

DEADLY SINS AND SINNERS

1 LUST

Lust is gluttony for flesh without butchery;
Ear lobes and noses, toes and nipples
Revoke their uses, choose chewy debauchery,
Targets for tongues and teeth - and ripples
Of belly, stipples of hair.

Fat subcutaneous

Lubricates the layers within,
Rolled by fingers miscellaneous;
Grainy sweat gleams on the livid skin
With pubic juices, slime and slaver;
Unhooded monks of penises
Probe dimples deep in Eve's cadaver,
Into her sagging, leering orifices.

Is there no limit to depravity,
Inventory for every cavity?

2 AVARICE

Total up what we have spent,
We hope it won't be much;
We ponder where the last cent went,
The rest we count and touch;
Life is dear, death is cheap,
No clothes, no food to buy
Which gnaw away our precious heap
So we can't wait to die!
When we're dead we won't pay tax
Unless we make a will.
We'll bury all our savings books,
Watch coffin-coffers fill!

In our demise what wealth there'll be!
Five percent paid annually!

3 CONCEIT

Prettiness turns your petty head,
Through peachy skin glows ugliness,
Conceit in all its noxiousness;
Those cuty little curls you flaunt
Those envious lesser girls to taunt,
That their boys crave your eye instead.
Your bedroom mirror, closest friend,

(While you are young and lithe at least)
Allows your greedy eyes to feast
Upon yourself whene'er you wish,
So gobble down your favourite dish
For Time will mar it in the end.

A shrivelled husk then you shall be.
Your friend shall turn to enemy.

4 HELLIONS

In these the evil force is strong,
Their fresh new muscle they shall flex.
The Devil thrives in either sex
And wrong is right and right is wrong;
Their mouths all spout His spite and bile,
Their eyes are wild and weasel-mean
Not child, nor adult, the In-Between.
The way they carry on is vile.
And what a word is adolescent,
Sprawling out and restless, alien,
Much more reptilian than mammalian,
Aggressive, cruel, just damned unpleasant,

Of conscience there is not a shred,
Inspiring loathing, fear and dread.

5 INFIDELITY

It is the meereest flap of skin;
In a hundred years what shall it be?
The bone it sheathes will gape and grin
At dark, despairing jealousy.
It oozes desire for whome'er it will;
Its tender tissues glow and swell;
It longs to gawp and longs to thrill
To the rhythm of the bonniest bell
That it can come across; and climbs,
Slithers down and, greedy, clasps,
Releases, imprisons several times
Then all along that sleek throat gasps

Whence projects that twiddly tongue,
All out for pleasure, right or wrong.

6 GLUTTONY

Greedy folk who eat and eat
Nowadays are called obese;

Their loathsome vice (now called disease)
That neck and belly, arse, legs, feet
Inflates with fat and drapes with skin
Occurs when folk devote themselves
To clearing supermarket shelves
Of sweets and chocolate and every tin
Of everything they love to scoff;
They weigh themselves and feel depressed
To be so gross and food obsessed
Want sponsorship to get it off.

They're not to blame like other sinners,
The cooks all made them eat big dinners.

7 GRAFFITI

U4KAT, U tell me so,
4EVER! sprayed on, path, on wall
I read it everywhere I go
In letters white and three feet tall.
But will you spray the words from view
When U8KAT and E8sU?

Infants with great crayons of wax
Upon a picture-book let loose;
O how the planet shall relax
To put an end to child abuse.

Shall spin a flood of green and blue
Dissolving me and Kat and U!

8 LITTERBUGS

Are descended from swamps of things primaeval.
There stands a waste bin by the door.
-So what? I'll throw this on the floor.
Nasty children, naughty, evil!
Someone else can pick them up;
All our multi-coloured tins
Belong in streams and not in bins.
And paper plate and paper cup,
-Not my problem, couldn't care less.

Why are we the only critter
That spoils its home with stinking litter
And makes this lovely world a mess?

Which will spin and spin in celebration

When we are dumped from God's creation.

9 NEGLIGENCE

What a useless thing to be,
A lazy, well-paid functionary
In a badly run Authority;
(Arse, meeting-flat, compulsory,
In bell-tent frock below the knee)

Empty, callous mind requisite
To fail to make the vital visit;
Apologetic gob well primed
Releasing press release well timed.

"Policemen; never serious,
Failed to consult, confer with us;
Teachers never got involved
So never was the problem solved."

No-one cared enough to say,
This little child is in harm's way.

Nasty, smelly, lousy shit.
And no-one wants to deal with it.

10 MATERIALISM

Did we mean to finish up with all these
In a constant taking out to put away?
Cut off from open space, fresh air and trees;
Blizzards of things, concealing day.

It is cold and wet. We must have shelter,
Clothes and shoes; and a few tools, a store;
And some ornaments, upon us, around us; a welter!
Cut down those trees, rip off those skins, dig ore!

We chose to swap bright streams for sewers..
From where did these three-fingered leaves drift in?
Are council gangs at dead of night the strewers?
For I've seen no trees in any streets I've been.

The town's too busy blocking up its heart
For frippery, and beauty's cordoned off.
And we're boxed away for another early start
Once Gargantua has gorged upon our stuff..

His boxes satisfy our censored dreams and needs,
Poor savages who swapped a world for beads.

11 HEALTH AND SAFETY

Wrap the world in cotton wool
Chop down all the trees
Deball, dehoof, dehorn the bull
Unstingify the bees.

Level every jagged peak,
Extinguish the volcano,
Blow out the wind, fill in the creek
And if invited out say NO!

Try to shift the Earth a tad
It gets unhealthily hot
And the flooding here and there is bad...
The Creator's lost the plot.

The Battle of Hastings's been postponed:
When arrows were inspected
They were deemed to be too keenly honed;
Eyes might have been affected.

Columbus was a thoughtless twit
To jeopardise his crew;
No risk-assessment, prior visit
In 1492.

The world's been judged too dangerous
For people to be born
So now they're banning coitus
(Some condoms could be torn)

The globe has failed quite dismally
At randomly sampled sites,
Unable to meet BSS/3
(Basic Standards for Satellites)

12 AQUISITIVENESS

We sit surrounded by our things;
A flight of geese extend their wings
Beyond the Adam fireplace, soaring,
Off to Lake Superior in
A frame of real mahogany!

That shield - acquired in Africa;
Those drums - obtained in Malaga;
The ballerinas on the shelves
Arranged to chat amongst themselves
Are made of Meissen pottery.

My wife has this uncanny knack
Of playing with the bric-a-brac
To make it look "au naturel"
For instance - there - the big, brass bell
By the marble tower of Canterbury.

The ceiling beams' medieval-look
Has all too often been mistook
As genuine by visitors.
But we went to Ancient-Beams-R-Us
(On the outskirts of Coventry)

Can you spot the music box?
There - amongst the porcelain clocks.
It plays "Una Paloma
Blanca" and "Arrividerci Roma"
Just there - by the Bayeux tapestry.

It's quite comical, our weather vane.
We can never tell when it might rain;
The lady got trapped or wouldn't come back
So we're stuck with old Mardy Arse in his mac.
Talk about monotony!

13 SLOVENLINESS

A standing army Albion has
(Or lounging one to tell the truth)
Which champions shabbiness en masse
'Mongst clotted cream of Britain's youth.
On shaven head a baseball cap,
Teacosy hat or robbing hood;
In saggy mouth vile tongue or rap,
The plain-chant of their brotherhood;
Their favourite colours, dark and drab,
Good camouflage midst urban squalor;
Compassion bruised on concrete slab
Hope pebble-dashed in high-rise horror.

In their attire love is neglected.

What slovenliness is there reflected?

14 INDOLENCE

How would all the idle cope
If another ice-age came to pass?
Would they still sit on a great fat arse
Deprived of each and every soap
Or would they over wastelands lope
Resolve to lose their waistline mass
Or just jump down the next crevasse?
Would they ski down scree and slope
And bravely soldier on in hope
Of finding sweet and ice-free grass
Or would they just yell out – ALAS!
And tumble down and lie and mope?

And shout to hunters of gazelle
Hey up, lads! Bring us one back as well!

15 IRRESPONSIBILITY

It's always someone else's fault
Or something else that caused the crime,
So where to shift the blame each time
Is stock in trade for every dolt;
Assault and battery: being there;
Filthy mess: no litter bin
(Provide one every spot I'm in);
Infidelity: stranger's stare;
Rings an' fings: burglary;
Gluttony: too many skewers;
Getting pissed up: beer and brewers;
Idleness: a soft settee;

There's a good excuse for every ill.
So let's dispense with ol' free will.

