



Chloe Urquhart's book of poetry

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Little Miss Snobby Branch? By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 17/09/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Let's say we're all in a deep dark forest,
The atmosphere here is modest,
Let's say that all the trees are people,
Even though they are different shapes and sizes I still see them all as equal,
As trees grow up their ego roots can show up,
Their branches can sway in an downward way like people do and say things that make you want to throw up,
But they're not the roots I've grown with and that's not the life I'm known to live,
So when you called me a snob you really chose to rob me of my true identity,
I don't care who's trunk is the biggest and the baddest, who's branches are the strongest and the longest, who's leaves
are the greenest or who's trunk is the leanest and the meanest.
I don't care if a tree is short and stout,
I don't care if their leaves all sprout out – I don't care if they fall and you're left with none at all,
I don't care if a tree has lumps, bumps or stumps,
I don't care if your branches have snapped and you can't reach out – its fine, you can lean on mine.
I don't care if you're straight or crooked,
I don't care how old the tree is or if its trunk is full of knowledge,
I don't care if the tree does or does not have veins which lead to certain ancestry or relations,
All that matters is that the tree is good natured.
If I was golden oak it wouldn't stroke my ego – because I don't have one.
I do not brag and my branches do not drag on for people to trip over – I never look down on anyone.
What you said made my leaves sag,
Just as two trees are about to grow to get to know each other,
Feeding each other fruit which is home-grown from our roots,
Needing not behind our trunks the most unknown of disputes,
I hear one tree hustling and another tree rustling – their roots are fully grown and their lines are very furrow.
Then I heard a whisper in the wind,
An ear wigged and my branches twigged that you'd bigged me up to be something I'm really not,
You pulled the fruit off my branches, left it to rot and then threw it at me like blind accusations as if I was in the stocks.
Through the apple of my eyes I never saw you as a trunk-stabber in disguise,
Your words really cut me up,
It's as if us trees can't even do so much as rustle each other's leaves because as soon as anyone breathes a word they
get axed down,
It's the deprivation of oxygen and the cause of deforestation,
You insisted I was one based on what you heard so now my branches are twisted like my words but they're not stuck
up,
Don't stir up my natural emotions like the dirt beneath me,
These roots are shaky but they still make me and they awake me to the fact that however hard the impact you've got
to put on an act and give them a look that's withering,
Never let the crap they say overlap with honest roots because all it is is a trap to lead you astray on the map inside
their mind,
The truth gets tangled up whilst a blind accusation is dangled down from a thin line of thread like a piece of irrelevant
proof inside the darkness of your trunk,
And if I analyse the damn thing any further I'm going to blow off my treetop and a volcano will explode inside my trunk.
And I would much rather – that this forest was not burnt out by my hot fumes of lava -
So I'll fix this treetop securely on and accept that the issue has been and gone. Touch wood – or we could all be molten
rock. Now let's keep that under pad and lock.
Your earwigs can't have captured all of the seeds which planted the conversation between Willow and I:
Willow: "So what colour were your leaves last year?"
Fig: "Jade."
Willow: "Oh right, so what's Jade like as a shade?"
Fig: "She's beautiful. I had Amber before - she's beautiful. I had two colours. One for Spring and one for Autumn."
Or you may have mistaken the tone I used in the colours – I didn't intend to sound brash and bold.
All I did was paint a picture inside Willow's treetop to answer her question,
But the paintbrush didn't flow accurately because it got tangled up in your roots,
The picture wasn't fully shaded so the meaning faded.

Little Twinkle By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 03/04/2010. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

There was a star who lost her shine when she shook off all her glitter,
Which flew afar, fell to the ground, sprinkling decorative litter.
Which set alight the golden paths to guide along the way,
But in the darkness of the night sky she was easily led astray,
But then emerged a beam of light,
A glistening white circular smile,
The moon shone like a luminous pearl and called out to her little girl,
Then little twinkle found her spark and shot across the sky,
For she'd spent too long in the dark and had forgotten how to fly.

Urquhart castle By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 27/10/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

We have a castle in Scotland,
It's not as grand as it sounds because it's in ruins,
I understand its purpose all the same and it's definitely not worthless as it stands in our name,
Perhaps this is the Urquhart's rise to fame,
Who else can say they have a castle which stands in their name?
I look upon a list of names which sound the same and think who can blame my mother for
marrying an Urquhart?
Yes, Urquhart is a hard last name to spell,
It's not pronounced how it looks as us Urquhart's know too well,
But it could come in useful? Only time will tell,
And time has told and sold our name for royalty,
I am the only one who thinks its fun to imagine my Dad as the king, my Mum as the queen, my
brother as the prince and my sisters and I as the princesses of Urquhart castle?
At least we can look down on the dirty old rascal!
My sisters and I could wear posh dresses and sparkly gowns, silver glass slippers and golden
crowns,
I've heard it impresses handsome young fellas if you grow long, golden tresses, look out the
window of the castle and wait till one bellas': "Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your golden hair!"
Resist the urge to look,
Let him stop and stare,
Ignore him if he waves his arms about wildly and shouts "Whoo hoo, I'm over here!"
A man who really loves you will be willing to wait forever,
He'll cherish every glimpse of you and picture you and him together,
Leave him to prove that he does really care,
He'll never move from his spot - he might even shed a tear,
Peer out the castle window at the dead of night to see if he's still there,
If he is then he wasn't just trying it on with you so let him confess his undying love for you and tell
him you love him to,
What I have just described is a fairy-tale come true – in the location of Urquhart castle!
Our castle is in ruins but it will never fall,
From some angles you can only see half a wall but it is standing tall, representing all Urquhart's
around the world,
Haven't met that many to be fair but I doubt any are quite as queer as my family Urquhart,
I consider myself the Urq with a quirk,
That's me, Chloe Urquhart aka. Qurqy Urqy,
Then there's my brother James 'Jurqy' Urquhart aka. Jurqy Urqy,
And oh good golly! My sister Louise, who is oh so jolly and wonderful to please, that I give her the
title of Chirpy Urqy, Louise Robinson (Urquhart).
My sister Sarah, I have never met a princess who is much fairer, therefore, you just can't ignore and
will forever adore: Purty Urqy, Sarah Urquhart.
My mum – the Urq who does all the work. Lynne Urquhart aka. Wurqy Urqy,
My Dad – The Urq who can't help but smirk as they call him Dirty Urqy. Need I say? Robert
Urquhart.

Golden bond By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 12/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

My smile is a rainbow spreading wide across the sky,
Your heart is the radiant sun - over me I feel the warmth of your glow,
Messy raindrops are the tears we cry,
They slide off the end of my rainbow and enhance my true colours for just a second so they shine
bright,
Then your golden rays soak them up and hug me tight,
Now the tears are out of sight underground in the pot of gold waiting to be found,
Because deep down these things make us stronger.

I don't give a toss of a smarmy, greased up pancake By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 22/05/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

It's really not hard to mix eggs, milk, flour and lard – but I will warn you: Stirring up the way I talk and act is a recipe for disaster.

Slimy, smarmy ingredients you coat me in are not the reasons why I slip through your fingers -

You chose to let the real me go, thinking I'd never know - but you've no idea where Chloe lingers.

If you think I still sit sizzling in your frying pan, flipping out over this:

I'm a pancake that no longer gives a toss, but spins through the air like a spaceship, suddenly landing on your head so you can think about what you've said, now that you wear a thinking cap.

See, now I **am** flattering you, but not in the nicest possible way.

Though are they even mattering to you, the things that I now say? According to you, my polite and bubbly manner is not always sincere.

But if it's not real, then what the hell is it still doing here?

Stop sprinkling! I'm not craving any more sugar - I'm sweet enough already. No wonder I make you sick...

Please don't drown me in syrup...I'm already full of non-bursting bubbles which float through Lala Land and explode into a sea of laughs for others. You might just catch a wave.... but beware of swimming out of your depth... the flow of poems near the horizon are extremely strong and the current of their words are too powerful to fight against.

Don't smother me with the dreaded black treacle. Tar darkening the atmosphere of a bright and happy yellow brick road...

Those brown spots on my surface are not cow-pat's as you refer to them as. These brown spots resemble molehills – signs of life and shelter. Don't try to make a mountain out of one – it'll literally get on top of you.

