



For those who find no peace in wintry fields
For beauty yet it holds,
They smile a smile and live with the cold,
For they know that the sunshine is well worth waiting for.

A short poem of patience, by Robbie (date unknown)



All that you touch

All that you see

All that you taste

All you feel.

All that you love

All that you hate

All you distrust

All you save.

All that you give

All that you deal

All that you buy,
beg, borrow or steal.

All you create

All you destroy

All that you do

All that you say.

All that you eat

everyone you meet

All that you slight

everyone you fight.

All that is now

All that is gone

All that's to come

and everything under the sun is in tune

but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.

Eclipse - Pink Floyd



Robert. Rob. Robbie.

Football. Till the very end. Leeds.

Cricket. Playing or watching from afar.

Music. From punk to jazz.

Bongos.

Finding a small unloved item in a junk shop.

Believing in its value.

Researching a piece of art to trace its forgotten history.