the background with a gun was your friend,
It was he not you who's left me to my fate,

'' You Remained A Coward Till The End ''

Bri Mar

" You Stole My Sausages From The Fridge "

We were together as one for many years,
Looked on as partners in crime,
When troubled you could quell my fears,
You have made my life sublime.

I'll miss your friendship and the fun,
You have given me so much pleasure,
Really when all is said and done,
We loved each other in equal measure.

My friend and soul mate both combined,
You made my life worthwhile,
Our lives have always been entwined,
You have always made me smile.

I know the reason you had to go,
But my grief I can't contain,
It's my moral duty to let you know,
Memories of you will forever remain.

People are saying I must be mad,
You were only a pot licking dog,
The fact you're leaving makes me sad,
As you head off into the fog.

All I ask now is to be left alone,
I need some time to grieve,
Together as one we have grown,
But one day we all have to leave.

I have to go now please don't bark,
You will only make me cry,
On my soul you've left your mark,
I will miss you till the day I die.

I swear I saw a Heavenly glare,
As you disappeared over the ridge,
Being banished from my life is only fair,

" You Stole My Sausages From The Fridge "

Bri Mar

" You Will Always Be My Father "

I dearly loved my Father,
Till I was about twelve years old,
Then he started to go astray,
An affair is what I was told.

I fought with my Mother and Brothers,
They said he was just a rat
He was my reason for living,
My Dad could not do that.

At first he disappeared for days,
I didn't know where or when,
He could have been alive or dead,
But then he'd appear again.

There was never an explanation,
He should have given me that at least,
Then he'd show from out of the blue,
With his gifts from the mystic east.

You left my mum to struggle on,
With five of us in tow,
You let your heart rule your head,
You just didn't want to know.

I never believed you could have an affair,
I kept that in my head,
Until that fateful day I was shown,
You lying in another's bed.

I never spoke to you for seven years,
That's when fate stepped in,
When I met you in the street one day,
I still felt the love within.

I bonded with you once again,
I unloaded my long held grudge,
Who am I to lecture you,
The Good Lord would be your judge.

You then met your younger siblings,
Whom you had barely known,
It gave you one last chance in life,
To see how they had grown.

You threw away a life of bliss,
But I don't believe you were bad,
To throw away your Wife and Sons,
You had to be bloody mad.

I was with you on the Thursday,
You just wanted to go to bed,
When I went to meet you on Friday,
I was informed that you were dead.

I will be eternally grateful,
For having you back in my life,
Life is really far too short,
To continue a lifelong strife.

So may you rest in peace Dad,
Though it's thirty two years on,
It seems like only yesterday,
I was told that you had gone.

Your wayward ways affected us all,
They had us in a lather,
But regardless of your betrayal,

“ You Will Always Be My Father ”

Bri Mar

" You Will Lose All Who Cared "

Actions bring consequences,
So you'd better beware,
Look after your loved ones,
Show them that you care.

Cheating is hurtful,
It is sickening behaviour,
For your soul and your mind,
There will not be a saviour.

Just like El Dorado,
It's a mythical treasure,
You will seek it forever,
But never gain pleasure.

It just doesn't exist,
It is all in your mind,
Having a bit on the side,
Is just so unkind.

What have you to lose,
Should be your only thought,
A loyal partner and children,
Just can't be bought.

It will break you in two,
You cannot have it all,
You will crash back to earth,
That is one mighty fall.

That's when you'll know,
What it's like to perish,
You'll have nothing left
You've lost what you cherish.

Life will be worthless,
That's when you'll find,
You're no longer wanted,
You'll go out of your mind.

You'll then ask yourself,
What more can life bring,
You've lost all you held dear,
For a meaningless fling.

Anyone who does it,
Must be off their head,
If there is a hell,
You're a long time dead.

So if you're thinking of cheating,
You'd better be prepared,
You won't just ruin your life,

'' You Will Lose All Who Cared ''

Bri Mar

" You Will Make Them Proud "

What's in a title you may well ask,
Think carefully before you name,
A nom de plume is akin to a mask,
It can be beautiful but it can also maim.

When you're naming a child be wary,
What you call them is theirs for life,
Some names given can be scary,
Remarks made can cut like a knife.

A name can be just like an open wound,
Inside and out it can fester,
If you choose a title that is finely tuned,
They will not then become the court jester.

You may well think you don't really care,
It's your child you can do what you want,
They have to live with it so please be aware,
Your decision could come back to haunt.

When they mature and grow older,
In their title they may well feel ashamed,
Their attitude to you will grow colder,
It will be you who is blamed.

Some human beings can be very cruel,
To abuse they'll use any excuse,
Don't let your child be made feel a fool,
Name them wisely lest they suffer abuse.

Just like in poetry a title can rhyme,
Please ensure you give that some thought,
Some names given should be classed as a crime,
As they can leave the recipient distraught.

I tell you this story as a warning,
My mother entitled me Jock,
Some of the names I'm now adorning,
Have placed me in a state of shock.

You love your child so try to be kind,
That title on them you've endowed,
Will be theirs forever keep that in mind,
choose wisely and,

'' You Will Make Them Proud ''

Bri Mar

" You Will Not Be Forgiven "

As our species advanced,
Our intelligence was enhanced,
We then ventured into the stars,
Through the rules of common sense we pranced,
It was onwards and upwards to Mars.

What we'd done here,
Had left us in fear,
Our resources were running out fast,
Soon everything alive would just disappear,
Life on Earth would be well in the past.

When we looked elsewhere,
We just didn't care,
That these planets may belong to another,
Of our own failings we refused to beware,
The truth the human doth smother.

With arrogance in hand,
We could not understand,
When confronted by a superior race,
From landing here you lot are banned,
For humans we've run out of space.

They said get back,
We won't suffer your flak,
All you do is cause others tension,
From us it's you, who are under attack,
You have lived a life of pretension.

When we tried to fight,
They soon put us right,
By bringing us back into line,
War with these beings we could never ignite,
They left us feeling benign.

The planet you've left,
Is now bereft,
Through it's heart a stake you have driven,

The truth is the human was not very deft,
For that,

“ You Will Not Be Forgiven ”

Bri Mar

" You Will Now Disappear "

Come all ye sinners,
Eat your caviar dinners,
As those who feed you all starve,
In this unfair life, cheats are the winners,
Why care? it's the poor you lot carve.

While we pay tax,
You avoid it in packs,
Your dishonesty just never ends,
While we struggle, you live life to the max,
Of course, with some help from your friends.

Those in power,
Do make us cower,
But over them you lot have a hold,
You keep them prisoner in your ivory tower,
With secrets, never to be told.

Overcharging is rife,
It's your duty in life,
To ensure we're at your beck and call,
It gives you great pleasure to cause us all strife,
Your greed you say does enthrall.

Rotten to the core,
You demand even more,
Your profiteering you try to defend,
Our appeals for assistance you always ignore,
Your ways you refuse to amend.

What you cannot deny,
Is one day you'll die,
Material wealth has no place after here,
With common decency you refused to comply,
Like your riches,

" You Will Now Disappear "

" You Won't See Me There "

Cameron's turned bad,
Prepare for war,
He's really mad,
He won't say what for.

Bomb the scum,
Our forces ask who,
Are you all dumb?
They say no it's you.

It cannot be right,
We may kill millions,
Oh just bloody fight,
Forget innocent civilians.

Children and women,
Who cares if they perish?
No I'm not sub human,
My ego I cherish.

We'll destroy them,
So what's all the fuss?
Revenge we can't stem,
They will bomb us.

The enemy are hidden,
They're among us here,
Mercy is forbidden,
Cameron makes it clear.

Our border's insecure,
Due to your cuts,
We'll just reassure,
No ifs or buts.

The world's stage,
Will hear my declaration,
If I do not engage,
There goes my reputation.

Get out there and die,
But please be aware,
I will not tell a lie,

“ You Won’t See Me There ”

Bri Mar

" You'll Be Overcome By Charm "

Sticks and stones,
Can break bones,
But when the critic barks,
They can portray some nasty tones,
Within their curt remarks.

The gift of speech,
We try to teach,
Can bring us all such fun,
But common decency it can breach,
When it portrays a loaded gun.

I hate you,
You cause ado,
Although we've never met,
What's the lie and what is true,
I wouldn't take a bet.

Control that lip,
Before you slip,
Some people are beyond belief,
You may well shoot from the hip,
But you're causing others grief.

It's not a crime,
To berate a rhyme,
But why even bother to read,
You know that author at some time,
Will view then inside bleed.

Not to say,
What you want to portray,
Will not cause fear or alarm,
Let your badness drift away,

" You'll Be Overcome By Charm "

Bri Mar

" You'll Feel Ten Feet Tall "

What you create,
Is it down to fate?
Or is someone or something your guide,
When on an idea you fixate,
Do you take it all in your stride?

Be it an invention,
Which merits a mention,
Or a poem which then sows the seeds,
Was it really your sole intention?
To fulfill yours and others needs.

If it's something sad,
It need not be bad,
It's for you to search for a cure,
With help your world will soon be glad,
Your sidekick can and will reassure.

Anything that's good,
Be grateful, you should,
Each day will be full of surprises,
Though many may not be understood,
Life does wear many disguises.

For what comes to pass,
Never say alas,
Every event has a reason,
Good or bad show others your class,
Show them you won't commit treason.

Is there someone there,
Who makes you aware,
That yes though you can stand on your own,
When required they'll show they care,
They would never leave you alone.

In times of trouble,
They'll dig through the rubble,
They'll pick you up when you fall,

Yes, they will help re-inflate your bubble,
Till once again,

“ You Feel Ten Feet Tall ”

Bri Mar

" You'LI Have Nothing To Fear "

Do not fear the future or what it may hold,
It's you who'll decide it can never be told,
Nobody knows just what lies ahead,
Obeying your conscience can keep you in good stead.

By listening and learning your life you'll enhance,
Gain wisdom and knowledge and you'll stand a good chance,
Your mind is all yours and yours it can stay,
By doing what's right you're less likely to stray.

