



Davie's Poetry Volume 4
Cal

Davie Magill

www.daviespoetry.wordpress.com

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Davie Magill

Smashwords Edition
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Message from the Author,

Hey all, first of all thank you for purchasing and taking the time to read this book. It took a long time to put together this latest volume of poetry. Around a year after it was due to come out it's finally here. This book is dedicated to someone who has majorly affected the last year of my life. Cal. We don't talk anymore, I do still miss you, think about you, and love you. Some things never change, but I'm hoping this book can finally be the last act of closure. I know now why you left having gone over it time and time again. I know now that it'll never come back, and I know now I can move on.

Thank you for the most loving time of my life. Thanks for leaving me when you did, and thanks for giving me the inspiration to write what I believe is the best poem I've ever written. I still read it from time to time and I do always shed a tear thinking of you. But no more. This book is dedicated to the death of the love I had for you, but hopefully not the death of the love I have for so many others.

This book is designed to help all of you with a broken heart like mine, caused by no fault of your own. If you feel sad, if you feel you need someone, just read and know that you are not alone.

I love you all.

Davie Magill

daviemagill@yahoo.co.uk

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Now

The sky, the sky is falling, the earth is calling, the earth is calling.

When all is left broken, this is the end, the end left unspoken.

I've done all I've ever wanted, lived life, found love, and now I am haunted, and now I am haunted

By the bitter-sweet memories of things all around me, the broken things all around me.

The broken memories of things I let go, like love, my life, all I came to know; all- who I came to know.

My lost life a fairytale, with an unhappy ending, a tale which has left me with a broken heart.

Which tears me apart, it's tearing me apart.

The end stops all, life, our own world, all but love, but then; what is a life without love?

A dream where no one gets hurt, everyone's heart stays intact, my heart would be intact, in a dream without love.

But that's a dream because I've loved all who I've lost;

Perhaps now that I'm lost at last, I'll be loved, perhaps now. I'll be loved.

Davie Magill

Poppy Seeds

Whispering winds through fields. Whispering how I'm meant to feel.
Bird's call in the chime. I know it's the time. I know it's the time.
Time for never again. Time for stay, time for go. Time for saying it all.
Perhaps my mistake, is in the fields. Perhaps it is disguised.
Disguised by a veil. Of amber and gold. The sunflowers in the fields.
They turn, they follow the sun. But they are lost at night. With only the cold. The
sunflowers grow old.
Like I do with time. Time makes it worse, it cuts out my chest.
My heart is in my hands. I don't know what to do. What is there left to do?

I think I'm t losing my mind.
My body and soul they lie in the fields. Amongst the poppy seeds.
While I'm inside looking on. Inside of my home, my living hell. My room a prison cell.
A room blocked off from all in the fields. I think I'm losing it all.
My body, my soul they lie in the fields, amongst those poppy seeds.
My body, my soul.
They lie in the fields. Amongst those poppy seeds.

I seem to have misplaced my love.
They're trapped in rose bush thorns.
My body is covered in blood.
It lies there in those poppy fields.
With love stuck there in the thorns.
My heart still in my hands. Blood pouring from my chest.
What can I do. This pumping charm. It lies here in my hand.
No love can take it, while trapped in thorns.
To keep it safe. It needs kept safe.
Before I say goodbye.
I can't say goodbye, when I'm kept safe. Please save me from these harms. Pop

I'm stuck in here alive. Looking out to fields.
I see my body and soul. They rest, inside those poppy fields. They lie amongst the seeds.
A graveyard lying low. Were soldiers once were felled.
Buried below, the fields growing lead.
Beneath the bullets spread.
These poppy seeds they cut me down. Perhaps I chose to die.
I gave up hope, when I lost my love. Amongst those rosey thorns.
While I was trapped. I must look on. Before it is goodbye.

This heart in my hand. It whispers that I can.
It tells me, to squeeze it tight.
I hold it, with my might.
Don't give up this fight. Give into this fight.
I begin to turn around. Away from the fields.
I don't know why.
I think I'm losing it all. My love. My body. My soul.
I leave this prison cell. I slip between the bars.
Bars made to hold bodies inside. But I am the spirit of man.
I slip between the cracks. Into the broken land.
My heart in my hand. It's still beating my hand.

I come across a knife. It whispers to me. Like blades of grass.
I understand it's time.
I tell my heart goodbye.
The tears on my face make pools.
But spirits are immaterial things.
I stab my beating heart. The beating slowly fades. It's broken.
It broke long before. It stopped whenever I lost my love.
Now I have lost my life.
So I must say goodbye.
Goodbye to my body and soul. Goodbye to my love. Goodbye to my life.

Now I must say it all.
Hello to the world. This wonderful life.
And so I start again.
Following like those sunflowers.
This little tiny seed.
Where is my mind? Where's all I need.
Not here. It's gone. Trapped amongst those poppy seeds.
Perhaps I'll never die. I've already said goodbye.
Let me find my love. My body, my soul, immaterial things.
I need my life to love. I need love to live.
I am a sunflower, following a sun.
Without it I am lost. When I'm lost I'll be in poppy seeds.
And that's when we'll start again.
Until then I'll be waiting, inside my prison cell.
Inside this living hell.

Davie Magill

Killing Me

Walking the streets at night, shadows all around me; give me light.
Don't let me beg, I can't go on, sing me a song, can't you sing me your song?

Opened up my heart to you, laid out in front of you. Let you rest your hand on mine.
Told you that I loved you, baby it was all true. But maybe; we're running out of time-

Tell me a story, whisper in my ear.
Tell me you'll hold me; I have nothing to fear.
You can't tell me that, because all you do;
Is slip away, like a cold wind that blew.

How can I have nothing to fear, when I can't hold on.
Why do you slip away, and not sing me that song.
The song with one verse, one line, three words. If you sang me that song you'd stay with
me. Everything would sound true;
But I'm left here alone. You not loving me, but me loving you.

When was the last time we spoke? When was the last time we woke.
With a clear mind from the previous night?
I can't remember; it's gone, from mind, from sight.

When I wake up, my pillow is wet.
Wet by the tears I bled as I slept.
Those tears I wept, mean one thing about you.
A problem I have, but there's nothing I can do.

When I wake up, I'm scared to talk.
Scared to move, it hurts when I walk.
You've broken my chest, my life; in two.
In fact I've decided, my life, is now through.

I mean what is the point? How can I go on?
With nothing but emptiness to our conversations, our arguments, and your song.
What is the point? I can't keep living for you. Not with this torment. Or this pain I go
through.

You see, my chest is weak. My heart is straw.
If it was made of ice, it would be starting to thaw.
I suppose in a way it is. Each tear, a water drop.
From my beating heart, that's begging to stop.

There's no easy way to say it, but it's stopping because of you.
From all this pain, we're going through.
The only thing that's keeping me with you, here by your side.
Is my song that I sing you, that comes from deep inside.

