

Collection of Poems – by Sam Green

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A BLACK SPOT

Better the time together
than the time just passed
with so little to say
there is much in the heart

we grow as a universe
in balance or not
we are just who we are,
in question to answer

look not to deep within
for the tables may turn
around and around
in each answer, a reflection

of this could we be
97 percent water
3 percent matter
as in this un-balance of a universe
each and everything is in balance
a black spot in time
passing as a flame by a window
night falls, light comes and fades
a child may cry a child may ask
of this could we be

SAM GREEN 11.2000 (c.)2001

A CORPORATE WORLD

A corporate world for one and all
do we ever get enough
As ants work to feed there young
As sheep that have to run
around and round each day inside out
in the field on which we roam
counting people looking back
as we go on our way
the way is long to build a road
where all men can be free and equal
time and space is the picture we see
from the re-runs on t.v.
so stand up and sing with me
songs a song of hope, for freedom is within
the cheque is in the mail my friend, in the mail
at last the answer to the question
so around and round the paper tracks
as artists draw lines on the streets of time
libraries filled with knowledge
but there is to much to read
still what we know, we know our right
we have to build this place to last
the radio said something about long life
so wash away those blues
so wash away those blues

SAM GREEN 6/2001

A MAN MUST BE

A man must be, as he should be
to grow-up, healthy, free, strong, and wise
in front of his parents' loving eyes
to find the path where he belongs

May the Lord in his wisdom
keep you from harms way
in the safety of a warm surrounds
with love and laughter, to feel at home

May the Lord protect you from people
that would not understand to see
to walk in the footsteps of right
as whichever road that unfolds
to be in honour and in comfort
for all to see, share, and grow
for you and your families family
May your seeds grow free
as in peaceful happy gardens of life
as in the blossom of time. In truth and light.

SAM GREEN 4.2001 (c.) 2001

A NOTE FOR THE LORD THE BOSS

Where is my heart?
My heart is in my home
Where is my home?
My home is where my heart be.
In my homeland
I will visit.
With pain I will travel.
To see my beloved wailing wall.
To gaze on the walls of our history
To walk and come in peace
for my children's children
Jerusalem should always stand tall
the tear drops of our fathers
in the history we did weep
ours is freedom if not only just to pray
with guns against many enemies
our foot steps have been hard
in foundation of our brotherhood
we are all, we are all one,
as deep within I do look
even Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
gave us their blessings from the past
to stand in front of the wailing wall
we our nation are equal
to share the seeds we did sow
This note I give to the all mighty
Oh Lord we have travelled from so far
be it that our homeland may be in blessings
for my people, for our people
as here, and far,
peace be for the holyland which we call Israel
peace be for that nation
in health
in strength and love, to grow
that all may see your light, in wisdom
and turn their knives, to ploughs,
but let us keep our weapons
for to keep the peace
peace be upon my people, our people
and through them the whole world
to share the songs of love, as seeds of which we grow

AMEN

A PILLOW ON A CASE

In peaceful sleep I awake, to find
The world is still turning, round each day
As a crystal ball spinning
through the endless passage of time
The pieces of each puzzle seem to fit
as being further there in outer space
Playing drifting, see the view, of thought,
each of us may know as a passage of each moment
to touch the reflections of the glow of the moon

Venus or Neptune fly so far,
as in Saturn's golden rainbow of rings
For Jupiter would look great upon this wall
shining out for all to see,
how far we have gone, to this beginning of time
in this my room, as I am, I am still free in reflection

there is here in this space of time, as one to close my eyes
as wishing for a dream upon this pillow which I rest
a blanket of love, beneath it, I see,
it still here with warmth, and under which I be
for this do I wish, if I could float in to the galaxy
and dream of the nights of white Saturn sheets

of rolling seas, of clear running streams
flowing in the openness of this, my eternal dream

as rainbows end and start up again,
in shifting sands of times, its heart beat, of heart beat
forward flowing, as a stream of being once more

we can only wait for the passage, of each moment
as a sun setting or rising , as moon beam shines, then it hides again
for who am I now, to wait in the depths of my soul
I can wait no more
let me find my way
let me find my way
for that I be
Let me dream

SAM GREEN 11/2000 (c.) 2001

A SHIP OF FOOLS

Sung to the tune of “ Hi, Ho, Hi, Ho, its off to work we go “

Its you, its me,
its our philosophy
We'll make a mess
with the greenhouse effect
so find another way

