

Human Nature

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(IN)VALID/INVALID

I was young once too you know
I had it all and was in my prime
and I never wasted my time—
I was never inside as a kid
sunshine and sunburn
was part of my skin's colour scheme
the words 'video games' weren't close to existing
the good old days weren't as boring
as you think they seem.

I had the world at my feet as a teen—
I could do anything I wanted
and be whoever I wanted to be
I had talent, I had choice,
ambition and hope
and I knew I could cope
with whatever life threw at me.

Life gave me love,
which planted the seed
that blossomed generations,
life gave me riches and age,
which has now become my cage.
I'm seen as an old and grey,
but that's never what my mind will say.

I know what people see on the outside
if only they knew
it doesn't match what's inside
I can see it with my own eyes
I hope the eyes of my loved ones
don't follow the suit of strangers'
and they start to walk away as if I'm a danger
who am I threat to?
am I a threat to you?
Because you know one day,
you'll be here too.

I may not walk now, but I keep going
I cannot speak now, but I'll never run short of words
I cannot leave a room, but I don't want the door to close
what I am now
is not the person I know
it's not the person you know

Take a look at me now, the invalid!
The (in) valid, invalid!
I hate those words
I hate that this is what has become of me,
and that I thought I was immune from getting old
you won't be young forever,
remember,

who am I a threat too?

am I a threat to you?

Because you know one day,

you'll be here too.

SOUL OF FIRE

I was born to be free
live my life right for me
with this body I will breathe
and I will bleed,
bleed for all my mistakes,
for all the chances I will take
and every time my heart breaks

I will be strong
and I'll find where I belong
I will rise and I will fall
I'll have passion and I'll fight
and walk through life's dark
to find life's light
I'll always strive to be higher,
you'll never stop me
as I am a soul of fire.

I was born to live
give, take and share
to learn to care
even if sometimes,
that can make my heart tear
I'll live and learn
follow my heart

and find my dreams,
until the day I die
when my life will have been one bigger dream

I'll love with all my soul
I'll find someone to catch me when I fall
I'll love with passion
and with that passion, I'll fight to hold on.
I'll feel life's light
and burn bright with love.

I'll always strive to be higher
You'll never stop me
I am a soul of fire.

TALL POPPY

You smile at me with a frown
I know you want to bring me down
Knowing that
only makes me want to climb higher
you're only adding fuel to my fire.

I'm proud of what I've achieved,
I'd like to think
that you'd want me to succeed
since you're supposed to be my friend,
my family and my supporter
I guess you're only happy for me,
when I'm not standing tall
and rising high,
I know you don't want me to climb higher
you're only adding fuel to my fire.

When I brag and tell you what I've done
and let you know that I've won
at life,
let me have my moment in the light,
this is my time,
you should be happy for me,
no matter how arrogant I might be,
let me climb higher,

be the fuel to my fire.

Don't be the one to cut me down,
just because you feel envy,
why can't you just be happy for me,
and let me be a tall poppy.
let me grow higher,
let me have fuel for my fire.

CHASING FAIRYTALES

I've been told stories
I've heard them all
Cinderella at the ball
Snow White,
Sleeping Beauty and their falls.

They're women who found their men
who converted them,
from princesses into queens
I've been told one day,
this will happen to me,
I'll meet the one
who's meant to be
for me.

Apparently I have to kiss a few frogs,
before I find my prince,
that's if I don't cringe
at the frogs that hop by,
that try to sweep me up
with a cheesy pick up line.

Do I expect too much
by having dreams
based on myth and fairytale?

is too much to ask

to want to find the perfect male?

Is this possible,

is it possible to find the one

and live happily ever after?

Will it ever happen,

will it ever be my turn?

I guess I just have to wait and see.

WATCH YOUR MOUTH

Watch your mouth,
be careful of what you say out loud,
because your words might not please the crowd,
but that doesn't mean,
you're not allowed to be proud.