Those three words that are trembling, inside of my chest.
I love you, I love you, I love you.
I love. You... I love. You...
I.. Love... You.. I.. Love... You..

Then rest-

That's what will happen. My heart will stop. Leaving me breathless. Leaving me lost.
Loving you, I cannot help. But love has come at a cost.
Perhaps my life. Is too big a loss.
But it feels so worth it, just to be here with you.
Singing my song, telling you, I love you.

But right now, I can't. I can't go on like this. So I'm going to sleep.
Slip away into bliss.
Perhaps you'll be there, perhaps there we can kiss.
But I can't stay here when it's you that I miss.

So this is going to be; my last.
My last message to you.
Before the future.
Because I hurt in the past.

Before you speak, I don't mean to interrupt.
I'm sorry to say. That this life, has hiccuped.
I'm starting to go, I can literally feel it in my chest.
Next time you see me, you'll be laying me; to rest.

One poet, one life, one story. One song.
A song for you that will play on and on.
As for me, I'll look on up above, with this empty chest, with no one to love.
And you'll stare into picture frames, where I once stood.
You'll know that you killed me and that finally should;
Let you know, I did all that I could.

Thank God, some poetry is fiction.
But remember. Some is true.
And if you are reading, my song, is for you.
But right now, I'm gone. My only love, at my biggest cost.
Don't mourn for me. You were my lovely holocaust.
Wiping me out. Making me lost.
But I loved you. That out weighs my loss.

Don't visit. Don't cry. Don't shudder, in fear.
I'm holding you now. I'm holding, you near.
You can't see me, or hold me.
But I have you. I'm the weather around, and the things you do.

Just because I'm not there, doesn't mean that I'm gone.
I'm still by your side. Singing my song.
Couldn't you hear it? In that cold wind that blew.
Pet, I'm here, Davie loves you.

Davie Magill

Drip Drip

Drip.

Drop.

Drip.

Drop.

I've never been so close to water's edge.

I've never felt the icy shores breathe on my face.

Collecting in the hairs that are just beginning to sprout and grow from yesterday's shave.

Drip.

Drop.

Drip.

Drop.

The tiny droplets falling away from my face.

Splashing and distorting my unhappy reflection that lies beneath.

I'm thinking of you...

Drip.

I'm not trying. Not trying to understand or reason anymore.

Why is it this water-

Drop.

Falls away?

Drip.

Why is it this water changes tune with every orb that falls?

Changing like two sides of a coin.

"Heads or tails?" I ask it.

Drip.

Drop.

These tiny raindrops created by the clouds that gulf my head.

These dark clouds that tell me trouble is coming.

That lightning can strike twice.

Drip.

I never thought I'd hear you in those drops but you travelled with me. Still in my heart; and this emptiness I feel is too much to bear.

But I know it could all be over if I just-

Drop.

Drip.

Drop.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Davie Magill

Mortal Men

My only regret, may be that I'm in love. This unrivalled pain inside my chest, dwelling due to the hurt you've caused.

Not meaning to. Me frightened by our clouded future. Enlightened by our happy past.

Twisted and entangled. My love for you did last.

Loving you still. Loving you then. Falling by the bow of Cupid's arrow. Dropped by the naked baby, who caused my hurt and who left this arrow in my chest.

This world is small. We are titans. Gods by our own right. Battling upon our thoughts, feelings, drive. Our horses face a battle to last an infinity. With no ending, but with a winner. Not me in the end.

I lay down, give in. Suckered to the floor without a single blow or glance. Simply overcome by your harrowing words which stand alone. Tearing out my beating heart.

Simply unexplained. This is no pain endured by man. Emotional pain rips out my chest. But leaves me in this suffering. Suffering I must live with, until I overcome. I'd much rather have taken death. Faced it. And fell to it's feet.

Looking up to you. The arrow still secure. I cannot move it. Twisted and moulded in my heart. A part of my life. My feeling. My soul. Etched on it the name of the God who overcame me. The God I love.

Mortal to the world. But immortal and eternal. To me and my heart. A man, who I hold so close to my chest. Who once offered me love. But has now declined, and has left me on this floor. Holding my chest. And like you to me. This pain can only be. Immortal and eternal.

Lost in the depths of my own purgatory. Looking for my release. To the stairs back to my heaven. To hold that hand of yours. One can hope. One can all but dream.

Out-stretching your hand. To lift me from these murky depths. To give me another offering. A chance of hope. To fulfil my only desires of having you.

Twisted by the battle. Broken, battered. Cheated by all but death. I can only say yes.

Accepting you back. You bringing me in. You can only take me as I am. In love. With you. Now sitting. My immortal one. I can only hold you. Hold you and whisper. Without letting you hear. That I love you. Because you cannot say it back. For your chariot of love. It lags behind.

I can fall back. In love. And wait. For you I would do anything. For love even more. To me you are my love. My soul. Perplexed as to why I cannot be the same to you I can only wonder. If you'll get here at all.

But I'll fight. I'll be there standing tall. Not beneath you. Not over you. But by your side. I'll fight for it all. And help you find that immortal love. That's when I'll know who's immortal. Love will make us eternal. Even though we are mortal men.

Davie Magill

The Man I Have Become

Don't you know my name?
Can't you feel it in your heart.
What is the point in trying,
If we're meant to be apart.
Try, try, try to remember me,
Remember the times of old,
The guy I used to be.

What's the use in trying.
Why can't I make you smile.
Why is it we're apart.
Not in inches but by mile.
Why can't I have you near,
I need your hand in mine.
Before it's too late, we're running out of time.

I can be the man I was.
The man I used to be,
If it means being someone else, for you, I'll not be me.
Just listen to my heartbeat,
Listen to it skip, jump, and bellow.
It beats fast when you're not here.
But by my side it beats quite mellow.

Let me us be ourselves.
A flower not in bloom,
When our time comes, we'll burst from our enclosed womb.
To show the world our petals,
Our bright shades of red.
But until then, hold me, come please,
And rest your head.

Davie Magill

Impossible

"Hey you, faggot".

You walk on and try to forget.

But the names still stand there.

Faggot, Queer, Gayboy.

They follow you, you know.

Stalkers, in your own game of chess.

Following you until you're backed into a corner.

Then check.

Mate's call to you.

"Christian, Christian"

Don't let them in.

I'm me in this world of torment.

Scared to even let in my closet of friends.

But then, why do I hide, in fear?

Near to the end. Until school stops.

Then over again.

Sometimes the impossible. Is not so impossible, but improbable.

Improbable to me, and improbable to you.

But me and you are only us, we're we.

But we aren't all.

All of us can, we will, and we do.

We stop, we think, we listen, we learn.

The improbable. Is not the impossible.

We cannot cure the common cold. Protect ourselves from cancer.

We cannot cure our fear, of old.

Of death.

But these things are not impossible. Simply improbable.

But isn't it curious how in life we fear growing old more than death itself.

In thousands of years when man falls.

And our faces hit the ground and our graves are the corpses we lie with.

These things no longer have people to pray upon.