The sun does shine
The moon rises in the sky
The winds do blow
and heaven knows
its our world we living on

The tides roll in
Water is more than oxygen
So we don't need
fossil fuels
if we can't breathe

A ship of fools
never know where they go
if no one leads
its history
and the Earth will be as the moon

So educate
and please don't fight
The only way
is clear today
and we all must get it right

Its you, its me,
its our philosophy
We'll make a mess
with the greenhouse effect
so find another way

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.)2001

A WORLD AWAY

Satisfaction is a big thing, in food and in thought
looking now by my window at the passing of kangroos
reflects the white of their eyes in the dreaming
within the stream of rock formation
in this window of my time
hills of unity surpass by stillness of the gum tree
in an orchard here and now
as I drink all my red wine
down
to drink with only a hope of a song

I catch the stillness of the silver light beam
if only I could see belong these plains, if only
for you are here with me today

peace be ours to share
to find where love belongs
to make a heaven and not a hell, where we be

be it safe where you travel and hope all will be well
well enough to know the reason
why peace must be
through out this world

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.)2001

ALL ALONE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

All alone by the side of the road
while the service man still has to arrive
left with only my lights half drawn
from the fog before
an hour says the lady on the mobile
an hour dear, looks as if I have to wait
I may have missed it
but the flight come late
the passage of the waiting
the time that waits, I must
if I try fix the problem, I would be left alone
which I am, on the road to my survival
the plane is twenty minutes late
switching, weaving, sweating
I am on time

SAM GREEN 5.2001 (c.)2001

ALL INVITED YOU ARE

You are all invited
to the cafe, at the end of time
near the edge of this universe
to hear, to see, what you believe
to share a drink, and food
but until that day
have, live a good long life
in peace and in health

may all your christmas come on time
and each new year be better than before
for the world is turning, so fast it seems
that I have little time to think and dream

so as for me, there is much to do
on this of my drawing board
but only time will tell if it comes through
so this is just a foot note to say and to pray

may the spirit of life look after you and our kind
and the others that you love
may peace be on this planet
with health, wisdom and harmony

may the waters that we drink be pure and clear
to have what we need

And may you always get the right change
in the supermarket on public holidays before closing time
until then its up to you my friend, up to you

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (C.) 2001

AS IF I KNEW

As if, I knew
the meaning of life
love, laughter and the universe
as if, I knew

how to catch my train on time
when it always comes late
said the late Mr Coseby
said the late Mr Coseby

and he should know
he had shares in it
the meaning of life,
love, laughter and the universe

he would fill in all the forms
he needed to do
and even some extra
for he knew just what to say

and in his way
his train arrived on time
eve though time was late
At night Mr Coseby watch his tv
just until the sun rose at his door

the news and late news and the late, late news
he was my hero, because he never said anything

SAM GREEN 5/2001 (c.) 2001

AS REVIEWING THE PAINTING

As reviewing the painting from a far
the corner of the frame holds the answer
it is a picture.

A picture as it is
in a drawing as in a photo
apples and pears, leaves and dishes

the frame
a work of art
the frame
holds its own
the frame

if only I had glasses to see what I wish to see
the frame
the frame

as in a picture as in a painting as in a frame
and the world just passes another wall
calling out

SAM GREEN 7/2001

BASICALLY

Basically I left my troubles to be free
in the dreams of red skies I hope for peace
As a child swimming in waters that are to deep
I close my eyes and pray
save me, save me,
in the hope of a dream
in the hope of a dream
I am not you and you are not me
still are the waters that be
I can swim to the shoreline of hope
hoping that all is what I can see
turning these pages of history
I am not alone

Sam Green 8/02

BEFORE TV AND THE INTERNET

Before TV and the Internet
We would share our thoughts alone
The only voice that could be heard
Was that dictation we cared to read
There was talk of far off lands
Where people could not read or write
Now we live in one big world
As in from our rooms to other livingrooms

For we must reap what we sow
So, sow that the air that it is, will be clean
sow that the forest, and that trees stand tall
sow that there be no war or hate
So sow that there is health and love, for all
Happiness should be happiness for each one
A world to grow and share our dreams
A world for young and for the old
History has taught us one lesson
Its a world we must control
Not with guns, bombs and with hate
but knowledge for all to share
Are we as Startrax? Or are we lost in this time?
One world, One universe,
in peace, and in balance,
for each one and all

