

Green Horses on the Wall

Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
Does it make you proud or do you think it's lame?
Do impossible dreams just bring us pain or do they keep your heart aflame?
Bits of bikes stuck high up a tower block,
"a flippin' waste of money" it's all too easy to mock.
But back behind the iron curtain, in the days when obedience was certain
and dictators dictated the day for one and all,
crazy dreams of freedom were called... green horses on the wall.

Once we dreamt a dream, that seemed to be what life seemed to mean
as kids it kept us keen and became the engine of our teens
but then responsibilities crashed the scene
and we needed to be lean mean money making machines
or maybe we got lucky and got the chance to study
postponing dog-eat-dog, tooth and claw, red and bloody
but sooner or later our still waters got muddy
Money, Money, Money, it's not that funny in a rich man's world
we all need a roof over our head, a place to lay our head
"dreaming won't pay the bills" is what mum and dad always said
so the voice of reason told our dreams "you lot, drop dead!"
Those crazy dreams that made life worth living when we were small
Our invisible friends, those Green Horses on the Wall

If you can't be with the one you love, do you love the one you're with?
Do you love where you live?
Do you ask what your estate has taken, or what your dreams can give?
Beneath your school uniformed tower block
is your home a cheeky multi-coloured sock?
Despite the countdown of nine to five tick tocks
are you wild and crazy like a fox?
Across the lost horizons of your inner life, does your soul stand proud and tall?
Riding high upon the saddle, of Green Horses on the Wall

Ride em Cowboy! You ride em hard!
Your poker face can Hold em, you don't need the winning cards
Dreamers know that life's a bluff, but only your very best is good enough
Cos life round here can be tough, you've got to deal with all kinds of stuff
and sometimes it all gets too much.
but, when it does, remember...
deep inside your heart are open prairies, where Green Horses ride the wall
don't believe you're just another brick, or you won't hear destiny call
she awaits you, in the Grand Canyon of imagination
where life's a summer blockbuster of your own creation
a Roehampton Modern Western, watched from high up in the stalls
where you can dare to dream...
Green Horses on the Walls

Chris Paradox - April 2012



This poem was commissioned to celebrate the second year of Bicycle Ballet and Recyculture installations at the Alton Estate, Roehampton SW15, and reflects the engagement of local people.

Chris Paradox - poet
Karen Poley - artistic director

More information:
www.bicycleballet.com
Hear a recording of the poem at
www.soundcloud.com/green-horses-on-the-wall



Produced by

