Lucas Jones

The Instant *Sunday Times* Bestseller



I Still Believe in Miracles (Poems to Find Meaning in Difficult Times)

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I Still Believe in Miracles

Poems to Find Meaning in Difficult Times

LUCAS JONES



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whose addresses can be found at global.penguinrandomhouse.com

Penguin Random House UK
One Embassy Gardens, 8 Viaduct Gardens, London SW11 7BW

penguin.co.uk



First published by Ebury Press in 2026

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Typeset in 10.4/13.5pt Fleischman BT Pro by Six Red Marbles UK, Thetford, Norfolk

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

The authorised representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 9781529971491

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For my parents.
In infinite love.
For still and always believing.

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Introduction

Firstly, thank you.

It's the most impossibly profound honour to know that, if you're reading this, you're holding this book in your hands. You could be spending your time and money anywhere else in the world, but you're choosing to spend it here. And, if you are here, maybe you kinda feel how I feel. Searching for meaning in these strange, lost days. Trying to find a way to access the love that's frozen under the ice of cynicism and post-modernism. Trying to find the words for that feeling.

I feel like I've spent my whole life so far trying to find a word for that feeling. As if there's a big red curtain drawn across the stage of reality, and only in the most precious, fleeting moments, do we get to see what's concealed behind it. Like falling in love. Surviving the death of a loved one. Seeing a friend's baby for the first time. Crying at the gig. Crying at the wedding. Crying.

I think, anytime we find ourselves scrolling through the chaos of the internet, we are attempting to find the words to understand it. Searching desperately for the next clip, post, news article that defines and colours our conscious experience. Some great discovery that awakens a dormant soul within us. For all of its flaws, there's something beautiful at the foundation of that. The physical paper pages you're holding are the manifestation of that. I'm a poet from the internet (on some days). All of this has come about because someone scrolled and liked a post. Someone shared it to their story. Someone saved it when their friend died. Someone clicked follow. And millions of identical moments later somehow it generated enough real-world meaning that you can now buy this physical book and put it on your physical bed, take a digital photo of it and post it online.

And I think, with zero cynicism, that this is a miracle.

It's a miracle that, despite having all of the world at your fingertips,

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with every drug, every porn website, every cruel comment section, every endless, frivolous, fruitless darkness you could be involved in right now, you are choosing to be here: in the quiet introspection of a poetry book, trying to find the words.

So, thank you.

– Lucas

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Introduction: Director's cut

Okay, now that's done, hello, fucking wow. All across the internet there were boys and girls all fast asleep and I used to dream of New York, and I actually did once cry on the subway – and nobody could tell. And I had a little cash. Some car commercial on the television that paid me more than anything I'd ever had or anyone I'd ever known.

(And I watched Penélope Cruz throw her arms up in the air and say, 'I'll see you in another life when we are both cats,' at probably . . . oh I don't know, age seven. And that was that – source code. That's in my blood forever. Now I understood love.)

And I was 90 per cent cut from the advert but my chin still made it in and on some beautiful insanity, some reason I can't claim, I still got paid what, at the time, may as well have been a million Queen's pounds.

So, I took my million and went to Brooklyn, then Manhattan, then the Gramercy Tavern and then I got a tattoo of that Bob Dylan album where he's kissing on that girl on the back of my leg. Went to Sofia Serrano's apartment location and saw it was for sale. Dreamed and dreamed and dreamt.

And the scene – I mean the moment – when I cried on the subway was mainly just from loneliness and I went to Mast bookshop and didn't buy anything. And I'm burning through my million. A million ain't gonna get you a hotdog round here boy, so afterwards I went to the fashion museum 'cos it was free or cheap, can't remember. And I wrote a poem there and I kept it in my pocket. I kept it where I keep all my past and my memories and all of my career, safely tucked up in my pocket.

And Fred Astaire's shoe collection was on display. And I had another panic attack – I kept having panic attacks around this time, too. And God, isn't it scary being alive and noticing? Choosing to love despite it all.

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