

Collection of Poems – by Sam Green

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IF I CRY YEARS OF JOY

If I cry tears of joy
is its from the heart, my heart
if I cry tears of pain
is it not from the soul, my soul
each way is different
but all are a part of love,
my feelings of what's deep within
as an arrow cutting
through the air as a knife
I have feelings
as each to each
each to another
as one to another
we are all built the same
but different
from the pains of a child
not running main stream
or as the adult begging from a wall
give food on our table
for our children to eat

knowledge is power
passing by a butterfly playing in a field
each to each it is not the same
each to each seems to find its different
tears of a rage on a page
pages of words on a plate
cause and effect
even the butterfly can see

SAM GREEN 4/2002

IF I FOUND MY PEACE

If I found my peace
where it would lie
in the arms of my lover
under bright reflective light
by the still of the moon
as waves of water
roll in from a far be on

If I found my peace
where it would lie
in a deep lines of a book
by the sunset or sun rise
near the dreams of hope
by the wishing well
clear bright blue and clear

If I found my peace
If I found my peace
where it would lie

Sam Green 7/2001

IF I TRY AND REACH

If I try and reach,
and catch the tide of change
I may see the path
less travelled upon again

but if I stand,
still in the doorway,
I can not pass
to be as the picture, on a wall,

this I can not see
just roaming free,
as a seagul, as a dove,
as you and me

a call from the depth
of ones broken heart,
trying to find its way
a lost soul of the night,

lost in the search of voidness
dreaming
to the colours of green and yellow,
without thought

work, work, we must, work,
as little ants, for the good of all
but here I sit, with a cool lemonade in the hot heat of summer
I could say this or that, but who am I, to write this?

SAM GREEN 6/99 (c.) 2001

IF I WERE TO WISH FOR YOU

If I were to wish for you
a rainbow with all colours true
reaching to the sky above
wide within the world we know
if I were to wish for you

if I were to wish for you
a smile a laugh forever and a day
forever more to smile to laugh
and laugh and laugh
come what may
if I were to wish for you

whenever that you wish come true
wish something more to come to pass
long after the candles are blown away
wishes sometimes come to appear
even if ever not alone in the heart
if I were to wish for you
I wish you all the best and good luck
good luck to you and yours too
until then

Sam Green 11.02

IF IN TIME

If in time I ever see the joys of children again
playing in the open park lands happy
By the delights of there singing freely
songs of joy..... songs of freedom
looking as a passage through younger days of time
the unity of it all
Reflections of long walks the highland and hills
tasting of water by smooth rocks, the running rivers flow
sounds of the wild life echoing, we are one, one we are
here in the nature of which is left behind

if in time I ever see the joys of children again
learning how to read and write in the classrooms
of remembrance
the red face of wrong answers to the questions of knowing
without even understanding
young, the young, they must be
having so much to learn
how to burn the bread
on both sides

throwing the falling pennies into the wishing well of water
how shall they colour their world, in all colours of the earth
the enchantment of seeing,
the first,
fire burning
the amazement of the first rainbow,
the first lightning flash
the first sunset, the first sunrise
children are children
with so much to know
and know as they will

my child, my children, we were once as you

Sam Green 5/2002

IF THE SPACE

If the space between the ears
is the place where you be
the race from which you run
is that road from where you are on
a twiz or turn could leads you back
from the boundary of what you know
so fellowship is the warmth you seek
seek the space between your ears

SAM GREEN 3/2001 (c.) 2001

IF TIME BE STILL FOR A MOMENT

If time be still for a moment
on the branches of a vine
and the reflection of the sun
as we ripe to the green leaves of tomorrow
these branches that cool
in the heat of a sunshine
to the taste of this juice
my love it be in the valley
the knocking on my window pain
birds flying as I am drunk in song
with only the vineyards by moon light
with only the light through this broken glass