In both evil and good we're forever entwined,
It's the battle for life in which we're enshrined,
You and you alone will decide how you live,
Will you bear grudges or will you forgive.

There's good and bad throughout everyone's life,
Learning the difference can mean happiness or strife,
Bad influence by others can ultimately destroy,
But only if your intelligence you refuse to deploy.

How you view adversity should let you know,
What type of progress and how you will grow,
Will you say " always me " when things go wrong,
Or maybe fight back; show the world you're strong.

Can you say life's a challenge instead of it's cruel,
Is your glass half empty or is it half full,
It's that subtle difference which can make or break you,
To your inner self you must always stay true.

We cannot change what is now in the past,
Think of the consequences or you'll end up harassed,
Mistakes are what make us just who we are,
Just never repeat them and you're sure to go far.

Dismiss those errors and your future is doomed,
Very soon in wrong-doing you'll be consumed,
You'll ignore at your peril all you've been taught,
By behaving this way you'll end up distraught.

There are so many rewards for doing what's right,
Your own inner fire is what you'll ignite,
Not just your own but all those around,
Belief and happiness is what you'll have found.

Up to the Heavens your confidence will soar,
You'll never look at life as being a chore,
Life is for living enjoy it whilst here,
When you look to the future,

'' You'll Have Nothing To Fear ''

Bri Mar

" You'LI Just Curl Up And Die "

What is reality, is it surreal,
Is this thing called mortality such a big deal?
Will we feel finality will it have an appeal?
We're brainwashed from birth till we die.

Who is this God we have so many choices,
Which one do we laud in the end who rejoices,
I find it odd we don't hear their voices,
Yet their presence we must not deny.

Blasphemy they say if you refuse to believe,
If you ever sway there'll be no reprieve,
They'll cause you affray then make you grieve,
To the depths of Hell you will fly.

By refusing to exalt you will be put down?
Not their deities fault you'll be wearing a frown,
Turned into salt by the one with the crown?
Forgiveness doesn't seem to apply.

Mercy as a trait somehow seems to be lost,
They do love to state your numbers been crossed,
You'll reach Heavens gate if you pay their cost,
Their principles you must never decry.

Billions killed by their Heavenly king,
Faith is instilled but in it's tail there's a sting,
If your death it has willed murderer has a ring,
Are we really that scared to ask why?

Gods investing in shares does not ring true,
Displaying rich wares makes me feel blue,
Ask Gods charge d' affaires if what I'm saying is true,
This request I know they'll defy.

As each day passes we are seeing the light,
Take off your glasses you won't get a fright,
More and more the masses know it's not right,
With religion you need not comply.

Gods you can't measure of facts there's a dearth,
Life is your treasure this is Heaven on Earth,
Do gain pleasure before your ship comes to berth,
For in the end,

" You'll Just Curl Up And Die "

Bri Mar

" You'LI Meet God With Your Head Held High "

As the end of life draws nearer each day,
Remember it is never too late,
To correct mistakes there is always a way,
We receive only what we create.

None of us know just how long we will live,
Be it minutes, months or years,
If you make it your aim in life to forgive,
You will avoid the heartache and tears.

In life did you never cast the first stone?
Answer no and your truly blessed,
If you did then now's the time to atone,
You'll have no need to feel distressed.

Those you've offended may be taken aback,
But contrition is such a wonderful gift,
It can mend a relationship, put it back on track,
You'll no longer feel cast adrift.

It's the easiest thing in the world to do,
If you're genuine in achieving your aims,
Make a decision then just see it through,
To refuse to do so only inflames.

Living life bearing grudges will take its toll,
Bitterness carries a heavy price,
It will eat you up and invade your soul,
Leave you feeling as cold as ice.

Life is too short to carry on grief,
So take some time out to reflect,
Think of the benefits the feeling of relief,
When you gain back your own self-respect.

When you get back together the battle is won,
It takes courage to admit you were wrong,
Tears of joy are in order as you're conflict is done,
You will know this is where you belong.

For all alive there will come that time,
When the end of our life is nigh,
By discarding grudges you will feel so sublime,

“ You'll Meet God With Your Head Held High ”

Bri Mar

" You'll Never Please Them All "

Do not rehearse,
Just write a verse,
Let it have rhythm and flow,
Make it diverse,
Let your audience immerse,
Your morals you mustn't forego.

You cannot swear,
Don't you dare,
No lewd or libidinous behaviour,
Show you care,
Make the reader aware,
Of morality, you are its saviour.

No slagging off,
The poor or the toff,
We're all equal in whatever you write,
No nose in the trough,
Nobody can scoff,
Ensure everyone's filled with delight.

No blatant lies,
In any disguise,
Don't you dare be uncouth,
What you devise,
You can always revise,
Try not to stray from the truth.

A clear state of mind,
It must be refined,
So that everyone who reads it is cheered,
Please bear in mind,
All of humankind,
To your work, they must be endeared.

May I request,
You try your best,
Can it really be too much to ask?
After being pressed,

He refused my request,
He said it's an impossible task.

There'll be those struck dumb,
Others may succumb,
But reality you cannot forestall,
The rule of thumb,
You can please some,
But,

'' You'll Never Please Them All ''

Bri Mar

" You'LI Reach The Peak Of That Literary Hill "

Who is to say which poetry is best?
How can it possibly be defined?
Which type is superior when put to the test?
All variations are surely entwined.

Strong words written stand the test of time,
Whether in poetry or in a good song,
Some will just flow whereas others will rhyme,
That doesn't mean either is wrong.

You may hate the words or the rhythm of a tune,
The content will still make you think,
Is the writer a genius or perhaps a buffoon?
With either there's always a link.

Some tell a story just like a book,
The written word can play games with your heart,
When you read one line common sense is forsook,
From that poem you don't want to depart.

It will get you talking that much is true,
You'll condemn it or proclaim it is great,
In some cases the reader may well want to sue,
You can guarantee it will open up a debate.

Who are any of us to judge each other?
Yet critics have the power to destroy,
Freedom of speech is what they smother,
Slagging off others they seem to enjoy.

Constructive critique can improve what is written,
Regardless of it being good or bad,
But senseless censure can leave one bitten,
It can even drive some people mad.

If you want to depart from the madness of life,
Then writing can be a great tool,
It can lift you up and rid you of strife,
Enjoying what you create is the rule.

Some of the time you can please them all,
There'll be those you never will,
As long as when writing you're having a ball,

“ You'll Reach The Peak Of That Literary Hill ”

Bri Mar

" You'LI Repeat Those Same Old Mistakes "

Memories can be precious while others are rued,
Some can play games with your mind,
Many can even be misconstrued,
While others can and do make you blind.

Recollections are what teach us all we know,
They are part of our reason for living,
What we learn from them dictates how we grow,
Though some can be so unforgiving.

Bad ones we tend to want to forget,
Good ones we all want to last,
Whether it's with fondness or deep regret,
They're an integral part of our past.

The secret of memories is they come from within,
Why so when they're made from without,
Separating good from bad, where do you begin,
Though it's a must to get rid of self-doubt.

You can't discard memories by throwing them away,
Although for some it'd be great if we could,
Throughout our life reminiscences hold sway,
If only they could all be good.

They predetermine what our future will hold,
By separating right from wrong,
Our interpretation determines how our lives unfold,
By teaching us where we belong.

The very nature of memories can irk and annoy,
Dealing with them is what you must learn,
You must deal with what hurts and the good then enjoy,
Don't let the bad ones cause you concern.

If from hurtful memories you try to hide,
Then the devil inside you awakes,
By trying your damndest to cast them aside,

" You'll Repeat Those Same Old Mistakes "

Bri Mar

" Your Conscience Will Win "

The art of delusion,
Does cause confusion,
Soon you'll lose sight of the truth,
What you must do is seek a solution,
Before you do something uncouth.

Perhaps it's a lie,
Telling it you deny,
Though inside you know the full facts,
Where morality sits you refuse to comply,
Then something inside you reacts.

That time you stole,
Remains in your soul,
Yet you refuse to accept any blame,
By trying to dig yourself out of a hole,
It's you who are left feeling shame.

That affair you had,
You knew it was mad,
All you did was cause others strife,
Trying to pretend you were feeling glad,
By blaming it all on your wife.

The car you crashed,
Left people's lives smashed,
But you upped and then ran away,
Leaving their hopes for the future dashed,
As for them they did not have a say.

The human mind,
Can be very unkind,
Delusion will lead you to your fate,
If from the truth you pretend to be blind,
You'll be left in a terrible state.

All your dirty deeds,
Won't fulfil your needs,
You're in a battle you know you can't win,

In your mental health you'll have sowed the seeds,
In the end,

“ Your Conscience Will Win ”

Bri Mar

" Your Heart And Your Soul "

Never be afraid,
To make the grade,
Let no-one dictate anything to you,
Listen and learn to the game being played,
But do only what you want to do.

Heed some advice,
Try to be nice,
Ensure your advisor understands,
Your mind is a pretty powerful device,
Your future lies in your hands.

The road is long,
Do remain strong,
Forks and bends will come thick and fast,
Do learn right from wrong,
Mistakes can and will leave you aghast.

Some cause dismay,
Others hold sway,
Ensure you master recognition,
Treasure the good or yourself you'll betray,
Never be afraid of contrition.

You will know within,
Reality from spin,
How to deal with it you hold the key,
Knowledge will ensure you need not sin,
Always say, I'll be faithful to me.

It's a magical gift,
Which is very swift,
It's for you to remain in control,
The legacy you leave will give others a lift,
Give Living,

" Your Heart And Your Soul "

Bri Mar

" Your Masterpiece Will Flow "

Words can have such an important meaning,
They'll determine which way your article is leaning,
When put together do they require screening?
The answer only you will know.

It's a wonderful form of communication,
Some will feel sadness while others elation,
You alone are responsible for your creation,
When it finally goes on show.

Just like the artist with their canvas and paint,
Your article can be horrific or quaint,
Regardless someone will make a complaint,
Which can come as a bit of a blow.