Oooh yes! Squeeze that lemon!...mmm...let it soak through my base. ***Squeeze...***hug your infatuation...I'm slowly sensing your sharp vibes and juicy bribes.

Now, you want a piece of me? I'm still on your head remember?

I landed there a while ago... you've been deep in thought since...me being your first ever thinking cap.

Go on, try me! As you stuff me in your mouth...I don't know why you're gagging...it's just a taste of your own medicine?

Grease coats the strands of your hair, bitterness perches on the roof of your mouth and the tip of your tongue like a foul mouthed parrot capable of saying a lot more than pretty polly.

See, I am real, 'little miss bright spark.'

I've left my **mark**.

Our first kiss By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 03/10/2009. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Your arms around my waist,
My fingers stroke your brow,
In your arms I feel safe,
Don't ever let me go,
Trust that I have faith,
Let the moment flow,
You're the one I know,
There's no need for me to check;
My arms wrapped round your neck,
Your fingers through my hair,
My worries disappear as I slowly draw you near,
Your cheek brushes mine,
It feels oh so fine,
Just a moment later -
Our lips finally meet.
You have just now witnessed our first kiss,
I've longed for this moment and I've finally got my wish,
I'll play this over in my mind like a song on repeat,
So I can listen closely to the rhythm of your heartbeat.

No words. No feelings. By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 25/09/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Words. No words.

Feelings. No Feelings.

Express the world we live in and the messages humans are giving.

Are they ashamed?

Who's to be blamed for scars inflamed, must they be named? I can't – I shall be wanted, trapped, framed like a bull's-eye in the middle of a dartboard.

Fear is creeping near, now I think of them, injecting little ones with their venom, infecting innocent people with their flem.

Those who kill all of mankind to save their own beliefs, no inner peace, hope or happy reliefs knowing that hate and blood thirst are growing and open wounds are rapidly showing,

Painting this canvas of moral blankness red, letting ill feeling devour us, demons disturbingly tear away the wall between our conscious and unconscious mind, wreak our valuable inner peace, letting the past, furrowly repressed, yet shall last and shall fast nurture the worlds bad ways, almost reliving the terrorized old days where certain individuals never got fair says.

All this we want to hide and conceal, guide loved ones off the warpath, "Mummy, Daddy, I can't believe it's real! Is this how people really feel?" Oh, how we've tried to heal, fractured hearts with love!

"Mummy, mummy! Let me see, set me free, what's on T.V.?! Daddy NO!" Darling, we hold our shield over your face, not to suffocate or isolate you, but to protect. You shall know when you grow to reach a certain age, perhaps late teens, when a bombshell drops and smashes our shield to smithereens.

Although our shield will be gone, the warpath you'll be forbidden to step on, an invisible force field shall stretch over you but you can then open your eyes to the ugly truth of a world that was meant to be so beautiful.

We've always had this trouble, don't let it burst your bubble: For you are safe, those people aren't, we have our rights: Some people can't.

We're sorry. You can't change it.

Can't make hate mean love.

Can't make war mean peace.

Can't make discrimination mean equality.

Can't make stereotyping mean non-judgemental.

Fiery spirits burning hope to ashes, icy souls freezing justice to death. Its demons inside them they unleash just as wounds are about to cease, they stab, feeling sick rushes as they create deeper gruesome gushes, it's a bloody mess they'll never clear or confess.

You'll always hear of these explosions outside your bubble, but you're in here, not out there, don't live in shame, regret, sorrow or fear. Make the world a better place by always being a friendly face, the warm amber that gels with any race, any religion, any culture, any class.

Every smile you spread is a rainbow spreading wide across the sky. If someone doesn't see the natural beauty in you which shines through, they're wasted. For your heart of gold beats at the very end.

Paul 'Herbert' Grice By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 21/10/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

My brain is growing in knowledge,
From tiny grains of rice to masses of bamboo shoots on the subject of Paul Grice,
He was educated at college,
Born March 1913,
Twas' when the philosopher of language stepped out onto the scene,
His many theories blossoming on the nature of meaning,
Planted the existence of the philosophical study of semantics,
Now a small red chested robin hatches out of its egg whilst a rhythmic bluebird sings one of Grice's theories,
The tune springs to the robins mind like revision – an implicature that if it doesn't flap its wings to the
melody of the song, it'll never learn to fly and will hit all the ugly branches on the way down,
Addressing pragmatics fanatics!
Note how the robin fleets when the bluebird tweets “Revise Grice's theory now, you really shouldn't stop,
when you fly off that branch you don't want to drop – in mid-air – perform a belly flop, then on the ground,
plop!”
The red chested robin has violated the maxim of manner.
Rhythmic bluebird: “I see you lurking in the shadows there, hiding beneath the leaves but you will have no
need to fear if your mind ever retrieves my songs and relieves you of your wrongs.”
Red chested robin: “Squawk! Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!”
The red chested robin has violated a multiple maxim – the maxim of quantity, manner, relevance and quality.
Rhythmic bluebird: “Come now, ruby red-chest, you can't stay perched on that branch forever, tap your feet
to my beat, flap your wings together. We're touching wood but it should turn out good as the ever-changing
weather. Tomorrow it's now or never.”
The red chested robin playfully flutters its wings.
Here the red chested robin flouts the maxim of quality.
Now the rhythmic bluebird finally rests its vocals for its mind has detected a cocoon progressing to a
caterpillar to a butterfly ready to soar.

Slander propaganda By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 03/03/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

That's my face plastered to the wall,
Who you're seeing isn't me at all,
This altered reputation has caused enough complication and motivation for some mob to suddenly tackle me to the ground,
I'm so shocked I can barely make a sound to inform them that the information on the poster isn't worth a single pound,
"You've got blood on hands and you'll never come clean."
No one understands the irony of my hands never being red,
All the transparent tears I have shed, the only blood traces are places where I've bled.
They handcuff my hands behind my back and stretch my mind with an emotional torture rack,
Next I'm thrown in a cell clouded with their judgemental, pessimistic, slanderous view so all I see is pitch black.
Such darkness that the atmosphere doesn't even feel blue when they tell me it's tomorrow in court I'm due.

Hours pass, I'm awoken a blazing light shining through the cell door.
A thunderous voice telling me I have no choice, get up off the floor.
Then what might seem an illusion, a stormy shadow looms above me.
Hauls me up from under my armpits – an illusion? – No, it can't be: its touch feels like lightning; strikes me with electrifying pain.
I scream in agony as a current rapidly runs through me and a bolt repeatedly shocks my body,
In its thunderous voice, the stormy shadow shouts that it's my fault and proceeds to escort me to court,
This place is full of so much dark grey fog, I can only just make out various other stormy shadows ahead, sitting in ice carved thrones behind an ash black desk – one stormy shadow holds a wooden hammer and wears a crown of lightning.

In a thunderous voice: "You've been accused of a number of crimes multiple times. Now for us to proceed, all I need from you is an answer, what do you plead?"

"Not guilty."

Uproar from a bloodthirsty crowd of grizzly bears,
They sink their teeth in, get under my skin, strip down the layers which make me who I am and penetrate me emotionally.
But they can't force me to make love to them when they are so full of hate.
As they rape me with blind accusations, I give birth to a world of magic realism.
I am a goal net and the grizzly bears are footballers,
Why a football match? I receive a running commentary on myself all the time, my critics operate themselves like droopy puppets – no strings attached.
Balls they kick at me are verbal abuse, the harsher the words, the harder the impact.
As they walk under me to collect the balls, my goal posts disappear and I transform from this goal net to a giant spider web, trapping them inside me.
Suddenly I am a thousand tarantulas crawling inside the web, I could give them a death sentence for their slander propaganda crimes – it would take just one small bite - but that would cross my moral boundaries.

Now water floods the pitch, waves crash over us and we are in a sea of laughs,
The web has turned to a fishing net in which they – now transformed to jellyfish – are trapped and the rod is pulling them, pulling them up. Not saving them will cross my moral boundaries.

I am a clown-fish holding a shark's tooth in my orange and white fin, I use it to tear the net, freeing them all.

Now these jellyfish attack me, each sting is verbal abuse, the harsher the words, the sharper the sting.

My bubbly personality allows me to blow bubbles which trap the jellyfish,

My clown-fish smile is a rainbow of orange and white spreading wide across the seabed,

"You're all under arrest for slander propaganda."