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.)2001

BEING YOUNG IS A FAULT

Being young is a fault,
that improves with age
And the only thing,
that the age think about
is its better with sight

Well what to tell you my friends,
of poisoned rivers in Europe
of trees that must grow strong

of wishing you health,
for you and your loved ones

of catching clear rain drops in time
its a crazy world,
and we must make it last
still there is so much that good
in this our world

freedom of spirit
not to bend and brake
in this our world
still there is so much that good

SAM GREEN 4/2000 (c.)2001

BY STILL BY NIGHT

By still by night
I will still be here
from blood red dreams
I can cry into peaceful sleep
Can I wake
by break of this dawn light
and not remember
the passage that fills
on these dreams

by still is this to be
in rest to light with honor
until the breaking of the day
I work each and every way
to build our dreams
until the peace of sleep
by your side
love does fill me in hope

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (C.) 2001

CAN I

Can I catch the leaves before they fall
or listen to the wind blowing in the hall
children dance and sing
in the play rooms of tomorrow
as they grow to be, as they should be
Can I catch the sunset before it falls
or listen to the river's flowing as it calls
wash me in the waters of tomorrow
here I make my stand

Sam Green 12.02

CAN YOU DANCE, THE DANCE OF LOVE?

My heart cries out
My heart cries out to you my love
Please will you join me
Please will you join me here in my arms

We can now dance, dear
We can now dance, dear in our hearts
The moon is rising
The moon is rising, we are here

Can you dance, the dance of love?
Can you forget, this restless heart?
With you dancing by my side
Heaven's here, as I look in to your eyes

Each heart is open
Each heart is open, to the sounds of love
Come will you join me
Come will you join me, together in our hearts

Chorus

Chorus

First verse

Chorus

Sam Green 8/2000

CATCH THE ENDLESS SUMMER BREEZE

Catch the endless summer breeze
of cooling waterfalls in the deep heat
as children laugh and play all day
watching seaguls fly in to clouds

catch the endless summer breeze
of friends by the sandy sea-shores
as boats find there way to clearer waters
yes this I can remember

if not for you, the heart does bleed
if not for you, what would time be

catch the endless summer in a breeze
of all things, making life sweet
as ice-cream melting in the hand
blow me a kiss, I was young too

if not for you, if not for me
who would be there?
these old nets of hope
cry to belong
as freedom to the wind

SAM GREEN 4/2002

LOUDS OF TOMORROW

Find what you looking for
as if where you left it
look at what you have found
if you open your eyes
Catch drops of rain
catch rays of the sunshine
open your heart to feelings of life
standing here with my heart in my head
here I make my stand
children of the never never
never speak to find
we are all of the same ocean of time
you and I
love can be sweet up until the end
for there is always another book to read
still the words may never make sense
as if they run together as dreams
as a painter with a brush
only the colors are different
as people, as clouds, as stars in the sky
if I look I may follow
if I follow I may look
up to now there are only lines on a page
freedom can run till its dry
there is a time for everything
under the sun
under the moon and stars
under the clouds of tomorrow
I watch and wait
as a child being born
or a soul reflecting on its pass
I am here and here I make my stand

SAM GREEN 11/2000 (c.) 2001

DAY COMES A DAY GOES

Day comes, day goes
and still the bills rise
as a child seeing
there first love naked
or as a brief tasting
on the top leaves of a tree
still the winds cry Mary or David
catch the drift of empty pockets
as they look for loose change
should I share or should I not
whatever the case
is there enough sand in this box
a reasoning of a child would say
if its for free, eat it all up or go hungry
who am I to worry
the rubber ducky always looked better
in a full bath tub, floating
naked as the day they found me
naked with only my clothes on

SAM GREEN 3/2001 (c.) 2001

EVEN THE MOON

Even the moon shines on a Wednesday
even the cats sing in time
if your in love, the world is at your feet
like a swan swimming on the lake of water
love can be a beauty thing
as honey bears catch the sweat of summer
climbing up to taste the buds
laugh if you can fat boy
we are all bears at heart

Sam Green 8/02

FEAR NOT

Fear not what is said
Without your ears to be heard
Say what's yours without dread
But keep silent what you must

Hearts of love pass through the night
Every flower is given seeds of time
Whether they germinate
Or whether free fall to the ground

If, I count my blessings
I count you by my side
If, I would count my losses
The loss it would be, hidden