There are those who live to hate and complain,
Taking in what they say can drive you insane,
Your creative juices you must never restrain,
Take your work where you want it to go.

Criticism is good if it's genuine and true,
But never give in see your work through,
The greatest critic of verse should always be you,
You can be both friend and foe.

Let your masterpiece emanate from within,
In this line of work you need a thick skin,
To be self-critical is not a sin,
In fact it can help your work grow.

Trust your judgement it can be your guide,
Your content has to be what you decide,
After it's been published there'll be nowhere to hide,
Make sure you don't need to lie low.

You've got the idea it's time to start writing,
Try to ensure the content's inviting,
Writing something new can be really exciting,
Like a river,

“ Your Masterpiece Will Flow ”

Bri Mar

" Your Measure Is Persistence "

We live to learn,
To learn is to live,
To forgive is to earn,
The yearn to give.

To smile or glower,
A glower hates a smile,
Run a mile or cower,
It's a power to beguile.

We annoy or appease,
To appease or annoy,
Do you please to enjoy,
Or tease to destroy.

To fight or keep calm,
If calm you won't fight,
Do right give a damn,
Then scam into the night.

If wrong do you care,
To care isn't wrong,
It's strong to be fair,
It's where you belong.

A decision to make,
Then make that decision,
Use precision don't fake,
If at stake is derision.

Existence is your treasure,
So treasure your existence,
Resistance battles pleasure,

" Your Measure Is Persistence "

Bri Mar

" Your Own Poetry Is In Dire Straits "

We just love to slag each other to death,
That includes both the dead and the living,
Right up until we take our last breath,
We just love to be so unforgiving.

Why are we like this is the question to ask,
For cruelty we all have the will,
For what you say or write you'll be taken to task,
Where the ultimate aim is to kill.

Is any human being better than another?
If you think yes then tell us all why,
What you find funny I may well smother,
Sometimes even the truthful can lie.

What's rubbish to you may bring others pleasure,
That you must never forget,
Your two line verse may well be your treasure,
So why this need to cause others regret.

If a poem is rubbish by all means do say,
But don't expect all others to agree,
We have different tastes that don't always hold sway,
There's no need to cause a melee.

Beauty my friends is in the eye of the beholder,
That copyright belongs to us all,
Why give another what is the cold shoulder,
Not one of us has the right to maul.

I have no problem with honest critique,
But some just live to be rotten,
Personally I think they've got troubles to seek,
Their remarks will soon be forgotten.

If you're really that good at what you do,
Why you have not hit the heights?
It could be your work just makes others spew,
Why is your name not in lights?

In the main we'd all love to make it big,
For your masterpiece the world awaits,
But because you're too busy having a dig,

“ Your Own Poetry Is In Dire Straits ”

Bri Mar

" Your Principles You Refuse To Betray "

The mighty Taliban tried to kill Malala,
By shooting her in the face and head,
As everything they do is sanctioned by Allah?
Could he really want an innocent child dead?

A girl trying to promote women's rights,
As well as a good education,
Suddenly these cowards have her in their sights,
This deserves the world's condemnation.

This is terrorism at its very worst,
Carried out by murdering scum,
With evil intent they are truly cursed,
Their actions would leave a killer numb.

They are all so brave they refuse to come out,
It's with shame these people are empowered,
The world knows so let there be no doubt,
Their actions are those of a coward.

Malala lives on and refuses to hide,
For that she'll forever stand tall,
A girl with principles who fills us with pride,
The hero who refuses to crawl?

May she live a long and fruitful life?
Never hiding behind a mask,
Ridding our planet of discrimination and strife,
In truth it's not too much to ask.

She epitomises the spirit the Taliban lack,
While separating fact from the fiction,
Though these cowards would shoot Malala in the back,
They will never destroy her conviction.

To both the young and old you're courage inspires,
Keep fighting and never give in,
By fulfilling the future generations desires,
They'll ensure this battle you'll win.

Malala the world's listening to your every word,
You have shown all others the way,
Though terrorism is cruel and totally absurd,

“ Your Principles You Refuse To Betray ”

Bri Mar

" Your Soul Will Be Hunted To Hell "

I'm running like mad,
While my heart pounds,
This is really sad,
Why all these hounds.

I'm but one they're an army,
Of both horses and mounts,
This is really quite barmy,
If catching me is what counts.

I've done nothing wrong,
Except trying to survive,
On this Earth I belong,
Like you I'm alive.

They are saying I'm vermin,
Well that's their excuse,
Put it in my sermon,
This is animal abuse.

What is it I've done,
To be treated this way,
While to them it is fun,
I do not have a say.

They are catching me now,
I am so out of breath,
So I ask myself how,
Will I face my own death.

They've caught up at last,
I am dead on my feet,
The hounds have amassed,
I can no longer compete.

I feel a terrible fear,
Deep within my heart,
Those mounted all cheer,
As I'm torn apart.

Let me take you to task,
As your lies are deceiving,
Whilst in glory you bask,
What are you achieving?

My partner and cubs,
They're left without food,
While you head to the pubs,
They're left to brood.

You are nothing but cowards,
It is evil you court,
With self praise you'll be showered,
But it will never be sport.

Upon each of your souls,
I place a curse,
Then as your bell tolls,
Things will only things get worse.

Butchering Foxes makes no sense,
Why you do it only you can tell,
In your Gods eyes There'll be no defence,

" Your Soul Will Be Hunted To Hell "

Bri Mar

" Your Soul Will Be Left In Despair "

A terrorist is but a murderer from that fact they will refrain,
Their barbarous acts are criminal, cruel and totally insane,
They claim they fight for "freedom", whose they cannot say,
Truth is they are cowards who know no other way.

They even kill their own, innocent people blown apart,
Indiscriminate murderers, how can they think that's smart?
That's why we must be careful from reality these people hide,
They'll even blow themselves apart in their acts of suicide.

They fight for faceless leaders who dictate their evil orders,
While they're living life in luxury, behind another's borders,
These leaders shout out, " die for us " you will become a martyr,
Killing innocent people, is not in your Gods charter.

No God would ever advocate a killing in his name,
To kill in the name of your saviour, as an excuse it's pretty lame,
Why don't you ask your leaders, would you die if you could,
Their answer to you would be abrupt; they'd say that's not so good.

By killing in this fashion you shame yourself as well,
For what they fail to mention is, you're heading straight for HELL,
If it's the ultimate sacrifice, to die in your Gods name,
Why are your leaders still alive, why wont they do the same?

What they're really saying to you is, while they don't want to lie,
Their life is worth more than yours; they'd prefer they didn't die,
Why would they try to kill themselves, for them there is no need,
They just shout out the orders, while you carry out the deed.

To put them into perspective, the people they will use,
Are women, children and handicapped, that's who they will abuse,
Why give you your freedom, when their aim in life's oppression,
Dictatorship is in their soul, they control with sheer aggression.

They'll then go on their merry way, spending all your treasure,
While you're out dying for them, they're enjoying a life of leisure,
The truth is that these leaders, with all the praise you've showered,
Prefer their life of luxury, every one of them's a coward.

Why do you support these scum, they're taking you for a ride,
Ordering you to murder while they just run and hide,
Why won't someone say to them, we must end all the killing,
To kill for faceless cowards, we are no longer willing.

It's not just innocent people; there are those you leave behind,
Including your own families, are you really so damn blind,
If you continue on your present course, there will only be one winner,
The free will then claim victory, while you'll be left the sinner.

Come join us in democracy, then you can start to live,
Show us you are peaceful, for we can and will forgive,
Join us in liberty, then forever you'll be free,
No more need for killing, together we will be.

Murder is not the answer, it's wrong to extinguish life,
Let us show you freedom; we will rid you of your strife,
If you continue with your brutal ways, you must be made aware,
We will never be defeated while,

" Your Soul Will Be Left In Despair "

Bri Mar

" You'Re A Low Life Coward "

One of our heroes lies dead in the street,
Butchered by savages from his head to his feet,
His killers stand over him filled with conceit,
With barbarism they were devoured.

They then lay claim it's pay back time,
An eye for eye to them's not a crime,
The slaying of a young man in his prime,
Leaves the decent among us soured.

You accept our liberty and reward us with strife,
With hatred and savagery your attitude is rife,
For no bloody reason you have taken a life,
It's the depths of Hell you have scoured.

You use your Gods name to justify your deed,
Yet it's his instructions you've refused to heed,
To scum like you we will never concede,
Look in the mirror,

'' You're A Low life Coward ''

Bri Mar

" You'Re A Person Not A Machine "

I've reached the age of ninety four,
My head is pounding my hands are sore,
Though if truth be told I still want more,
I still feel like I'm seventeen.

Fighting in the war I did abhor,
But peace at last we did restore,
The allies had a great rapport,
For we knew what defeat would mean.

Though some are rotten to the core,
Goodness always comes to the fore,
Harmony among all I do adore,
My life now is so serene.

As over my life I now pour,
I cannot say I've never swore,
Yes at times it's been a chore,
Occasionally I've caused a scene.

My younger days I would restore,
Getting old I do deplore,
What I hate is that word bore,
On that subject I'm not so keen.

Please stop saying it I do implore,
Boredom is something I ignore,
If it wasn't there anymore,
The world would be squeaky clean.

You cannot buy it in any store,
It manifests itself as an evil spore,
Behaving like a mutant carnivore,
To defeat it you must intervene.

If you feel the need let out a roar,
Show the bore the bloody door,
There's a world out there you can explore,

“ You’re A Person Not A Machine ”

Bri Mar

" You'Re An Individual Not An Appliance "

How do we arrive at who we are,
What is it that makes us unique,
While some stand still others go far,
What makes us strong or weak.

Some turn out good while others are bad,
Is that really down to our genes,
Do they really dictate you'll be sane or mad,
Are there really no in betweens.

Some are born leaders while others are led,
But leadership can be learned,
We can all have a say in what lies ahead,
With willpower you can achieve all you have yearned.