16 ONE FOR MR LARKIN

They fuck you up your girls and sons
On whom such kindness you bestow;
The hopes you had that they would grow
To think, be wise, not simpletons
Are often dashed, for they prefer
To let the devil in them reign,
To let you down and cause you pain;
No pangs of conscience in them stir.
That loving child you did envision

With open heart and gentle tongue,
Fair graces, sense of right and wrong,
Lies gross, engrossed by television.

At night in bed your heart may break,
By faded spot of your mistake.

17 MOBILES

The craze has spread across the nation;
Playing with a mobile phone
Is now replacing masturbation
As the favourite thing to do alone.

Texting dim inanity
Has overtaken conversation;
Our wrapped up handset vanity
Forgets that there's a whole creation.

Walkmen dulled the urge to ponder
And sealed us up from ear to ear.
Now pointlessly around we wander
Telling folk we're there or here.

Another prop of the daft conceit
That everything revolves round me.
Astronomers admit defeat!
Range is the new cosmology.

18 HELLIPHONE

WELCOME....

to our new answer service
For misanthropes and miseries....

Just to hold the line

Press 9;

If you feel irate

Press 8;

If French and in a pet

C'est 7;

If my voice in your craw sticks

Press 6;

If my death you would contrive

Press 5;

To start a nuclear war

Press 4;

To lay bare hands on me

Press 3;

If you know what I can do
Press 2;
If your will to live has gone
Press 1;
Or if you feel distraught
Press 0;
I'M SORRY...
Your choice could not be read at all
Those options now will be repeated
Until your spell in Hell's completed;
You are not paying for this call...

WELCOME...

19 CONTEMPT

Go on then! Go on, take the piss
Out of those beyond your rotten core;
She is a strange, old-fashioned Miss;
He is quiet, a bit spotty, a brainy bore.
But you and your gang are similar,
You dress the same and act the same;
You all utter a patter familiar;
You might as well all share a name.
A putrid pack of yellow-bellies,
Once clumped together, your courage rises
And sneer at eccentricities
In tastes and talk and features, sizes;

Such experts you, in the art of contempt;
Your sameness means that you're exempt.

20 THE NIHILIST

He knows no heaven, nor burning hell
Await to greet him when he dies;
He walks, an empty human shell,
Which soundly sleeps where'er it lies.
Into a godless universe
In stampless letters he posts his guilt;
A moral chaos he prefers
Amongst the ruins Adam built.
He could have been a serpent's tail,
A fin of shark or eagle's claw;
He lived his life in self-regale
And on compassion shut the door.

Who envies chits of soul so free?

Where lurks the nihilist in thee?

21 ETHNOCENTRICITY

It impregnates our every sinew
The world was shaped (by God) for Man;
That early, swirly, bubbly brew
Was stirred (by God) to form a fan
Of His, a worshipper,
Who then turned very bad, revolted
And spake, I'm very sorry, Skipper,
I run this planet now - and bolted
To every single continent,
Felled His trees and spread his muck
Thinking he was heaven-sent
The whole shebang to kill and cook.

When will the Earth have had enough,
And flex its flanks to shake him off?

22 BLOODLESSNESS

The woman would give Christ an oral warning
For chasing out the money-changers
*“For exposing them to fears and dangers:
When He should prefer appeasing, fawning...
Of duty in gross dereliction.
I declare Him unfit to teach the crowd,
From healing, saving sinners disallowed,
Suspended thence in crucifixion.
Such anger is inappropriate,
A quiet word is all He should
Have had with Man, not send a flood,
And on a creaky ark old Noah put.”*

for my beloved ex-headmistress

She is, when all is said and done,
A Philistine and Pharisee in one.

23 DOGMA

Always leave some room for doubt
And mind the dogma! Dogma stinks
And tramped on boot, drives Reason out
And shakes a fist at him who thinks.
Doctor Doctrine operates
On easy minds and easy bodies
And commonsense excoriates,
Cocum-ectomy in name of God is
Sacrilige, for who can tell

What God imagines, thinks or dreams?
Who has a right to blow to hell
Dissenters from their crazy schemes?

Who dares reduce a Universe
To equations, formulae or verse?

24 MISANTHROPY

Where's your milk of human kindness?
- I think I put it in the freezer.
Apart from the odd gel or geezer,
I've got a sort of people-blindness;
They bore me stiff, I feel unease
And feel no sense of obligation
To join in any conversation.
I feel much better under trees
To hear the chat of finch or tit;
Prefer the purr of furry cat;
So why should I feel guilty that
I can't abide soap-opera shit?

Few characters out there now, just roles
With clichés, posturings.

Poor souls.

25 APATHY

As dry as any lemon squeezed
As any eye which does not cry,
As skin that wretched snake has eased
In sloughing off; in passing by
On other side with fixed stare
Pretending not to ever see
Catastrophes abundant there,
Just grateful that it isn't me.
A spaceman in a goldfish bowl
Screwed tight upon a selfish head
Devoid of empathy and soul
Just filled with stinking breath instead.

Your apathy can cause distress.
- Tough. Hard cheddar. Could not care less.

26 CLUMSINESS

Every object has a hook,
Invisible to human eye,

But if you catch one, passing by,
Down falls plate or cup or book
Or worse, a mirror on your head
Or wall or chimney stack or tree;
And when you're pulled from the debris
You might be hurt or worse, be dead.
For in that boiling, pelting brew
The eyeless showers of stuff collide;
That order, in which we take such pride,
Is temporary like me and you.

Can tragedies this notion soften:
Amazing they don't come more often (?)

27 SELF-IMPORTANCE

If God tolerates the Devil
And did for yonks the dinosaur,
Then up with doubting tiny me
He will put a while for sure.

If you spell H / his name with capital letter
Does it make H / him like you better?

Of all the billion trillion things
That by his leave cavort and crawl
Why should this grotty splat offend
If it can or will not love God at all?

In all the starless voids of space
Might there be just one godless place?

Does he squish the dragonfly
And does the creature go to hell
For living in its darkling world?
How do you know? How can you tell?

Does he generate this mass
To put it merely to the test?
His omniscient know-all marking scheme
Already ticked who's worst, who's best.

Must I spend ten zillion years
In hell until our God calls time
For not suppressing silly thoughts,
Tortured for this paltry rhyme?

Is it just an empty rumour
That god may have a sense of humour?

If God is such a stupid bully
A bogey-man from story books
I wouldn't want eternal life
Appeasing thunderous moody looks.

(I've spent a lifetime doing that
With mardy missus, daughter, cat).

Burn these cells when they have stopped
And sling the remnants in that lake.
Let my matter do some good,
Not ponce around for heaven's sake!

Let my ashes float and melt
Let all my atoms scattered be;
Far better to be gobbled by minnows
Than spend eternity with thee.

How can you read what is on God's mind
You silly strip of humankind?

28 THE DEVIL

I woke with the Devil inside o' me
With a streak, a burning speck from hell
In my every bone and every cell.
At the start of God's eternity
The Devil crept into God's great plan
To forge from dust a perfect man.

However God might undertake
To atomise a perfect whole
Dissent will darken every soul.
And that's the Devil! God's great mistake!
As soon as God said, it shall be
The Devil danced and gurned with glee.

In star, in stream, in stone, in stoat
In stranger, relative and friend
The Devil seeks his direst end
And steers and rows and rocks the boat.
The Devil dangled in God's moustache
When He blew the stars aglow from ash.

The great cathedral, church and chapel
Still try to suck and pump him out
From snake-bit limbs, his great redoubt
To where he slithered from Eve's red apple.
Now he is harder to unseat
Well anchored in our foul conceit.

In every flattering smile he grins,
Seeks in a kindness a compliment,
Assuages guilt when we scarce repent,
Massages virtues from knobbly sins.
Even the breath of the holiest saint
Stinks of pride, the Devil's taint.

Now that his fangs have taken hold
God could send ten times a Saviour
To sluice him out from bad behaviour.
But water leaves the Devil cold.
He laughs at holy symbolism
And holds his breath at each baptism.

The Devil loves to hear his voice
Pass sentence cruel and rant with hate,
Defame, defile, discriminate,
Deprive the weak of their slim choice.
At night where woe and wounds are deep
You'll find the Devil sound asleep.

In some the devilish dose is double
Or treble the norm that we're infected.
These demons stand to be elected.
And once they are, beware! There's trouble!
Duplicitous but plausible and so sincere
Grinning winningly from pointy ear to ear.

These besuited Devils have much more charm
Than they needed to have in the good old days
When they ripped from their cradles, eyes ablaze
And enslaved their neighbours with n'er a qualm;
Ravished and pillaged and burnt and broke
Impaling babes on swords for joke.

The Devil scowls less in women than men;
The former sit putting the world in jars
Which the latter shatter with braying hurrahs;
Observe them small at play in their pen

Assembling to smash down their building blocks
Already wanking their horny cocks.

Testosterone is the devil's drug
He pushes it on every street
And mixed with alcohol, poured neat
The cocktail throbs in cocky thug.
And white-coated devils flash filthy tools
From atoms, cells and molecules.

