

Maybe I'm Losing It

William Helps

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They say I'm part of the humble kind,
That I live for others, and I don't mind,
Living in a sea of yes's, forcing out no's,
Or maybe I'm just losing it.

What if I were to jump?
Off this bridge, and fall,
Would I be missed at all?
Maybe I'm just losing it.

Such a pitiful shame,
To lie in personal disgrace,
My new found living space,
Maybe I'm just losing it.

Inaudible chants, they free my mind,
Easy to say, but hard to find,
A key to escaping it all,
Or maybe I'm just losing it.

Face, face, face,
People are so similar,
Is that someone different?
Naa, maybe I'm just losing it.

If I think about the one night,
Back home, if I had left,
I won't care, I wouldn't be worrying about hurt,
Yeah, maybe I'm losing it.

It's all grainy,
My life's a bloody film,
A pathetic picture on unhappiness,
Or maybe I'm just losing it.

I remember this moment,
When I thought things would change,
I wonder if I look fondly at it now,
I could maybe just be losing it.

Whirl, whirl, whirl,
A coaster escapes my head,
And I throw it on a page,
Because maybe I'm just losing it.

I don't know what I'm meant to be selling,
My sadness, I thought that was a repellent,
But I used to know what worked,
Maybe I'm just losing it.

A warm bed,
With comforting thoughts inside my head,
What a shame they are all dead,
As maybe I'm just losing it.

A strong body,
A strong head, where I can throw my fears,
Of this cliff, inside of my being,
But maybe I'm just losing it.

It may too strong to say I love this,
This sense of destruction,
But I seem to have it, so is it?
Maybe I'm just losing it.

Champagne wishes me away,
Go outside and just play,
Forget about tomorrow, forget about today,
Maybe I'm just losing it.

But I am gone,
I was a soul,
Now it is just cruel,
To call me anything at all.
But,
all I am being is,
Whoever I shall be,
Whoever that will be,
And one day I won't have just lost it.

Clouds II

As I sit here, as everything begins to die,
 Grey, foggy and chained.
I cannot help but cry,
 There is no truth in this fucking mystery.

Empty Conversations.

Hello how are you?
Fine thanks, you?
Good thanks, you?
Great thanks, you?

Not good, you?
Oh fine, you?
Upset, you?
Repeating, you?
Lying, you?
Pretending to care, you?
Hiding myself, you?
Wondering, you?
Contemplating, you?
Wanting to stop, you?
Why, you?
Who, you?
No you!
Me?
Yes, you.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.

When I'm an Old Man

When I'm an old man,
If I turn to be an old man,
I wonder what I will look back on,
Why I worry about the facts or,
Will I care about the cracks or,
Will I wonder why I cried or,
Will I forget it all?

When I'm an old man,
I wonder why sold man,
Every piece of myself for a loss man,
I will feel cross man,
Because love comes at a cost man,
You lose your dignity and heart man,
To someone you don't need man,
A girl who cost man,
Everything made me feel mad man.

When I'm an old man,
What will I be?
What will be me?
I mean damn will I see?
Fuck knows, who I will be,
Maybe I will be too blind or crazy to see,
What makes me, me,

Or I will be at lost.

When I'm an old man,
I will wonder why I wrote this,
When I was a young man,
On a cold night,
With no hope in sight,
And love a gimmick,
And heart a rock,
And mind drunk,
But that's how I felt.

When I'm an old man,
I would look back of my youth as a disgrace,
I would think I wasn't loud in my mouth,
I would not let myself be too loud in my head,
It's sad isn't it?
I am not an old man,
At least when I write this,
So how can I guess what happens,
Maybe I am just scared if nothing does happen.

I Look at Us Too Much

I look at us too much,
I think about us too much,
I think about that night too much,
I worry about now too much,
I say too much,
I re-arrange my words too much,
I cry when I'm drunk too much,
I go to bed with an idea too much,
I wake up with the thought of us too much,
I sit alone with a wall too much,
I write and watch and read too much,
I say over caring things too much,
I yell out my happy thoughts too much,
I lay in bed too much,
And it is all too much for anyone,
Let alone tangling you up in it all,
This is why, this is why I am too much,
And this is why constantly I ruin things.