They too are obliterated.

Not impossible.

Where have we taken ourselves in life?

With cures for disease and infection?

Through hallowing ways, our hall ways.

Which carry blood through our veins, give in.

Injections, over and over.

Pumping ourselves with drugs and bugs, and viral plugs.

Blocking out the bad. But also the good.

So we are no more than weak, and narrow minded fools.

Clowns invited to our own circus.

Sent in the liven up our own production.

A joke with no punch line.

With howls of laughter which march on after.

Again and again. Crocodiles, with no imagination.

Waiting to snap up the latest goods.

Our gadgets and toys, our foods and our clothes.

While people starve. While people die, while the sick lie in hospital beds counting the holes in the tiles of the ceiling.

We play. Play life's game, with money and cards.
Waiting to draw that lucky hand and win it all.
It's not impossible. Simply improbable.
Some of us simply draw the shorter straw.
And pride comes before a fall.
And I'm glad I felt pride before I met you.
Nate.
My mate, my friend.
Now my sweetheart.
Isn't it sweet how life turns it around for you.
Doing the work, with your feet on the ground.
Letting you say words without making a sound.
Love.
Isn't temporary. It's permanent.
You'll always feel it for someone.
And if not someone, something, but you should always love yourself.
It's not impossible.
Because it's not hard to find love.
But sometimes with love happiness is improbable.
Because you forget how to make yourself happy, doing all you can to make the other
person smile.
And smile they do.
Mile after mile.
But misery follows suit.
In you. These unbearable raptures of torment pin you like darts.
Onto an inescapable canvas.
A canvas drawn with the tears you weep.
From letting them down again and again.
Swearing you'll never do it, not again.
But that's improbable.
Not impossible.
Faggot, Queer, Gayboy.
They'll follow you, you know.
Because it's what you are.
It's how you'll be. And names are simply names.
Like Christian, and Nathan.
Names.
Faggot's what I am.
Embrace it.
Queer is who I'll be.
Be it.
Gayboy is who I am.
Live it.
And when these names back you into that corner when life has you pinned.
Just hug them.
Embrace them.
Because in love you have nothing to fear.
If love is all you've got.
You may starve. You may die, and you may lie in hospital beds.
But love is never dead.
That's impossible.
And being someone you're not is improbable.

Be who you are. Love who you love.
Because what's a name going to change if you're still you?
Faggot is my name.
I hear it whispered to me sometimes when people call.
"Christian"
Don't answer.
Just walk on. Be yourself.
What's a name to change in you if you're in love.
If I'm in love I'll be whoever. Faggot, Queer, Gayboy.
But I'll still be me and you'll still be you.
And what we've got we share together.
Exclusive to us both. Not pre-packaged. Not shop bought. Not a program that needs to be installed.
Love is built inside.
In the most secretive of places.
My heart.
And that's where you belong. Anywhere else?
Impossible.
Not improbable.

Davie Magill

Drop

As I step onto that chair,
The only object between myself and the air.
That chair.
The wooden legs beginning to warp in the heat of my house.
Or maybe because of the weight it carries.
Because I've been here before.
Standing looking down to the floor.
Looking at the flaking paint on the chair.
Knowing it needs a new coat.
But it'll never feel the warmth of the paint it needs.
I bet it wishes it were a boat.
Sailing the waves, braving the sea.
A boat will be remembered. A chair,
Forgotten.
Just like me.
Standing on the chair knowing I'll not stand here again.
Because I've tried so many times before,
But now I give in.
The knots in my stomach seem to mirror who I stand on.
Still looking to my partner.
The chair.
Looking closer to the texture, the valleys and the holes that have been left.
Like age affects us all not just human life.
Maybe the chair needs a loving wife?
Perhaps that's what I needed.
A wife.
Maybe then the condemnation wouldn't be so bad.
But in relation to the subtle differences.
The nuances of every man, we know we all feel condemnation.
For simply being ourselves.
Tell me you know God.
Tell me he won't judge.
He condemns us, just like man.
He decides between heaven and hell.
Perhaps by judging, he doesn't deserve to live where he lives.
But he does. And men do. We judge.
Not because we mean to.
We just do.
And we always will.
And I'll be judged for not having a wife.
I once had you.
My man.
But now,
I have my chair.
I want to impress you, so I dress up.
A necklace hanging from my ceiling.
A rope.
I know I want to look my best.
So I wear it.
Hello rope.

Maybe you'll be my new love.
I know around my neck you'll catch me when I fall.
Not many men would catch you.
Not even that chair.
He'll leave me hanging in the air.
And you'll wrap yourself around me.
You'll cuddle me.
You'll rock me when I sleep.
Sing me some swing, rope.
Give me some hope.
I look across to the note I left.
Telling you why I did it.
Picturing you, teary eyed,
Reading out my fears.
My fear of life.
Because I cannot walk around without a name.
I don't want the attention, or the fame.
Not for being like this.
Sometimes life, is just taking the piss.
And all I can do is smile.
And I don't even feel like it.
So ask me why?
Why I never said goodbye,
Because I never had anyone to say goodbye to.
So I wrote you this letter,
Don't cry.
If I was there I'd wipe that tear,
Dripping from your eye.
I loved you, but I lost you.
And maybe you lost me,
Slipping through the cracks on the high way.
Bound to this never ending road.
But it isn't the end.
Don't mourn me, or feel sorrow in my loss.
Get up, move on.
I'm not worth this anymore.
I'm still beside you,
Inside you, holding on,
Clinging to you, like a leech in search of love.
And someday you'll feel my spirit leave.
Because I'll not be here anymore.
I'll be gone. A photograph, a note, this letter.
They'll be me. But I'll not be with them.
Because I'm slipping away between heaven and hell.
That's where you found me.
And I know I'll not belong.
Because I never belonged in life.
A constant outcast.
A bud that never blossomed, but seemed to grow.
And now you know, why I couldn't say goodbye.
Goodbye.
Hello rope.

Will you hold me as I fall?
What's that?
You hear an angel call?
I hear him too.
Goodbye rope.
Goodbye chair.
Just leave me hanging, in the air.
Just let, my life,
Stop.
Drop.

Davie Magill

Short

Love is a funny thing. Love is like a poem.
It's got rhythms and rhymes. Of your beating heart.
It's got forms and tones. Your emotions from the;
Start.

You go through life. Unpoetic. Without form.
Not knowing what to do. How to rhyme.
Just lost, slowly running out of;
Time.

Then eventually someone comes along and you rhyme together.
Everything fits. And you think it's right.
But it just doesn't sound how you feel.
Right?

So you both part and you go separate ways.
Just words written on a page. Not making sense.
Not making rhymes without that partner. That's;
Suspense.

Because you don't know if you'll find the one.
To complete your poem. The A to your A, the B to your B.
It just takes you a little while to find them. To find;
Me.

So you get passed around. Getting the odd match.
But sometimes you get an A to your B, C to your D.
And it doesn't sound right.
See?