The Devil gets bored with plodding old peace.
In war he can distinguish hisself
(Though his too clever host may extinguish himself)
Then along with Man the Knave might cease
To walk the wide world and miss his goal
To net Man's fluttering, weakling soul.

But he has insurance, just in case;
For howling and growling in woody wings
Wait a host of impish, furry things
Of Meltdown Man to take the place.
Itching fingers and flexing claws
Await the death of us dinosaurs.

29 ONE FOR FRAUD CORNER

Bad verse is halitosis of the soul
And is a peculiar form of masturbation;
For bafflement is your major goal
And to you alone brings gratification

There is no metre, no rhyme, no rhythm,
Mere structureless obscuranticism.

A house you built would be uninhabitable,
A meal of yours would be unpalatable,
A castle undefendable,
A crampon undependable,
A target unobtainable,
A toilet quite undrainable,
A perfume quite unsmellable,
A hot cake quite unsellable.

I could go on, you catch my drift.
Unlike me yours;

I've not your gift.

Your "meaning" salts itself away
Amongst lines that hold the eye at bay
And in verbiage-foliage skulks at heart
The nubbin like a wee wet fart..

30 EVERGREEN HOUSE, SENILITY FACILITY

Silent we sit in this alcove, all edging along to die.
A lady around the corner is shouting out a noise like "why?"
The cards and the dominoes on the shelf have not been dealt for years
And a gentleman in the corner is muttering, he's bored, he's bored to
tears.

I'm sitting in something wet and sticky but I know it can't be me
Having hobbled to the toilet ten minutes ago and piddled copiously.
-Oh, it's this lady sitting here, her nappy ought to be changed.
If I sit here a moment longer I'm going to go deranged.
(That's the trouble, I never do, my marbles refuse to budge;
-Just like my knees! What an irony! Does my maker bear me a grudge?)
It's rather sad if the event of the day is toddling off to excrete
When most of these surrounding me are doing so here on their seat.
The telly mounted on the far wall is flickering and shouting unheeded
I wanted Volcanoes but the pisser erupted."Let's watch the
commercials" she pleaded.

- "Nurse! Nurse! I want to go home! I've got to go home today!"
- "There, there, now John, don't get upset, you're here for a slow decay."
- "No no no nurse, I must go home, I'm going to go round the bend."
- "I'm sorry, John, don't get upset, that life has come to an end.
You talk to Mrs Mooney there - that nice old gel on your right
That's her - the one who's just pissed herself - snoring with all her
might;
Just nudge her awake, you wouldn't believe what she knows about
every soap
(Until the dismal storylines turned her a misanthrope) “

- "No no no nurse, I don't belong, you're the hundredth person I've told
There's been a mistake, I'm barely thirty, some fairy has made me seem
old"

- "Shut up you silly old bugger you, all you seem to do is moan
Why can't you just fade like the rest of us here and turn to skin and
bone?"

Just look at you, you miserable fat bastard, a face like a wet day in
Rhyll
Just accept you're leaving here horizontal, now swallow your bleeding
pill!"

- "Now, now, Reverend Huggins, no need to be rude, no need to be
nasty to John;

It's only his third day, he gets a bit frightened (and his marbles have slightly

gone.)"

31 COLD FISH

God free me from the waters calm,
From raging swells myself I free;
What lurks below intends me harm
And bides its time to rise for me.
An angry sea cannot dissemble
And thunders all I need to know,
And though its furies make me tremble
In heaving, depths and passions show.
The monster with the studied smile,
Flatters, soothes and says it cares;
Its slow heart brims with freezing bile
Though the same concerns as mine it swears.

Del agua mansa me libre Dios
Que de la brava me libro, io.

32 CLAN MCDONALD'S

Who dares invade this narrow isle
And tranquil, ploughing yeomen rile?
(- Celts and Romans, Saxon hordes
Norsemen, Normans wheeling swords
And Spaniards in Armada bold,
Good gales blew round Hibernia cold.)
Is any sward more soaked in red
Than where Albion and her foes have bled?
And there in battle-foundries made
Was love of country, fearless blade,
In wait for French and Teuton throats
Had they dared to board their boats.
Passed down from warriors to their sons
Is a mind that all but English shuns,
And eyes like arrow-slits in a keep
Still brim with motes of anger deep
And mouths twist not round foreign tongue
Whose notes on English lips sound wrong.
Their skein of fatty, furred up veins
A bumper surge of spite contains.
Let from their great fat heads, full round
For England and St George! resound.

But of tribes that tramped our history
Which happy breed, whose kin are we?

33 CREDULITY

I believe the stories in my book;
The Elders say they must be true.
And if I ever take a look
Almighty Rays of Truth shine through.
I shall dress the way I'm told
Observing all the sacred rites
As every child has done of old
And kneel to pray at sacred sites.
For our adopted deity
Loving care of us shall take
And wrap souls in eternity
Whenever these puny vessels break.

*But the Spirit is unnameable,
Unknowable, unframeable.*

34 GULLIBILITY

Subtle voices soothe our ears
And images beguile our eyes;
The former play on nagging fears
That what they seek to advertise
Is indispensable to us;
The latter show what happiness
Shall accrue to good consumers;
Popularity, esteem, success
Shall come to those who drive that box,
Or watch that box or own that phone;
The sniggery voice relentless mocks
The ones who don't and spoil the tone.

Round and round we drive with pride;
Deep down within us something died.

35 THE NARROWS

(an alley in my narrow town)

The vandal council sent a scythe
To the graveyard path by the muttering beck,
To turn the fair bank to a twisted wreck
Where broken stems of nettles writhe,
The habitats of tortoiseshell
(Not that bureaucrats know or care);
*- Byelaw states, lad, that should be bare
All spots where sprawls of wildflowers swell!*
Aye; now we spy the lager tins
That gleam in stream, for years accrued,

And spots where furtive pooch has pooped
And overflows from litter bins.

For narrow Hinckley, narrow minds
With brains in meeting-flat behinds.

36 SELF-ABSORBTION

There was a man who ate himself
For there was nothing in his fridge,
And nothing on his pantry shelf;
Himself, he thought, he would abridge.

He started off with finger nails
And finished up with his entrails,
Began with most expendable,
Which was understandable;
Little finger, index, thumb
Scabs and pimples on his bum,
Eye-lids, crinkles, ears and nose
And one by one his several toes;
And there was nothing quite as lean as
Slow-roasted testicles and penis;
Cannibalised his arms and legs
And crunched his way through half his tegs;
When there was nothing left to pass
He said - That's it - and ate his arse.

37 A BOTTLE UP THE ARSE

I thought that thou wouldst need a bottle
So I hid the secret on the strand
Of how to make a perfect glass
From tiny particles of sand;
But I must admit it did me startle
That thou shouldst stick it up thine arse.

Omniscient I am, a doddle
It is to read my Universe;
But when I saw it come to pass
That thou hadst gone from bad to worse
To shove a really massive bottle
Into my gift to thee, thine arse...

...Dumbfounded was I and wondered what'll
He do next with sacred store
Of my best atoms, precious mass;

What dost thou think I made you for?
And didst thou think that useful bottle
Was dreamt for sticking up thine arse?

38 THE SECRET

My mouth has something of the sty,
To have relief it must have air;
- If I tell you something, will you swear,
No, cross your heart and hope to die,
Another soul you shall not tell,
For if you did and out it came
That I'm the source and one to blame
Then I would get a bill from Hell!
- Very well then...I've been told
So-and-so, you know, a friend of so-and -so
Has actually gone and done such-and-such
And pained old so-and-so oh so much;
Ain't it awful? At last! You know.

*Upon my word you may depend.
(I'll only tell my closest friend...)*

39 CURIOSITY

Why on earth should you wish to know
What some media icon has gone and done?
Are you such a simpleton
That you believe it, care or show
An interest in that futile life?
Have you nothing else to do
Than to rummage in that rubbish through?
How husband treats / mistreats his wife,
Or what one wore to some event
Or what he said or what drank she
Or what noisome kind of hanky-panky
He likes; or with whom the night she spent.

Hello! There's a world out there.
It stinks in here. So get some air.