For we find within ourselves, a balance
As if the planet were too much, around the sun
And everything was not ours, to touch
Still as in a painting on a wall, behind glass

This as if a distant waterfall
As if in the crows nest, upon the trees
And say what is deep inside, on thoughts where
It be, be well, pray tell me, be well

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

FIELDS OF MUD AND BLOOD

Fields of mud and blood,
cries of soldiers lost in battle
flags of surrounding glory
heads bowed down to remember
children may they never know
pains of living and of death
searching for to step in time
stepping to the beat
drums that drum in silence
as armies march to war
are we lost in the maze of it
that the other side does not
see eye to eye
one more straw upon the camel's back
is it only for oil?
oil that lights our candles
and they never feed our poor
dictators dictate for nothing
just to prove that they are wrong
please feed the bells of freedom
children grow up free as free
freedom is a high price
defence is the only cost
as children run
may they grow up right in freedom
may this world be a world for everyone

Sam Green 8/02

FLOWERS ARE FOR GIVING LOVE

Flowers are for giving love
in memory or saying its deep within
Flowers are for giving
you were wrong there reason to fight

flowers are for giving
on the open stones where one lays
flowers are for giving in
on one who leaves us spell bound

flowers says so much
flowers says so much
with water for love to grow
handed picked
flowers says so much
the flowers in side are for you
the flowers in side are for you
these flowers, with love

SAM GREEN 8.2001

FREEDOM IS A BIG THING

Solidarity for those in the holy land
that keep democracy a light
with the flames of freedom
defend what is your right
from dictatorships with a narrow view
to send children to blow up and to fright

Freedom is a big thing
As spirits in the hearts of men
We can not turn back
the pages of what has been
And hide it with a pen
may it grow in the hearts of all
that democracy is a right
to care for all that are a part
to the world that must be free
a world for all, a world each one
clear waters must be found
as if digging deep within our foundations
of ashes in the ground
what have we learnt
what can we see
are we blinded from what we know
each and everything has its place
this universe does grow
for I am not you, you are not me
such as these are writing in a line
freedom holds a heavy price
as freedom is more than rhyme

SAM GREEN 6.2001

GIVE ME FREEDOM TO WALK

Give me freedom to walk
these mountains not in fear
give me hope to talk
my tales to who I love so dear

In this world we grow
in this world we are growing

come and share it with me
my hopes my dreams my relative
we are one
one
under the sun and moon
we are all one
this planet I call home
for home is in the heart
in the heart of men
in the heart of men
women children men and those that live
can we live together in hope and dreams
together in dreams
we are growing
as we grow
the unfolding of the universe
each to each
each to one
we are mankind
that which we are
that which we are
children of this Earth

SAM GREEN 5/2002

GIVE ME SOMEONE TO LOVE

Give me someone to love
and turn my nights in to good times
give me someone to love
and give me peace of mind
so I can be productive and shine
when I am in this darkness

give me someone to love
as I stand on this floor
upon my heart looking for a light
to shine and led the way
be it that I may be lost
or just lost in my direction
give me someone to love
give me someone to love

SAM GREEN 2/02

GOOD MORNING TO THE SUN

Good morning to the sun
Good morning to the sunlight
Good morning to the breeze
that carries my song to you

Good morning to the birds
Good morning to the flowers
Good morning to my lover
who I wisper I love you

The morning sun it rise
all the day it is calling
calling out to you
love will find it way

To gaze in to the morning
to see the sun at sunrise
to the echo of my calling
calling to be heard

SAM GREEN 7/2002

HAVE YOU LEARNT ANYTHING

Have you learnt anything
from the words I taught you
words in motion and poetry
clear thought with room to move

Children understand so little
but they learn in there way
as every brick is precious, on its own
if you are building a fountain to last

fools have there answer
so do fish that wish to swim
for each ocean is a book to read
in the lost road of survival

I can only see what it is
how can I look not to find
as if the sea is to winds of sand
I am nothing without a voice

Catch me washed on shoreline
to see the empty waves roll in
within the shells that be
everywhere, on the waterline of hope

washed, washed, on the beach free
a sailors lement down by the sea
I hear my call
all is free

SAM GREEN 3/2001 (c.) 2001

HERE I STAND

Finding what I could never understand
searching around to know
I am older but am a little wiser
changing to the wind

each pull there own weight
each has there own view point to view
as waves of sound upon open echoes
I can only hear what I can hear

the beating of the heart, beating life
the sounds of breathing low within
the now of how much could have been
still the waiting of passing years