Again

You are such a good guy,
Well if I am why has no one fell in love with me yet?
Don't tell me I'm kind,
And there is someone else out there for me to find,
Cushions don't hide the blow,
You threw me off the moving bus,
And I am just expected to walk it off,
And I'm not gonna be mad I got hurt,
Apologies don't hide pain,
And yet I still think I am the bad guy,
I didn't buy the right ticket.

Articulate

You know I never liked the colour of blue,
I much preferred red.

You know I never got love,
I got hate instead.

You know I said I asked why?
I wanted not to know.

You know never thought about how she's there,
I thought about where she'll be.

You know I guess a lot,
I mostly get it wrong.

You know what, you don't know,
It's all air.

You know I can write anything,
And yet I struggle to speak at all.

Welcome to Me

Yeah I lied, I'm not okay,
Did you think I was?
Oh yes I'm a "nice guy",
Well then I'm a fake.

Cast myself off,

And throw away the sail,
Hades is calling,
And I'm ready to wait.

Timing is gone,
And I'm tapping on shoulders like,
"Hello I'm Me, are you in my boat?"
And watch them float away.

"Honest to god",
Oh where was he?
When I was here,
Not lost at sea.

Stop being negative,
Oh please easy for you to say,
When you pretend you're not looking,
Then go and sleep away.

Live in the now,
Be happy,
Oh good fuck you,
I can't be.

Not strong,
Not nice,
Not brave,
And certainly not beautiful.

This is why I said be a run away,
Because I'm full of venom,
And you cage a wild animal,
You don't give it a fucking cookie,
You put it down!
It's sobering,
The best thing for a drunk man.

Reflections on Glass

You talk of a time when I looked so fine,
And you saw a man with a plan,
Where the times weren't wrong,
But we all go on a run for a bit,
And we all get drunk sometimes.

I loved it more anyone else,
Because it made me think of myself,
And I liked that,
And I sort for more of that,
It made me feel like I was free.

A morning without happiness is,
A morning for more,
Wake up clogged, go to sleep spinning,
People are just crowds,
You, my dear, are a silencer.

I Will Say It Again

Sorry, sorry, sorry,
Sorry, sorry, sorry,
What can I say?
Does it matter?
Does anyone care?
I said it, maybe that would clear the air,
Would that let me know how things work out,
But I wouldn't know, I don't read minds,
I just guess, and worry, and scare,
But what levels will that take me too?
What pain will it cause both parties?
Zip my lip, silence my words,
Then maybe I won't have to say sorry,
Maybe I will have a happy ending.

Infinity

Oh just year after year after year, just stop it! Please just stop, you do this to me all the time and I never get happy. Do you want me to be locked tight? And never come out? Or is this always the same lesson I am never learning? That I am never going to gain the materials of a better man, forever chasing behind tails? Well I am to do! You can't keep replaying the joke, if I am never going to get it! Or is it all a trick, done by a magician who finds it funny to play it on a fool.

Shakespeare Would Cut His Finger

Eric sits on the street floor.

 Billy lies,
among a bed,
 of blue roses.

Brian drinks till he sees no more.

Ian cries at home,
 sick to his stomach,
 of a bug,

his hope can't get rid of.

Ethan tries to stand tall.

Beth tries to rip down the posters of her wall.

 Ruth looks at,
 a mirror,
but cannot see at all.

 Olivia goes on her work break.

 Lucy dances alone to night lights.

Lauren fancied herself an artist,

 a true star,
 with a fancy life.

Sarah now doesn't want anything at all.

GONE IS WHAT MAKES US THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE BOLD.

We seek happiness,
OR Lust, OR love, OR kindness,
 OR solitude.

The young age fast,
And soon our hearts will grow cold,

WE WILL NO LONGER BE MADE OF GOLD,
If we are made guilty by the old.

The passionate kindness,

Of the youth,

The lost ones,

The found ones,

The ones yet to walk,

The romeo's, the juliet's,

 all drained by the angry last gasps of the **SOON TO BE GONE.**

Action Before Thought

Solid dirt,

Dried ground,
With a feeble wind blowing,
Brown, cracking land,
Empty rivers,
Empty streams,
Ash litters the sky,
Clouding up the sun,
Not a sound,
Except for the silence of irrationality.