If genetics are true then we don't have a choice,
About who or what we will be,
Does that mean none of have our own voice,
If it's true then none of us are free.

It's all very well being told how you'll die,
But it's in science that failures abound,
Their theories basically amount to a lie,
Until their speculation's proved sound.

Parental upbringing whilst we're young,
Will determine how we all grow,
Their Influence dictates what group we're among,
They're responsible for how our lives flow.

If you're taught the lessons of right and wrong,
Then it's you who'll decide your own fate,
You'll know exactly where you belong,
Bad decisions we can learn to abate.

We all have the ability to accept or decline,
It's dependent on what we have learned,
It is you alone who will know if it's fine,
Your conscience tells you to be concerned.

It's in my genes is used as an excuse,
Something on which we can lay blame,
It's not my fault becomes so profuse,
You no longer feel any shame.

How your future pans out does lie with you,
Though genetics do play a small part,
You're responsible for the habits you accrue,
They cannot be laid out in a chart.

In this your life you have total control,
Never be blinded by science,
A mind of your own should be your main goal,

'' You're An Individual, Not An Appliance ''

Bri Mar

" You'Re Definitely Not A Martyr "

I've been told I'm now in training,
To blow myself to bits,
The first thing is to brainwash me,
So the idea nicely fits.

I asked if I could try it out,
Before I finally go,
They said that wasn't practical,
Why they didn't know.

The problem with my mission is,
A test run's not allowed,
My trainers said, you can't do that,
Or we'll end up in a shroud.

I asked them what their ages were,
They both said, eighty nine,
They claimed they had a right to live,
For me to die was fine.

I've asked them why they're still alive,
If this concept is so fabled,
They said they'd love to do my job,
But they could end up disabled.

I said you're being ridiculous,
You are telling blatant lies,
They said no, when it's time to go,
We live, it's you who dies.

That's why we are tutors,
To train you for your death,
While you're out dying,
We're still inhaling breath.

They've told me not to worry though,
The bombs within my vest,
Won't give me any problems,
I'll die with all the rest.

I asked them what will happen,
If my bomb then fails to blow,
They said I'd need to run like hell,
Extremely fast, not slow.

I don't believe a word they say,
I've never craved for glory,
As for being blown to bits,
Well that's another story.

What about our leaders,
Who advocate this farce,
While we're out dying,
They're sitting on their arse.

They are not allowed to die,
I asked who made this rule,
They said we will not tell a lie,
To do it you must be a fool.

I've never met the people,
That I'm supposed to kill,
Why would I even contemplate,
Doing this against my will.

I'm thinking now this suicide,
Is not what they portrayed,
As my time draws nearer,
I'm becoming more afraid.

Would someone be there to help me?
Or would I be left alone,
They said that if I messed it up,
Sorry, but you're on your own.

They claim I'll go to Heaven,
For carrying out my task,
I asked them how they knew that,
They said I shouldn't ask.

My readings of the Bible,

Say clearly this is wrong,
All Gods say, "You Must Not Kill",
All life we must prolong.

I've now come to a decision,
My training is forsaken,
Those innocent people will now live,
Their lives will not be taken.

Most of us have seen the light,
There's no one left to train,
Now They use the handicapped,
They are really that insane.

The only thing that's guaranteed,
When you sound your own deaths knell,
Is for you there'll be no Heaven,
You are heading straight for hell.

If you think you'll die in glory,
Then you need to be much smarter,
You are nothing more than murdering scum,

"You're Definitely Not A Martyr".

Bri Mar

" You're Going Somewhere That's Hot "

At last I've arrived,
I've came through the light,
What's being contrived,
Is not yet in sight.

I remember leaving,
My earthly control,
Some were grieving,
Praying for my soul.

No need to pray,
I've led a good life,
Will I have a say?
Ask the wife.

I am summoned within,
To an angelic place,
Do you know about sin?
They say to my face.

I've committed a few,
None mortal I hope,
I'll get what I'm due,
But I know I can cope.

They take out my files,
The interview starts,
While I'm all smiles,
The God one departs.

Feeling put upon,
I demand he returns,
Where has he gone?
My stomach now churns.

While I await anointment,
The Godfellows back,
I've arranged an appointment,
Of truth there's a lack.

He says this one thinks,
He's a real high flyer,
This whole thing stinks,
We know you're a liar.

Those sins you've forgotten?
We here do not,
For being rank rotten,

'' You're Going Somewhere That's Hot ''

Bri Mar

" You're In Hell "

I'm feeling strange,
There's been a change,
As yet I don't know what,
My life I'll have to rearrange,
I'm feeling really hot.

While crowded out,
I hear a shout,
I certainly know that voice,
My he certainly gets about,
I'll talk I have no choice.

Have no fear,
You'll love it here,
It has that certain allure,
Soon it will be crystal clear,
I reply, I'm not so sure.

He says, you're free,
I can't agree,
You died some years before,
He assures me, yes it's really me,
Your past you can't ignore.

I feel dumbfounded,
Yes, astounded,
So many I used to know,
With them all I'm being surrounded,
They refuse to let me go.

You conned them all,
They took a fall,
You laughed and watched them burn,
This your fate you cannot stall,
From here there's no return.

Your life of leisure,
Gave you pleasure,
But only while you were alive,

Revenge is theirs in equal measure,
It's their spite that helps them thrive.

Where am I,
I ask this guy,
He says, for eternity here you'll dwell,
Satan I'm afraid you can't deny,
You've guessed it,

" You're In Hell "

Bri Mar

" You're In The Know "

I saw a ghost the other day,
Be my host I heard it say,
What I love most is it loves to play,
My spirit's in full flow.

What I want it said to me,
Is to taunt and to be free,
Let me haunt so they can see,
My reputation grow.

Day and night I use my tools,
I will give fright to hunting ghouls,
To my delight they're lying fools,
Let my ghostly presence flow.

Ghost detectors are what they use,
The real protectors they abuse,
Spirit collectors do bemuse,
I see them as a foe.

A spiritual con is their disguise,
No hint of brawn within their eyes,
They are overdrawn on bloody lies,
I'll let them see a glow.

When I appear they run like Hell,
It's crystal clear they cannot tell,
Filled with fear, what's that smell,
It makes me want to throw.

It isn't funny they're on the take,
Vast sums of money is what they make,
The Easter Bunny they'd say is fake,
To boost ratings on their show.

Ghosts don't converse with bloody frauds,
It makes us terse they're all at odds,
Why not rehearse and search for Gods,
When you find one you can crow.

If you've ever seen a ghostly vision,
Remain serene ignore the derision,
Don't ever demean or face excision,
Tell the frauds,

" You're In The Know "

Bri Mar

" You're Liable To Be Hit By A Motion "

Swimming in the sea,
I'm sure you'll agree,
Is a pastime we all adore,
Did you know its inhabitant's poo and pee,
That's why there's a smell on the shore.

Our filth we dump,
Which gives them the hump,
So they then do the same to us,
The next time you stand on a big brown lump,
Ask yourself what's all the fuss.

In order to survive,
For these species to thrive,
There's the process of procreation,
Them making love we could never deprive,
As we all adore some fornication.

We then kill the whales,
Then what that entails,
Is the oceans are turned blood red,
When they throw back the rotting entrails,
The sea smells as if it was dead.

There's our contribution,
All sorts of pollution,
Chemicals both dangerous and cruel,
Unless we work to find a solution,
Believe me chaos will rule.

The fish rot and die,
That's truth not a lie,
Which can leave a bitter taste,
Our rules on cleanliness it does defy,
You are bathing in disgusting waste.

Enjoy your dip,
Try not to let rip,
Don't pee if you feel the notion,

Don't stand too close to that passing ship,

“ You're Liable To Be Hit By A Motion ”

Bri Mar

" You'Re No Better Than Us "

Let those without sin,
Cast the first stone,
God said I can't win,
I must stand alone.

Which one will I choose?
I can take my pick,
How can I lose?
I'll take the brick.

Before it was thrown,
Peter said no,
You're cover's been blown,
Which came as a blow.

You flooded the Earth,
Isn't that a crime?
The truth comes to berth,
You do it all the time.

Your book is filled,
With vengeance and death,
You the lord willed,
Many take their last breath.

There are many examples,
In your good book,
Look at some samples,
Go on take a look.

They crucified your son,
You did not intervene,
When all's said and done,
It's mercy you demean.

It shows you have sinned,
Yet you feel no shame,
It's then underpinned,
You do not accept blame.

Hypocrisy is rife,
Which is really quite odd,
The creator of life,
Is a murderous god?

Let's tell the truth,
It shows you can be cruel,
Your behaviour's uncouth,
It's that of a fool.

So put down that stone,
Please don't make a fuss,
You've let it be known,

" You're No Better Than Us "

Bri Mar

" You'Re Standing On His Tail "

I came across a dog today,
He looked as if he'd bite,
I asked him, am I in your way,
His look said yes you're right.

I refused to move to let him pass,
He drew me a noxious gaze,
His behaviour really was quite crass,
It was time for me to appraise.

I meet these savages day in day out,
They're the blight of my poor life,
But if you show them you've got clout,
You can give them strife.

Do I allow him to see I'm scared?
Or do I ring the bell,
If his aim is to have me ensnared,
Then maybe I should I run like hell.

At that he barked and let out a growl,
I stood rooted to the spot,
Here was a rabid beast on the prowl,
I was feeling rather fraught.

I couldn't move nor could he,
A stand off was what I faced,
I would let this savage see,
That I refuse to be disgraced.

I am just as stubborn as you,
We maybe need to fight,
If you bite me I will sue,
I'll show you who is right.

He looked at me with big sad eyes,
As if he was in pain,
I decided then not to chastise,
But to the owner I'd complain.

I banged the letterbox on the door,
I'd give them a piece of my mind,
You're dog not moving is a bit of bore,
He replied you're being so unkind.

At that he said he's a friendly pet,
He doesn't mind you delivering our mail,
But I'm afraid to say you're the threat,

" You're Standing On His Tail "

Bri Mar

" You've Got To Fight Back "

It's a burden I've carried,
I'm still paying the price,
When I got married,
She was ever so nice.

