

sometimes I like you more than othertimes

Richard T. Walker

*To* all of the grass I have ever encountered. You will never cease to be by my side,

You are always there to support and cushion my feet as I wander a gaze at the landscape of which you are the foundation. As your greenness gives way to gold, you mesmerise. At times you may be overlooked but you are never misunderstood.

Your humility is envied amongst us all, and you have modesty so true that colour alone seems to be your only rival. There are so few words that you associate yourself with that are not favourable that, admittedly, sometimes I struggle to believe the perfection you portray.

On occasion you do fail to really engage in conversation, settling a little too well into the role of a listener. This isn't a huge failing on your part as listening itself is a valuable asset to any conversation, but for listening to be of real value it has to be qualified by sufficient verbal input. I don't mean to be overly critical only this is something I thought you may be interested in knowing, so that you can be aware of it and contribute more in future discussions.

The singing that is accompanying the guitar chords and the drums is sung with you as inspiration. Please listen, but don't just listen, try to think of some questions to ask me about them when I see you next.

*To* a medium-sized mountain that will stay in my thoughts forever,

Rising high towards the rain you appear forever thirsty. You meticulously redesign your image to suit, balancing gently on a tightrope of perception, forever hinting at what is and what is not.

In intrigue you repel and in confusion you enlighten. These contradictions are your signature and allow us to become compelled by an incomparable logic. You are a dreamer but you are also a realist. You realise your dreams.

However, your intimidation tells us of your insecurities, and the accommodation you hold within your spectacle seems to scream out for a need to be embraced. For this I am sad for you but I realise that you are too proud to accept sympathy or indeed admit to your emotional disposition.

So I have decided to play the drums as a way of acknowledging this sympathy without actually sympathising. The beat will be a little feeble, as I can't really play the drums, but the intention will be clear and the overall message one of support. As difficult as this may be, please find the time to momentarily lay your troubles and anxieties to one side and realise that you are not alone in your need for affection.

*For* a tree I'll always know,

A sultry mist of greens and browns in which I look up and sail blissfully with you amongst your branches of loss. As you tie yourself into knots of knowing, you inform me of how little knowing matters when I have you standing by my side. In height you unease and in distance you compose. Playfully aligning yourself alongside your colleagues, you dictate the path along which my eyes should supposedly stumble. Once placed, you seem forever there - an effortless commitment to the present moment.

But if you are in the present so much, and you have so much knowledge, then how do you prevent yourself from predicting future occurrences that are not based on an assessment of past events? And does your knowledge not desire a world outside of the perimeters of your immediate surroundings? Perhaps if you decided to be more mobile - if you travelled even a few miles you could challenge some of the assumptions you have about yourself and allow your knowledge to become more rounded.

This melodic, inwardly melancholy but modestly triumphant chord progression, that is now accompanying the drums, is designed for your appreciation and aimed to encourage a sense of exploration and adventure. Please take note and react accordingly.

*For* the rock, whose outward positivism and general enthusiasm prevented me from burying my thoughts deep inside used memories; I will never forget you.

As picture perfect mutation your discord plays a melody that teases, tiptoeing above the others, you twist and turn inward, determined, virtuous but fragile. You sing the loudest, but you choose to whisper.

To you, voices are no more than frustrated ideals compromised by the wind, sucked into a life no longer their own. So you sit still, quiet and alone in togetherness. Calm, serene and hopeful - energised in defiance of effort.

But your ease through life can be at times a little concerning. I fail to imagine how you can really be happy if you refuse to be sad. Do you not care when it rains or when it is cold? Does this not annoy you as it does others? If the wind steals your words, then is this not reason to shout louder and give words that will not be welcome? Patience is to be admired as is happiness, but if the basis for your happiness is in allowing others to do as they please, then your happiness isn't really happy and your patience surely a result of low moral.

Please note that the second set of guitar chords playing are played with your situation in mind. They have a slightly upbeat rhythm, with a mildly hesitant undertone. Please listen but don't tolerate them if they are not to your liking - just say so.

With thanks to David Cunningham Projects.

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