Sam Green 14.2.2003

IF TO SAY, THANK YOU

If to say, thank you was not enough
that you have worked for all your life
to give each child a chance
in love and solid foundation
I know the course of where you stand
is to be where it be sure that it be in this
finding the lines of transistion
still this pen does write
as reflections of a wave on bound seas
in braking raw of braking far off lands
seas lines, sands, trees, climbing free
look down from where I roam
to reach the far off shores of will,
these eyes could not as I see
in shifting sands that living life
as memories are as flashing pictures
on shades of recovering fields
no man may know all in stories
losted pastures of the far off
be no valley of contenment
still waters, are as birds flying high
and far this be to feed

SAM GREEN 5/2001 (c.) 2001

IF YOU LEAD ME

If you lead me
to the waters of the dead sea
I shall swim
I shall swim, among the reeds
and rubb the mud upon my skin

If you lead me
to the waters of the dead sea
I shall lie
I shall lie, deep within the sun
I shall walk the hills and valleys

If you lead me
to the waters of the dead sea
I shall let
I shall let all hate melt as ice
to see the mountains of the Jordan
to see the salt hills of these times
I shall sing a song of freedom
with my head under clearing skies

If you lead me
to the waters of the dead sea
I shall float
I shall float upon the river's lake
and dream of only life
life upon the dead sea
if you lead me, I will follow

SAM GREEN 5/2001 (c.) 2001

IN THE DREAMS OF THE HARD ROAD

In the dreams of the hard road
I shall climb into the mountains of mist
and stand before the winds of motion
for this is my quest to drink all my chicken soup
before it cools and before it is cold to spit out

peel the potatoe head of an onion
within the waters of precious time
for there is nothing left to eat, in this wasteland
another beer taste as if I could know
by night, this voice shall sing to the mids of a light
as it rises to the occurrents
of another venue
in the winter of my contentment
I only see, only faces
smiling in the distance
butter me be, butter me on both sides
this soup that I must drink
if a fool be not a fool
its speading thin
be it my passage of which I travel
or the hair lossed in the wind
whatever the case, I seek peace

screams of silence within these walls
left without my boots on
in this my house which I call my own

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.) 2001

IN DREAMS

You are older, you are wise
I try to live my life in peace
I see what I must see and write
of this I know
In all, not making waves to harm
If need be, I could climb the highest hill
but as most people I would need oxygen

the words of living must travel
the words of time must transmit
in balance let life grow
my vision so simple
I am, I share, and hope to enjoy
the enjoy the satisfaction, if shared
in balance, as a wheel on a road

heal the love within
children talk of visions
visions of films within each colour
dreaming is just the start
in the beginning there was one
let us live as one
in dreams of one planet together
in dreams

SAM GREEN 7/2001

IN FLIGHT

I could laugh at the wind
turning my heart to find
not seeing the light shine
but if I cry too hard
all the tears would run
the sun will continue
for who am I
not to see the rain come

passing each step that I can
fore if time was on my side
still cries to the moon
in this the passage of time
as to see the sun as it rises
on the waterfalls of mid flight
touching the fountain of life
within itself
watching the flow of the water
upon the open window
near its distance
I can as the butterfly
in the interest spend its wings
for in the streets here is a view
a gentle man without cause
the stillness of one
I am just to wait
a wait for my calling
touching the grace which is in me
the lemon scent in the air of the sun
beating down
the ray of today
I can only think for a second
as if it fade in to believe
I am here
I am here and will return
for life is to live in each heart beat
to find the answer
deep within each other
each one has their view point
as to look to find peace
there may be silence
what can I see
in not another question