Love is like a poem. Then you find the one.
And you open your eyes and it all makes sense. A-A, B-B, C-C, D-D.
This one can;
Be.

It's never enough though. Because you'll die soon.
And it doesn't matter when. Because it's not enough.
You'll never have enough time with them, that's;
Tough.

That's life. That's love. And love is a poem.
And one day you'll just suddenly end and fade away.
That's the way life and love work sport.
Sometimes they're just cut;

Davie Magill

It was a rainy day when I looked up.
Perhaps that's the perfect metaphor for how I felt.
The rain catching in my eyes, confusing me so much I thought I was crying raindrops.
My chest feeling how it does going through it's usual starts and stops.
Looking up I saw the clouds begin to part, and just for a second the sun shone threw.
Like angels up in heaven were pulling them apart; asking for me to come join them.
I heard the music play, the relaxing sounds seemed to ride to me on those shimmering rays of light.
The spectrum begging me to give into the fight.
"There's no shame in losing, just learn from your mistakes" they sung.
"Some mistakes cannot be un-done" I whispered to myself.
Whispering to the only one who ever listened;
To the many voices inside of my head.
A choir of thoughts, most of which were facing the end.
Because as human beings we cannot mend.
And a leopard cannot change his spots.

-Unless he gets them cosmetically altered because he is not happy with the pattern he was born with that mother nature gifted him-

It's a funny old world we live in.
That we must mask ourselves with surgeries and dyes.
Hiding from the truth, the person we do not want to be.
Because life is not enough.
Because we only have control of the little things.
Because death catches us in the end.

I heard him that day.
He was opening the heavens and calling my name.
The only reason I'm still here is you.
The one I love. So tell me that's a crime.
That the only reason I want to live is you.
What is there to hold onto?
When health and wealth are not enough.
If it's not enough then let me go.
Because I don't want to live.
In a world with constant pain and hate.
There must be so much more to life.

Davie Magill

Close My Eyes.

Close my eyes, close my eyes.
'Cause then I can't see.
But my head sings. But my head sings-
Everything, to me.

Hold me close, hold me close.
Just whisper you love me.
In your arms sing. In your arms sing.
Everything, to me.

Then close your eyes, and tell me true.
Tell me things like I love you.
Then squeeze me tight. Squeeze me tight.
Tell me everything's all right.

I felt your heart, I felt your heart.
It echoed in your chest.
Before you let me go, before you let me go.

Close my eyes, close my eyes.
'Cause then I can't see.
Cause I won't, cause I won't.
I won't hear goodbye.

Open up, open up.
Listen to my heartbeat.
Hear it sing, it's sing true.
Each beat sings to you.

Don't break my heart. Don't break my heart.
It's tearing in two.
Cause it won't, cause it won't.
It can't work with you.

Rest your head, rest your head.
I love you.
But you don't, but you don't.
Treat me how I treat you.

Close my eyes, close my eyes.
'Cause then I can't see.
But my head sings. But my head sings-
Everything, to me.

David Magill

In the Sky

Looking down on you, the weight of the world on my fingertips.
Nestling all my love on that indent on your wing.
Bird's chime, cheering all we have; telling love is what's making us cuckoo.
Fingers intertwined, the branches to our nest of love;
And only the lucky have what we've got,
Two lovers taking flight, into the depth of the sky above,
All because of love.

The answers in the clouds, uncover a mystery when that harsh wind blows.
And nobody knows how lonely we are;
In the tall hedge maze, trapped forever under a lover's haze.
The small yellow flowers in the grass, where caterpillars crawl along.
Dodging beaks frantically, in between that loud bird call.

The question we ask. Is would we be alone? Without your wing in mine?
And all you can chirp, is that chirp, which asks;
Was it meant to be?
Because we fall in and out of love, like two swallows flying swift.
Flying back and forward between each lover's tiff.
That causes every rift.

As I feel the sun against my wings, I turn to you to say;
"It was always meant to be"
So take my wing and fly with me, two angels in the sky.
Peck my beak and kiss me,
Chirp to me you miss me;
And share this spaghetti worm with me.
Because it was always meant to be.
Us two Magpies, you and me.

Davie Magill

That Crazy Old Lady

Stuck inside looking in, an opaque window into this transparent world. A world you'll never be a part of; because of this metamorphosis that has changed us all.

This never-changing, always hoping, and forever wishing society that could always be 'that much better' but is for always 'that much worse'.

This false hope, and these false prophets predicting the final interpretations, of what's right. Even though everything is just wrong.

The politics, the bickering, the ruling and commanding over what was once ours. Just because we can afford less, when perhaps we are everything more.

A fair chance, is not what we get. A weight gain, a wrinkled face displaying the age long battle we face against death; which catches us all in the end with that sagging gut that almost pulls us to the ground like gravity pulling is pulling it towards hell itself.

Maybe we should all eat healthier, maybe we should exercise, after all we do only live once and even that life's too short. No more ready meals, or tinned foods, let's be fresh and organic, because we'll be lighter then, carrying less around in our wallets.

Recycle-recycle-recycle; tins, cans, plastics, and that's five pence for those plastic bags, "we're saving the environment this week."

Another lie, which contains a different truth, because we're all looking to maximise our own profits, even those prophets in verse three who speak every word of lie.

You see the truth is in all of us. We speak for ourselves. We each live for each other; and there's no such thing as nothing else. Because no one has nothing else to give without writing themselves off.

We're each to our own, in this society of rules were free speech is common ground to be defiant against another man. For his word and opinion.

I won't listen, so judge me. I can't lip read, so abuse me, in front of me, so long as I don't hear. Because we each have the right to defend ourselves and define ourselves through what we do and what we say.

The other day, a crazy old lady said to me, "You're as young as you are smart, because you have a wealth of experience to gain. There's a difference between academics and common sense, and you speak the language of a thousand lives lived by candlelight. You have the understanding in your eyes that only a wise old man could earn, and yet you have the youth of a child. Take your pen and write, because that is the greatest gift anyone could have bestowed upon you and this universe is yearning to hear what you have to say."

I still think she's crazy; and I made my mind up a lot earlier in the conversation whenever she told me, "I heat ice-cream in a pan because it's too cold, and I had irish coffee for breakfast." She was a mad old lady.

But she walked along with her shopping bags, clinging to her withered old frame. Nattering to herself because only she had the time to listen, even though it would save either you, or me, that five pence. A short lesson in the bag for life.

You don't need to listen to the old to know times have changed. You don't need to even stop and listen to hear the way the streets we walk breathe differently.

All we need is our eyes, our taste and that sixth sense that tells us all. We're on our way out, because rules are still changing, despite society still being the same.

We're all living in a past, we're all driving day by day, taking this world for-granted, not making any difference because we're all just looking in.

The only way we'd make a difference is if this world was inside out. That way you'd all be looking in.

Maybe then the world would make sense, and this world would seem a little more real.

Maybe lives would be things to cherish, not just something to create and throw away.