Watch your mouth,
be careful what you write on the screen,
some people may see it as mean,
but that doesn't mean
you have to press delete.

Watch your mouth,
be careful of what you say out loud,
because people might not like the sound,
of a different voice,
questioning the choice of the crowd,
just because it doesn't suit
but that doesn't mean
you have to put yourself on mute.

Everyone's about political correctness,
you're not allowed to make an error,
what's considered wrong to say,
wouldn't have been given a second thought,

in a different day.

We don't want to be rude,

we don't want to offend,

but that doesn't mean I should bend

my views to please you.

FLAKES

You're all over the place
and you won't say this to my face,
you say you'll be there
but you only bail
and sometimes I don't think you care.

You're a flake!
You're a fake!
You're not a good friend make!
Why do you have to be this way?

You're a flake
and you'll fade away
all the way to the ground
where no-one will be waiting around.

You're a flake!
You're a fake!
You're not a good friend make!
Why do you act this way,
and only realise you have to change
when it's way too late?
You casually make mistakes
at an extremely fast rate
you realise when it's too late

that you're nothing but a big flake.

You're a flake!

You're a fake!

You're not a good friend make!

You know you don't have to be this way,

maybe it's time for a change.

DRAMA QUEENS

Drama queens—
they think the world is mean to them,
they think they are the only ones with problems,
which they are keen to show,
they are keen
to be seen
as victims.

Drama queens—
they beat their drums
and cry,
claiming they are the only ones with problems,
but conveniently disappear
when it's someone else's tears
on the floor
and they're not the centre of attention anymore.

Drama queens—
want us to care
about the crosses they think they bear,
they tell sob stories
and want us to feel sympathy and surprise
but they only make us roll our eyes
we find it boring
when they blow things out of proportion

and exaggerate,
you know you eventually learn
not to take their bait
for your own sake.

Drama queens—
will always have “problems”,
will always make everything about them
will never live life easily
and will never be happy,
they will always sit up high on their throne,
which is where they will inevitably
end up alone.

TIGHTROPE

When we are born
we will always be torn
we're all more than one person:
son or daughter,
brother or sister,
friend or foe
and as we grow,
we become more:
father or mother,
spouse or lover,
in life we can't be one without the other,
without making sacrifice.

I'll never make my way across,
I'll always be in-between,
I'll always try to be one thing and the other,
until the day I die,
the day I'll fall.

I'm trying to stay afloat
on this tightrope
called life.

When we grow older,
we're taught to grow stronger
so many expect more

so much we're told to ignore
from homebody to workabee
it's never made easy.

I'll never make my way across,
I'll always be in-between,
I'll always try to be one thing and another
until the day I die,
the day I'll fall.
I'm trying to stay afloat
on this tightrope
called life.

When we grow old,
we're no longer told,
that we have to put our lives on hold,
our tightrope's closer to the floor,
but that doesn't mean we won't want more.

I'll never make my way across,
I'll always be in-between,
I'll always try to be one thing and another
until the day I die,
the day I'll fall.
I'm trying to stay afloat
on this tightrope called life.

WAVES (TAKEN HOLD)

The waves that took you away from me
are trying to draw me in
I know this—
when the waves: salty and cold
wash over my toes
as if they know
I'm afraid
of what's in the water.
Because they don't care
whether you are young or old
I can't let my body be taken hold.

The waves that took you away from me
are doing my head in,
they know I'm staring at them
and they're putting on a show,
to let me know
that they have the answer
to my unspoken question,
of whether they will take me next?

Their answer is yes,
but they won't tell me when
as they feel joy when they see my tears
because they're aware of my fears,

so they love to keep me guessing.

The waves that took you away from me
soar higher and higher
pointing toward the place
where you watch over me,
where one day you'll come down
take my hand and keep me safe,
when my time comes to enter.

I hope that day is far away,
if it is, I willingly surrender.