I AM ALIVE AND LIVING

in a time when things are changing
as the wind of finding what's deep within
where is it that it could be
you are deep inside me
I feel somewhat, if you knew
what's deep inside
in this heart to live
how life is in it life is
finding what I do now
as if just to close my eyes
and dream of you
if only the stars knew too
I am some would say lonely
but no more than the common man

beauty is in the eye of the viewer
but love is such as the heart does give
taste the experience of knowing
time is moving forward
as the places we have meet
so was it in this transit
I am void and losted in flight
we are all heading somewhere
as a child on there way home
I found beauty in your eye lids
and beauty in your smile
passing more than just hello
a big word for you as me
even bigger is to be sharing
kiss me by an open view
though we never meet
but lust can touch the soul
so I may kiss you and say bye bye
I hope that we meet traveling further
and the road that takes us to where we belong
freedom can be as a white dove
or the glow in the sun
a rainbow of the sun shine
are warriors to you and I
just as smiling is on our faces
wishing to be, as we would be

SAM GREEN 3/2001 (c.) 2001

IN THE FORMAT OF TIME

In the format of time
trouble turns a blind eye
to that which we do not know
all in all we live in life

time passes as a river that flows
side by side of which it must be
its right or what wherever case
we live within our means

one can not pass what one does
without understanding rules of play
the pieces in which are just a moment
as to step not to fast or not to slow

as a swimmer or that of a golf player
only difference is that its passes through
a heart beat or stream from a train
the cries of a child sings in the rain

washing off the dust of the hour
before the movement set forward
in a brand new tune a brand new day
just a passing through the fields thought

a would care not to touch
may be, it may be, just in an echo
hello, hello, again until then

SAM GREEN 7/2001

IN THESE DAYS OF TECHNOLOGY

In these days of technology
we can talk to all
corners of this globe
then why is it that I
must write
expressing of being
I live and work in this world
as other nations do
on the frontline of thought
it has taught me well
a candle for some
is as a holiday
a song to sing away these my blues
long walks to talk, to whom I know
to this is my point of view
this world it is changing quick
as fast as lighting speed
but who am I to understand
In these days of technology
I hope they get it right

SAM GREEN 5.2001 (c.)2001

IN THIS WORLD FOREVER TURNING

In this world forever turning
turning faster than you can think
balance is just the answer
balance as within a wheel

forever in forward motion
on the path of that, which is moving
I hope we are not going backwards?
or is it just another blurr

solid for your foundations
foundations to build
building on solid ground
we see where we are

speak to me this heart
that does not hear
if I fall, I will
stand up again and be a part

change is not for nothing
as nothing is no one to someone
we must grow forward
grow we must, as we grow

in peaceful balance
as this wheel turns
time must move forward, not back
each must have there right to be

SAM GREEN 10/2000 (c.) 2001

IN THOUGHTS I BEGIN AGAIN

In thoughts I begin again
harder to find where I am going
to where I have been
as in a book
there are many pages
in hope for knowledge we search
some of us search deep within
as a light from a car on the darkness
we see ourself as which we want to see
the road may be long
but we are human, and can only see so much
time changes as a storm,
on claimer waters
rolling against the pool of itself
limited in what is around
the world turns must the same
spaced in time, around the sun
with the moon shining through
as a friend not to far away
solar winds dictate the radio waves
as I drive my truck on the bridge of hope
hoping that time will not change the cricket scores
or the buttered slice, this bread of joy
apon my kitchen table,
in this month of June
but who am I
just a frog with wings
looking for my princess
in thoughts I begin again

SAM GREEN 5.2001 (c.) 2001

IN THOUGHTS I HAVE DREAMT

In thoughts I have dreamt
many things, that of floating
out to find the ocean, that road further on

to each there is an answer
if not just the passage of travel
but then just the wishing to belong

how can a cloud seed with water
how can a deer run its free roam
how can it be as anything not lost

we are all children
this much I know
we are all children
in an echo of feeling
each has there right

as a blowing passage in the wind
love is more than just
balance finds
what is it to know
as in a garden
as in a garden

SAM GREEN 7/2001

IN TIME WE DANCE THE STEPS

In time we dance to the steps we choose
we build our bridges from the start
strong foundations on solid ground
we are the world in this place we play
make this place better each day
on strong foundations on solid ground

Sam Green 7/2001

IN TIME WE DANCE

In time we dance the dance of life
In time we build our world and dreams
In time we will touch the clearing sky
And look at what we have sow

To catch the rain forest in tack
To keep clear the seas so fish may swim
To grow the lands for all to eat
Wishing for peaceful river streams

As wishes may once come true
As mountain birds could fly
As sights of distant open fields
No teardrop would I cry?