Maybe everyone would just feel safer, in a world where they could be themselves. Where people would take you and me as who we are.

"Bring your bag for life to the shop this week, you'll save five pence" that old lady would have said. But the problem with that, is that my bag is torn, and life just keeps falling through those holes.

So I'll pay five pence, and I'll stick to those rules. I'll ignore every person who stands up against me, even though I have the right to defend myself. I'll reserve myself to the rules, old and new, and I'll keep living in this society were nothing has changed.

Because just like plastic bags, nothing is for life.

Davie Magill

My Little Friend

It was just the other day, when a little friend hopped my way.
Jumping from dew soaked grass, to the path were I walked past.
Then stopping and standing in my way. He sat in a manner which seemed to say.
"Hello my friend, don't cut this grass. For I have friends who will not last,"
This unusual little fellow seemed to wait. As I took out my camera before it was too late.
Because I knew my new found friend might hop away.
Before my camera flashed that day.
But he sat, he turned and and sat. In a pose that implied he knew what I was at.
Like he'd had his photo taken hundreds of times before. And now he had time, for just one more.
He let me get within an inch of his head. Staring at the camera, sitting on the path where he stayed.
When I took the picture, I looked and I saw. He only had one leg. Maybe my friend had a fall?
Maybe he got caught up in a war? How can this cricket hop, and not be stuck to the floor?
Then I re-called that when I was young I was told, "Crickets make sounds with their legs when they're rubbed together", I still remember that now I'm old.
This poor cricket is stuck, unable to play; the sweet tunes his violin legs would make as he swayed.
Wouldn't that be sad. A cricket who can't sing? Something about it's not right, but he has no-one to ring.
See when we get hurt we call up the doc. He refers us on and again we can walk.
This poor cricket though is stuck. And when you look in his eye, you can tell, he misses his tune, but he cannot cry.
Because he hasn't got the legs to. Or the energy to hop. That's why he's sitting with me, he needs a pit stop.
I can see my friend, I can see into his soul. I get what's wrong. And I'm saddened by this Cricket, there's no life without song.
And then just as I get him, he decides to hop on. I don't hear his story. But I can imagine his song.

Davie Magill

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Look you know, I know, we know.
That I was wrong to do what I did.
We both know our mistakes, and now I don't know what to do.
I need you.

I've always longed to hold you close.
I need you in my arms, I know now I was wrong.
It's sad you need the one you love, even more so when they're gone.
I can't and don't, ever want to beg. But please. Please.

I need you. I love you.
You know I do. It may not feel like you love me.
But I know at heart it's true.
Just open up and talk to me. Let us try again.
And again and again until it works, please. There's so much we could gain.

Can't you hear that beating? No? I don't either.
Because you can't hear a broken heart.
You can only fix it, with someone you love.
Please, let's go back and start.

Look me in the eyes. Let me kiss those tender lips.
Hug me and wipe my tears. Then tell me goodbye.
Let me see that love in your eyes.
Because I know it's there.

As you said. "If it's meant to be, we'll be"
Well let me tell you now, it felt like it was always you and me.
Please. Open up your heart. The place where I reside.
Please, figure out your feelings. I love you, and you love me, deep down inside.

David Magill

Cal

I don't even know how to say it. Those first three letters of your name trapped on my tongue, because I'm so upset I stutter when I speak, even more than usual.

"Cal, Cal, Cal" falling from my tongue like raindrops in the wind. Blowing my hope away; and no matter how much I try I just can't get it out, and those tears begin to trickle down my face.

I know it was my fault you said goodbye. I know that we're a not so distant memory trapped inside the archives of my heart. Filed under C. A C drive that's been filled so many times with all those happy memories, of us.

I never wanted to fight. I just wanted to talk and hold your hand, I wanted to squeeze on tight whenever I was hurt or sad. I needed you, I still do, in one way or another. Just so you can help me say your name.

"Cal, C-C-Cal, C-Cal," it still won't come. It still won't leave my tongue, but it's written in these tears dripping on this page I write on now. Because just thinking of your name reduces me to tears. And each Cal seems to represent a fragment of this broken heart.

I lift those teddies you gave to me. We named them after us. C-Cal, and D-Davie. Two bears that still love each other. Two bears who once brought comfort to these shaking hands. Nothing. I still can't say your name.

I need a walk, so I lift my keys and the wallet you gave me. A Christmas present. Those tears begin to pour, onto the soft worn leather. Worn because I frequented it so often, looking at the picture of your little face trapped inside. Each visit a step back to a memory. A memory of you and me forever preserved by pictures of that time.

I take it out and sit. Staring at your smile. Those brown eyes staring back at me. I see a love you don't have now. That little smile, a smile that I can still remember, like looking through a window into yesterday. A smile my smile visited, too little of the time. Drip. Now that smile distorted, by my tear ending time.

I scrunch it up in my hand. And I bow over. Because I can't raise myself it hurts so deep inside. Because if I knew then, what I know now, I'd have never let you go. "C-Cal," I'd have never let you go, I'd hold you in my arms forever, you and I, frozen in time. With you I could sit and write, word for word, how I loved you, rhyme after rhyme.

I still can. I still love you C-Cal. But I miss you. I miss the times you made me laugh, I miss how we could speak and you seemed to make everything better. I miss having you here because the truth is. I'm scared.

I'm scared of losing you. A friend, a best friend long before a partner. I'm scared of losing that. And I'm scared of facing everything without you. Just because you made everything okay. You were a comfort. You were everything I ever needed, everything I ever wanted, and someone I cherished and loved so much.

But what scares me most of all. What scares me more than anything. Is not being able to say your name. "C-Cal", please. Help me say it. If even for a moment. If even you could

hold my hand, and tell me, "Everything's gonna be okay," just say it, just so I can say "Goodbye, C-Cal".

I sit there, those tears dripped down my shirt, only on me an hour ago. Already ruined. You liked this shirt. You always did. And you liked these jeans, and you liked that cardigan, that jumper, this aftershave, this, that, everything. Everything reminds me of you.

"C-Cal," I can't. I can't say it, and I can't go on like this. I just can't take it anymore. I never thought love could ever cause this. A feeling so simple, so beautiful, but a feeling that can shatter a heart in an instant. I hate myself for causing this.

Maybe I'm just seeking to blame someone else. Maybe that's why I tried to blame you and I know I was wrong. Because it feels like it was all my fault. I'm the cause of my own misery; and writing this has just opened my eyes to all those problems there between us, problems I caused.

But I'll never read this back, and I'll never know what I did, because every time I go to pull the page, it breaks. Made fragile by these tears that seem to want to erase you, from each cranny of my heart. And it's pulling me apart, because I never wanted to let you go.

Now I must go. Because I'm done, my chest aches from all I've done. My body bent and broken by this shattered heart, which was smashed when I seemingly gave you the hammer and said "Go on, give it your best shot."

Maybe that's what being human is. Not that you make mistakes. Not that we're all the same. Maybe being human is the fact that we feel like concrete when it comes to love. I once thought my love could never move. But I know now, my love was as fragile as a dove.