But for now I'll stay
and I'll find my way
back to shore,
and I'll keep walking
until I can't take steps anymore.

I can't let my body be taken hold.

Not yet.

OPINIONS

We all have a brain,
we all have something to say,
we all want to have our own way.

We all have a voice
on everybody's choices,
but that doesn't mean
that we should always shout
and say what we think out loud.

We all have a life,
we all want to be right,
but that doesn't mean
you are right for everyone else,
you don't have the right to judge
or hold a grudge
just because I've done well for myself.

We all have a mind,
with it we're not always kind,
I know when you open your mind
and speak,
it's because you only want me to feel weak,
but you'll never tear me down,
I'll always be myself and proud.

We all have a brain,
we all have a mind,
we all have a voice
and something to say
but sometimes it's best
to just keep your opinions at bay.

LOOKING OVER THE FENCE

We all look over the fence—
to search for a glimpse
of a different life.

We want to see from different eyes,
what life
is really like
and to make things right,
their lives may be perfect,
they may look the best
and better than the rest
and you may want more,
their grass may look greener
but you don't know
what lies behind closed doors.

Does the grass look greener to you?

We all look over the fence—
to search for that little bit of pretence,
surely no-one's lives can be that perfect,
there's got to be some cracks
in that perfect life?
Whether it's loneliness or regret,
whether they are workaholics
or their relationships are toxic.

Does the grass look greener to you?

When we all look over the fence—
we miss out on our life's best,
we miss out on so much,
like another human's touch,
laughs, friendship and love,
because we all want to look above
our lives and at someone else's
because we don't want to be ourselves.

Step down
and come back down to Earth
remember and learn,
that the grass will always be greener
on the other side of the fence.

Does the grass look greener to you...

BFF? (BEST FRIEND FOREVER?)

You may think I'm mean,
but I'm just trying to cut clean
I know you'd feel hurt,
if this was all in reverse
I'm just trying to keep this
from getting worse.

We're all supposed to be there
for one another,
in good and bad,
memories shared,
vulnerabilities bared,
We're all suppose to be here
for years and years,
but sometimes that just doesn't happen,
it breaks my heart,
but we all drift apart.

I'm trying to be kind
even though you changed your mind,
even though I changed my mind,
even though this way doesn't feel right
I know one day
we'll both be fine.

We're all different types—
the online friend,
the one who bends,
the socialite and the absentee,
the tall poppy and the drama queen.
We may have been friends since we were teens
or have just met last week,
but that doesn't mean that things won't change
and one day we won't be estranged.
That doesn't mean you don't try,
just don't be surprised,
if you find with some friends,
that you just have to say goodbye.

Be happy that you were there
and I was there,
we both knew we cared
for each other
and we were there for one another,
although we may not be together
and we didn't last forever
never forget
and never regret
to the very end
that we were friends.

REMEMBERING WONDERLAND

When I was a kid,
the world was open,
it was a wonderland—
everything was beautiful,
there was no such thing as a bland,
no black, white or grey
just nothing but rays
of fun and colour.

In these good old days
nothing seemed strange
and it felt like nothing
would ever change,
I wish that were true,
as I grew,
I grew to know
that nothing stays the same.
Everything changes,
you have to make your way through the world,
stand strong
and find a way to belong,
and learn how to play people's games.

When you look back,
you might be taken aback,

what you see
isn't what you really see,
you're just seeing a memory
from a child's eyes
seeing the best of everything inside.

Things fall apart,
things break your heart
and when they do you'll want to
go back to the past,
where everything seemed to last.
But you can't and won't
and it's not what you want,
you have let to go
and you have to go on,
one foot in front of the other,
sunshine, rain or thunder,
your time is now,
run until you can't touch the ground,
because one day,
you'll no longer be around.

CHOICES

When we enter the world,
whether we are boy or girl
we're given a lot in life
we can be anything we want to be,
but we have to walk in a straight line.