40 DEMERITOCRACY

Now with all hierarchy gone
At last is equal everyone;
Wisdom and knowledge are not respected
And the callowest may be elected;
The tyrannies of codes of rules
Are banished henceforth from all schools

- In fact, the schools may all be shut
Which old ideas in fresh minds put;
The prejudice of the roaring oaf
As valid as thoughts of the philosophe,
May the yob sit in the headmaster's chair
And rap replace the Lord's prayer.
The Queen may have a game of darts
And old Prince Philip light his farts;
A lottery could now decide
Whose turn it is to lead, preside;
To run the land and its finances
May any half-wit have his chances;
And all the old books could be burnt
Now that only new stuff's learnt;
And now may every seasoned yob
Learn brian surgery on the job,
Dance Swan Lake or play Macbeth,
Just make it up should one forget;
And every happy family
May be rent by royal decree;
Should children have a mam or dad?
They might teach "values" we once had.
And tear up all those Highway Codes
Just "be yourself" on all the roads;
And all the churches shall we close
To do up as Baltis or discos;
And what's the point of libraries?
If all the books have gone, none is.
All shall be intellectuals,
Brains built on fast-food victuals;
And every Anglo-Saxon curse
Shall every tiny mouth rehearse
Let every householder remortgage
To buy big cars to boost his image;
And nor shall anybody fail
To read the Sun or Daily Mail;
Let anyone who's not obese
Be force-fed loads of sandwiches;
And number plates non-personalised
Shall be removed or vandalized;
And anyone who will not pay
Be hauled before DVLA;
And everyone shall "kirk" not cook
And "lirk" and "firk" or sling their hirk;
And speak with question intonation?
Or go and find another nation?

In England's green and pleasant land
The green and pleasant shall be banned.

41 BEAUTY

The Alien had not heard of beauty
For on its world existed none;
To do my philosophic duty
I sat it down and thus went on:

Beauty exists in the eye of the beholder!
- But I haven't any eyes, it said;
- On a planet made of sand and boulder
An eye's no use to monoped.

Right. Let me think....Aha! That taste!
That taste of apple, crisp and sweet,
Imagine that is angel-faced,
Sweetly lit in form complete.

As sweet to tongue, as sweet to nose
As soft to hand are shapes in light;
Friend, tell me, can you now suppose
What quickens the eye's bright appetite?

I gave it a range of things to feel
And lots of things to taste and smell,
Some of which did not appeal
And some of which it suffered well.

And in the end in beauty's pile
Lay all the things that I revile.

42 HUMAN SENTIMENT

What do you forfeit if you are bent on cruelty?
If you kick my cat and delphiniums down
Would you expect from me some human loyalty
And solidarity? You would? You oafish, clottish clown.
You misconceive a misanthrope,
A socialist who fought for his fellow man,
Whom fellow men in turn despised. Devoid of hope
He turns, loathing, like no other can.
I quietly tend my flowers and cat
And I would lift you from the street;
But should you squish what I love flat
I'd inflict on you a cruel defeat.

I cannot abear your tired excuses
For your foul behaviour and vile abuses.

43 RUBBISH

What we waste has been a curse
Since the birth of civilization;
Its nappies soiled and stuff much worse
Have been a source of degredation;
We put the world in jars and tins,
In card or carton, plastic, glass
And our effluent, affluent skips and bins
Abound with rotting bio-mass.
O Earth! Shallt thou ever bear
Such a race again of wasteful users?
Of Homo (not very) Sapiens despair!
Despoilers, trampers, world-abusers!

And we debate, alas, what size of bin
To stick our stinking rubbish in.

44 ANTHROPOCENTRICITY

Do we think, in all simplicity
That Earth was fashioned principally for us?
How crude! What eccentricity
To think we are its cherished cause!
In that soupy, warm primaeval sea
All the jellyfish were wibble-wobbling
That would set and lead to you and me
And all our silly quibble-squabbling.
But fellow homos, pause to think!
(Those jellies that we were could not)
What if our precious theories stink
And some other Egg shall steal earth's plot?

Shall billions of years of planetary spin
Far brainier beings usher in?

45 BABIES

If twenty times as big and strong
What havoc tiny tots would wreak;
- Detach the duckling from its beak
And if they ah-ahed, what a pong!
With screams of the lusty pterodactyl
From leathery lungs the ear to pierce,
With eyes compassionless and fierce

And razor claws small things to kill;
They have fallen from a darkened place,
Injected there from hairy balls
Where no sweet voice of preacher calls
With moral teaching, not a trace.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
What little monsters babies are.

46 MONSTERS

Monsters are born and some improve
Which learn to count and read and write,
Which curb the urge to scrat and bite;
And one or two might nature move
To tears; turn eyes to look and see
What wonders in the world abound,
Small and great of sight and sound,
What inspirations there might be
To even squeeze a verse or two,
The Universal Force to laud,
Which brought their atoms from abroad,
Their embryonic boat to crew.

But most had better stayed in bits,
So little exercised their wits.

47 AMOUR-PROPRE

When the wee belle awoke one day
And to her mirror ran straightway
Imagine, oh, how horror-struck
She was to take her early look
Imagine her dismay

To see instead of flowing locks
Some wisps of grey and a ruddy pox
Where dimply sheen of gentle peach
Should be, and with a heart-rent screech
Off she sobbed her socks.

Her lovely nose so small, so cute
Was crooked, long and red to boot;
On her round, smooth chin a purple wart
From which a hair hung long and swart
Made her paup and hoot.

Her mouth, erstwhile a rosy bud,

Had burst wide open now for good
And wrinkles on her face and body
Made her look so used and shoddy,
Her howling froze her blood.

Blue marbled skin of breasts so firm
Resembled skin of pachyderm;
Her button nipples, pert and sprightly,
Were flopping from flat flaps unsightly;
Oh how the belle did squirm!

Her modest tight-closed apricot
Now gaped, a scarlet postbox slot;
And lovely, sturdy, sleek, young thighs
Were wobble-wobbling before her eyes,
Whence gushed her tears red-hot.

Then in the mirror flew a sprite
And laughed with glee to see the sight
“I’ve turned you inside out,” sang she
“To show how vile self-love can be
- So now turn out your light!”

How balefully the belle did weep
In bed till she fell fast asleep,
And when she woke across she flew
To her best friend, the mirror true
Which all her hopes did keep....

And there she saw herself restored
To youthful loveliness unflawed;
And whispering in her downy ear
The sprite said all would disappear
If she herself adored.

And every mirror in the place
Shattered when she glimpsed her face
Till sky and clouds and flowers and trees
And birds and butterflies and bees
Endowed her with good grace.

48 NAIVETY

What happened to that fierce conviction
That youthful fire would forge the New?
That refused to hear the dreary fiction
A wiser world would not come true?

Man would raise his selfish hand
And with his neighbour start to share!
And brothers all in every land
A common oath of love would swear!
Oh yeah?

Hey, remember that staunch belief
In the cleansing fire of education?
How did those hopes all come to grief?
What spawned this shallow generation?

- Shallow parents in dim profusion.
Your fine ideals were mere illusion!

49 PAEDOPHOBIA

Why should we take to others' kids?
Do we like their other foul excreta?
Their sweat, their shit, their breath, their piss?
Is their offspring really any sweeter?
Dirty, scraggy, slovenly,
Loud and rude and filled with spite
With conceits of such absurdity,
Upon good Earth the newest blight;
"Oh I love children!" drools the sot
- Usually one who has no clue...
Does he work with them?? I think not,
He has little with the gits to do.

Paedophiles? God, are they mad??
Are kids the best fun they have had?

50 SELF PITY

There was a sullen pouting maid
Who since the age of ten
Had never smiled
The foolish child
So never could again.

The surgeons tried to crack her face
Burt alas it was all in vain;
She might be pretty
But selfish pity
Would be her life-long bane.

And when her mardy life was lived
They closed her staring eyes
Not a tear

Fell far or near...
...Hardly a surprise.

51 VINDICTIVENESS

for my wonderful ex-headmistress

You are used to having your own way;
When I have mine instead, you're peeved.
And a heavy price now I shall pay;
Your dread sword of office, now unsheathed,
Round and round your head it whirrs
And catches the fire within your eyes
And in your breast your demon stirs
To strike whomever it defies;
But you cannot stop my rapier wit
From undercutting your broadsword;
Your face and neck, no doubt each tit,
With fury redden at points well scored.

Thwarted power x great stupidity
= vindictiveness. *Compris?*

52 ROTTEN PARENTING

The father is a bloody fool
To believe his vile, repulsive son,
Compulsive liar and hooligan;
In his behaviour in and out of school
Was he not himself, the father,
Pretty much the same as him
Viscious, rude, disruptive, dim?
But blame poor teacher he would rather
Than take time to take the tot to task,
The lazy, stupid, useless bastard!
When baby comes home swearing, plastered
In Schadenfreude beams I'll bask.

Then shall foul conduct be excused
When the abusive chick is home to roost?

53 THE BODY SHOP

I watch the queer queuers all gazing at meat
- One, an old man, with a face like a cliff,
Ruby and veined like the meat, stares as if
The slab 'neath his nose might be one of his feet,
The stubby pink roll could well be his dong
And the faggots his bollocks all wrinkly and pink;
As he gawps ever closer does he sniff at their stink

To see if these glistening items belong?
Their saliva they swallow, grim carnivore starers;
As the butcher, deep dent in his rubicund crown,
Saws a lamb's tiny leg all the faces peer down
As sinister and solemn as long coffin bearers'.

