

I guess that everyone has to start somewhere, right? I started writing poems - or what I would call "stream of consciousness (SOC) writing", in 1984. This was at a time when I had just started going to university and was in a rather large period of self-discovery (as many are when they first set foot on a college campus). I'd started to play guitar and realized that, unbeknownst to me, I really could sit down and "write". Until that point, writing had been something that I would abhor - because it usually meant composing a book review or something similar. Here is the fourth "SOC" of my writing career ...

When Will They See

Fall, 1985

This world is lonesome anymore

Among the strife, the rules, the war

When will the powers really see

That love can conquer you and me

When will they see

When will they see

When Will They See | Allan Besselink

Written by Allan Besselink
Friday, 21 July 2006 18:00

Oh soon they'll see

War of the worlds solves none of it.

Got the blues here all alone

Success is ruling everyone

The trends have stopped imagination

And I'm standin' here wonderin'

When will they see

When will they see

Oh soon they'll see

That life on earth is truly free

When Will They See | Allan Besselink

Written by Allan Besselink
Friday, 21 July 2006 18:00

See them people standin' there

They got the jeans and greasy hair

But I can tell they really care

Instead of following someone

When will they see

When will they see

Oh soon they'll see

That when the roots die, so does the tree.

The red and blue, the red and gold

The man so neat, the man so bold

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Written by Allan Besselink
Friday, 21 July 2006 18:00

The girl in heels and leather skirt

We're all around in the same boat

When will they see

When will they see

Oh soon they'll see

That none of this is really me

Oh when will they see

That it ain't me

That war and trend

Don't have no end

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And all I'll be

Is what is me

And then I'll be happy

All the more happy

And in the end

All them will see

That abstract is the way

For all of us to see

The real world at it's best

Love, peace, and imaginary

The real world at it's best

The real world at it's best

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When will they see

All those fashions just ain't me

That all the war just ain't so fine

That all the blues are really mine

Maybe they'll never really understand

The underlying truth of our existence

Everyone so strong, so free

And maybe someday they'll take a stand

And come and join me and hold my hand

In victory.

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