Tears of blood By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 06/03/2008. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I don't cry tears of water,
I cry tears of blood.
They flow like a river,
My blood runs so cold it sends chills down your spine so you start to shiver,
Your pulse will be racing and your heart will go thud, thud, thud.
And slowly this river will turn to a flood,
But don't be scared, be petrified for the spells I cast will leave you permanently mystified.
Be us hanged at the gallows or burnt at the stake,
But they cannot break the spells that we make,
They cannot stop the risks that we take,
A rival of mine was ever so tragic when I got my revenge by using black magic,
I see the fear in your eyes as you're gasping with panic,
But there's no way out,
They won't hear you shout,
Your screams and cries will be drowned out,
And as you drown you'll struggle to breathe,
I told you I was a witch but you refused to believe,
So this is the punishment you now receive,
I don't lie when I say I've got plenty more tricks up my sleeve,
I know God is frowning as my tears create a flood,
As you're slowly drowning in the tears of my blood.

He is the sun and he is the moon.
But which one shines brighter?
His beautiful golden rays beam at me whilst glistening against the bright blue sky,
But he is a precious pearl hanging from a silver thread whilst he sparkles with the stars in the black velvet sky,
But which one would I rather gaze at?
Whose eyes do I long to stare into?
I look into your eyes... Golden spheres surrounded by pools of blue,
And I look into your eyes... Dazzling, white pearls surrounded by black velvet,
Can I not take one eye from each of you and combine them to make a new pair?
You... you are not only my lover, you are my sun.
There is so much warmth to you that you make my heart melt and your tender words make me feel feelings which I've never ever felt,
When I'm sad your golden rays will soak up my tears,
You are my inspirational ball of fire,
You burn all my worries to ash,
You brighten up miserable days and calm the treacherous winds,
The sky is a mystery of colours now this evening is drawing to a close,
Your golden rays kiss me goodnight as you sink further down into the sky,
And you... you are not only my lover, you are my moon.
I used to fear the darkness but you changed this when you emerged from the night sky,
You cast away the shadows,
Your blinding light terrified the trees so much that their crooked, claw-like branches snapped so that they could no longer grab me,
You told the wind "You're not a snake, stop twisting through the trees like that or you will be very sore". And just like that, it blew gently.
One frosty glare from you made the winds hisses turn to a sweet serenade,
The caring soul you are, you whisper to me softly in the wind, as though not to wake anyone.
When I sleep you have the power to enter my mind, access my wildest dreams and make them come true,
When I look at you, I see so much more than that beautiful glow, your face is the map of the world where your emotions run deep,
It is a fine night and you are its shining armour,
And as a star shoots across the sky I close my eyes and make a wish,
And do you know what I wish for? I wish I could have you... you as well as him.
They both light up my world,
But at the same time I am blinded by their light and I cannot see who is really meant for me,
I am blinded, blinded with tears, like a lover, as I am forced to face my fears, to choose just one and abandon the other.
Please, don't make me do this, they emerged from the heavens and shone a light to help me see the good in this cruel, cold world.
How can I possibly be expected to put out ones spark and leave one in the dark after all they've done for me?
I look into his eyes... and pray that those golden spheres don't drown in those pools of blue,
I look into his eyes... and pray that those precious pearls won't get lost in the blackness of the velvet.

What particular night? By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 30/10/2006. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Beware of the full moon for the werewolves that growl,
The ghosts that howl,
The witches may cast spells on you so you'd better watch out,
On this particular night monsters are about,
The skeletons rise from the dead creeping out of their coffins,
Vampires will come for a taste of your blood,
You'll be so petrified that your heart will go thud, thud, thud,
On this particular night you'll get such a fright,
Strange people – if they are people, will be knocking on your door,
Spiders will crawl all over the floor,
The jaws that bite and the claws that scratch,
The devil storms out from hell,
The zombie groans and the mummy moans,
The scary monsters will request for candy of some sort,
Now this may not be good for their health but it's the only way you can save yourself,
Trick or treat?
Life or death,
They'll wait for you answer with baited breath,
So spare them something whether it's a sherbet or a jellybean,
And if you haven't already guessed, this particular night is Halloween.

When will world peace win? By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 07/11/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

We've come a long way since Hitler and Stalin,

But when will world peace win?

Some of us think it's a sin to accept people who are of a different religion,

I know what you try to achieve when you say people who don't believe are destined for the hell fire,

How can you be so naïve? I can tell you that theory is about to expire,

I believe God gave us morals, therefore he has them himself.

I really don't care for the reactions I receive, either continue to read, put down this poem and grieve, retrieve the thoughts these words give you.

God is with us, every step of the way, every minute of the day, he'll never stray.

I'll respect your religious view to, whether you agree the God watching over us is Christian or argue its Catholic, Protestant, Muslim, Sikh, Jehovah, Hindu, or state that there is more than one, more than two.

I also appreciate the theory shared by Atheists in which there is no God without hard solid evidence needed to prove its relevance.

I believe in Adam and Eve, the tree, Gods whole creation, refined the vein in every leave, rules some humans choose to break, the snake lay in Eve's wake, encouraging her to make the mistake. The apple she ate, determined her and Adam's fate.

Even though I don't understand the subject, let's form a friendly alliance and not take the love out of science,

If I understood science fully, I would still believe in God, although I cannot see him, hear him, smell him or feel him, I have always sensed him in my mind and in my heart, I guess we've never really been apart.

I can understand why people lose faith: Trust me, the world isn't safe. People kill themselves or others against God's will, some for vengeance, some for a thrill, some because they are mentally ill, some because fear and despair won't disappear, it makes them struggle to see clear so they no longer want to be here. There are people who can heal wellbeing with care but they can't be everywhere at once. Several are homeless, just look at mankind's mess, families are starving and poor, in Afghanistan there is war. Suddenly an earthquake makes a country shake, some diseases are incurable. People judge, envy, hate and discriminate.

I suppose you ask "If God is real, why doesn't he stop bad things happening?"

Your wonder will soon fade when I answer "manmade."

Jesus died for us on the cross, nails through his hands and feet, a crown of thorns around his head.

Stripped almost naked in front of a massive crowd, to be our saviour he was proud.

Despite their torture, he rose back to life to help make things right, shone his holy light.

Think of God, that's his son, for all he's done, the least we could do is put down the gun, establish world peace and let wounds cease?

God gave us morals and therefore has trust, but that shining hope is beginning to rust.

Let's play pickalily By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 06/01/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I'm just a healthy natured fig tree but still you choose to dig up the dirt that coats the roots of every elm in this forest - which I allegedly look down on.

So why - do my tender branches reach down and embrace our common muck as it clings to thousands of roots like infants suckling from their mothers?

Why - do my wriggly bark lines curve into smiley mouths and double chins which wobble with laughter as our common muck splatters on me - soaking wet from the rain - and trickles down my trunk as if it were a tongue wagging at you?

Why do my leaves curl themselves into cups in attempt to capture more rainwater than they can hold so that messy raindrops spill out of them like big fat tears of joy falling from emerald green eyes?

Why do my leaves now flap against each other as if they are hands clapping these clever puns?

Varicose veins in your trunk bulge with anger like bug eyes, your tight bark lines arch with fury like sharp eyebrows, your leaves stiffen like upper lips which can't quite hold their tongues as poisonous water snakes slither out of their middle veins and swim in your infatuation of spitting venomous words at me.

Next you reach down into the dirt with your crooked claw like branch and haul it at me with full force.

Splat. Slimy brown mud stains my emerald leaves. I am a speckled leapfrog. The puddle that gapes between us resembles a smelly old river. Your leaves are lily pads on which repulsive creatures - worms, maggots, cockroaches, flies, spiders, witchetty grub - rest on. You think I daren't but I swallow their vile bodies' whole and tear off all your lily pads so I can use them as napkins to wipe the slime dripping from my mouth. Once I've finished I scatter them across the river and watch as they float towards the weeds.

You see Ivy, this is what happens when you play pickalily with Fig's points.

Circle in the sand petanque By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 12/08/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Azure of the sea, squawks of gulls which now flee and dive in salty waters, repeatedly emerge to the surface each time with the same purpose of seizing some slimy, gasping, floppy fish in its crooked dusty-yellow beak, the scattering of intricate shells, pastel shaded stones, rocks and boulders patterned with grain, clear shallow pools, relaxation of boundaries and rules, here on Walcott beach, this is our petanque terrain. Fresh airy breezes slap our faces as players take their places. The crash of the waves, foaming whiteness at the shore. What shall the result be: Lose, win or draw? Heat of the golden blazing sun, this competition can be won.