Was this the lamb sweet Mary had?
In a cape of rosemary let it be clad!

54 SLUGS AND SNAILS

What is it about a dirty puddle attracts a lad?
A dainty girl would never go anywhere near
In her new shiny shoes and stockings for fear
Of filthying them up but lads are all mad
On muck and mess and they love to stamp a dirty shoe
And splash the girls as they go past
And leave spots of mud which long outlast
Their angry screams and cries of "Ooo- you rotten stinker you"
Puddles are God's gifts to naughty boys
Like itching powder and keck for pea-shooters
And bogies for snacks in their snot-grotty hooters.
What are boys but sources of smells and noise?

How can girls, so sensible and sedate
Ever fancy a lad, in that shocking state?

55 UNLOVED

An unloved child is a hurricane of fury
Loving to be cruel and twisting with hate;
An unloved child will coruscate
A child half-loved, plait insult with injury;
There has burnt to its heart a corrosive neglect
And filled it all full of the bitterest bile
And has plunged its soul into sinning most vile
All springs of affection shall it foully infect.
A host of such children, marching in time
Shall unbalance the world and slay beautiful foes
And epilogue its history with a chapter of woes
For only hands have potential for crime.

A plague of such children can do far more ill
Than any swarm of locusts will.

56 CLICHÉS

Is there one any more sublime,
More indicative of a lack of thought,

Than “at this moment in time”?
Were its sayers off school when NOW was taught?

57 DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

Do you question your intelligibility
Or my comprehension facility?
Do you know what I mean?

58 TWISTERS

Perhaps it is no accident
That the wordly, wordy politician,
On whom we sour invective vent,
Rhymes with sleight-of-hand magician
And ambition.

Taking clusters of statistics
They put on them a dazzling spin
So that only mathematical mystics
Can show the cunning flaw therein;
While they bamboozle all and smile
Watch their slinky, furtive hands!
They are the very soul of guile
With tricks which no-one understands.

And if you watch their magic wand,
Too long, too much; too late! You're conned!

59 FRANCOPHOBIA

We cannot stand the bloody French!
We just cannot! We never have!
It's that all-pervasive garlic-stench
And you can never find a lav.
With their mercies and their silver-plates,
Their cheese, their fragrant bread,
Their wine, their fancy tête-à-têtes
(We Britons all go head to head);
Their fashion houses, haute cuisine,
Their pavement café-bars...
They haven't even got a Queen...
And their fags smell like cigars.

And our favourite cleaning liquid, Jif
They went and changed its name - to Cif.

60 ANGLOPHOBIE

Je déteste les Anglais, moi.
Leur cuisine est très mauvaise.

Il pleut, fait du brouillard et froid ;
Comme elles sont laides, les villes anglaises !
Et c'est vraiment de la bière qu'on boit ?
Elle a la couleur du sang, des fraises !
La mode là-bas est moche je crois,
De la beauté quelle antithèse !
Plein d'alcool sont leurs foies,
Et leurs ventres ! Combien ils pèsent ?
Avec leurs frites, leur purée de pois
Ils devraient casser toutes leurs chaises !

Non je n'aime pas moi, l'Angleterre.
A part de boire il n'y a rien à faire.

61 GODLESSNESS

It was called the Age of Enlightenment
When thinkers dared to doubt
That God had made the firmament.
Those doubters all "came out."
For the torturers of the Inquisition
Had put their irons away;
Those atheists could pour derision
On religion's earthly sway!
But hold on. If folks did not believe
In God how should they act?
What vicious webs might people weave
If the Steeplejack were sacked?

Now in the pubs there stand old pews
Where the flock all congregate to booze.

62 THE SPORTS INTERVIEW

Who wants to know what sportsmen think?
Or how they felt to score that goal?
Or how they skated round the rink?
Or how they vaulted off their pole?
Do we want to know what actors eat,
Or singers drink, how MPs keep?
We want to watch their skillful feat/feet
The pass, the dribble, the glide, the leap;
So leave them be - they are out of puff!
Let them go and have a shower
Of questions they have heard enough.
The interviewer had his hour!

Who wants to hear what sportsmen say?

They all spout clichés anyway!

63 ENVY

Is there a more corrosive vice than this?
What torments must the Envier endure!
He cannot still his yearning avarice
Nor cease to crave its object ever more.
That motor overtakes him every day
That snooty mansion watches him walk by
Beyond his route to work the golfers play
Above his sullen head the jetters fly.
He eats baked beans and dreams of caviar
Drinks flat ale and thinks of fine champagne.
Why was he born beneath a lesser star?
Is there no way to stop and start again?

Envy the weakling born to die at night
With no inkling of the sun's adoring light.

64 IMPUNITY

If tyrants fear no longer Hell
What citadels will they lay waste?
They bless each bullet, bomb and shell,
By God shall not a one be traced.
Adolf and Joe felt not a shred
Of compassion, not a mote of guilt.
They never paused to count the dead
Nor murder-rooms their henchmen built.
With God and Empires overthrown
What noxious seeds the new kings sow;
Around each old abandoned throne
What ranks of stinking weeds will grow.

In shallow graves their foul bones rot.
The sun and stars care not a jot.

65 CONSUMERISM

Make happiness your life's pursuit!
Advises one great Constitution;
But why is discontent its fruit?
Why is its offshoot disillusion?
The moulders of the New aver
That what we own we should disown;
The stigma of the old, the spur;
For buying it we must atone

By discarding it from home and mind,
Replacing all with modern styles
Where we reclined and dined, refined
Shall lie maligned in rubbish piles.

We must define this wastefulness
As the surest sign of our success.

67 THIRSTY THURSDAY

A day of Joy - A day of Thunder
The day of Jupiter or Thor?
Gods split the heathen world asunder...
This day could be that metaphor.
By Thursday I might spare a smile
But scarcely yet a belly-laugh
For I must toil at work a while
Before my Friday beers I quaff.
And I can be in thundrous mood
For Thursday can be tantalising;
Like Janus in my attitude,
For my poor head it's agonising.

O thirsty Thursday, spin, be past
And let the world begin at last!

68 A RUBBISH SONNET

Hinckley centre needs a massive skip.
Demolish the buildings (those derelict
Flat-roofed, concrete foully bricked)
And lug them down the council tip.
Are there really preservation areas??
Who says? What on earth's worth keeping?
(I "goo up-town" - I must be sleeping)
Preserve vile factories? Hilarious!
Tear it down! Sow seeds! Plant trees!
Let Mother Nature take it back
And then we could put up a plaque
"Here was Hinckley. Rest in Peace."

To do the trick there would suffice
One tiny nuclear device.

69 THE BADGER BAITER

God granted me dominion
Over every creature of the land;
A mere badger, in my opinion

Is game for baiting. Understand?
If I decide to dig it out
And send my cruel dog down its sett
To tear the stripy creature's snout,
Its shy and wilder blood to let,
Then so I shall, for I am king!
What pity should a monarch know?
I shall consign to suffering
What dares to hide from me below.

I, baiter, go to any length
To prove my bravery and strength.

70 MORE LITTER

Why is man the only critter
Who deliberately throws down his litter?
Is he some Alien from Outer Space
On a special mission to junk this place?
Hey! Open up those wintry eyes!
And look, we live in Paradise!
New grass, fresh buds, gold daffodils
And, daily bluer, the huge sky fills
With dreamy, streaming clouds of white;
What ornaments of spring delight!
For the gaudy colours of the bottle top
Of the tube of sweets, the can of pop
Shy April has no need or care
So clear her stage and let her share
Her magic gifts for us in full,
Not spoilt by mess IT'S HORRIBLE!

Why is Man the only critter
Who deliberately throws down his litter?
Does the mouse, the vole, the bird
Make tons and tons of mess? Absurd!
Does the robin, starling, thrush
Thrust rubbish underneath a bush?
Does any donkey, any ass
Throw plastic bottles on the grass
Apart from asses of the human sort
Who sling them down without a thought?
For that matter does any cat
Set out to spoil its habitat?
Should bags of plastic grow on trees
When the wind has been on shopping sprees?
I've never seen a slinky fox

Discard a carton or a box,
Have you? And have you ever seen a hen
Lay an egg-box in her pen?
And if an elephant had fingers
Would it yack a beer can in the stingers?
Would any self-respecting aardvark
Leave garbage strewn around a park?
Would smoking crabs, if they had hands,
Leave fag-ends on the silver sands?
(I know that crabs have snappy pincers
- To keep our distance they convince us)
Would a crab or lobster grab and lob
A half-eaten cheese and onion cob?
Would any camel, alpaca, llama
Spread filth across the panorama?
Does any albatross or gannet
Set out to trash this lovely planet?
By far we are earth's cleverest beast!
But seem to love our earth the least.