Love of life, which is here in view
Of memory that we would wish
In heart felt open, from me to you
I give this poem too, to share, take care

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

IN TIME WE KNOW THE TRUTH

In time we know the truth
in time we undercover what was
simple it is as not knowing now
seeing the picture change once again
everytime it is different
facts may be just that, facts
much less never then knowing
from the horse's mouth
that there is only oats and hay
from the track and field
its only dirty and clay
on the road of life
there are many ways
if the race is not run
in time we know the truth

SAM GREEN 5.2001 (c.) 2001

IN TIMES OF THESE

In times of these
where young girls please
but only with there eyes

I can dream of my ways
as child I would have dreams
that love has gone astray

of nake nights sweating in my bed
two bodies closer together as one

singing song beneath open rain clouds
and open fields, reflecting yet to dream

love is a flower
love is a flower that flowers across
all paths round the Earth
love is a flower

SAM GREEN 2/02

IT BE FITTING

Be it fitting, the things in life, I wish
A home, a house, a place to rest
from the open weather of each day
be it night, or be it day

in life we try, to find our way
love is more, than just shoulder
it is the foundation of our soul
as everyone should find its comfort

for the heart beats of time
as is a time, which travel
more as the speed of life
to find the beauty of within

some are washed out to sea
some never see the freedom
in the company of another
I call to the sky to hear

As long as I am, I be
who I am, here, I be
here, here I am, I be

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.) 2001

IT'S A CRAZY WORLD

Its a crazy world, that can be crazy
its this world that we all have to share,
we live for just a moment,
in this universe of balance and time,
better we find peace and harmony
in the ways we have to live
better we cure all that need to be cured
in this world to live for life and let life live
each should find there answer,
each should, like glowing love

Sam Green (C.) 2001

ITS A QUESTION OF BALANCE

The troubles of so many
who disappear into the winds
of changing time, and are blown away
each, may find there answer
in the questions deep within
but time changes quickly

I hope that man and woman
have not run, their last race
with so much taking place
can we see more than we know?

we are all a part of this place, the net
each as each, apart but together
from the timeline which we be here
we are all searching for something

if not, only a place to find
in this brave new world
one thing is we have a combination
a combination of time and space

as we are, what we are all
to give, as to receive on this road
let it not crumble at our feet
for freedom holds its expression

working as each for each, and one another
we can build a better world
for the masses and ourselves
for we are who we are

As the word is love, love is the word
a word that must be, to share
what's deep inside
(in balance of course)
I give to you as you give to me

Sam Green and the Time Machine (c.) 2001

I CAN NOT SEE

I can not see, without not feeling
how the tender heart must be
when your lost a child or grand child
the wheels don't turn around so free

mud and blood and welfare
leaves not a tasteful pain
but the hands, in fields of protest
march on as would through the night

each soul has their story
each human being, a book to write
what is this battle of different nations
we are all, no one is right

little words can say even less
what is defuse in pressured time
bodies, pieces of once where children
now lay between the bombs bright glow

who are they, cries, guns and soliders
who were they, cries, our time, the wind
winds of freedom, looks a heavy price
winds of freedom, can not bring them back

we all stand, on grounds shaken
can we find somehow, common ground
this history is unfolding, this story is not new
we can only hope, for peaceful standing
for this, we can only hope

SAM GREEN 4/99 (c.) 2001

LET ME BE

I can't take it
my eyes are heavy
I need a bed
one with springs and blankets
feathers and cotton
a large room so I can snore
one set high from the ground
let me close my eyes and think of nothing
but the dreams of peaceful sleep
I should wake in a few hours
and get something to eat
but as for now let me dream
I close my eyes and drift in peace
where I am, is inside me
I need rest, I surely do
I'm so tired I can't relate
please go away, let me be
I will see you inside a week
so don't ring me I'll ring you
my eyes are heavy, let me please
sleep, sleep, sleep