Message

I write all my confessions down on the phone,
I profess my sins to too many,
I lose names, not numbers,
I break my head, not phones,
I dent relationships, not wires,
I plug in to messages,
I live for 1's and 0's,
I look down, never up,
I die underwater,
I crack,
I crash,
I fade out.

Seen

Through numbers,
Messages fly,
The new birds dawn.

Thoughts spill,
Onto invisible pages,
Written with new found ink.

They flutter,
Meaningful words spoken,
From mouths unheard.

The response,
We take unseen,
Is the new medicine.

The lack,
Of what we want,
Leaves us empty.

Too many,
Love is what isn't dead,
What remains then?

Tomorrow's Memories

Sitting in the cheap cars,
Smoking cigarettes, wishing they were cigars,
Drinking rosé as if it was champagne,
Toasting to the air we breathe,
As it's the only thing we get for free,
To the night!
God knows we need a break,
But never listens.

But we all get a little tired,
You know?
Because we tried to be fine,
But we are the youth who smoke,
And drink,
And fuck,
And lie,
And are somehow inclusive and exclusive,
All at the same time.

Raised on wires,
Taught the wrong way,
Running on battery power,
Plugged into walls,
Living off useless energy,
Thinking carelessness makes us free.

Talking too much,
About too little,
Shutting the shutters,
Complaining through sharing,
And quoting better said words,
So we can pretend we have context,
Rather than creating our own.

Lying back on the hollow nights,
Pretending we are rock stars,
Being chipped away slowly,
And when we start to feel the cracks,
We cry out,
Oh talk to me!
Oh see me!
Don't look there, look here!
I'm in pain!

We do not care who you are,
As long as you look kind,
You are good enough,
What is in sight,
Is not mystery,
We are no detectives,
In one night we are not going to re-arrange,
A life.

There are no plans for bed tonight,
Out on the town,
Chanting out loud,
We are the youth!
Mistrusted, with pride!
Now we wonder why we aren't dead inside!
Listen to us as we drink our wine!
Being young is not a crime!

Unless you are not there.

Plasticine

I am made of plasticine,
How obscene!
Walking around in replicas,
Fake shirts,
And false skin,
Hiding the outwards inwards,
Trying to smooth out the gaps,
Of a rough face,
And make it all pristine,
Do I look better now?
Is my body clean?
Just a trick,
The cameras taught me to do,
The pictures will love me,
And the people will too,
Because I am nothing but a lie, a temporary tub of glue.

Dear, Lost

Where were you when you found me? Because I was miles away from home when you came around. I wasn't gone, till I found you. People look at me differently now, a comfortable squeeze on the hands, a pleasant stroke on my shoulder, a warm, embracing hug. Ugh! Just get off me please! I get it okay, I am below you all, I need help up, stop looking down at me, stop treating as such! I know I need help, just stop looking for answers so soon, you are forcing the wrong things! I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. My answer, they want it, there. It's all you now. Gone. Missing. Floating about. And yet somehow you come back, and I don't understand how you find me every time. You make me want to cry. Make me feel like as loud as I shout I won't be heard. You make me feel lonely. You make me feel empty. You make me feel like what's the point? You are everything that ruins me, because I do not know what to do. So thank you, thank you for fucking up my head, for fucking up my heart, for killing any happiness I have, for making me feel like all I have is upset and sadness. And finally I want to say sorry, sorry to everyone who I have hurt with the fear of this, for what the fear brings, for everything, because everything I have said is because of this, because I don't understand what works, I want to pretend I do, but I don't, I really don't, all I know is everyone is getting on with things, whilst I sit here and cry about how everything hasn't gone my way and how I should understand that by now, but somehow I don't. People will say you used to be so weird, and yet so normal, and now people won't get me because all I am doing is losing it. So is this the last thing I will say when I am young, no probably not, I will think of new ways of I will be messing myself up, and then I will write about it, and people will read it because they worry, and ask me what it all means, and I won't know, because my life is consumed by you. So thank you, you are nothing but an ending, a horrible addiction I can't seem to cut, an illness I can't cure, it's all you and yet all of you is all me, and maybe that's why I am like this.

Now,
Who is going catch me before I fall?
Yours truly,
Sanity.