Grow up, do what your parents say
go to school, study hard, graduate one day
walk into adulthood and go your own way.

When we grow up
and walk our own way,
we all walk different paths
down the road of life.

We all make our choices
and raise our voices
and say what we think is right.

Like when a young woman has a baby
we think maybe,
that she gave up her own life too soon.

Or when a woman chooses a career,
everyone lives in fear
that she doesn't need anyone
and she'll end up alone.

Whether we think we're right

or what we think is true,

it doesn't matter

your choices are up to you.

When we walk into adulthood

we have to choose,

win or lose

how we're going to live our lives

even though no-one else will feel satisfied.

Not everyone will be happy

with the choices you make

so never break

when they say so.

Whether they think they're right

or whether they think it's true,

You make the right choices

for you.

When we all make choices

they play out

and turn into balancing acts.

There are pros and cons

and rights and wrongs,

we just have to embrace the imperfections

and play along.

Whether everyone thinks they're right
or whether they think they're true,
your choices in life
are only ever up to you.

LADY LIKE

Once upon a time,
women never had their own lives
they were labelled as property
and treated like slaves,
since then times have changed
we're started to be treated the same
and we're all making our own way.

We all have choices,
we all have voices,
we choose how we talk
and which way we walk,
whether it's mother and wife
or career, travel and glamorous life
or maybe a little bit of both.

We can take leave,
we can all succeed,
we can be happy,
we can do it all on our own (if we want to).

Although I feel proud,
I don't feel the need to constantly scream out loud
sometimes the pride
can go too far
and some women think they are right,

and some women should have one mind.

Innocent flattery

can make some women catty,

some women voice

on other women's choices

and choose to condemn

because some women

choose to please men.

I will always be proud,

even if I don't always speak out loud,

but I'm allowed

to say how I feel

and be real.

I'm not aiming to please the crowd,

leave me be,

I'll always be me.

DO GOODER

I like to give back,
but I won't be harassed
into being generous
and neither will anybody else,
try to feel bless
if people will give you a chance.

Everyone wants to give,
but they also have lives to live
believe it or not this is true
so be grateful
if they share a little bit of their livings
with you.

We all have beliefs
which have a different reach
so it's not too good to over-preach,
we see it all
from different eyes
and choose how it affects our lives.
So don't stand on the street
and scream and preach
because you definitely won't
convert me.

You may work for a good cause
but to me you're a stranger
so I won't put my finances in danger
just because.

We all have our beliefs
on charity and religion,
but I like to make my own decisions.

BLAME GAME

There are certain things in life
that bring us nothing but strife
we try to deal
and try to keep it real
but sometimes there's nothing we can do.

There's always a victim
and always a perp
that's always the way,
we try to understand the perp
but that usually never works
so it's easy to blame
the innocent one
and we think that all is said and done.

With bullying—
it's hard to prove,
so most people choose
to blame the victim
and tell them what to do.
We tell them to leave,
we tell them to walk away
and tell them to have their say,
but they shouldn't be the one to change.

With rape—

it's easy to say
that women should change,
whether it's what they wear
or what they choose to share
and how they act on a date,
apparently this would stop rape,
in society's eyes
but they don't realise
it shouldn't be women that are blamed
and society should be ashamed
for making them feel that way.

We will never understand,
why a perp acts this way
why they do what they do
and what we is true
is probably never the truth,
it's up to you
to make changes
so the innocent
aren't estranged
and aren't cast away
they are never to blame.
This view shouldn't stay the same.

UPDATE

Update! Update!

It's time to change!

Nothing stays the same!

So we have to play along in the game!

We all follow the crowd

apparently that's what life is about,

we can drag our feet

or follow the beat

but eventually

we all conform

from the moment we are born.

Some embrace,

some have to be chased

because they don't want to change

they want things to stay the same,

but eventually

we realise

that we can never have it our own way.

Update! Update!

Why do we have to change?

Why can't everything stay the same?

Why can't live my life my own way?