SAM GREEN 1.2001 (c.) 2001

LIFE'S PAIN IS THE UNKNOWN

Life's pain is the unknown
whether it is to know or not too
whether it be ok or not so ok
also whether one can pull through

we are all a part of this our universe
we are a part of a family, the family of life
as life is to live, in balance, to be in harmony

we grow as the seeds of time
falling into place
our place in the sun, moon and stars
as echo of what fell before us

I am not the sun, I am not the moon
I am who I be, a living being
in this time of change, I run and follow
the sun, the moon, and the stars

the sun, the moon, and the stars,
I be, who I be

SAM GREEN 1/2002

LIKE US ALL

Like us all, we are searching for our grounds
grounds to live on, and share the theard of
walking, talking, and space and time
We are at the beings of this our time, look forward
in the direction of growing a better world
lift your voices and be heard
to question, to answer, to live as we must
to find common grounds, in what we understand
that this world must be
fighting, for nothing, but as children
in the play grounds of dust
still the waters are polluted,
are we going forwards, or just going backwards
We rule the seven seas
We rule the dirt between the lines
lines of hate, lines of lines, between the border
war, what is it good for?
to keep the peace
tell me this is one man view
and the echo??
Yet to come
Sam Green (c.)10/2002

LOVE BE THAT IT MAY

Love be that it may
in peace I sleep
with these eyes
I shall see that which I see

the pain of living life
within the boundaries on edge of love
these boundaries are for children
who can climb this wall of hope

hope is as a song in a crowd
the eyes look for the next note
to dream there dream
in loves complex beat

We live within each of our means
only to find what is
seas of tomorrow's shoreline
crashing the weathered storm

freedom has its value
freedom to have and hold

SAM GREEN 8/2002

LOVE IS A FLOWER

Love is as a flower
waiting for the warmth of sunlight
waiting for the coolness of clouds
feeding on the food of which they are on
growing as in the strength upon the earth
balanced as just a balance of a small universe
trees grow high, trees grow wide
soon some will flower
waiting for the warmth of sunshine
waiting for the clouds raining in

SAM GREEN 7/2001

LOVE IS A FOUR LETTER WORD

Love is a four letter word
through the corridors of time
love be heard

Life is a four letter word
through the corridors of time
life be heard

And all has meaning
and plays it part
we live and grow
as seeds in the garden of our time

SAM GREEN 12/2000 (c.) 2001

LOVE IS A QUESTION

Love is a question
a question which grows
growing in the mother's womb
the childhood dreams in to life

to grow each as the passing of time
and catching the lines of thought
as a seed within the universe
the truth is we must to grow

drumming of these heart beats now
the chatter of fellow men
looking to the far be on
living life to there full

for here as I walk alone
these paths which led me back
back to this world I know
as a child in my mother's arms

as a child in her loving arms
as a child, as a child, I did dream

SAM GREEN 1/02

LOVE IS FOR FEELING

Love is for feeling
love should be without pain
if one is happy
the love comes from within

life is for sharing
life is what we live
each moment is precious
each moment that we live is life

try to turn the hands of time
so that they never will return
each picture is just a painting
as every moment is here and gone

catch the seas with all its movement
catch the stars that burn so far
love is just a moment
love is all one ever needs

do with it what you please
try to move the mountains
try to catch a heart to see
love is love should we ask for more

Sam Green 3/2000 (c.) 2001

MAY BE ITS TO HARD TO TELL YOU

May be its to hard to tell you
that this world it can be cruel
and harder yet to understand
you must stand and fight your ground

for over inch that you give in
is one more mile left back to the front
and everyone more hope that's lost
on the road that never to return

One can not see in to the future
One can not fade in to the pass
I am the difference between us
as you see in me the distance