We hear the whistle blow, instructing us to go and shake each other's hand then draw our circles in the sand,

All scenery around us is Earth until a player draws a ring around themselves which indicates they are on Saturn,

Scenery transforms to space - sky, sand and sea merges together to form endless blue-black, intricate shells are shimmering stars, pastel coloured stones are glistening galaxies, gulls bodies are shooting stars aiming downwards, their open dusty-yellow beaks are black holes attempting to suck up fish which have transformed into comets. Density of the fresh airy breeze decreases as the power of the waves ceases. Players become astronauts, floating around everywhere.

The cochonet begins to balloon into a luminous white moon when it is thrown and has grown six to ten metres away from the astronaut on Saturn.

The astronaut on Saturn places one foot in front of the other, their fellow astronaut ensures they support one another as a team and says to follow a moon beam as a guide and that the boule must glide higher through space if the air density is thicker as it will land in a better place much quicker. A metal boule leaves the hand of the astronaut on Saturn, transforming into a silver spaceship operated by the power of the throw, drifting away from Saturn and shifting fast towards the moons centre. When it lands, the spaceship and the moon appear closely joint, the opponents need to separate them, or else they won't win a point.

The astronaut steps off Saturn to allow an opposing astronaut to take their turn in attempting to earn points. The opposing astronaut edges further towards the front of Saturn's ring, careful not to knock it, the metal boule leaves their hand, transforming into a rocket operated by the power of the throw, shoots through the air at the speed of light, blasts the spaceship off the moon and out of sight.

They are on for one but damage will be done as an astronaut steps on Saturn and takes aim, intending to add some danger to the game. Their hand turns to alien slime, the metal boule immediately slips out, transforming into a UFO operated by the power of the throw, spins through the air, looms threateningly above the rocket on the moon, crashes on top, pushing the rocket down into a black hole which sucks it up like a vacuum.

At this stage, no astronaut can attack or defend and must now restart the end.

Around them, space fades and the scenery trades for Earth.

Astronauts sweat under the golden blazing sun in their spacesuits, digging boule out of the sand, giving each other a hand with finding them.

Once all boule are found, an astronaut draws a ring around themselves, Saturn is present and the moon is crescent, partly hidden by sand transformed to blue-black space.

Azure sea forms to create Neptune, clear shallow pools form to create Uranus, boulders form to create Jupiter, crystals form to create Mercury, fossils form to create Mars, rocks form to create Venus.

Beware: Landing on Venus means boule will rust even if they have transformed into spaceships or rockets which could burn to particles of dust under the hottest planets heat, they can't fly back and retreat.

Entry fees have been paid, five rounds will be played. Every game, each team of two will play someone new.

The winner of the competition will be published in The Guinness Book of World Records for landing on the moon multiple times.

How it is By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 12/09/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I can't tell you straight when you're driving round bends,
I can't twist our fate if we can't be friends,
It's all very well dodging all of the rocks,
But we'll never escape with our keys jammed in locks,
Now you suffocate me with blind accusations which make as much sense as optical illusions,
Is it any wonder that I look away?
We don't need this now,
It just leads us astray,
We can't patch this up if I'm kicked to the curb,
You can't read my story unsupported with no blurb,
Trust me – that is what I'm here to provide,
Thrust me, stamp on it and push it aside,
I've opened my trap but I haven't yet lied,
I might as well scrap it,
You just haven't tried,
Jump to conclusions,
Fall flat on your face,
Empty delusions,
To put me in place,
Aim high – a solution may drop from the sky,
God and I'm sat here wondering why...
We can't eat our words so let's swallow our pride,
We've both made mistakes,
We have nothing to hide,
So let's slam on the brakes,
We haven't yet died.

Young love grown old By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 20/02/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

He watches his mates roam around, single, free and wild.
The pretty girls have got them buzzing like a swarm of angry bees,
The reminder of girls makes his thoughts drift to his girlfriend Lily back at home struggling to raise their new-born child,
He wishes he could reassure her and put her mind at ease,
But it was since they'd moved in together and sworn that they were destined for each other,
Him and Lily had sworn it was forever,
Things had changed from the moment Lily dropped the bombshell that she was pregnant,
Now the baby was born they were struggling to pay the rent,
His parents are concerned about him getting tied down at such a young age but he insists he is fine living on his small wage,
He no longer has freedom and Lily often throws a tantrum,
Nothing ever seems to be right,
It's his fault if the baby cries all night,
His fault if the bills aren't paid,
His fault if things get delayed,
He gets the blame for everything and who knows when Lily will have another mood-swing?
She moans that he is lazy and quite frankly it is driving him crazy,
Everything is always his fault,
All of a sudden his thoughts come to a halt,
The girl approaching him is beautiful,
Her skin a natural olive shade and her eyes the shade of hazel,
Her never ending legs and her toned slender waist,
Her hair falls in ringlets and shines golden in the moonlight,
Her lips, her crimson lips, her glossy pout,
No I shouldn't be doing this,
No cut it out,
His mates all cheer, jeer, shout go on get in there and hand him yet another beer,
His mind goes blank, the world goes round, his body sways,
He pulls her close and draws her near,
He runs his fingers through her hair,
Cups her chin in his hands and kisses her soft lips hungrily breathing in her rich, sweet scent,
Suddenly he sees a pale, vulnerable looking girl with heavy, dark circles under her eyes who is cradling a screaming baby. Lily.
Lily, I can't explain,
It's the drama and the pain,
I do apologize but I want to live my life and socialize,
I'm sorry I know you're mad but I can't just deal with being a Dad,
We're still young,
We've just turned fifteen,
I want to live life like a teen,
There's no hope,
I just can't cope,
Lily looks at the idiot who she believes was her boyfriend talking about things she doesn't understand,
She tries to work out what he's saying but his voice is slurred,
She's holding back so many tears her vision is blurred,
She looks across at the beautiful girl and who – must – not – be – named, the supposed “cheat”
She's too attractive - I can't compete,
Now I'm stuck to raise a child alone,
My life must be disaster prone,
What can I do?
I haven't got a clue.

Twisted tale By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 10/04/2010. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Why are you searching me?

You can empty the contents of my personality but the reality is I have nothing to hide,
As I shift underneath your frosty glares, cold stares and pitiful sneers it sends chills down my spine.
When asked guilty I decline because the responsibilities not mine.

Yes, I am pleading innocent – any truth in her lies is practically non-existent.

Don't get me wrong – a magistrate sits in my heart.

It's been there all along – right from the start.

I occasionally give it a kick up the arse to exercise my demons until they pass out,
Then I'm hearing my angels, telling the Devil stop feeding her fables, stop turning the tables so that
they're against her, stop sticking on labels when this girl is clearly her own person.

This girl is priceless so she's not for sale.

All it is her ex friend trying to sell her for something she's not with the same twisted tale,

Now my angels embrace me and tell me to rest,

I know I'm not in the wrong so I won't protest.

And like their wings – my eyelashes go 'flutter flutter'

Whilst she stoops low I raise my eyebrows higher her standards.

Buy her damn story if you wish to – I don't care.

Hardly fair but if it's not real it's not there,

Throw your two pennies in till you're broke but the fact is I don't cost anything.

Buy one, get one free! – We already know that's not really me.

She has these pretences that I use certain qualities to feed my ego mammoth quantities and laugh
at other peoples expenses,

Quite frankly, I don't give a damn - you're all entering a scam because that's not who I am.

Imagine By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 04/10/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Imagine the world painted just one colour.

The only colour you'll from now on ever see, not any other.

Pick your favourite. You have more than one?

Sorry, but this has to be done. You pick only one, the rest must go.

Okay then, I shall pick one out at random from the rainbow.

Vain? I come across as vain, do I? Richard. Of. York. Gave. Battle. In. ***Vain!***

Violet. The world is now violet. No, skies, sea's and oceans are not blue – blue is extinct, it should mean nothing to you. You say grass and most leaves and tree tops should be green. I've no idea what you mean.

Imagine the world just one race, the only race we can ever be.