Now fluttering away. Now escaping from this pain, this life, through the only way I know how. Getting lost in my writing until it all just becomes too much, using each line to bring me closer and closer to my knees. Heart beating faster and faster, then falling to a crunch.

And as I hit the floor I can almost hear those pieces of my heart, spilt across the floor, echoing like a falling chandelier, breaking into a million un-fixable pieces, that can only be fixed by one word.

But as I go, I go to say it, and the words won't come. I stutter. Because trapped on my tongue are those three letters of your name. The word that just won't come. "C-C-Cal" and then I slowly whisper, "Goodbye"

David Magill

In a Fall

I never thought I'd come to this. From happiness to fall.
I never thought I'd lose you. I never thought I'd lose it all.
I know that we weren't working, but I know that love was true.
But as you said, it just wasn't working, this love between me and you.

I can't bring myself to say it, I can't force myself to say goodbye.
Because I'm still holding on. Pointlessly and needlessly. Because I know I've lost it all.
From a week ago your love. The "love of my life" you whispered in my ear.
That's now a fading memory, that was once so beautiful to hear.

I've never felt so down, I've never felt this upset.
I never wanted to lose you, and I don't know what I've done to cause it. Because I never
stopped giving you my all.
I took pride in loving you, but pride comes before a fall.

Maybe I never deserved you, I loved you more than anything.
I love you more than anyone and that love was true.
I never once stopped loving you.
Maybe I'll never stop. Maybe the best thing to do is say "Goodbye."

I just can't take this anymore, this hurting so much inside.
I'm so sore, inside not physically, and that's the worst pain of all.
I never wanted that.
And now I only want to hear your voice.
Please, call.
Before this all ends, for one last time, before, I end it in a fall.

Davie Magill

Snowflakes

A hurting in my chest that winds me; pushing any water drops up through my body until they're pushed out through my eyes. Those tears trickle. They fall, and they're caught. Caught by the bed sheets upon which I lie, as I toss and turn through heart-wrenching nights.

I wish that I was a single teardrop. Only to tickle down someone's cheek when they are so sad that they can only smile at the feeling. I long to smile. It's been a long time since I haven't displayed this poker face. This knight in shining armour, still bearing his helmet, looking like any other. Unrecognisable until he is released from his shiny tomb. By true love's first kiss.

But life is not a fairy tale, and people come and go. Heartbreak happens, on the battlefield that lays waste to love. True love.

That love hurts most. Whether you cause it, or have felt it. Heartbreak can only bring tears to those who have experienced all that it has brought, and all that can be lost.

Those teardrops that fall can turn to ice; cooled by what feels like is left inside as they drip and fall. A stone cold heart, torn apart on that battlefield, making you believe you'll never love again.

And like a snowflake falling upon you, love a subtle feeling; nesting upon your cheek, through single blush, or person's kiss can just as fast, and as quick as snow, love can melt away.

Even the biggest snowmen we build, over years, decades, moments. It can all melt away. Ice turns to water, and just like water, love just trickles through no matter how we hold on. So next time I cry, I promise to cry snowflakes. I promise to catch them, as they trickle down my face and I'll think of you. Think of what we'll have. A snowman so big that not even the sun could melt it.

But as those tears just melt away, I'll still have hope. Hope that one day I'll find you and you'll catch them. Hope that you and me can build that snowman. Hope that we'll never let it go.

When that day comes, I'll hold it's hand and I promise I'll not let it slip away. You in one hand, him in the other; like a minister in the marriage of the love between us, promising that nothing will ever tear us apart.

And when I find you, and when I taste true love's kiss in my own little fairy tale. That's when I'll take off my armour, take off this poker face; because I want to look into your eyes. Nothing in life can be so beautiful as that little twinkle when face to face with that one you love. That's the snowflake. That twinkle. That's what I'll catch. That's how I know you'll always love me. Because true love stops snowflakes from melting away.

Davie Magill

Never Have I-

Never have I cried so hard, wishing you were here.
Wishing you had stayed, to whisper "have no fear."
Never have I called out, with all the air I breath.
Those two sweet syllables, that beg me not to leave.
Never have I sat so still, and trembled in the night.
Never when beside you, have I gave up the fight.

I will always love you, no matter how I try-
Never has a love I've felt, ever bled my tears so dry.
Never have I longed for anyone, although I often two.
Those two syllables on my lips have me longing love from you.

Never more upset, have I needed you by my side.
To tell me it's okay, to wipe the tears that I have cried.
Never has my heart, learnt nothing, even less.
My love for you still, it has me longing to confess.
Now my life's a mess-

Davie Magill

Call

I heard you call last night.
On the telephone sat by my right.
I never answered, it gave me a fright.
Just to see, the name who used to be.
The name who used to be, alright.

I felt my heart race as I told it no.
Hung up the telephone like I didn't know.
What to do. What do I do?
When I'm still in love, with you.

I remember holding your hand,
You made my heart beat like a marching band.
Nothing has ever made me feel so glad.
Just to see, you holding your hand, with me.

You used to call at night.
I'd sit by the telephone, sat just on my right.
I used to answer, just to talk all night.
Just to hear, the voice of the one I love.
Just to hear, the voice, of that man, I love.

And then you broke my heart. Told me you didn't love me like you did at the start.
You lifted me up before you tore me apart.
But I still do, and I think I always will, love you.

I still can't let it go.
My heart a blizzard, and I'm trapped in the snow.
My life is passing by, and I'm moving slow.
Because I know, if I move on,
You'll just be a guy, I know.

I heard you call last night.
On the telephone sat by my right.
I never answered, it gave me a fright.
Just to see, the name who used to be.
The name who used to be, alright.

I heard you call last night.
I wished I'd answered, with all my might.
When I saw your name, it just gave me a fright.
Just to see, the name who used to be,
The name who'll always be alright.

I heard you call last night.
I never answered, please don't call tonight.
I saw your name and it gave me a fright,
Tonight you'll see, I'm not the man I used to be.
I'll be a distant memory, because I'll be gone, if you call, tonight.

Davie Magill

Goodbye

When nothing's left. When all I feel is a lonely pain.
When the sun, even seems like rain.
I'll sing, a lonely song and think of you.
That's what my heart will do.
A kiss upon your cheek, your troubles called to me.
You're now a memory that I see.
I blink, a tear, just trickles down.
This world has tore me down.
I can't eradicate this pain,
You are the one I blame.
The tears, they melt away, they're gone for now, today.
But they'll come back again, i know, they came here yesterday.
I wish you'd come to stay.
Then maybe I could say.
That in my heart, I've lost my love, and I can only pray.
The tears trickle come what may.
Though I have lost, my happiness, I've lost my one and only quest.
And now I've come to rest.
My coffin, lover's nest.

