Do not count the days – But live them, breathe them, Swallow them whole, and wild and free. And play always that green piano in your mind. Play it as if your life depends on it . Which , by the way , It does.

Do not fear the shadows – But stand yourself firmly in the path of the sun. If there are only five questions in the world – Mever learn the answers – and always on a Monday – fall in love. See yourself wheeling like a great white bird in the sky in the chiaroscuro of the sky. In the chiaroscuro of the sky.

Do not collect time or lost horizons in a match box. If you come to a dead end – Laugh, laugh and walk on. Laugh, laugh and walk on. Endure, until hope fills your heart again. Your cat won't sing – don't force him. (And play always that green piano.)

Do not count the days, but live them and let no-one Send you trouble in their dreams.

Jervez.

Go everywhere. Do everything.
Show a little kindness, even to yourself.
And do it by Wednesday.
And play always that green piano in your mind.
Play it as if your life depends on it,
Which by the way, it does.
Set the table and eat there with someone you love.

Do not count the days, but rather LIVE them. Live them as if your next breath were a shipwreck, As if you next heartbeat were the centre of a storm. See that the pot of dreams does not stand empty And mend all you many wars with your different

Play That Green Piano

ackers - money, cockney, we think.

No return.
Someday, when the time is right –
By will come for the bags,
For his share of the ackers. Only to discover
The currency of the world has changed.
The frown has gone up in value and the smile ...

And traded Lie in zipped holdalls. Festering. Rotting. People have died just to get to this point of

An the used up smiles sit – only one person nas The key And it aint me.

Thousands of smiles that would have been spent,

There has been one. All over the world. Somewhere in a locked vault All over the world. Somewhere in a locked vault All the used up smiles sit – only one person has

Smile Robbery

You've only yourselves to Blame.

And the box next to Hurricane Morma Gets ticked. What can I tell you ?? The woman wears beige and reads romance...

III will insist on is calling it Poetry. And Evenings of Wild Flamenco .. And perhaps a Little Night Music.. And some decent Chinese Food.. I can sense my removal from the "List" already

> For hurricanes. But I fear it will never be used.

Let me be clear, my name is still available

My Name is Still Available

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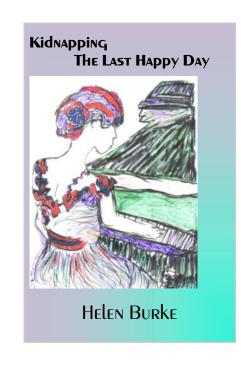
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Kidnapping the last happy day

You can ask why did we do it? But I would say - why not ..? We have kidnapped the last happy day In the Universe. It was easy - it was just being itself -Not expecting trouble. And we have had enough – action was called for. Its not that I like to see it's hands and feet bound -Its not that I enjoy bringing it water. But what else was there for it No one else seemed bothered, to give a damn. And now you're sitting up, Taking notice of our demands Which are -Not money or helicopters Or our own private island – no. All we want is more happy days like this one While there's still time.

All we want is an end to the endless riddle

Of wars and suffering.

And until you meet our demands
We will be ceaseless in opposition.
So – 12 o'clock on the Brooklyn Bridge is
Where you will meet us.
And you will bring the document
Signed in your own blood.
And the Happy Day that shines like a
Beacon in our kitchen
Will be released.
It will have been well-treated and
Not harmed in any way.
And you will not recognize us –
We will look like every other
Person in the Universe.
Except you.