Tall, toned violet men with chiselled jaws, smouldering eyes, handsome quiffs, winning smiles. Tall, curvy violet women with delicate cheekbones, bright eyes, long flowing hair, dazzling smiles. Small, healthy violet children with sweet hamster-like cheeks, wide innocent eyes, cute smiles, soft fluffy hair.

You're looking at me as if I'm mental, now men all look identical, women all look identical, children all look identical. I've made the world what you consider to be 'beautiful'. It's not natural? The world is what you've made it.

You don't judge now you and everyone else are 'perfect' violet-race clones, now looks are concerned no one throws stones. However, you're finding it harder to trust, shimmering hopes have turned to rust. People do things that hurt, they treat you like dirt. Before you'd try to play smart, now you don't have the heart. It's harder to tell peoples inner qualities apart but even when you do meet genuine people it's harder to feel. They don't seem as real.

Now you break down and cry, screaming: "This life is a lie! Why? Why?! Why did I - ?!" You are unable to speak. You could have been so strong but you let them make you weak. They fooled you, into creating this world, a place where little is unique. Why so shallow when you can be as deep as the oceans? Why so constricted when you can be as free as an eagle? Demons of the past trapped your wild spirit. This destiny you've created, there's nothing in it.

Me vs Me By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 14/11/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Sometimes I feel like I'm my own worst enemy,
I let allegations race ahead of me,
I end up chasing them up and try facing up to them,
Suddenly it's like I'm looking in the mirror, it's me vs me – a reflection of character,
What is my reason for being?
Why am I not sure if I like what I'm seeing?
I search deep inside of myself for flaws and always wonder what's the cause?
But these allegations aren't about how I look,
They are about how I come across,
From what was said and how it was taken,
To why I laughed and how it was mistaken,
I'd have never thought an easy going person like myself would cause such complications in these
bizarre situations,
I'm so sick of people who make these smart arse observations as if they know everything about me,
These people don't even have to be my family or friends,
They can be people who don't really know me properly,
I know they probably mean well but how can they really tell?
It hurts because I care about something that's not necessarily there,
I start to believe them and it's almost as if I deceive myself,
So I balance these allegations in both my hands,
Mine and others, whilst thinking "Why am I doing this? No one else bothers."
I try to even them out so I get a balanced argument but the weight of judgment upon me is too
much to handle,
I know I should drop it but I can't seem to stop it,
All of a sudden I'm juggling these allegations in both my hands and I'm struggling to cope because
no one understands,
It pains me to say that I can't explain what's wrong so they can't help me and it's been going on for
too long.

We fight in the name of George 'P' Lakoff,
The great cognitive linguist,
Ready for those who desire to scoff,
I warn you - resist now mystery critic, cough cough.
You'll sense the need to run,
Now that the deed is done -
In blessing of the birth of George 'P' Lakoff 1941,
Our words weigh a ton and are bricks crashing down on harsh criticisms,
In this vacuous battlefield pointing fingers become claw-like, nails are cranes that reach down with
their sharp points to lift the bricks (our defensive arguments) off the ground and place them on top
of one another, building a conceptual construction around the underlying metaphor to protect it
from attackers.
Soapy saliva foams at mouths for tongues are washing machines, whirling words round and out
into the treacherous winds,
As soon as ray of sunlight reflects our point of view you attempt to twist fate in hope of turning the
tables of this debate,
But we are still winning as our words are spinning through the air of triumph in spirals,
We're soaring ahead by miles, all laughs and smiles but wait ----
We've pushed our luck and now our words appear stuck, hanging from the hooks of their spirals
like out of fashion clothing in a mad jumble sale,
Careful, they'll even out creases with materialistic views,
Snatch. They've grabbed the conclusion right off the rail.
Now planted in the soil are seeds of doubt – but such dead metaphors are no use to us in these
wars.
Therefore, our thoughts must provide the root and stem of central development:
Such doubtful seeds are ones of magic that produce a jade spring onion which grows tall enough to
resemble the stalk of a tree,
Its layers are tender branches peeled halfway down – on them grow red onions that glow with fiery
passion – the apples of our eyes.
And theirs – which sting with emotion at this moving image.
Next time a critic writes harshly of Lakoff's theory the pages of the book will crumple like a
screwed up face and mould itself into the shape of an onion tree – the ink will run down it as freely
as their tears.
I declare, we have won for we have proved that the centrality of metaphor relates to human
thinking, behaviour and society – us metaphorical freaks of nature.

Puppet on strings By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 20/10/2010. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Easily led down the wrong path,
Choose to mislead me just for a laugh,
Tell me you need me then look at me daft,
We'll get her lines scripted then we'll try out a draft,
You can't just choose to put words in my mouth...I start to say but then realise my mouth is sewn shut,
Now you're spinning me round like a piece of machinery,
How can you smile when you're being so mean to me?
It's like a crazy game of blind man's bluff,
You snap your fingers then you say strut your stuff,
Off I go...

I'm like a puppet on strings tell me what you wanna do,
I've got no mind of my own cause' my only mind is you,
"We did make you -
We can **break** you."
You never give,
You just take,
But I'll live...
Until you hang me by the strings.

Lion-heart explicit By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 09/12/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

This is it. My heart.
Leaping out. Of my own mouth.
Ferocious lion spirit ran too wild to be tamed,
Ragged fur burnt out from all the scars inflamed,
As far as you're concerned I'm just a child to be shamed with lessons to be learned for I cannot
count the times I've burned for being wrongly blamed,
You prod me with a tiny matchstick which, to you, is the size of my mental age,
Though I am old enough to fight and stand up for what's right,
Through this burning pain I must put out the hellish fire you ignite whilst you continue to prod – I
am a clown-fish and your matchstick is a rod – from behind in attempt to bind together innocence
and blind accusations,
It appears compassion has lost sight as my tail is set alight – so how will I face compassion if it can't
look me in the eye?
I'm running round in circles – huffing and puffing – chasing my tail whilst compassion senses
nothing,
I'll blow the Devils flames whilst you play sadistic games,
Inhale your toxic fumes, let fire quench my thirst.
My tail kills like a venomous snake sinking its hot acidic teeth in.
Burning like hell – but not eternal.
My soul shalt not be burdened by a fate you've predetermined.
By blood and nature I'm courageous but I'm not roaring with laughter,
It's beyond amusing that you're certain of hereafter.
I'm swallowing my pride in order to restore my dignity though I have the ability to eat your words
raw.
They call me great big pussy disguised as a lion but the only flap I've ever gotten into is this circus,
Its worthless people throwing in their cheap two pennies to watch me jump through hoops of fire
to chase allegations that race ahead of me which you so desire to be true,
My fur is singeing but I'm not whinging,
My flesh is scarring but I'm not blahing,
My blood is boiling but is not spoiling the one thing I've fitted to mould,
My breath is fuming at all this blooming nonsense as I'm rightly assuming I don't lay on your
conscience,
My eyes spark but still you fail to see my light in your dark,
My insides are burning to ashes as my life flashes before my eyes,
In spite of all this my heart is not digging itself a grave in the pit of my stomach,
This is what I meant when I said 'This is it.' as I spit my lion-heart out at you.
It's soaring through the air too wildly to be tamed,
With my ferocious lion spirit it's brightly inflamed,
All you need to do is catch this ball of fire and if your allegations about me are true then the flames
shall fizzle out before it reaches you.....

Bang.

**Fury of a lion-heart sparks up into the blackness and explodes into a mass of fireworks. The
magistrate that sits in my heart has slammed down her hammer.**

Metaphorical force field By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 12/07/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I've said all I needed to say,
I've laid all the cards I had to lay,
I searched till I found my way,
Lies, rumours, allegations start to decay,
And now I feel the most uplifting sensation my imaginations been longing for,
Establishing world peace now,
Wounds cease now,
And somehow, its metaphor, not bullets, which end this war.
I feel my senses climbing out of deep trenches,
No need for defences, I'll throw down my shield.
Unleashed all the bitterness concealed for all this time,
What does it matter whether or not the truth is revealed?

I'm a metaphorical force field,
My thoughts that are abstract bounce off your impact,
My thoughts that are concrete bury any verbal attacks which may spring from your mouths,
My development of thicker skin makes it impossible for you to get in, strip down the layers which
make me who I am and penetrate me emotionally.

Nothing can make me scream or cry out for help.

I'm an incredible freak of nature -

You'd better flee from here.
At the speed of light.

