

Fall Out in a Japanese Garden

“I am sorry” (Japanese)

This is not a love song,

I am lost and wandering.

This is not a love song,

The darkness of the streets

Is coming.....

Staggering on subway stairs

Into streets where no one cares.

Reflected in the tower block glass,

Lying in gutters staring up at stars.

Swaying amongst the cars that fume.

Spinning in a red-light room.

Collide with crowds on tower block streets,

Collar up and eyes cast down

Upon my dirty concrete feet.

Motion sickness and spinning head

Laid upon my dirty bed.

Days in bars, a fog of time,

Drinking hard and out of line.

Neon lights, just flashing strobes,

Looking round at Tokyo.

Limping to an empty seat

There a ghost of me to meet.

This is not a love song.....

A landscape,

Existing fragility.

Crossing a bridge,

Lashing out

I hear her scream.

Acer leaves of pink and red

“Sorry, sorry”,

Was all she said.

Light caught in a waterfall

And time

In swirls of grey gravel.

Lost, lost am I,

As blossom starts to fall.

An argument,

A broken peace,

Losing, lost

Everything and all.

“Whisper, whisper again to me

Garden and your cherry trees”.

“I am sorry” (Japanese)