71 THE FEEDER

A starling swings away the sparrows,
An ever-watchful thug-beaked greenfinch
To blue-tits will not yield one inch
Which flinch and whir away like arrows;
A chaffinch, shy, lands once, then flees
- The impertinent, wee, gaudy bird -
And never comes again, deterred
By the rowdy robin's calumnies.
Here hangs no charity but mine
Here with landing-pegs to spare
And seeds for all, enough to share,
Great plenty by the earth's design.

Where evil comes from, who can tell?
But sprightly burns within each cell.

72 ODE TO THE NAKED CARWASHER

Oh, wash my wings, make bright my bonnet
And wax and polish up my boot,
You are splendid in your birthday suit
Sleek bodywork with nothing on it;
Now mind you hose that wheel-arch proper
And slosh away that clinging mud
Apply those soapy suds - That's good!
- I'll give you such a tip - a whopper!

Now put your long back into it
And use some special elbow-grease
Ah! Shoulder to the wheel - Yes, please!
- Take care! Don't trap your tender mitt!

Of all your attributes, the best
I love your muscle-y, hairy chest.

73 GRAVITY

Gravity is the worse of fat men's foes.
What they have dropped their hands can barely reach.
They cannot bend to touch their bloated toes
Without making in their jeans a cracking breach.

Gravity seems at first sight beneficial
It keeps our feet quite firmly on the floor.
Without it we would float - and that's official -
But for the Bloated, gravity's a bore.

For any object fallen on the tiles
Is quite a challenge to the quite obese
Especially if bending makes their piles
Get squeezed and squished around within their crease.

A rolling pea can cause a small disaster
If it goes between the oven and the fridge
And there to join a spiral twist of pasta
That has been there since they built the Humber bridge.

Is it worth the strain, the painful grunting
To get down on fat knees and have a look -
When in the fissure fingers finish hunting
One finds one's fleshy forearm has got stuck?

Yes gravity for fat men is a bane
The full English ! - is their breakfast cry of course
But they shake and slap the bottle all in vain
For perversely it will not release the sauce.

Sly gravity, your victims are profuse.
Who keeps a count of all who fell to Earth
From chairs and stairs? It's gravity-abuse!
A snakes-and-ladders lot is ours from birth.

We fall foul of laws, we fall for cunning stings,
Fall out, fall flat, fall from a State of Grace.

Just when we think we've got the drop on things
We flop into our final resting place.

74 THE ARTIST

The logos of my pointless life
I blend in stains of urban blight;
I paint on walls my bile and spite
Till black and red refrains are rife.
Past silent houses row on row
Where all the law-abiding sleep
I, the secret dauber creep,
The Poet Laureate of the low.
What masterpieces all shall see!
What genius comes to light at dawn!
What cries of fury shall it spawn
My spray-on canned philosophy!

Which has no respect for anyone,
For least of all its author. None.

75 OLD AGE

When all your plans lie in the past
And you tend to sit and reminisce,
Instead of feasting there's a fast
And you witter on of what's amiss
In back and joints, in bones and bowel
Make lists of medicines you chew
And think of throwing in the towel
And can't remember who is who,
When you have flabby legs and arms
And hardly hear what people say
And your skinny chops has lost its charms
And your hair is gone or is going grey

All in all if truth be told,
Your past it pal. You're knackered .Old.

76 WISHING YOU WERE DEAD

There are many wishing that the end
Of time may summon up God's peace,
Who earnestly desire decease
For rapturous they would ascend
To heaven, for they know God's mind,
Defined in scripture, then revealed
To them; and others gladly blow
Themselves and heathens up. Why so?

Well, they are Allah's trusty shield.
In wallet rich yet poor in soul
In wine we numb our discontent,
Regret the way our lives were spent,
And mighty with ourselves condole

Bright, but not quite bright enough
Should be our wretched epitaph.

77 CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

When I make my Asda shopping list
I realise we are reliant
On supermarkets to exist
And are condemned to be their client;
Do we grow peppers, do we catch salmon?
Do we spin softest toilet tissue?
No, we all are slaves of Mammon
And with our lot cannot take issue.
But imagine twenty feet of snow,
Blown by gales scarce known before!
How would all the lorries go
To resupply our favourite store?

We would sit and watch our icy breath
Falter as we starved to death.

78 THE DID-GOODERS

We cannot motivate this child,
Her mouth is vile, her manners foul;
The signs are she is running wild,
Politely spoken to, she'll growl.
Sweet reason seems to cut no ice;
Child manuals in the library
All boil down to this advice -
If all else fails, try bribery.
Conferences, investigations
By experts, child behaviourists
Cost millions; and dear consultations
Feed and clothe psychiatrists.

The magic of a well timed slap
Well aimed, would cut through all that crap.

79 CRUEL INVENTIONS

The nuclear bomb may be our worst
(But plastic clearly runs it close)...

...Yet chewing gum, some might suppose,
Of abominations should come first.
What about The Daily Mail? The Sun?
Pot noodle? Spray paint? Creosote?
Or poisons without antedote?
The arrowhead? The spear? The gun??
Yet don't forget the bayonette,
And the mad, unholy scrum of war...
But has weaponry killed any more
Than the pretty twirls of cigarette?

Our best - a condom - has prevented
The very worst thing God invented.

80 SCATTOLOGY

In a fraction of a second
The universe was shitten,
Parameters were reckoned
Its future all was written.
And when the foetid heat was lost
Of that cosmic diarrhoea
In its rich and potent compost
Furry fungus did appear.
Creepie-crawlies, fish and birds,
Wriggling and mingling,
Emerged from fundamental turds,
Thick source of every single thing.

And appointed to watch over it
Was Adam - such a clever-shit.

81 THE DESPOILERS

It should be the Old who throw down litter
Who scrawl graffiti on every wall;
They are disillusioned, grim and bitter,
It should not really be the Young at all.
The Old have nothing left to lose or win,
Their Mother Earth shall soon consume her Dead;
Tempted, they have no energy to sin
And tired, they have eternal life to dread.
The Young should see the world through keenest eyes
And cherish every leaf and blade of grass
And wish to wander through a Paradise
And not through streets of tins and broken glass

And wrappings of their hideous confection.

They really are the planet's worse infection.

82 BETRAYAL

Trust, once shattered, never can be mended
And love deceived is shaken to the core;
The one on whom your very life depended
Betrayed you, fool, who thought he was secure.
There was no hint, no shadow of a sign,
In smiling eyes and loving words she said;
She did not betray her secret by design,
She had betrayed you in some other's bed.
She was present, saw all there was to see,
Recalls each kiss, each stroke, each lustful cry;
But you, absentee, invent new imagery,
Shall watch her gurning passion till you die.

What hordes of beasts have she and he conceived
Whose loudest boasts cannot but be believed.

83 ELEGY FOR AN ANT

In all the time there is to flow
You will only ever be this ant,
You know, and never were till now extant;
Extinction brings a tiny blow.
For ever running to and fro
You're a nosy, busy miscreant;
Though you never are belligerent,
You may upset my status quo.
Now where you go will seal your fate.
Be wise and stay upon your anty way,
Today might bring a final antidote.
What signifies your death, O tiny mote?
If once inside my kitchen you should stray
Antagonism, ant, anticipate!

84 THE ANT'S REPLY

Because you're big you think the world is yours.
Because you are the most divine of beasts,
Cleverer than ants and germs and yeasts
And plants and sperms and all the carnivores
You think that you can do just as you please.
Manipulating all as you determine
Managing to keep at bay the vermin
Which munch away your sugar and your cheese.
But is there an obeser beast than you?
Have you ever trampled fatty ants?

You manifest the grossest arrogance,
You ugliest of beasts in God's great zoo.

The magnitude of stuff you all consume
Will inundate your nest and spell your doom.

85 PORKERS

If every month you eat a pig,
His sausage, trotters, chops and ham,
How can you wonder you are big
And buttocks scarce in pants can cram?
If every month a pig you gobble
You have a cheek to moan and grunt
When all your chins and muscles wobble
With fatty titties back and front.
Could there be a rasher diet?
To munch on swine is quite mistaken.
So take this apple. Go on, try it!
It might even save your bacon.

Try to give up guzzling porkers
And you might join those Nordic walkers.

86 BELINDA AND HER BEAU T-AAAAAAAAAAAY

Complexion, fingernails and hair
Made up Belinda's total knowledge;
And BeautAy she would do at college
Or Tourism. Or Babycare.
The stars and distant galaxies
Did not exist for sweet Belinda.
The heavenly bodies on her agenda
Were biceps, pecs and phalluses.
Shame she was not listening
When Birth Control at school she had.
Which lad, she wondered was the dad?
All thirty came to the christening.

Will she do her BeautAy? Maybe.
She's in Barwell now - with a wailing baby.