Section two:

Poetry in the form of song lyrics

Sticks and stones By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 09/11/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Intro:

Sticks and stones can break my bones but words can never hurt me...

Verse 1:

I've got a physical barrier which blocks out everything that you say,
No that's a lie cause' the things you said still echo in my head from yesterday,
I have got so many examples,
Ones I don't wish to repeat,
I try to block it out but my mind is running in retreat,

Chorus:

Sticks and stones can break my bones but words can never hurt me,
You can use them as a weapon but you won't make no wounds, no,
I'll just build a force-field to shield me from your words,
I'll just build a force-field to shield me from the hurt,

Verse 2:

Throw all the insults you like at me cause I am made of stone,
There's a black hole where your heart should be,
I'll just go through this alone,
Turn against me if you want to or you can stand by my side,
But really, who needs enemies when I've got friends like you?

(Chorus)

Bridge:

So come on guys if you think I can take it hit me with your words...
My heart is stone, if you think you can break it hit me with your words...

(Chorus)

End verse:

So come on spank me baby...with your so called words of wisdom,
I'd like to thank you really, all the pain has just made me stronger... and stronger... and stronger...
than you'll ever be.

Die at our laughter By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 24/04/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

There's a sound that can take us away from this cruel cold world,
Stare at the ground,
If our eyes were to meet the ice would break beneath our feet,
I feel the warmth of your heart melting the chilling atmosphere,
I can't stop once I start,
There's still some tension in the air,
There's a feeling we try to fight,
There's a fire we can't ignite,
But it tickles us till it's too much to bear,
Let rip hope no one can hear,

Chorus:

Baby our words left unspoken can heal scars left wide open,
We'll fix smiles that are broken,
We'll leave the whole world in stitches,
Cackling like witches,
We'll help lost souls find their spirits,
Baby our sky has no limits,
Baby we'll die at our laughter,
And have lived happily ever after,

Verse 2:

So I stand here like a statue,
Content with the same thought,
This place is turning ghoulish,
They will haunt us if we're caught,
And I just happen to catch you out of the corner of my eye,
And I just can't help but match you,
We can't keep living in this lie,
Why should we turn our smiles straight?
Why do they yearn to twist our fate?

(Chorus)

Bridge:

We just can't keep our features sharp,
As we feel our faces crease up,
I hear the sound of a harp...
As your strumming on my heartstrings,
Tears flow rhythmically as my heart sings...
Cause' our laughter's like a song where no words get in the way,
Since such words cannot express there is nothing more to say,
To them it sounds out of tune,
They say our heads are stuck in clouds,
But really we're over the moon...

(Chorus)

What you wanted By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 26/05/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

I'll cherish her like gold,
I'll never break my hold,
I'll watch her start to shine and then I'll make her mine,
Sparks fly beside her but she doesn't see really she's helping me relight the fire that's died down inside,

Chorus:

*Boy...I was happy enough with you,
I had so much more to give you but it wasn't what you wanted...
Thought all you two had was a lovers tiff but then I got a whiff of your deadly scent,
Thought he'd turned over a new leaf but he's still the same person underneath,
His heart had turned to frost, I took it in from the cold but he relived the same story that was yet to be told,*

Verse 2:

I'll leave her to draw the lines on my heart,
Join them back together where they got torn apart,
Cause' I was self-destructive,
Destroyed a work of art,
She could unlock my past if she could read my palm,
She could replace my last who I caused so much harm,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

My new love she's like my lucky charm, leading to something hopeful...
But now I've pushed my luck and left her thunderstruck,
I met a girl who'd let me and she was out to get me,
As I slept with her my dreams were fulfilled,
I should have kept my distance but I was too weak-willed,
I knew that I'd see my love tomorrow,
But still I would beg, cheat, steal and borrow,
Our parting such a bittersweet sorrow...

(Chorus)

End verse:

Same actions repeated,
Am I prone to them?
Now the objects defeated,
I'm alone again,

Closing verse:

*Let go, you're free to roam...
You only dated me cause' I was closer to home.*

True colours can blind By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 03/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

True colours are shining all for you,
I'll make them shine brighter so you'll see me through,
True colours are blinding,
You lose your sight,
So you start to see me in a different light,
And all I did was take a sip of blue liquor,
I feel bubbly and I'm acting immature,
Out of the blue I blush red,
But I'm sure it hasn't gone to my head,
You don't believe me despite what I've said,
I'm just myself but LOUDER...

Chorus:

I'm like sun,
I give you light but I can blind you cause' I shine too bright,
Why should I shy away behind a cloud?
I wanna have fun,
I should be aloud,
It's the inner me I've worked so hard to find,
But my true colours can blind,

Verse 2:

A rainbow shines across the sky,
All my true colours catch your eye,
I'll let my wings unfold to open up and fly...
Towards the end of the rainbow where you can't see the hidden colour that represents me,
The lustrous gold with its shimmering light,
Shining just a touch too bright to expose me as a flustered sight,
As I drink the blue liquor your view of me starts to blur,
You called me tipsy tonight,
But my true colours are just bright,
I am myself in every right,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

You paint a picture in your mind with all the colours you can find,
You've left the lustrous gold behind at the end of the rainbow...

(Chorus)

I'll always be your girl By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 30/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

When I ask you, you say that you're smitten,
But how can I believe you when you're shying away like a kitten?
Cause' when you're with your mates you build up a wall,
You barely look at me,
You don't speak at all,
But when we're alone I smile as it comes crashing down...

Chorus:

Why don't you tell them how I rule your world?
Deep down I know you have a heart of gold,
Because you keep me sheltered from the cold,
But those stories still remain untold,
Inside that oyster I know there's a pearl because you know I'll always be your girl,

Verse 2:

When I talk you don't even listen,
Want to be heard but it's like I your need permission,
Cause' when you're with your mates you freeze me out,
So I have these thoughts all laced with doubt,
But when we're alone we talk about everything and laugh about nothing,
Behind that mask I know that you're bluffing,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

You put on a poker face,
I call it a joker face,
It's a joke how you poke fun at me when you're with them,
Sounds absurd but you hang onto every word I say when we're alone...
Then out of the blue comes "Baby, I love you"

(Chorus)

Fire fire By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 01/09/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

When the battles lost and the deed is done,
When hearts turn to frost, feel the need to run,
Cause' at any cost they'll aim the gun at me,
Feel vengeance cause' they haven't won,
Battles over but the wars begun and its bloody and as gruesome as can be,
Suddenly spun words in a spiral,
They all stood there in denial,
Said the words were so so beautiful,
At the same time so unusual,
Thought I'd saved myself from an early funeral,
Then they screamed...

Chorus:

Fire, fire!
She's a... sapphire – fire!
It's the only thing that's keeping her alive,
It's the beauty inside her that we can't help admire,
It's our duty to make sure she don't survive,

Verse 2:

Scarlett blood – tears from a rose,
The sticky mess stains everybody's clothes,
Try to fight through the hunger and thirst,
I was at my worst then the heavens burst and they stole my breath as the angels sang,
Due to this theft I had nothing left cause they sucked the life out of me...
Then an angel flew over and whispered in my ear and the whole thing blew over when I heard no fear, evil
can disappear and we'll watch the devil hang,
Suddenly I'm forcing a smile,
Burning through this hellish trial,
Aiming at me all the while but they're missing by a mile,
Try to twist my words but they're stuck in a spiral,
Thought I'd stopped the whole thing turning viral,
Then they screamed...

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Now in these battlefields they are raising their shields so my words bounce off them...
I'm saying lets join forces but they show no remorse's and charge...
But when words gallop out of my mouth their horses throw them off their backs, enlarge, grow horns and
become my unicorns,
Serves you all right for being so cynical,
Things you hear really do work a miracle,
Now you're the ones who are hurt laying in the dirt,
They can't scream...

(Chorus)

Met in a thunderstorm By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 11/11/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

Ain't it funny how we met in a thunderstorm?
I didn't need the sun; I had your arms to keep me warm,
And we were quite happy...
I didn't mind the sound of thunder, flash of lightning,
You'd hold my hand if I ever found it frightening,
And we were quite happy...
Then you took me by surprise when you looked into my eyes,
Said the suns not gonna rise, no rise, no rise,
Baby, please explain,
Will all we have is rain?
Will we live forever in the darkness?
Are you sure the storm is where your heart is?