A love we shared,
Was what I thought,
She never cared,
Now I'm left distraught.

Three kids later,
She was acting strange,
Becoming a me hater,
Was beginning to derange.

I worked and toiled,
They never went without,
Now my name's been soiled,
Even I'm showing doubt.

She had an affair,
Then blamed it on me,
Family and friends didn't care,
They refused to see.

Counselling I refused,
I knew the truth,
I was being abused,
She was being uncouth.

The house was sold,
I was left on my own,
The lies she told,
Left my kids thrown.

The fact they've gone,
Still brings me to tears
I'm still put upon,
After twelve long years.

Despite the pain,
I restarted anew,
From revenge refrain,
It will cause you ado.

Though I've been through Hell,
Under constant attack,
If you want to do well,

'' You've Got To Fight Back ''

Bri Mar

" You've Just Got One Hour Younger "

Autumn leaves,
Summer now grieves,
But my gift will bring you joy,
Did you say no one believes?
That really does annoy.

I have control,
Over your soul,
That no human can deny,
You constantly watch this take it's toll,
That's fact it's not a lie.

Round and round,
Numbers abound,
To some I really annoy,
All over the universe I am found,
Watching you I enjoy.

When it's passed,
It doesn't last,
Now is its brand new dawn,
For some it does go by so fast,
So when it's gone it's gone.

Taking your time,
Is not a crime,
Rushing just causes affray,
Life was made to be sublime,
Please don't wish it away.

So from me to you,
Yes it's true,
I give you all a gift,
For every second you see through,
Let me see your spirits lift.

No going back,
Here's the crack,
If for youth you have a hunger,

For miracles yes I have the knack,

“ You’ve Just Got One Hour Younger ”

Bri Mar

" Our Universe We Were Forced To Protect "

As the planet we lived on was slowly dying,
The oceans dried while the surface was frying,
The only water was from the tears we were crying,
All caused by mankind's neglect.

The human race then reached for the stars,
We'd first try the Moon then possibly Mars,
Leaving behind the Earth with all it's scars,
Mass destruction we could not reject.

After establishing a colony on the barren Moon,
Before long there was a large commune,
From destroying planets we were immune,
We soon had a terrible effect.

Our gross incompetence we refused to perceive,
Again the human race were left to grieve,
When the Moon was destroyed we were forced to leave,
Our surroundings they refused to respect.

We then continued on our merry way,
Saying we've lived to fight another day,
Though the principles of life we did betray,
With reality we could not connect.

We thought we'd go on forever more,
As the Universe contains planets galore,
Finding another is not such a chore,
Our arrogant attitude went unchecked.

On landing on Mars we received a surprise,
The aliens said with us they must now cut all ties,
They told us our ignorance they did despise,
So our plans for the future were wrecked.

We gave you a planet where life could be enjoyed,
But wherever you go everything's destroyed,
Of common decency you are truly devoid,
Your behaviour is truly abject.

They said destruction to you is a game,
Yet you always refuse to accept the blame,
For mass extinctions you feel no shame,
In dishonour you are now bedecked.

They then left us to die in empty space,
Saying no more planets will you ever deface?
Though we're witnessing the death of the human race,

“ Our Universe We Were Forced To Protect ”

Bri Mar

'' She's Now Knee Deep In Brown ''

Smoke and fire,
This was dire,
Her voice she could not mend,
Did they conspire,
Would she retire,
Could this be the end?

Her chancellor feels,
A lozenge heals,
So, he gave her one to suck,
There's no appeals,
Over dodgy deals,
She shout's, what rhymes with muck?

Her P45,
Did arrive,
This really caused a stink,
She took a dive,
Then lost her drive,
Her Premiership's on the brink.

As the letters fell,
You could smell,
The demise of the Tory toff,
You could tell,
She was in Hell,
Was that what made her cough?

Teresa May,
Will she stay,
Or succumb to hungry Horace,
She say's no way,
Another day,
I'd sack the one called Boris.

Could this be topped,
Yes, her jaw dropped,
She'd suddenly lost her crown,
Now Teresa's flopped,

Boris can't be stopped,

'' She's Now Knee Deep In Brown ''

Bri Mar

“ That Bluebottle Is Now My Best Friend ”

The bluebottle buzzed as it flew overhead,
Its very presence filled me with dread,
I had to ensure it ended up dead,
It was driving me round the bend.

I followed it around newspaper in hand,
Ending its life is what I had planned,
For my sanity I'd to make a stand,
The parasites life would soon end.

Just at that moment as I drew near,
It's gory details became crystal clear,
God knows how but it smelled my fear,
It's aeronautics I had to commend.

As I drew closer it just flew away,
How it knew my intention I couldn't say,
My superior intelligence didn't hold any sway,
My best efforts it managed to fend.

When it landed again I took a swipe,
This was my chance the time was ripe,
As I flew off the chair I hit a pipe,
Soon the plumber would have to attend.

The wifes treasured flower vase fell to the floor,
What remained I knew I could never restore,
When the wife found out I'd be shown the door,
My tactics I'd have to amend.

I thought this is it I'm on a mission,
So I read the fly killers latest edition,
After an hour of studious tuition,
Depravity is what I now intend.

Soon there was flooding on a massive scale,
I had to kill it I could not fail,
Of devastation there was a massive trail,

My incompetence I couldn't defend.

Now in my speedos death at the ready,
By now the floor was like an eddy,
As I took aim while trying to stay steady,
Into chaos I did descend.

The fly spray blew right into my face,
For fresh air and water I had to race,
The fly then vanished without a trace,
This I did not comprehend.

When the boss came home within a second,
She gave me exactly what I reckoned,
I knew immediately disaster beckoned,
My character did she condescend.

The moral of my story is we all have a life,
If something's annoying you, to ease your strife,
Treat all living creatures as you'd treat the wife,
That is what I'd recommend.

Now when I hear the bluebottle fly,
I think of the past and it makes me cry,
They deserve to live, not to die,

`` That Bluebottle Is Now My Best Friend ``

Bri Mar

“ That's Why So Many Innocents Still Die ”

America the land of the brave and the free,
That's what you'd have us believe,
All those murdered with guns would not agree,
As more families are once again left to grieve.

Every year the craving for weapons increases,
As yet another tragedy unfolds,
This needless mass murder just never ceases,
Yet bearing arms the gun lobby upholds.

Weapons of death can so easily be bought,
It's like buying a tin of beans,
Is it some major battle that has to be fought?
Or does it make them feel like marines.

Assault rifles in battle a soldier would use,
Are bought and stored in the home,
When they're fired total chaos ensues,
Yet they're as popular as a toothbrush and comb.

You boast of the claim you're a civilized race,
Where you can walk the streets without fear,
Yet the reality that you refuse to face,
Is that guns cost your people dear.

Legal or otherwise guns are made to kill,
That's what they're manufactured to do,
In future generations what you instil,
Is without guns you can't see your life through.

How many more tragedies will it take?
Before any lessons are learned,
It's your own constitution that you forsake,
Now's the time to show you're concerned.

Guns don't kill people is a known fact,
It's the people who abuse the gun,
Without weapons there'd be no heinous act,
There would be less killing for fun.

If America is truly the land of the brave,
Why do you need weapons of woe?
Could it be it is death you crave?
As it follows wherever guns go.

The right to bear arms is fundamentally flawed,
Mass killings are the ultimate proof,
The innocents who die are the ones you defraud,
You have no right to remain so aloof.

Arrogance and ignorance are powerful tools,
The laws of common decency they defy,
Problem is as Humans we don't play by the rules,

'' That's Why So Many Innocents Still Die ''

Bri Mar

" They'Re Already Here "

The Aliens visited Earth a long time past,
They gave us technology they thought would last,
But the human race being who they are,
Tried to use it for reasons, which were frankly bizarre.

After destroying almost everything alive,
The gifts we were given we tried to revive,
We had to go back to the drawing board,
As the Alien technology could not be restored.

Centuries in the wilderness were then endured,
Our future on Earth became obscured,
But we soldiered on continuing to destroy,
Our superior abilities we refused to deploy.

After thousands of years the Aliens came back,
Our ancestors and our morals were under attack,
They said for others welfare you make no distinction,
You alone are responsible for their extinction.

They offered us humans another chance,
Saying all life on Earth you must strive to enhance,
We gave them a promise we would not fail,
They then gave us access to their Holy Grail.

Our technology moved faster from that day on,
This was to be the Earths new dawn,
A wonderful future for all living things,
Health and prosperity and all that it brings.

Before very long someone discovered oil,
Very soon our planet humans would despoil,
They built nuclear weapons to protect their wealth,
Whilst ignoring the fact it was bad for our health.

Within a short space of time there became an elite,
The rest were expected to bow at their feet,
Greed became rampant for the chosen few,
To the weak and the hungry they just said adieu.

Wars became frequent mass murder was rife,
We had lost all respect for the meaning of life,
The technology we were given was being abused,
The Aliens looked on astonished and bemused.

As our planet faltered we tried travelling elsewhere,
Our mistakes here on Earth we refused to repair,
As death and destruction speedily increased,
The Aliens said from Earth you will not be released.

They then warned us your efforts we'll smother,
You can destroy your own planet but not any other,
It's for caring species space travel is reserved,
Human deceit and cruelty is all we have observed.

Everything you touch ends up turning to dust,
To all other life forms you are so unjust,
Regarding your destruction nothing is exempt,
Even your own species you treat with contempt.

Despite all our warnings you have never listened,
Blinded by the gold and the oil that glistened,
All those in power are now living in fear,
They know the Aliens aren't coming,

“ They're Already Here ”

Bri Mar

'' Try Looking At What They Are Now ''

I've made many a mistake; I'll probably make more,
Perfection I'm afraid doesn't exist,
Learning from those errors should be to the fore,
If you fail don't give in but persist.

You can always pull yourself back from the brink,
All it takes is the mind and the will,
With effort you can do much more than you think,
Belief in yourself you can instill.