Not below is it that do see us both
we just we stand on different grounds
in the place which I was born not alone

your close to both our hearts
for if we were only as children
and guns were only as toys
for if really we were only as children
and bombs were filled with sand

children grow to see what they see
if there mother's milk left it is for no other children to feed
parents grow to see what's deep in
only happiness, health in days that should be long
I can tell you this, if you do not see it in the eyes
tears left to run, deep from their eyes
oh why, oh why, does this not pass?
the pain of just to be and just to survive
be it simple, to simple to fear it not
what need there be, if there be no need to fight
let us talk of this our children
let the sands, be sands, but not to bleed
in distance we may know nothing
wearing black ribbons on our arms
please feed, the living need to live

SAM GREEN 4/99 (c.)2001

MICHAEL

Michael knew me, when I was small
I can't recall the face
And now the time has slipped until now
Confronted by his memory
I know we grew a part

He is now an older man
Older much older than I
I know, the world has been good to him
Because he's still a live

I know he has seen some hard times
But what he does is his best
To catch every moment
And to confront what lies a head

Somehow we are all a part of Michael
An older man inside
Who walks the streets to find their way?
Under street lights of decay

A teacher passed on his wisdom
As Michael, he was there as me
He gave and gave to others
Now it's our time to give to him

May it be that we should look after our older?
For they have look after the world before
In which they have made it
What it is today

Was it better in their time?
Stone Age or in Deep Space Nine
If not the efforts from the past
The time would somehow be on a different path

And you and I would not be here
And light may have turned to black
And we would be on another plain
In the course of time

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

MY CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

My children of tomorrow
learn from our mistakes
freedom is a heavy price
and freedom holds the key

storms of past beings
dance with us all
as halls of science
play with us each that last

my children of tomorrow
what can I say to you?
time will travel quickly
if flowers are left to seed

learn from where you're coming from
learn from what has come before
we are all, that we need to be
if not content to what we must do

my children of tomorrow
can we all see what lies ahead
my children of tomorrow
just be and live in peace

my children of tomorrow
my children of tomorrow
just be and live in peace

SAM GREEN 3/99 (c.) 2001

MY HEART AND HEAD

My heart cries why must it be?
I found you here by the wings of time
Trying to find your inner rhyme
In balance and each day
Writing to know what you do know
In poetry that is too hard to understand
Well meaning this much may be true
For this the world turns around and around
What more, can I say or answer?
What more?
Words can say so little without meaning
As words can mean so much
As words can mean
We look deep within, to the sense of what
Left blank, between each letter
Please fill me in, next time you write
Your words have meaningful thoughts
Don't forget to lick the stamps
Or better yet please ring and don't forget to speak
The verb, adverb or noun, please be on time
For this I say to you

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

NOW YOU'RE DAMED IF YOU IS

Now you're damed if you is
As you're damed if you ain't
You can know if it is
and you can know when you're bate
for if its up to me
you'll find your way home
in a flash in a pan
or a wink of an eye
if the train is here or its gone
you is where you ain't
if you are late dig
if you're late

SAM GREEN 4/02

THIS WINDOW

I am I which that I may be
looking deep within to find
watching the passing of thought
in the pages that fill

is it me who understands
the meaning between different lines
the eyes do pass passages by this night
in dreams it is I

can I take what I do not know
without ever seeing this the underlined
I can catch the wind in the sound of a shell
or rolling tides break upon the shore

could life be as it was before
we open and close each and every door
as every side is another view
by open windows this world can pass

we all must be a part
a part of what is good
good for all and for each
every floor has its story

with foundation to build
build on what we know
I know what I understand
and you too have in review

open the windows let the sound travel
open the doors let the sun shine true
open the windows and clear air
open the doors for me and you