Chorus:

Because we met in a thunderstorm and I had your arms to keep me warm,
We don't need the sun, the sun, the sun,
We can make it through this weather just as long as we're together,
The thunderstorms begun, begun, begun,

Verse 2:

You make the grey skies shine like their silver,
The wind is cold I'm starting to shiver,
Do I even need to ask; your arms are around me,
We don't need scorching heat, hailstones, rain or sleet, no,
All I need is for us to be happy...
You took me by surprise when you looked into my eyes,
Said the suns not gonna rise, no rise, no rise,
Baby, please explain,
Will all we have is rain?
Will we live forever in the darkness?
Are you sure the storm is where your heart is?

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Rains lashing down,
Lightnings flashing now,
The lightnings a flashback of how we met,
When you left me gob smacked when we...

(Chorus)

Haunted By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 11/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

I put up with this shit everyday,
Why does it have to be this way?
I start to walk over to you,
I wanna talk to you but I dunno what the hell to say,
You just look right through me like you want nothing to do with me,
What can I do to fit in this school?
Must I follow every rule that the popular crowd follow?
But when I try to involve myself I just blend in like a shadow cause' I follow them but I can't keep up,

Chorus:

Am I a ghost around here?
This place feels so haunted,
With all these crowds around me I feel like I'm being taunted,
I don't feel included,
I just feel deluded,
In this secluded space on my own,
They look right through me like I'm invisible,

Verse 2

All I need is a friend to rely on,
Just that one extra shoulder to cry on,
I need someone to dry my tears when I cry,
I need someone who actually cares when I try,
My parents say darling it's all in your mind,
Go out there and show them that your one of a kind,
But they don't realise that true friends are so frickin' hard to find,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

But then... things looked up and so I thought it was time for change,
I saw two girls, no it was three,
They looked familiar and similar to me,
There was a doubt,
Figured it out,
I went over to them and completed the picture...

Edited chorus:

I was a ghost around here and yes this place is haunted by the ghost that I once was,
There are crowds around me but I don't feel taunted cause' I'm part of one,
I now feel included,
I don't feel deluded and I'm in no secluded space anymore,
The ghost I was has turned invisible,

Get down and plead By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 05/04/2012. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

Never give up hope,
But you ain't got a hope in hell,
You know too well what you did,
Struggling to cope,
Is that the reason why you dwell on this?
You got too scared and you hid....like a rabbit in the headlights,
Forced tears you never wept, vows that you never kept, too late the words have leapt right out my mouth...

Chorus:

You can beg on your knees,
You can get down and plead,
Tell me I'm everything you need and without me your soul will bleed,
Because you've lost a part...
That was once in your heart...
And I filled it with laughter and joy,
Stop speaking the words of a man when you're just a boy...

Verse 2:

So you'll buy me a necklace laced with my doubt,
A choker, perhaps to take my breath away,
Will a locket be attached in hope of capturing my soul and leading it astray?
Love is a gift but in your case it's cheap,
Boy get a shift, I thought you were my everything but you turned out
to be a creep,
Loves just a price you'd rather not pay,
Like sorry's a word you'd rather not say,
Serenading my heart won't make it OK,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Claim your soul is dropping down into the depths of despair,
Your words no longer touch me cause' the feelings just not there,
You want me back,
Well, you can dream,
You'd be smiling like a cat that got the cream,
But you chased after the pussy instead...
Irresistible soon as she put her paws on you,
When you stuck your claws in her did you make her scream? Did you make her SCREAM.....?
Would you have been so smitten if you then gave her a kitten?

(Chorus)

The girl in the mirror By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 09/11/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

The girl in the mirror, the girl in the mirror,
She wished she was taller,
She wished she was thinner,
But she don't see what she wanna see,
She only sees what's in front of her,
Give me the answers, give me the answers,
How can I be perfect to increase my chances?
I wish she could see things... through my eyes...
Who's that girl staring back at me?
She is not who I wanna be,
I wanna change my identity so I am someone who isn't me,

Chorus:

Girl in the mirror, Girl in the mirror,
Stop judging yourself, it won't help you see clearer,
It's not the magic mirror in snow white,
It's not gonna tell you you're the fairest of them all,
So I wouldn't need no sleep tonight cause' nobody's perfect...

Verse 2:

Still she keeps staring at her reflection but all she's seeing is imperfection,
She's doubting herself, she'd rather be anyone else,
Anyone but her,
Wouldn't it be boring if we were all the same?
But for these insecurities who's to blame...
Through my eyes...
The media have a set criteria,
You must look like someone who is superior,
The stars you see in the glossy magazines,
Cause' they all look so frickin' pristine,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Still I'm staring,
Don't know why I keep caring,
Cause' I was always born an ugly duckling,
When will I transform into a beautiful swan?
I want that duckling to be gone so I can spread my wings and feel like I'm free,
This ain't the person who I wanna be,

(Chorus)

Forget him By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 09/11/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

What did he do to you to make you this devastated?
Don't worry, it's his chance that he's wasted,
Plenty of other fish in the sea,
You say no boy can ever compare,
You believed the two of you were meant to be,
But tell me was he even actually there ...

Chorus:

For the times you were sad, for the times you cried, he was never there to turn your frown upside down, for the times you were angry and you lost control he was never there to calm the atmosphere,

Verse 2:

Tell me is he really worth your tears?
Sooner or later you'll have to let him go,
It doesn't sound as if he cares,
He's no good for you and I think that deep down you know,
Since he's been gone you're a nervous wreck,
Tell me was he even there...

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

I'm here to cure your broken heart,
Should have known he was a player right from the start,
You're a genuine person and it's so his loss,
Forget all the memories when you and him were kissing
I say go strut yourself, get out there and show him what he's missing,
As he was never actually there...

(Chorus)

Bridge:

He's acting all serious,
Now he's finally realised what he's lost,
Now he's getting envious,
He wants you back at any cost,
Wants to leave the past behind but here's something to bear in mind he was never there....

(Chorus)

Whole world has to know By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 05/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

Rant behind a technology device, how cool are you?
It's clear you're seeking attention and not advice,
You know it's true,
Spill us your life story because you know we all wanna hear it,
Spill us your life story because we know that you wanna to share it,
Ever heard of a diary?
Write your issues in a diary so you can tear through the paper and crush it in the palm of your hand,
Or be a keyboard warrior but when the words leap off the keyboard and make a mess on the screen don't expect us to understand,

Chorus:

Behind the screen I see your face,
Lost in the world of cyberspace,
Crash back down to Earth,
Tell the people who are worth your tears,
They've known you since birth,
They'll help you break through,
But your loved ones aren't enough, the whole world has to know...

Verse 2:

Seems like you're digging holes again,
This time you're gonna fall my friend,
Because you slag her off in your status,
Then you say it's none our business,
Now it's everybody's business and everyone's a witness cause' you shared it with the world...
At war in cyberspace, dodging bullets which crack through your screen,
You let off steam in the wrong place,
Now they're breathing fire back at you and its burning through your screen,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Write your issues in a diary
Stab the shit out of the paper and watch as the pen bleeds ink,
Lock your inner beast inside it and unleash it when need be,
Turn over a new page and leave that last chapter behind...

(Chorus)

Murderer By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 04/06/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

You are the air that I breathe,
But now you've punctured my lungs,
You would dare me to leave,
But I'd rather stay in this heavenly hell,
I'd never betray you,
You could treat me rotten but I'd never tell...
What would they do if they knew?
Lock you away in a prison cell,
Only to protect me,
But I'd find the key,
(Please) Don't treat him like a caged animal,
Just let me tame him,
I don't want to shame him,
Please don't blame him no...

Chorus:

To my soul...you're a murderer!
Stole my heart...you're a burglar!
You sucked the life right out of me,
You are the cause undoubtedly,
To my soul...you're a murderer!
Stole my heart...you're burglar!

