

Under the sun and over the moon,

On a train or a place and happening soon;

In a shop on the shelf or going through the till,

A pub or a chemist or a drink or a pill.

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In your heart or your head to the end of your feet,

Growing in the ground or grazing for food that we eat;

Into your lungs for the air or stomach for the food,

Love in heaven going to sleep at night or being in the mood.

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Is it the ink on the paper or God barking at a dog,

Is it the cat in the cradle or the fox over a log;

Is it under the table in the vacuum or in the bin,

Where is this thing you are looking for, is it only a sin.

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Where is it is I ask has the cat got your tongue,

Are you only a child or still just feeling very young;

Where is it I ask can you please tell me what is it,

And where do I find it, is it just something I call his.

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Where is it I ask is there so much work to do for you,

That you don't know where it is or whether it comes true;

Where is it I ask is it your voice talking free,

Or are you just thinking what is it he is writing down for me.

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Where is it I ask, have you no question in your mind,

As to where it could be or just where I might find;

Where is it I ask, have you a tall story to tell,

Or is it dead in the grave and you are going to hell.

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Signed,

The cup of suffering