SAM GREEN 12/2000 (c.) 2001

PEACE BE IN MY HOMELAND

Peace be in my homeland
across the sea
Peace be in my homeland
forever more
For there I walk and feel free
there I work and feel together
together as the water flowing
together as the mountains calling
walk, walk with me
I am a native of this land
My history is here
on this ground and in this country
For in time again I will find my way
across the ocean that leads me
For in time again I will find
no more tears
free to run free to walk
free to be as one
Peace be in my homeland
across the sea
Peace be
forever more
forever

Sam Green 9/02

PEACE BE WITHIN YOU

Peace be within you
says the heart beat of the guitar
finding its balance in the soul
for it as restless as the wind
on the sureness of tomorrow
rising to greet the dawn of morning
to taste this time which is now
in the movement of reflection
waves of difference each with its meaning
in different foam of thought
as sands, in the salt water
come tomorrow but never comes
in sand and sea, I will remember

SAM GREEN 2/02

POEM FOR THE NET

The troubles of so many
who disappear in the winds
of changing time which are blown away
each may find there answer
in the questions deep within
but time changes quickly
I hope that man and woman
has not run there last race
with so much taking place
can we see more than we know?
we are all a part of this place,
each as each apart but together
from the time line which we be here
we are all searching for something
if not only a place to eat
in this brave new world
one thing is we have combination
a combination of time and space
as we are what we all are
to give and receive on this road
let it not crumble at our feet
for freedom holds its own expression
working for each as each one another
we build a better world
for the masses and ourselves
As love is a word
As love is a word
a word that must be to share
what's deep inside
in balance of course
I give to you as you give to me

Sam Green (C.) 2001

RAIN DROPS AND ROSES

Words are just like raindrops
catch them if you can
walk naked in the down pour
but remember who you be
with all the rain in your pocket
you should have more
than enough to drink
even though its water
its the food of which we need
free thoughts are just like children
expressions to understand
the truth is how we know
growing as grains of sand
flowering distant lands
looking to which we seek
searching within our means
do we look to one as each
to learn what's deep within
feeding the heart and mind as water
reading the books of your time
for we are all here in one another
as I tell you what I know
can we feed the dying forest
and keep free our wildlife
still feed the cities of this our world
clear the air, and in balance
its our world, we have to share
work hard my friend, work hard
make your way to live, and let life live
each and every rain drop
the sands of time must be free
but freedom holds a price you know
it finds your inner peace
I am not you, for who I am, is within the system
and have learned from where I be
hey you, don't mess up this planet Earth
for the streets cry out as in the storm
we must know what is right, and right again
its the right of everyone
to learn, to do good, as falling drops of rain

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (c.) 2001

RE-RUNS

I read, but do not understand
how the fields of pain lie still
my moon light of not believing
I am to stand and say to you
love has no boundary
as a blade of grass
on the wailing wall
still rivers run deep
to say this of all
we stand and wait
what cards are draw
in the wake of the sands
aircrafts that fly over head
by right of this land be mine
in hopethere is no dream
will they turn a blind eye
to what is here and what has been
human being, Earthling
posion gases, pull the string
What is right, what is left, we try too
a time for war, and a time for peace
madness knows little of this
madness knows, the gun
food and drink, unfit for kings
as the dogs cry in the dark of light
it may be war?
we will see it on t.v.
by still this be by night we wait

Sam Green 11.2.2003

SEEDS AS SKATED LEAVES

Seeds as skated leaves
weeds of no more need
lanes of open highways
dreams of cream between

shadows of fading valleys
wings as flying crows calling out
in to the night, wishing, just to be
falling clouds around are draining

to the play of sounding of tunes I recall
hear what is left in the open wound of this heart
waiting, watching, touching
giving what it is they need

if passion holds the dam of thought,
and empty is the heart which can not see
desire is carved out of stone
and we are left, in search of only peace

coming great waves to calmer waters
to the reflections from which I look down
but who is this, in time, waiting,
as a door only, its to far to reach

I am not, as I am, so far from here,
you can only hear me in your scream
as a sailor out to sea
together in passion of the waves

the weather never ending searching
as I listen to the sawing winds
here in the distance, as you
standing in the hell of which I seen

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