Verse 2:

Your love is my drug and you are the dealer,
I may sound like a mug but pain is my healer,
My bodies bruised... my heart is shattered,
Loving you is such hard work but I enjoy the challenge,
Always abused...it's never mattered,
Because when I turn my back my bruises always shine,
A sign to the rest of the world – I'm proud to call you mine,
Words cut like a knife,
Now you're the colours that I'm bleeding,
I'm not crying for help – it's the one thing I'm not needing,
They would never understand that these wounds are self-inflicted,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

So please leave my scars wide open,
I've nothing to hide,
As I lie here I am broken,
Displaying what's left of what's torn inside,

(Chorus)

Green eyed monster By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 19/10/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

My eyes are brown but anyone would think they were green right now,
I'd put her down but I don't wanna be causing scenes right now,
You barely have to lift a finger while I try and haul myself off the ground,
I'm screaming at the top of my lungs for help but you barely have to make a sound,

Chorus:

My eyes are brown but anyone would think they were green right now,
I'm falling down but you can fly without wings somehow,
I try to pretend it doesn't bother me but it feels like you've won the lottery with my ticket,
So I fiddle and I fidget and try to squidge it in a corner at the back of my mind,
But now the mockingbird is mocking me because you didn't do it properly,

Verse 2:

So here I am, battered, bruised and purple,
Is there glimmer of hope?
I'll trace the earths circle,
You've got the world wrapped round your finger,
While I'm a trespasser on the other side,
You can sweet talk your way to what you want so I sugarcoat my words but they walk away,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Your picture sits in the earths frame,
Round, like a wedding ring, united.
My presence remains uninvited,
I look up at the sky in frustration as the stars spell out your name,

(Chorus)

Verse 1:

Is there any point in me writing this down?
I could pour my heart out but you'd never understand,
Still the pen remains in my hand,
Trying to find way to make myself look good on paper,
I bang my head against the wall cause' I'm frustrated with you all,
This worlds too big and I'm too small,
You don't seem to know my fate while I have known it till this date,
Look inside that crystal ball and you will see a miracle,

Chorus:

I know the blood that rushes through my veins,
I hear the thud that echoes through your brains,
I believe I can break through these chains,
I'll save the future before it flushes down the drains,
So thank the acre,
Don't blank the paper,

Verse 2:

You minds are blank, as blank as this sheet,
This stinks just like the cheese on all your feet,
My mind thinks in a way yours never will,
Try to explain my thoughts but you dismiss them still,
I'll write these lyrics out in neat,
Imagination comes so sweet,
I'll have got the knack of that while all you noodles lack in it,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Don't get the flow of my rhythm or beat of my song,
You know this beat has a pulse now cause' I pump these lyrics out my heart...

(Chorus)

End verse:

Broken record?
I won't back down in defeat I'll just play it on repeat,
One hit wonder?
Ha! Please! You won't steal my thunder...

Verse 1:

I'm a bad influence on you but I dunno what the hell I'm gonna do,
It's just the way I am it makes life exciting,
At my last school I got expelled,
They made me follow rules so I rebelled,
They bored me to tears, my hand hurt from writing,
See you and me ain't on the same level cause' you're an angel and I'm a devil but you see...

Chorus:

I'm just a devil,
I choose to rebel against the rules,
I party like a rebel,
Some people despise the things I do,
Speak of the devil,
I'm just a rebel but somehow I wanna rock with you,

Verse 2:

Ask yourself how a nerd like you has managed to bag a bird like me, (Well, was it buy one get one free? No.)
I usually like a bad boy,
One I can play with and wind up like a toy,
But you don't fall for my mind games,
Could you have the power to put out my flames?
See you and me ain't on the same level cause you're an angel and I'm a devil but you see...

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Oh... they say opposites attract, is it the way you interact with me?
It shouldn't work somehow it does,
When I'm with you I get a buzz,
(x2)

(Chorus)

End verse:

Us rebels are as bad as each other or maybe I'm just a crooked lover.

Intro:

Hey, hey, don't it feel bittersweet?
Honey... hey!
Yes that feels so bittersweet...

Verse 1:

Walk all over me like I'm a dirty old rug on the floor,
Sent you tripping over me and you went flying out the door,
Cause' I ain't gonna have it no more...
Thought you had it in the back of the net so I settled the score...

Chorus:

And I was like...
Hey, hey, don't it feel bittersweet?
Honey...hey!
Play that moment on repeat,
Watch you back down in defeat,
That really went down a treat,
Watching you feel bittersweet,
Cause' within that hour...
You made the sweet turn sour...
Stop trying to tower over me,
You don't have that power over me,

Verse 2:

Do you see your name written on me?
No? I didn't think so stop acting like you own me,
Cause I ain't gonna be your lapdog...
If you thought I was then you must be barking mad,

(Chorus)

Bridge:

In hindsight I probably shouldn't have said it,
Situation...could probably say I misread it,
I may be shy and timid but those things just make me livid,
So I'll just lay down these lyrics; this imaginations vivid,
You know I'll always have my critics but my actions were just mimics of yours...

(Chorus)

Jigsaw By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 18/12/2011. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

Part of me is missing,
I don't feel complete,
Without you I'm nothing,
Can't even stand on my own two feet,
Since you dropped the bombshell...
Exploded on top of me,
Crushed my heart,
Purple bruises swell...

Now...My hearts in pieces and its scattered all over the floor,
Just like a jigsaw, (I'm a jigsaw)
Need you to fix me, we've broke up so fit us back together,
Just like a jigsaw, (I'm a jigsaw)

Verse 2:

Short, sharp words,
They cut like a knife,
Sliced straight through my heart,
Now I'm bleeding pools of scarlet,
A kiss from a rose remains on my lips,
You kept me alive, pumped blood through my veins,
Circulation is cut, now the colour from the rose drains out of me and scarlet blood just drips and drips,
A kiss from a rose, its scent up my nose,
Little did I know that rose had a thorn which pierced me and now I'm bleeding,

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

The X- ray showed no broken bones,
The only thing broken was my heart...
A dose of your love is the only medication I need,
Baby, I'm fuming,
You've set me on fire,
Nothings the same cause' your my eternal flame,
The flames burned through my heart,
All that's left are the pieces of ash,

(Chorus)

End verse:

A major kerfuffle,
Baby I'm puzzled just like a puzzle you need to solve me,
So pick up the pieces of what's lost and broken to make something out of this,

Aim for you By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 25/04/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

Hey there, I have a conscience,
I know you're talking critical nonsense but it's made out you have a vital point,
So I listen and I let it get to me,
And I'm wishing that they would just let me be,
They're stabbing me but I'm expected not to feel it,
I'm pouring blood but I'm expected to conceal it,
They're grabbing me but I'm expected just to shake em' off,

Chorus:

I'll put a smile on my face and act like I don't care,
Picture the human race and act like they're not there,
Pretend that life is fair, I'll never shed a tear,
Laugh in their faces, but it sounds shaky, I can't look them in the eye...
It's sad but true, they'll aim for you.

Verse 2:

Hey there, I can be patient,
But will this all go on till I'm ancient?
Or will you still say what you say even when I pass away,
Still dwell on me even though its history,
I'm being judged but I'm expected just to be myself when they try to change me.
I'm being told lies but I'm expected just to take it when they insist that it's the truth,
Judgemental views, rumours, slander – what they call proof.

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Get...over...this...what I'm about to break to you...get...over...this...

You're...not the judge of me!
There's... things that you don't see!
There's... things I'll never be!

The case is closed but I've left myself wide open,
They know my hearts easily broken,
The magistrate in my hearts already spoken...I've already slammed the hammer down, Shut up!
I've slammed the hammer down – I'll slam it so loud I'll be deaf to your voices.

(Chorus)

Moon and Star unite - By Chloe Leanne Urquhart. Date modified: 21/04/2006. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Verse 1:

I've known you since the day I was born,
You've cared for me for all these years,
Fixed me when my world was torn,
Looked after me when I was in tears,
Helped me overcome my fears,
Reassured me when I didn't fit in with my peers,
All my life you've been my blanket of comfort and rock of support,
You put in every inch of your effort,

Chorus:

Mother like daughter, full moon, half or quarter, I'm the star that shines under your moonlight,
when you hold me tight, tell me everything's alright, when we're shining bright, that's when moon
and star unite,

Verse 2:

You teach my right from wrong,
Always make sure I'm involved,
This is your song so sing along,
Any problems I have you'll help get solved,
You say one problem solved is a problem halved,
You take the weight off my shoulders,

(Chorus)

Verse 3

You help me to stand on my own two feet,
If there was no you I wouldn't be able to because my legs would turn to jelly,
You've been there from the beginning,
A huge part of my upbringing,
Even though I'm growing up I'll always be your little girl,
Precious like a diamond pearl,

(Chorus)