Never judge others without looking at yourself,
Arrogance can and will destroy,
Conceit is a poison you should leave on the shelf,
Hypocrisy you should never deploy.

Those who lay claim to having never erred,
Have memories that are very selective,
A polygraph test would soon have them snared,
As would a good private detective.

Don't base opinions on what you think you know?
It's on fact your thoughts should be based,
There are errors made we can and must forego,
Never make judgements in haste.

Are you that perfect that you can condemn another?
So innocent you can the first stone,
Look in the mirror does your ignorance smother,
The fact is it could be one of your own.

Don't always judge others on past mistakes,
Forgiveness is what we need to endow,
A true friend a good person never forsakes,

'' Try Looking At What They Are Now ''

Bri Mar

" We All Know Right From Wrong "

Let us begin,
Are you capable of sin?
Do you know the truth from a lie?
Both they say emanate from within,
Which to you will apply.

On the basis of fact,
Is a sinful act?
What you say or in what you do,
If confronted how would you react,
Would you say that neither is true?

In your time,
You'll commit a crime,
Against God or against the law,
It can happen when young or in your prime,
Be it an action or something you saw.

I'm innocent you'll say,
In every way,
From lying you'll refuse to desist,
At one time everyone's led astray,
The sinless Human does not exist.

Is telling an untruth,
Really uncouth,
Or is it a form of abuse,
How many have faltered in the witness booth,
Then came out with some feeble excuse.

When conscience prevails,
Your mind it curtails,
It will hurt you right through to the bone,
Here is a question that never fails,
Are you able to cast that first stone?

Be it minor or wild,
An adult or child,
Where would you say you belong?

Sinning at some point will leave you beguiled,

“ We All Know Right From Wrong ”

Bri Mar

'' Where The Truth Can Be So Hard To Find ''

We're taught from childhood we mustn't tell lies,
So it's confusing as to whom this rule applies,
Our teachers should try it out for size,
Though they'd say I'm being unkind.

Before you speak they say take a pause,
Yes there really is a Santa Claus,
Just another lie worthy of applause,
To the box of white lies it's confined

There are Elves and Pixies and Angels galore,
The fact there are Gods you cannot ignore,
A Heaven and Hell and so much more,
Adults are so unrefined.

Economical with the truth is a great excuse,
It's basically a lie made to sound abstruse,
The lying content it's meant to reduce,
It's a deception that's been realigned.

Everything they say we're expected to believe,
Yet it's not what you hear it's what you perceive,
What a terrible web of deceit they weave,
They're the dregs of Humankind.

The simplest questions put them in a rage,
Mum will tell porkies about her age,
Asking Dad his golf score puts him in a rage,
The truth will then be declined.

Their life revolves around all sorts of lying,
When ill they'll make out they are dying,
In knots it's themselves they end up tying,
To untruths our tutors are designed.

World politicians are the pick of the bunch,
A blatant lie transforms into a hunch,
Truth is when it comes to the crunch,
It's to lying they are all inclined.

They'll send you to war on a prevarication,
A truly sick abomination,
For that it should be eternal damnation,
To the facts they are totally blind.

Their Lies don't come in white or black,
Either or it's truth they both lack,
From every angle we are under attack,
It's to a life of lying we're resigned.

Adults are hypocrites they tell lies all the time,
Yet they'll say to us it's a victimless crime,
So why is their world filled with dirt and grime.

'' Where The Truth Can Be So Hard To Find ''

Bri Mar

" You'D Be Better Treated In Hell "

On that special day you've done the deed,
You have asked her to become your missus,
In a very short time you'll have to concede,
Gone forever are the love and the kisses.

The one you loved has suddenly changed,
She's no longer shy and simplistic,
Your darling has suddenly become deranged,
How could she be so sadistic?

How could your princess treat you like this?
You'll think to yourself, God knows,
She refuses to acknowledge that there's something amiss,
While your resentment for her attitude grows.

That beautiful person you married,
Is no longer the one you knew,
When you're constantly being harried,
All you'll want to say is adieu.

Marriage is an institution they say,
You'll find out that's a fact,
In asylums you learn to live with affray,
From all sides your mind's being attacked.

When you finally look back on your marriage,
You'll ask yourself, what made us click?
They really should name it miscarriage,
As you now make each other feel sick.

When you're fighting over the spoils,
The children, the car and the house,
To get the fruits of your toils,
You'll have to behave like a louse.

All young lovers say the same,
This relationship will last for life,
The one I love I could never defame,
That's until they start all the strife.

Please don't be put off by tying the knot,
It's not as bad as it seems,
There are loved up couples, who've never fought,
Problem is they exist only in dreams.

When you think all the fighting is over,
The C.S.A. step into the fight,
Your finances they will take over,
Like your wife when they're wrong they are right.

By the time you realise what you've done,
In legalities you'll have to excel,
You'll be fighting a battle that cannot be won,

" You'd Be Better Treated In Hell "

Bri Mar

“ Equality Is What We Need To Achieve ”

There must be austerity the millionaires say,
We're afraid there is no other way,
The world economies are in decay,
In it together they'd have us believe,

Soup kitchens being set up to feed our poor,
Tightening our belts is the only cure,
The future for some is so unsure,
Some will be left to grieve.

Unemployment again on the rise,
It's now time the workers opened their eyes,
Austerity to the rich just never applies,
It's our pockets they always relieve.

Our money being used to prop up banks,
Greed and corruption prevalent in their ranks,
Ten million pounds for a funeral no bloody thanks,
It's all lies and deceit that they weave.

While we all struggle they still earn,
We really need to show more concern,
When in Gods name will we ever learn?
Their aim in life is to deceive.

The fact of the matter is there is no doubt,
It's the laws of common decency they flout,
You will never see them going without,
It's time we gave them the heave.

As the rich get richer you can guarantee,
They'll continue saying, nowt to do with me,
It is up to us to set ourselves free,
It's not us but them who thieves.

They give millions to charities just as we do,
A fact they miss out on and it's ever so true
They get generous tax relief unlike you,
Never believe in what they perceive.

As we go hungry they get fatter,
Eating caviar from their solid gold platter,
Their opinion of us is we don't matter,
Are we really that stupidly naïve.

It's we who make that lot millionaires,
Yet for us there's not one of them even cares,
If we could only stop ourselves buying their wares,
Their lifestyles they'd be forced to leave.

We're a third world country in everything but name,
The rich in our nation do not feel shame,
Despite the fact that they are to blame,
It's our dignity we need to retrieve

Without us their paymasters they'd be on their knees,
In a very short time they'd be feeling the squeeze,
If we started to cough they would soon sneeze.

'' Equality Is What We Need To Achieve ''

Bri Mar

“ Our Final Frontier ”

You wouldn't knowingly confront a rabid dog,
Or lick the skin of a poisonous frog,
You wouldn't dare take on a wild hog,
The dangers are all crystal clear.

So why do we send objects into outer space?
Without any knowledge of the dangers we may face,
It could lead to the destruction of the Human Race,
If to our messages others do not endear.

Yet as Voyager now leaves our Milky Way,
Into whose solar system will she stray?
Our actions could well cause us affray,
The unknown is what we need to fear.

Elsewhere they could be shouting it's a U.F.O.,
Where it came from they would soon know,
The information given would clearly show,
That Voyager came originally from here.

Soon they could invade our beloved Earth,
Bringing their warships here to berth,
They'd see of compassion there is a dearth,
For that we could be made disappear.

By broadcasting to space they'll know where we are,
As for distance between us it may not be that far,
The equivalent of perhaps a short journey by car,
This could well cost us all dear.

In the movies they died from a viral disease,
Perhaps it's their germs we'd need to appease,
Spread just by releasing them into the breeze,
The consequences could well be severe.

The war of the worlds may well not be a battle,
Our arrogance as fighters they could well rattle,
It may turn out they'd treat us as their cattle,
Their superiority we'd be forced to revere.

As we observe from our cages the tables are turned,
We can't fight back our bridges have been burned,
Our efforts to placate them have all been spurned,
Our way of life would be knocked out of gear.

Past events on this subject have clearly shown,
The defeated aggressor cannot bemoan,
It's a fact of life you should respect the unknown,
To this fact we refused to adhere.

When our epitaph is written they will clearly state,
We were a species who truly loved to hate,
With destructive instincts we refused to abate,
Our attitude to others was so insincere.

Warmongering creatures making everything extinct,
With the demise of all life we'll be forever linked,
The facts of this are very distinct,
With other planets we must not interfere.

Mans need to know tipped us over the edge,
Between us and other life forms we have driven a wedge,
Throughout history we have broken every pledge,
For humanity the end is now near.

This is not just fantasy the majority of it is true,
Our attitude to all others we need to review,
With where we live now we have to make-do,
The planet Earth is,

“ Our Final Frontier ”

Bri Mar

“ The Planet Earth Does Not Have A Spare ”

“ The Planet Earth Does Not Have A Spare ”

Our aim in life is to reach for the stars,
We've been to the Moon now it's off to Mars,
Why because our Earth is covered in scars,
Caused by our lack of care.

If we can't look after the planet we're on,
Why to another are we being drawn?
Just another destructive race to spawn,
To others planets we are not being fair.

We are but one in Gods universe,
To another's world we've no right to disperse,
The damage we've done here we can still reverse,
This planet's infrastructure we need to repair.

No more travelling to outer space,
Our problems here on Earth we have to face,
Or it will be the end of the human race,
Common sense among humans is rare.

In our arrogance we tend not to think,
That our planet's future is on the brink,
The Human Being is the destructive link,
No other species will ever compare.

Sending messages to space could cause us ado,
We are a violent species they could be too,
If they are then we are all through,
It would be time for the proverbial prayer.

If aliens came here and then attacked,
We'd say consideration is what they lacked,
To defend ourselves would be our final act,
We would not just sit back and stare.

If there's life elsewhere to protect they will fight,

They'd tell us what we're doing isn't right,
On our universe you are but a blight,
War on us they would then declare.