Davie Magill

Winter

I saw two swallows fall. Straight from the sky.
In perfect sync. I can't ponder why.
Perhaps they were tied at the wing.
Perhaps it was a race before the other birds sing.
Maybe through love, they tumbled to the ground. Just to stand.
Beak to beaks, wings to hand.
Perhaps they just sheltered, in the long hedge grass.
Where the worms crawled in mass.
Perhaps a pic-nic there they found.
Upon that muddy, derelict ground.
Maybe the best view is not from the sky.
The best view to lovers is eye to eye.
I've lost my swallow. I lost him long ago.
He flew away and never came home.
Now winter's here. Now I'm faced with icy cold.
Feathered wings empty, without you to hold.
My bird is gone to keep me warm.
This winter I'll think of him. And our love I'll mourn.
Until next Spring, when I come home, when love shall be re-born.

Davie Magill

Goliath

I can't do it anymore. Fighting the giants within my heart.
I can't hold on anymore to anything I know could tear me apart.
I've already fought Goliath, and it feels like I've lost.
That's why all love, comes at a cost.

Davie Magill

Who Am I?

Who am I?

It's been a while since I've smiled anymore.

When you walked out the door.

I cried and I cried, I was crying before.

Who am I?

The face in the mirror is scored.

I miss you, I loved you but not anymore,

I missed you now I'm bored.

Who am I?

I'm better without you than deep in your hand,

My heart did feel sore.

But I won't let you hurt me, not anymore-
anymore.

Davie Magill

Bridge the Gap

It's not about feeling strong inside anymore.
It's not about the ups and downs or the walls that came between us.
It's not that hate got in the way, it's not that.
It's not about the rain running down my face disguising my tears as I stand on this bridge,
bracing myself for what could come.
It's not about you and me anymore.
It's not us as individuals, it's us as a we.
What we were, what we have become.
Not I. Not me. Not you.
But we.

We are now broken. Fractured and bent, fraying at the sides, knotting at the seams,
squared off edges with sharp corners, in something so bluntly wrong. So hold me. So tell
me the truth, hate is not a worthy disguise for how we feel. We are not masked, we are not
prisoners to love. We're slaves to something else. Slaves to somewhere in between. Not
quite half way, not quite on target, a fluctuating deficit in the medium of attraction, bound in
the shackles that clamp us to a single pain. So help us set we free.

The rain, pouring from my eyes, I can't see straight for all these tears. I can't feel right, my
heart dis-connected to this world polluted with so many problems. Polluted with the people
who take hearts for granted. Just like you. My conclusion is these people don't have
hearts, and that the Wizard of Oz was just a metaphor for something larger. Perhaps to
have a heart, you need to take one first. Well now I rue the day I gave you mine. But give it
time; and I'll find my Oz, a healing wizard, or witchdoctor, who'll bend my world around,
inside out, and topsy turvy. Just like you do with a jigsaw piece you know will fit but just
don't know how.

Don't beg me to stop, don't make me lie down to continue this suffering and torture.
Sooner I go the better. That's when I'll really leave you.
Standing on this bridge. Those headlights glaring in my face, my ears vibrating with every
vehicle passing underneath. Each illuminating all I want to hide. Watching the cars go
past. Two by two. Like couples of animals sent to the slaughter; because heartbreak is
packaged for two.

But I can't, and I will step down, and I will move on. Love is a feeling that stopped within
yourself; love still beats freely within me, and from me. Because cracks leak love from my
aching heart. So I have no regrets, not anymore, not after how hard I tried. Not an ounce
of your imagination could ever create the pain you put me through. I don't even wish for it
to happen to you, because I was close. I've met death, shaken his hand, and respectfully
declined his offer; and I'm not quite sure he could let you go. Or let you walk away.

So walk while you can, run when you have to. Break hearts and be heart broken and learn
to love love itself. Learn to put it first, the heart you took. Listen to me as I turn around. As I
jump, and fall, as I say, "Look after love, don't break hearts, like you broke mine. Because
you left a gap, that couldn't be bridged."

Love doesn't make us invincible. And when it comes to death, love makes even the
strongest man mortal; when he can't bridge his gap.

Davie Magill

Anywhere

Green grass smiles as wind whistles through the watery eyes in the complexion of the earth.

And all that's left are the foot prints that follows me to the muddy paths that lie in front of where I stand.

With you by my side I am ready to tackle all that lies ahead, in my way, together you and me, hand in hand, smile to smile.

And taking your hand with you leading me on, the glisten in your eyes, tell me I can go on, and keep going.

Whenever I've got you I can conquer all, with you by my side, all that I know is true, is that I love you.

Take me wherever you want, wherever you need, even to the muddy paths today, hand to hand, smile to smile, love with love.

Davie Magill

Angel

Lately I've been thinking, as I've been falling, so gracefully for you.

Like a feather torn from an angel's wing, floating on by as I hold my breath. Hoping you'll see it too.

I hope you'll turn your head as I turn mine, and our eyes will meet where feathers drift right on by.

So gracefully. I hope you'll fall too. I hope that as our eyes meet we'll feel that emotion, because my heart has already stopped.

Because I've never felt so big an urge to call someone beautiful. "You're beautiful."

I've never wanted to hold someone's hand so tightly, to caress someone's cheek so lightly, and I've never wanted time to move so slowly.

Than right now, looking at your face. All I can think right now is, can you fly?

Because that feather must have come from somewhere. And I've never felt my heart feel so intoxicated by a single glance.

Those gorgeous eyes, nestled into that beautiful face. Can angels fall?

I know I have, but for now I'm waiting for that Angel's call.

Davie Magill

Beat Beat.

Not knowing if you know,
Not feeling how I feel.
I wish I'd never go.
But we both know we'll never win.
This feelings getting close.
And I can feel it burn.
This love it turns to ash.
We're both filling up an urn.
So whisper it so close,
So tell me that you're near.
Just give me that little dose.
An injection in my ear.
Please, train me not to hurt.
Please take my heart so slow.
This I pain I will endure.
Was pain I did not know.
So give in to the fight.
The rush of wind it blows.
The feelings that erupt.
The love that overflows.
Please don't tempt me by a kiss.
A touch to nose to nose.
This feeling I feel for you.
Is one that never goes.
And do you feel it to.
The way I feel for you.
Perhaps I'll never know.
Unless you read this down to here.
A kiss upon your cheek.
Will let that person know.
A world that was so bleak.
Is a world that has to go.
Fill it with you and me.
For the whole world to see.
Because if our hands did hold.
I could only be, happy.
Perhaps we will grow old.
We'll have to wait and see.

Davie Magill

Don't Know

I don't know how.
How the world keeps spinning round.
When my life's come crashing down.
To the ground, to the ground.

The world cannot be it.
It aches for every step that I take.
Cause my heart, it's shattered too;
I need you, I need you.

Just be there to hold my hand.
Pick me up, when I am feeling sad.
My love for you makes me glad.
That I had, that I had.

I just want every touch.
So that you know that you are enough.
And life wouldn't feel so tough.
I've had enough, I've had enough.