I could if only I could be
a child running free
within my thoughts
standing in line, to serve the flag
as it flys so high, so free

as many have formed the colors to which I see
flying high on the pole of life proud
I stand as a child
in reflection as I am
and here I stay
on this on Australia day

SAM GREEN 1/2001 (c.) 2001

HOPE IS A JOY OF SHARING AND RECEIVING

Hope is a joy of sharing and receiving
finding the road that you may be
hope is more just like everything else
it must grow from deep within
finding the passage of remembrance
whether it be as it was or not
love is as hope has an answer
the answer is in each question
we are here in the company of all our friends
as few drops of an ocean in the movement of movement
it is as if the waiting to the call of tomorrow's rising
or as if a universe could understand the beating
of a song which one sings
everywhere one has a place
be it what is may
wherever there is cause
the soul must search
down to have insight
we all must have rights
the right to know which?
heart beats, a kiss, a song in the night
passage of time
as time moves forward
in each there is
be it, in the call of hope

SAM GREEN 7/2001

HUMAN RIGHTS

Human rights, I know it well
crimes of man can go to hell
we understand nothing but time itself
time to moved forward in our thoughts
human right, I know it well

Sam Green 10.2002

I CAN GUESS

I can only guess where I am going
I can only guess where I came from
the sunlight of a spilt atom
or the world I see in front of my eyes

it is said that love is the greatest thing to know
it is said
it is said that love will conquest all in its path
it is said
it is said love is the root of all evil
it is said

What is left without bread and water
and the tears of those fallen before
before love there was nothing
nothing left to find
before love there was?

we are men and women
children all growing
what can you find, between the tears I cry?

Sam Green 8/02

I CAN NOT WORK

I can not work
without bread and water
I can not work
without no pay
I need to cloth my family
to keep my house in one piece

I am the keeper of the lawn
and work for little, its what I have
I am the keeper of the lawn
I cut the grass every day

So fill my head not
with sand and mud
nor work to brake my back
as I sing my song, to where I be
my songs of life
on this my time on Earth

SAM GREEN 2/2000 (c.) 2001

I CAN'T HELP IT

I can't help it if I'm ugly
its in the corn I eat
At the brake of dawn
I look as if I have two left feet
singing in the shower
with all my clothes on

I can't help it if I'm ugly
and my breathe is rotten
its not me or the flies
around my table
if I had a hundred dollars
I would go to town
I'd look at all the people
some down and out
and feed them bread
and black coffee
for this would never bring me down
for this would never bring me down
as long as there's sugar in my life
as long

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (c.) 2001

I CAN'T TOUCH ALL THAT I SEE

I can't touch all that I see
I can't hear all that's to be
if flowers are of the heart
the heart is to find where it free

whether the steps are too long
or whether the time is in itself
all forms of thoughts have merit
as children grow each day

So the passing of passage
is in the space between the word
in a dream I have dreamed
all sleep is for nothing

I can't touch all that I see
I can't hear all that's to be
if flowers are of the heart
the heart is to find its freedom

SAM GREEN 8/2001

I COULD LAUGH AT THE MOON

I could laugh at the moon
and how it only tries to reflect
what the sun does shine
in the mid of the solar system

I could look at the stars
and how they shine so far away
millions of lights cool in the bliss
of time and still space

Somehow it is not so still
the void of time is there bliss
life light travelled
as an echo of what was

I could laugh at the moon
how it floats around the earth
looking down on this blue planet
which I live and share with you

I could laugh at the moon
I could laugh at the moon
but who am I
just a speck in the thought of it all

SAM GREEN 10/2000 (c.) 2001

I COURT YOU

I court you when you were not at home
I came to say I was sorry
For the wrong things which I did
I tired to be more than what I am

For now you're with someone else
And dance around this big, big city
Tell everyone you're glad
That it didn't work to plan

Here this cold world can pass me by
The streets and open lanes
This dust of the great unknown
Of telling you how I feel

For flames that burn in the hearts of men
For not knowing what was said
Another soul, cries out, I am human
As humans sometimes cry, so do I

I court you when you were not at home
Now your world has passed me by
So now I turn my head and say
What the hell are you doing this my life

Sam Green 7/2000 (c.) 2001

I HAVE FOUND

I have found that living life
Is more than a blessing
When you have life within you
To touch the moon and stars
To dance under waves of thought
Which comes from one's love
As seeing flowers grow then flower
Or watching a painting from an artist's eye
From little into something
The wonders of this universe