Being more advanced by billions of years,
Us against them wouldn't hold any fears,
For the Human Race it would all end in tears,
Our species would be left in despair.

In all of this there's a lesson to learn,
For what we have now we must show more concern,
Respect from Mother Nature is what we need to earn,
Why,

“ The Planet Earth Does Not Have A Spare ”

Bri Mar

Black Or White "

You say I'm white while others say black,
Why should my colour cause so much flak,
When you say I'm black it brings on a frown,
If you looked closer you'd see I am brown.

Across the world we come in differing shades,
As humans we all have unique facades,
Some are light while others are tanned,
Yet underneath we're all the same brand.

Why does it bother us why all the fuss,
Some spend hours in the sun trying to look like us,
I'll tell you this though I know its not right,
But some of us even try to be white.

Native Americans are mainly red,
Is that justification for shooting them dead,
In Asia you have those other fellows,
Who's skin colour comes in differing yellows.

I then look at you and it makes me think,
You're not really white you're a shade of pink.
When you get hurt it's certainly true,
Your skin colour turns to black and blue.

When we become unwell it has to be said,
It can make us all look like the living dead,
Prejudice against colour is not the way,
You can guarantee it will cause affray.

Regardless of colour why do we care,
It's time we were all made fully aware,
As humans there's nothing we cannot achieve,
Regardless of colour we have got to believe.

Just cut a finger that is the seed,
To prove beyond doubt that all of us bleed,
Take a closer look no it's not in your head,
All of our bloods are the same shade of red.

And sure as the stars glisten in the sky,
We will all live and we'll surely die,
This only highlights that we all must strive,
To build a bond so that we can survive.

As we grow crops you can make planes,
We can build shelters to help when it rains,
You can build homes while we raise the cattle,
United as one we can win this battle.

When we look at each other let's see just a face,
Instead of us thinking I wonder what race,
Colour means nothing when all's said and done,
For us all to prosper we must live as one.

As human beings we really must stand,
Together united hand in hand,
We're all truly equal keep that in mind,
No culture or race should be undermined.

Colour's like beauty it's only skin deep,
It's what's underneath that we need to keep,
Then we can live in a world without war,
That very word racism we should all abhor..

We can all live in comfort with no need for strife,
loving our neighbours what a wonderful life,
It's not just a dream it's something we can do,
But only as one can we make it come true.

It's now time as a species we all faced the fact,
That our planet is doomed unless there's a pact,
We must end this hatred we've got for each other,
Only then can we live life as sister and brother.

When we accept this all conflict will cease,
Only then will we achieve a definitive peace,
Our past indiscretions we can learn to forgive,
Together as humans is how we must live.

Our future depends on our being collective,

We'll all surely die by being racially selective,
Only then can we say we've at last got it right,
There's far more to this life than just,

"Black Or White"

Bri Mar

I Lost My Mobile Phone '

I've awoken in a terrible state,
I think I'm going to die,
My life is almost over,
As I breathe my one last sigh.

I'm really hurting deep inside
That's why I find it odd,
If one can suffer in this way,
There can't possibly be a God.

It happened as I was driving,
I ran into a pole,
I'd just completely lost the plot,
This is going to take it's toll.

How could my fellow human beings?
Treat me with such disdain,
How can they stand there laughing?
When they know I'm in so much pain.

Like blood my body needs it,
It's as important as my heart,
Without it I know I will die,
We just cannot be apart.

As I'm now losing consciousness,
I feel like such a fool,
Though I did ignore the warning signs,
How could life be so cruel?

There is no point in carrying on,
I've given up the ghost,
I'll just go quietly on my way,
As they play my one last post.

I must have upset someone high,
To suffer this affliction,
The reality with my illness is,
It's based on fact not fiction.

I'm going to see my psychiatrist now,
This will be my one last session,
After all I've been put through,
I'm suffering from depression.

But I don't care what you lot think,
I know I've passed life's test,
When I finally meet my maker,
I can say I tried my best.

Paradise must be a massive place,
There must be a lot of choice,
Us humans love to gossip,
I love the sound of my own voice.

How did our parents ever survive?
Even for a two-minute walk,
Being away from family and friends,
Without being able to talk.

I know what you're all thinking now,
For me you're feeling sad,
Definitely not I hear you say,
We think you're barking mad.

In saying that I'm worried now,
If Heaven's the ultimate creation,
How the Hell will I survive?
Do they have any communication?

Well this is it I'm on my way,
I have taken my final breath
Not knowing if I'll be allowed to speak,
Is a fate far worse than death.

My epitaph I want you to write,
On my lovely granite stone,
Is, I didn't die from illness,

“ I Lost My Mobile Phone ”

I'M Afraid Your Cow's A Bull "

I bought myself a cow today,
All it does is cause me strife,
I feed her loads of lovely hay,
She reminds of my wife.

All day long it pees and shits,
It's habits I can't control,
The milk it comes from dangly bits,
They say that is their role.

My problem is each time I try,
The stuff comes out all white,
To superglue it could apply,
Something isn't right.

It doesn't even taste like milk,
It resembles double cream,
Maybe she's from a different ilk,
As there is a lot of steam.

Four teats they say for a normal cow,
Yet mine has only one,
To stroke it yes she does allow,
Truth is I'm never done.

Every time I milk my beast,
She sings a different carol,
The amount of milk that's then released,
Is enough to fill a barrel?

I've called the vet she isn't well,
I haven't milked her for a while,
No company means he's going through Hell,
At that I ran a mile.

That teat that you've been choking,
With semen it's well full,
It's desires you've been stoking,

‘ I’m Afraid Your Cow’s A Bull ‘

Bri Mar

Life Never Ends "

Don't be afraid,
To share your fears,
When a feeling's displayed,
Soon the dark mist clears.

Memories will thrive,
If you allow,
To keep them alive,
Make a vow.

The one who's gone,
Is not far away,
If trust you don,
By you they'll stay.

Death isn't expiration,
No need for despair,
It's a universal creation
Of that be aware.

They way we're created,
Means life is eternal,
It's not complicated,
We're forever vernal.

Though hard to accept,
You've got to believe,
That after you've wept,
A new concept you'll weave.

Lay them to rest,
Somewhere you can go,
Part of life's test?
To move on nice and slow.

Continue to talk,
Believe me they'll listen,
That new life they walk,
Will make your thoughts glisten.

Keep this in your mind,
They're with family and friends,
Our atoms were designed,
To ensure,

“ Life Never Ends ”

Bri Mar

"On His Fate You Must Now Dwell "

Twenty three outings and he's still alive,
What's the secret that makes him thrive?
How the hell does he survive?
Only he can tell.

Bombs and bullets and falls from the sky,
Still they cannot make him die,
Death to him does not apply,
In survival he does excel.

All his enemies throughout the world,
Have ended up with their knickers curled,
Their respective plots he has unfurled,
Doesn't this man do well?

Poisoned drinks and crashes galore,
Laser beams which cut to the core,
His will to live is to the fore,
What's next we can't foretell.

Sharks and subs can't do him in,
Against all odds we know he'll win,
He really does get under our skin,
He has us under his spell.

Space adventures and fearsome foes,
He causes mayhem wherever he goes,
Why he's still alive nobody knows,
But this myth I will dispel.

His female friends his life of leisure,
This man knows how to get his pleasure,
He's looked on as our national treasure,
It's now time to say farewell.

In every outing they've let him live,
Now that is something I won't forgive,
He really is the ultimate spiv,
His invincibility I will now expel.

In every epic at the start,
His captors who are not that smart,
Give him the chance to up and depart,
He then kills the whole cartel.

But now I know the secrets out,
The normal protocols I will flout,
His services you'll now live without,
That will leave a nasty smell.

Throughout the years we've all been conned,
Now the truth has finally dawned,
In the opening scene I killed James Bond,

" On His Fate You Must Now Dwell "

HELP UPDATE

Twenty Fourth adventure it can't be true,
I know I gave him what was due,
My mission to kill him I saw it through,
I watched as 007 fell.

Now I've been informed James Bond is back,
Now it's me who's on the rack,
Very soon I'll be under attack,
I'll find him hard to repel.

Oh my God am I in trouble,
I didn't kill Bond it was his double,
In Skyfall he reduced me to rubble,

" I've Been Condemned To Hell "

Bri Mar

Poor Old Joe The Plumber

I was ambitious whilst growing up,
All I wanted was wealth and fame,
The advice I got from my mates,
Was get in to the financial game.

Time moves on but you don't forget,
The hardship you endured,
I vowed I'd become a millionaire,
Of that you can rest assured.

I loved the thrill of finance,
It gave me that desire,
To have control of peoples cash,
Really did light my fire.

I've never had a conscience,
So finance was ideal,
When playing games with peoples funds,
The truth you can conceal.

As I kept the money flowing in,
I soon stoked up the flames,
Joe the plumber didn't know,
He was a pawn in my sick games.

I made them think their cash was safe,
As I sold them stocks and shares,
I gave out far too much in loans,
But still they took my wares.

I knew that I was doing wrong,
But still I found it funny,
They didn't really know me,
But they trusted me with their money.

If we'd listened to Joe the plumber,
This disaster would be on hold,
But we just ignored the warning signs,
As all that glistens to us is gold.

We know that if our system fails,
All we need do is shout,
We've made some bad investments
The governments then bail us out.

While you are left with nothing,
Our lives go on without a hitch,
Poor Joe the plumbers destitute,
While we're all filthy rich.

We're spending all your hard earned cash,
As we travel on our yacht,
We drink the finest wines on board,
Thanks for everything you've bought.

Now you've bailed the system out,
We can all relax,
That's until the next time,
We need Joe the plumbers tax.

Money is our aim in life,
That is what we hanker,
No I'm not a robber,
I'm a rich old city banker.

All I do is walk away,
Nobody takes me to task,
On this I feel I've got to say,
Even Dick Turpin wore a mask.

Due to our selfish actions,
It really is a bummer,
Because of our greed we helped destroy,

" Poor Old Joe The Plumber"

Bri Mar

Sad Poem

We were together as one for many years,
Looked on as partners in crime,
When troubled you could quell my fears,
You have made my life sublime.