87 FALSIES

Beauty is more than skin-deep,
Marie has her breasts on the brain;
To her mind they're modest and keep
Her nights sleepless again and again.
In the twain she would fain, neath the skin

Have implanted a wobbly device
So each maidenly, mammary twin
Swells up round as a melon, all nice.
She will take such a pride in the brace
So silicon smooth - but alack!
When she has her nth lifting of face
The pair might end upon her back.

And when Marie dies will her ashes
Give up her false breasts and eyelashes?

88 BUREAUCRATS

To a bureaucrat you are a file
With a reference number stamped in red.
While you explain they sit and smile
At their finger which could cut you dead.
You carry on about your case,
They sip their tea and nibble cake;
They look up into outer space
And say it wasn't their mistake.
I'm sorry is their favourite phrase
As small green watering cans they fill,
And while you break your heart they gaze
At plant pots on the window sill.

And when you sob - if not *you*, **who**???
They gently pull the plug on you.

89 COMPULSORY ENTERTAINMENT

Everywhere we go these days,
The pub, the shop, the waiting room,
Obligatory "music" plays
(*Our* favourites too, they all assume.)
If I took along my tranny
And tuned it loud to Radio 3,
They would stare at me uncanny
For my insensitivity.
We're too polite and much too shy
To ask the brash to turn it down.
Now fags are banned, then why, oh, why
Not POP-NOISE too in every town?

Offenders, fined, should listen to
Bertwistle, Schoenberg, Martinu.

Then if they failed to turn it off
A year of sheer Rachmaninov.

A third offence? Each Chav should have
Scheisshausen piped into their lav.

90 SCROUNGERS

We used to have the Pearly Kings
And now we have the Chavvies.
They download vulgar cell-phone rings
And go for fags in lavvies.
On mobile phones they sit and play
Or skim the Sun or Star.
At any time of night or day
You'll find one in a bar;
Their umpteen kids (they're oversexed)
Sit quiet with crayoning books
While "mum" and "dad" send others text
And miss out all the fucks.

Or shove their welfare in the bandit
From fools like me, who over hand it.

91 HOG

He gets up my behind to glare.
I am the limit! Doing forty.
Upon *his* stretch of road I dare.
He gets so close I see he's warty.
"Petrol's dear!" I'd love to say
"Your carbon footprint's much too deep.
You cause pollution anyway
And laws - for safety - all should keep!"
If we were in Castle Street
Would his manners be as shoddy?
Would he dog my strolling feet
And stick his nose into my body?

With scornful features past he dashes,
And there - a speeding camera flashes.

92 GOD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Why did God make Lloyd Bugg-Yeo?
Is he an enigmatic ploy?
Why grow a harmless embryo
Into that charmless, brainless boy?

Why did God decide to choose
From atoms swirling in His wake
Lloyd Bugg-Yeo thereof to fuse?
Is God allowed just one mistake?
God made spiral swathes of fire
Conjured from a frozen void.
Of all the wonders He would sire
Why on earth did He make Lloyd?

From dinosaurs to viruses....
Why Yoe? You know, we'll never guess.

93 VERY MYSTERIOUS

Is Lloyd a part of some weird Plan
We merest mortals cannot see?
Might he thwart some evil man
God's rival - Satan - caused to be?
Lloyd might be God's bowling ball
To hurl and slow that devil's pace (?)
A waste of space? No, not at all!
His uselessness might be God's ace.
As mechanic he might "fix" his brakes,
As chef concoct a lethal dinner;
It could be one of Lloyd's mistakes
That saves us all from such a sinner.

A statue might be raised to show
Our thanks to God for Lloyd Bugg-Yeo.

94 MR DYSON'S CONTRAPTION

"We need a vacuum" said the wife
"Goo into town and buy a nice 'un."
It caused a little bit o' strife
When I cum hum. I'd bought a Dyson.
"You need to be Tamara Press
To pick the bugger up!" she cried.
(I tried but I had no success
And felt a rupture down me side.)
"It roars just like an aeroplane
But never picks up any fluff!
So take the bugger back again
And tell the bloke I've hed enough!"

("Perhaps it's meant to clean a vacuum.
Cos it will not do the living room")

95 CE - LE B - RE - I 'Y
Celebrity is such a cult
Of photo-graven images.
At premieres there's tumult
As screaming fans form scimmages.
Are these the only stars they see
Upon their shallow, drab horizon?
Shall stars of low ce - leb - re - i - y
Be all they clap their narrow eyes on?
The tabloids and the magazines
Of modern gods are holy bibles.
Iconoclasts then vent their spleens
And bring to light their lowly foibles.

Provoking tides of deep disgust
Those toppled idols bite the dust.

96 SUFFOCATION
My soap is wrapped in plastic
And even my cucumber.
Its evil span is drastic
Round objects without number.
If God had hung in bubble-wrap
Sweet apples on that bough
The Sons of Adam - greedy chap -
Might be in Eden now
With not an Asda bag in sight
Nor slums to spoil the view
Nor empty bobbing bottle blight
Upon God's ocean blue.

He should have plastic-wrapped the bloke
Who dreamt it up thereon to choke.

97 FOUR BY FOUR
Do they who drive those huge off-rovers,
With grills of snarling metal teeth,
Bear down upon us just to goad us?
Their high contempt we seem beneath.
To right and left at tricky junctions
They sidle past to block the view.
I hope their Sat-Nav box malfunctions
When next they drive in Timbuktoo.
These tough suburban heroes yearn
For sub-Saharan rough terrain.
Off Stoneygate estate they turn

To charge at speed bumps down Butt Lane.

The mightier the machine, it's said,
The smaller what's in shorts and head.

98 FUNDAMENTAL

Of all the chores one has to do
To wipe one's bum is such a bind.
Especially when a vindaloo
Has left one with a hot behind.
One's poor old arm begins to ache
The toilet roll begins to shrink.
How much tissue will it take?
Will it run out? One dreads to think....
Oh dear, it seems that elbow-grease
Was all in vain - there's more in store.
In a lifetime, labouring at the crease
Takes *months* - a fundamental bore.

Thank God though, when the wiping's tough;
It isn't someone else's duff.

99 PIGEONS

Fat pigeons take a fancy to
Whatever brassicas I sow
And with a waddle scour each row
To turn them into pigeon-poo.
I have a fairly high IQ
But pigeons I cannot outwit;
My scarecrows they don't mind a bit
And even coo - how do you do?
Wire I've tried and wooden skewers
To spear these obese beasts upon.
I think I'll buy a gattling gun.
What a cheek! They think it's fun
To take off (how??) to splatter one
With brussel poo - bad doo-doo doers.

100 VERMIN

It's not the pigeon's fault if he's a pest.
He's not so bad as far as vermin go.
He has to line a nest just like the rest.
If we dislike him, how is he to know?
To be a beast of which we might approve
Can never be a target he can set.

If he were rare, I'm sure we would remove
That stigma only common creatures get.
Take rats and 'roaches - they abound - (like *us!*)
An Alien would have his work cut out
To tell which species is more dangerous
In terms of spinning planets into doubt.

And if that touring Alien were wise,
Who knows what pesticide he might devise?

101 NEW TRIBES

Will stupid, noisy, vulgar people
Swell the crowds in Paradise -
Our crowds beneath the village steeple,
The middle classes, rather nice?
How could chavs sing Alleluia
Without one utterance profane?
(Object thereto, they might do you
Or set upon you Dane or Shane.)
What did God do with savages
Who never heard or read the bible?
We hope somehow He manages
A two-tier heaven, one posh, one tribal.

Perhaps He'll build a vast estate
Where all their sort might congregate

102 AN APOLOGY

How dare we weight you down with such a name?
Can hence your vivid genius be inferred?
If I had never seen you, wild or tame,
How could I guess you were a lovely bird,
And not a belching oaf which cannot budge
As gross and fat and ugly as a pig,
Scratting round and rolling in black sludge
Which, if it budged would trudge as it's so big?
We got it right with panther, toad and owl,
Giraffe and wasp and elephant and lynx.
In every syllable you sound so foul!
The tag we stuck to you, quite frankly, stinks.

Of which, I wonder, how aware you are,
O lime, pale blue and lemon.....*budgerigar*.

103 A POSTCARD FROM ABROAD

To orchestrate a fine recession

I wrought financial instruments
A mile beyond your comprehension,
You building society innocents!
The jargon of my clever schemes
When all boiled down spelt BONUSSES,
A wealth beyond your wildest dreams.
So there! You bear the onuses.
You shuffle down bedrizzled dole queues?
On softest, whitest sand sit I,
And sip my Bollinger and muse
Which cheapened, broken stocks to buy.

Oh - thanks for being a tolerant lot.
If I were a Chinaman, I'd be shot!