I have found that living life
Is each within its self more beautiful
Without the pain of what could have been
Some find there peace and find some way
Others are lost in the time that their's
Looking never finding a line of hope
Colouring everything grey and black
An open mind should not go and bend
We can make do with what we can

I have found that living life
Is a wonder not that not understood
I have found that living life
Has its ups and downs
Still we make do with what we have
A thought and plan

Of this I understand

Sam Green 9/2000 (c.) 2001

I LIKE TO SIT ON THE CORNER

I like to sit on the corner shop
not only because its called Singer's
but because of the peaceful surrounds
As I Look out the window at the park
where once I would run and play as a child
still beneath the old old trees
I would sit and feed the swimming ducks
I liked to sit and not to dream
and watch the world in mid stream
the rustle of the leaves
the flight path of the flying birds
even cars going bye
so merrily I would eat and be
the fine food grows near these trees
as in a picture and as a view

SAM GREEN 7/94 (c.) 2001

I MIRROR HER LOVE

I mirror her love
as a bird flying free
I mirror her love
as a cloud rolling just to see

love is than a word
a word that I heard of,
when I was young
love is a word,
to share in time, and in life
pass it,
free be the soul within
pass it, I will live from that day on

set me on my road, let me find you
set me on my road, inner peace is what I seek
I remember you, as a flower in the wind
I can remember you, as a painting not found

set me free, said I
set me free, said I
set me free, said I again and again
set me free, said I
set me free, said I
set me free, said I
let me find, you my hope

SAM GREEN 3/96 (c.) 2001

I PUT A DOLLAR IN

I put a dollar in
to see the washing machine
go around, and round
as it was in, it spun, then it stopped
so I put another dollar in
to see the same thing again
I listened to the BBC
to see what's in the news
nothing much happens anywhere
just crime, war, famine and pollution
it's a great state of affairs
so I put another dollar in
to see if I could help
as the washing machine spun around
I cry to the Lord
hey you up there, doesn't anybody care
he said put another dollar in
I heard the BBC
if anybody cares
as I looked down,
as the clothes were being washed
so I left a dollar in

SAM GREEN 4/2000 (c.) 2001

I REST MY CASE

The gift of life should be sweet
As a shower on a hot dog afternoon
between the distant lines that dream
smiling and walking through its down pour
catching the rain drops of tomorrow
through the clouds of yester years
Whatever the whether, we weather the storm
We all play our part in this internet of our life
The path way of living is to enjoy
Each moment is to share good times
Be it as the Sun, Moon, or stars
We are, as we share this world
Set the time to rest and play
As for me,
I'm watching, Letterman
and the Late, Late, Show
I rest my case...
Be wise, be safe, still in health and good tides
of each day

Sam Green (c.) 2001 2.2000

I THROW A PENNY IN THE WELL

I throw a penny in the well
it floated and fell so free
if not for me, where would it be
in the system that leads me here

A penny is not so much to spend
but a penny saved for a thousand years
is still a penny with a different value
to build a home on where I stand

better I wish unto the well
well of tomorrow kind friend
a penny saved or a penny spend
better I wish unto the well

Sam Green 4/2002

I WASN'T THINK ABOUT YOUR LOVE

I wasn't think about your heart
I was think about how you heal
and all thoughts stars through your eyes
it is as sweet as all your love

on thoughts of all empty roads
may the light shine deep in you
when you rest or when you wake

the sky it glows with our love
I never told you how I feel
I never looked beauty as in the eyes
and saw the universe as a song

this song I will sing
for this is my heart
the white dove which flys
between the rainbow open

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

IF EVER I HAD A DRAWN OUT DREAM

If ever I had a drawn out dream
I dreamt that I could touch the sky
but why is it, that its so far away
from the path of which I walk

old friends are here, or they're gone
children will never know my memoir
what they are, they took back
for if ever I dreamt that I could
it was so long as endless free fall
but what I seek is to be as I be
a child of this earth

on silver wings as a bird
flying, high in the night
over trees and sands
deep in the forest and wide
over mountains and lakes
I shall fly, high through the sky
to my lover, I say, I be back
soon as these wings carry me

SAM GREEN 4/99 (c.) 2001



Sam Green (c.)2003

This book within

His music and words

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Be with health, live long, and be kind to your world