I'll miss your friendship and the fun,
You have given me so much pleasure,
Really when all is said and done,
We loved each other in equal measure.

My friend and soul mate both combined,
You made my life worthwhile,
Our lives have always been entwined,
You have always made me smile.

I know the reason you had to go,
But my grief I can't contain,
It's my moral duty to let you know,
Memories of you will forever remain.

People are saying I must be mad,
You were only a pot licking dog,
The fact you're leaving makes me sad,
As you head off into the fog.

All I ask now is to be left alone,
I need some time to grieve,
Together as one we have grown,
But one day we all have to leave.

I have to go now please don't bark,
You will only make me cry,
On my soul you've left your mark,
I will miss you till the day I die.

I swear I saw a Heavenly glare,
As you disappeared over the ridge,
Being banished from my life is only fair,

" You Stole My Sausages From The Fridge "

Bri Mar

The World's Rich Invent A Recession "

Where has all the money gone?
All the banks accounts are overdrawn
They're saying they need to go to the pawn,
World governments have now taken possession.

Yesterday the money was all still there,
Now the banks are saying the cupboards bare,
We've all been left in total despair,
We're now suffering from manic depression.

They're saying I'm lucky to have a job,
At least I can earn a couple of bob,
It's always the poor these rich kids rob,
It's a terrible transgression.

No more pay rises despite inflation,
From tough times there'll be no cessation,
Those who suffer from poverty and starvation,
Can always look for another profession.

Meanwhile the rich are unaffected,
For hard times they have not been selected,
Politicians say cynicism has been detected,
Soon you will see our aggression.

Austerity cuts will kick in for sure,
They affect only the working class and the poor,
For the sick and disabled they have found a cure,
It's called an A.T.O.S session.

If you've lived in your home for many years,
Our bedroom tax will bring you to tears,
We're about to confirm your worst fears,
Pay or go with no concession.

Has the money been flushed down a toilet pan?
Or taken away in a robbers van,
Could it all be just a cynical plan?
They claim that's just our impression.

When the working classes step out of line,
The rich have you believe that all will be fine,
Then the way we are living they redefine,
It's otherwise known as oppression.

This massive con has been engineered,
The world's riches have not disappeared,
It's in the pockets of those we've allegedly smeared,
Putting us down has become an obsession.

Politicians still have their silver spoon,
The rich and the famous are totally immune,
While we won't recover anytime soon,
They've no worries about repossession.

Watching us squirm is what they enjoy,
Our hopes of equality they just love to destroy
Stagnation in the economy to them is a toy,
To ensure we suffer regression.

If truth be told this whole things a fake,
While we still give those con merchants take,
So rather than admit they've made a mistake,

'' The World's Rich Invent A Recession ''

Bri Mar

There Is No Defence "

Life's a farce,
Integrity is sparse,
Humans are hell bent on destruction,
To nature we are but a pain in the arse,
We do love to cause a ruction.

The poisons we release,
Mean extinctions increase,
Everything is living in fear,
We're now living on a short term lease,
Very soon we'll no longer be here.

Our obsession with greed,
We have to feed,
Regardless we still want more,
Nothing we do is based on need,
Believe me there's trouble in store.

We refuse to believe,
That soon we will grieve,
This madness will come home to roost,
We've gone too far there'll be no reprieve,
Each second resource's are reduced.

Under the ground,
Giant holes are now found,
Where once was our insulation,
The effects on all life will be profound,
Soon there will be desperation.

With nowhere to go,
Our bloods will flow,
The planet will reclaim her soul,
These are facts we already know,
Yet our intelligence we still try to extol.

Face the truth,
Our behaviours uncouth,
Our excuses nature just isn't buying,

As we face her in her witness booth,
With her rules we're still not complying.

With Heavenly precision,
She makes her decision,
Even now we put up a pretence,
From further existence you now face excision,
For what you've done,

“ There Is No Defence ”

Bri Mar

There's Nothing To Forgive "

If death is alive,
Being alive must be death,
If you go on to survive,
You can't take a last breath.

Is real an illusion,
Or is the illusion real,
It does cause confusion,
On which way we feel.

If a god's our creator?
Which creator made god?
Which one is greater,
Could it all be a fraud?

Religion tells tales,
These tales make religion,
They go off the scales,
I believe they talk pidgin.

The human loves killing,
So we're killing the human,
It's fear we're instilling,
In both man and woman.

Be it bomb or the gun,
The gun like the bomb,
Has us all on the run,
We do it with aplomb.

Oozing with deceit,
Our deceit keeps oozing,
It's our own we defeat,
This is all too confusing.

Do we live to die,
Or die to live,
If the whole thing's a lie,

“ There's Nothing To Forgive ”

Bri Mar

They'll Be Dropping One On You "

Some people live to create havoc,
Their aims are causing scandals,
Among this group of degenerates are,
Those I'll call graveyard vandals.

They topple our stones and ornaments,
Destruction is what they crave,
But in reality they're just imbeciles,
Who else would destroy someone's grave?

They drop their kegs regardless,
They urinate on our stones,
The stench is quite disgusting,
It can't be good for our bones.

They allow their pets to roam our land,
As they sit and drink their beer,
They desecrate our holy ground,
They destroy everything we hold dear.

They truly are a breed apart,
Their morals are straight from a sewer,
They should all be taken out and shot,
Then hung on the end of a skewer.

This also applies to those who think,
We are just their pets latrine,
If we did the same in your backyard,
I bet you wouldn't be so keen.

How would you like to be fouled upon?
I bet you'd make a fuss,
So why on earth do you bring your pets,
Then let them foul on us.

There are those who think they cause no harm,
As they exercise their dog,
By walking away and leaving their mess,
You are treating us like a bog.

So think before you bring them here,
Please try and show some grace,
This is not an outside loo,
It's our final resting place.

One day soon your clock will stop,
That's when you should feel fear,
For it's more or less a certainty,
You'll be laid to rest in here.

As your mates above wreck the place,
You'll think that's so uncouth,
But don't forget you did the same,
When you were but a youth.

As your friends and pets are doing their bit,
You can no longer cause ado,
As you lie there looking up at them,

" They'll Be Dropping One On You "

Bri Mar

To Love And Be Loved Is Divine "

Never give in,
Seek strength from within,
Use the power, with which you're endowed,
There's no guarantee you will always win,
But you will stand out from the crowd.

Yes it's true,
By believing in you,
Your confidence and good feelings will soar,
There's nothing you cannot achieve or do,
Your life was made to explore.

Don't show resistance,
If offered assistance,
A problem shared can be cut in half,
That will ensure you can go the distance,
Not to could lead to a gaffe.

Don't be conceited,
Lest you're defeated,
Humility is a valuable gift,
Never feel shame if you have retreated,
Or within you it will cause a rift.

Always play fair,
Show people you care,
For others be there when required,
Let them know yes make them aware,
It makes all those around you inspired.

Being a friend,
Is not just a trend,
Your whole outlook it will redefine,
On each other we'll forever depend,

'' To Love And Be Loved Is Divine ''

Bri Mar

Your President Is Nothing Without You "

In this great nation,
It's the inauguration,
Already some are taking the hump,
Before he starts he's facing damnation,
Yes, I do mean Donald Trump.

Despite what they say,
He did win the day,
The outcome though not what some want,
Means this President is here to stay,
Despite all that anger you flaunt.

You must all take note,
Everyone had a vote,
Those who didn't have no right to complain,
The victor has been given the mandate to gloat,
Though it may well drive you insane.

He is but one man,
Who has his own plan,
To again make America great,
As a citizen, you must do all you can,
Without you he will suffer his fate.

Politics is a game,
Most seek fortune and fame,
From integrity and humility, they desist,
None of them know the meaning of shame,
Honesty among them doesn't exist.

All those centuries before,
We opened the door,
To but one of the free world's tools,
The freedom to vote is at its core,
The truth is democracy rules.

So, don't be dismayed,
Though you feel betrayed,
In the end, he'll get what is due,

Regardless of what the media has portrayed,

'' Your President Is Nothing Without You ''

Bri Mar

"You'Re Not Really Here"

Life itself is not what it seems,
We are pawns in an intricate game,
Our controllers can and will go to extremes,
That's how they win fortune and fame.

If truth be told you never die,
You go on to a parallel world,
Where you will continue to live the lie,
While another chapters unfurled.

Life, death and time don't exist,
Reality cannot be explained,
In effect you'll never be missed,
This anomaly must be maintained.

Who controls you you're never told,
You must go along with the flow,
They decide if it's young or old,
Their reasons you will never know.

In our twilight world we aimlessly wander,
It's to our dictators we are bound,
The minute your being you stop to ponder,
They'll ensure you're placed in the ground.

Brainwashed from the day we are born,
You have no mind of your own,
Burdens placed on you, treated with scorn,
Their dominance you cannot disown.

In effect all our lives are false,
But because we have a need to believe,
This allows them to lead us a merry waltz,
What they feed us is what we perceive.

Our existence here is just an illusion,
Where joy and chaos will reign,
Only those in control know our conclusion,
Our efforts to break free they constrain.

I can hear you all saying he's bloody mad,
But everything I'm saying is true,
In this existence we are all being had,
That reflection who's to say that it's you.

So when you hear voices inside your head,
There's absolutely no need for fear,
Try to reap all the benefits instead,
Life's a fantasy,

“ You're Not Really Here ”

Bri Mar

"You'Re Surrounded With Love "

Christmas again Ma,
You are sorely missed,
We feel your presence,
You are in our midst.

It still hurts deeply,
You went away,
Is the afterlife in Heaven?
As good as they say,

Time as you know,
Goes by so fast,
But our thoughts of you,
Will forever last.

Memories will ensure,
You remain in our heart,
It's reassuring to know,
We're never apart.

We're all going strong,
Mostly staying in line,
You can be proud,
That we're doing fine.

Your family are with you,
Both here and above,
It'll please you to know,

" You're Surrounded With Love "

Bri Mar