Open your door and let me in.
I cannot breathe, this life's a sin.
Nothing ever seems to be right.
I love you tonight, like every night.

Davie Magill

I Dunno

I could feel it welling up inside; happiness. Swelling up and ballooning, ready to burst, sending out every contents through the seams of my soul.

I could feel it inside, simmering up and evaporating into tears. Ready to burst through any orifice that may be weak enough to release them. Or perhaps my eyes are just strong enough to cry.

Drenching myself in all my emotions. Whatever happens to come out, whatever happens to be the context of my heart; and I don't even know what it is.

I can't describe what it is. I thought I'd felt love before, but comparing that to now is like comparing an ant hill to the Eiffel Tower.

And the only reason I mention the French is because it's how he's made me feel.

Hopelessly romantic.

I think I could love him. But I don't know what this feeling is and I've never felt myself become acquainted by something so strong or enriching.

I like him.

But what I feel is what I don't understand; it's why I feel so completely and unusually perplexed.

I don't feel happy.

I don't feel sad.

Not angry, not mad.

Not anything.

I can't even bring myself to smile because I just feel so utterly shell shocked after this barrage from Cupid's arrows.

I'm speechless; I keep saying, "I dunno."

And I dunno why, cause I dunno what I dunno. I know I like him though.

And I know I don't have the answers as to why.

But I'm not looking for them, I don't need answers anymore.

Because I feel like the one question in my life has been answered.

Why?

Him.

I can't smile, I can't laugh, I can't cry, I can't anything, I can't speak, the only emotion that comes to mind is him, and he's not even an emotion.

But he's just become one.

And I've never felt like this.

I don't even want to smile, I just wanna feel how it felt again, when he was there; when I was laughing, smiling, blushing, savouring the time, wishing we had longer, only to realise that longer wouldn't be long enough.

Time just flew, and there was I.

Wanting to hold him, and wanting to feed his every need, wanting to be with him, in time.

Not doing or saying anything, but being content with living in his silence, being in his heart, beating with him as two clocks merged into one, creating an impossible feeling that I can only describe as him..

Only as him.

And it's funny; because I'd never met a verb before. But I want to him.

For the rest of time.

When something is so good up the point, were you could die happy after experiencing it;

then I could die right now.

I wouldn't even care, I'd just care about who'd love you, who'd take care of you, who'd make you smile, and who'd listen to you. Who'd help you, who'd you? If I died I couldn't, so I'll keep going.

Not knowing and free flowing.

I can't explain how I feel right now, I don't know right now.

I haven't the words..

I've never not had the words.

Maybe I'm scared you don't feel it too? Maybe you're scared you don't feel it enough. If you feel something tell me, give me a sign, a hint. A message.

Let me know if you read this, let me hear your voice, offer your opinion, your comment, your advice. If you want me to love you teach me how.

But perhaps the greatest thing of all, perhaps I already do.

If I was born to be with you, I know that in my heart there's a manuscript just begging to be read, begging to be used. Just like my heart it's begging for you.

Waiting for you to teach me; the definition of love, again..

Davie Magill

I Love You

You know that I,
I can't take a breath anymore.
Your heart wouldn't catch me.
I fell to the floor.
And I cried-
How I cried,
the night,
I fell,
for you-
Oh I cried,
and I cried,
over you.
You wouldn't listen.
Though the tears in my eyes,
shone through.
There you were,
my misty man.
There you were,
when I cried over you.

You wouldn't look at me. You wouldn't pick me up.
You wouldn't hold me. I close to giving up,
just spun you around, then you hit the ground.
With me. And I could see.
All the love I felt for you.
You felt for me.

You caught my tear, as it ran down my cheek.
You cupped my ear, so you could whisper and speak.
I know, as you said it aloud.
That I,
never felt so proud.
To hold anyone, to hold anyone,
but you.
Because when I held you.
I felt my dreams, coming true. I love you.

Davie Magill

Goodbye

I used to close my eyes;
And in my heart I would dream of your smile.
Even though it's been a while.
I can't let you go, 'cause I don't have it in me anymore.
I don't have the strength from before.
You tore out my everything, you ripped out my chest.
Now I can't give it everything, or even the rest.
I'm a mess, without you, here.

I used to close my eyes;
And I'd still feel your breath on my side.
I can't count the times that I've cried.
I can't say I love you, don't say goodbye-
It's goodbye.

Davie Magill

The Shattered Dreams of Broken Future Memories

It wasn't love that broke my heart. It was dreaming. I'm a dreamer. I was born in wonderland, fell out of the rabbit hole aged 11 days, 7 hours, 17 minutes and 37 seconds. Only to be collected by a stork, who soon passed me on to a new family. God's own private courier, who wraps each of us up, and delivers us itself, stamped, packaged and addressed all in a single strand of DNA.

Maybe I'm as mad as a hatter, maybe I'm as crazy as the queen of hearts herself. But perhaps babies cry when they're born because they're heartbroken. We all are. Fuelled by past lives, filled with love, and hurt. Only to die one day of a broken heart, before being cast back to earth for one last try. We all deserve love. But heartache explains people who have issues with trust, heartache explains why with the first breath of life we cry, and why we hold our first love so dear; they fix us.

"I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date."

Maybe we all are. Maybe we all should have been born just a little earlier, just to spend ever so slightly longer; with whoever we may love. I'm a dreamer, just like Alice, falling back down the rabbit hole. I'm a dreamer; and dreaming broke my heart.

Dreaming of what might be, what could be, what I might feel should have been. Plans for the future, plans for whatever lies ahead, you and me. Together in my dreamland. Wonderland.

But dreams aren't based on reality. Dreams are so easily crushed. It wasn't love that broke my heart. It was the shattered dreams of broken future memories. Ever since we were children we were taught we could achieve our dreams; and nothing fuels dreaming more than love.

I was brought up on a fairy tale. Taught by every Disney princess I'd find my prince. I dreamed. Maybe if I had dreamed just a little harder I'd still have him, whoever he may be. I've loved and lost, princes, paupers, kings. Taught that dreams are as fragile as bubbles, you gotta just put your hands out and hold it because if you hold too tight...*pop*...

I love love. Love always gave me hope. Love always told me, my dreams can and have come true. And when I broke my heart I blamed love, when all I really was; was heartbroken over broken dreams. So to each and every one of you. I might have loved, and who I've lost. My dreams may have changed now. But my love cannot be lost.

So I'll sit here dreaming. Of the love that might have been. Right down deep on wonderland; playing wonderland croquet, with queen.

Davie Magill

Love Isn't Here

I just can't picture it here.
Love is lost, all I have is fear.
Needing that hand, pulling me near.
Love isn't here.
I can only remember the time that we spent through the year.
I used to lean close to you just to hear.
And now I can't look at you without losing a tear.
Love isn't here.
I wanted to watch you reach your dream career.
But now that I've lost you, love isn't here.
Love is no longer near.

Davie Magill

Davie's Poetry Volume 4
Cal
Davie Magill

Thank You.