

Written by Allan Besselink
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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 ...

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When Will They See

Fall, 1985

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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
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
◆
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
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
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
◆
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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◆ 1988

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