104 PERSONNEL

"Human resources," the Dalek said
"In our offices are not required.
Let robots answer phones instead.
They're never ill. They're never tired.
They eat no food so need no pay,
Need neither tea nor toilet break,
Without a murmur they obey
And holidays they never take.
Carbon units are made of cells
With oxygen and blood supply.
Sweat them and the pressure tells
And in extremis they may die.

Let market forces dom	in	ate....
Human resources <i>ex</i>	<i>termin</i>	<i>ate</i>

105 JARGON

When I know stuff and you have no idea
I gain a clear advantage over you.
For expertise is held in awe and fear
And wins debates and vindicates my view.
Inventing nouns and verbs beyond your ken
Causes you dilemmas, don't you see?
For you look very stupid if and when
You have to ask just what they mean of me.
As beams of light which make dark forests glow
Were words when men stood straight and looked about.
Jargon complicates what we all know
And when it gets boiled down amounts to nowt.

My jargon is a blind upon that light.
And if I pull it down who's not so bright?

106 HARDER TIMES

To us the banks pay one per cent
Their whiz-kids get fat bonuses.
We bear their toxic onuses
And wonder where our billions went.
We gaze at tins of pineapple
And ponder on its cost per gramme
Then wonder - in this credit jam -
Do we need pineapple at all?
We stare at racks of toilet tissue -
Where once we just grabbed packs, aloof;
Who cares it's thin, not finger-proof,
Now cheapness is the vital issue?

Just one more silly banking ad
Will send me bonkers, barking mad!

107 ESTEEM

"My lad is lacking self-esteem"
- Asserts the dad - "Our *book* says so...
His manners are not what they seem.
He has a heart of gold you know.
He cheeks his teachers? - It's a front!
He bullies kids? - He's insecure!
His victims only bear the brunt
Of a lack of *self-esteem* - the *cure*."
(Perhaps you rather spoilt your boy?
He's always had his way, perhaps?
The latest gadget, dearest toy....
When what he lacked the most.....were *slaps*.)

It seems that his esteem for *us*
Is what is low. And *you*'re the cause.)

108 A BLESSING

Amongst the precincts of the Great AS-DA
A host of silent pilgrims stand in wait,
For they have journeyed in from near and far
To see His screens drawn back at half-past-eight.
Their every worldly need He satisfies
From swede to health insurance for their dogs.
And falser gods He earnestly defies
To match or beat the price of what He flogs.

Alas! At noon His child-disciples come
With offertories to buy His manna sweet.
His nourishment is far too rich for some
Who cast it down, half-eaten, in the street.

And unto one I cried “Thou droppedst thy cake!”
Though I shall not repeat what words he spake.

109 THE PLANETRY INSPECTORS

- We have found a world around a golden star
With silver poles, vast seas and emerald woods
And teeming wonders one alone does mar
Or takes to break or make its worldly goods.....Over
-That one, is it an alien from Beyond?
Usurper of a planet not its own ?..... Over
- Though of its features it is overfond
Upon this “Earth” indeed its seeds were sown.....Over
-Then is it far less clever than the rest,
Yet strongest brute , some callous Juggernaut?.....Over
-The contrary! Its intellect is best,
(Yet smaller than its sneering boasts purport.).....Over

What a wretched beast you have depicted!
Our verdict is: that it shall be evicted!.....Over and out

110

What would an alien wonder if it came
And met the biggest moron on the planet?
Would it think all humans were the same?
Would it really think that such a moron ran it?
If it watched the garbage on TV
And sauntered down some inner city street,
What judgments would it make of you and me
Of all the earthly species - the elite?
How would it rationalise such filthy seas,
And land broken up for our self-interest?
And understand the countless miseries
Inflicted on a world so truly blessed?

Would it deduce the visionaries had fled
To colonise some distant world instead?

111 A BLAST FROM THE PAST

I want to be your new MP!

Westminster is my aim.
So make an impact! Vote for me!
I'm anything but tame.
If you loathe impropriety -
- The greedy MP game,
And cannot stand hypocrisy
And think, "they're all the same",
Then take a chance and you will see
How I shall earn my fame.
A thousand tons of TNT
Will be my only claim!

Then you shall pop your champagne corks.
Remember me? My name? Guy Fawkes.

112 THE EMPEROR POET

The emperor who wore no clothes
To verse his hand soon turned,
And of course was one of those
Who all aesthetics spurned;
No rhythm, scansion, making sense,
Nor rhyme, nor metaphor.
It was proclaimed that all were dense
Who could not read the score.
"How genial! How delightful!
Sire's poetry...is...*novel*...
Contemporary...and...*insightful*..."
The streets were one mass grovel.

The little lad then glanced at it
And shouted "Poetry?? It's prose"

113 TOAD OF TOAD HALL

A certain Toad acquired a motor,
It drove him round the bend.
It did not faze him one iota
His manners did offend.
A thirty, forty, fifty zone
To Toad did not apply.
He croaked upon his mobile phone
While blithely whizzing by.
He drove at such a crazy pace
Much faster than he ought.
So close to us that on his face
We counted every wart.

There are, I fear, too many toads
Careering round on local roads.

114 THE OFFICIAL

A cold and deep indifference his moat,
Here sit's the petty King within his castle,
Sifting through petitions now to gloat,
And searching for a slip to cause us hassle.
We did not dot an i or cross a t?
Then shove it to the bottom of the pile!
Blue not black? *Black* ink was his decree!
Across his paltry lips there steals a smile.
BLOCK CAPITALS required! Not this poor scrawl!
This word with plastic fluid was corrected!
This box is crossed not ticked! *This* not at all!
N stroke A just will not do! **Rejected!**

<input type="checkbox"/>	Human warmth and pity?	<i>Not applicable</i>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Salvation of his shrivelled soul?	<i>Not tickable</i>
<input type="checkbox"/>	What we would like to say to him?	<i>Despicable</i>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Condition of his chair-bound bottom?	<i>Kickable</i>

115 OH TO BE IN HINCKLE

NOW THAT JUNE IS HERE!
Stunned into silence by the brutal heat
The morning withers like a thirsting flower.
The trees dance slowly in the breeze's power
|And drooping passers-by drag heavy feet.
Tall wheelie-bins stand guard along the street
And, disciplined, await their changing hour,
When wisest cats will run to shade and cower
From sunburnt crewmen of the council fleet.
What complex perfumes charm the passing nose!
A fortnight's carcasses of fish and fowl,
And ham gone hard and oven chips gone crinkly!
And when those lids all lift, the fragrance grows
As if of some profound, infernal bowel,
Evoking dreams of mediaeval Hinckley.

116 WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP

Although I strive to seem a model pupil,
My favourite German word is Schadenfreude.
I love to be a serial work-avoider
And lack in every single moral scruple.
I practise grins and flatter to deceive
My vocabulary of charming words is vast.

I trip up swotty girls as they traipse past
And have a knack of looking so naïve.
I never get the blame when trouble brews
- Who threw his voice? This pen? That book? - Not I!
I always have a perfect alibi
And never leave incriminating clues.

An engine driver? Astronaut? Sod that!
When I grow up I'll be a bureaucrat.

117 THE SHIT THIEF

When I decided to insure
Against the theft of property
Decidedly attached to me,
I never thought of cow manure
In heavy bags as insecure,
As liftable as proved to be.
My rockery (Collect For Free!)
The thief decided to ignore.
I am not very highly strung
And do accept it takes all sorts...
And *do* like folk despite their warts;
But who on earth would take the trouble
To battle over roots and rubble
To steal six bags of cattle dung?

118 WILDLIFE

"A 5-Star council!" rave those braggarts;
We should be "proud" of this fair borough!
(But were inspectors less than thorough
Who failed to spot our wheelie-maggots?)
Soaker peas and mash and faggots
Make lovely mush in which to burrow
To build the house-flies of tomorrow
In a stench which really knocks you back'ards.
It is right to nurture local fauna
- Bluebottles, urban foxes, rats.
Our council shows its green credentials
By rendering slop to bare essentials
To boost our local habitats
From crawling bins in every corner.

119 HARD WORK

It wears me out to wipe my arse
For I have got arthritis

In both my elbow joints, alas.
Oh what a dreadful chore a shite is.

120 NARROW

I am a little Englander
I love the English Channel
It kept most foreigners at bay
Till Maggie built the tunnel.
The thought of spices in my food
Really makes me shudder
Like seeing in Earl Shilton
A temple to the Buddha.
I journey to the Isle of Wight
Whene'er I go abroad.
I tour it in my Maxi
The car my kind adored.
I keep myself so well informed
And read the Daily Mail;
To get my English dander up
Its headlines never fail.
Like soaker peas and fish and chips
I'm English through and through,
And I suspect all foreigners
Wish they were English too.

121 ILLUSION

If beauty is only ever skin deep
And all objects possess their own skin,
All lovers of beauty must break down and weep
When they ponder the drabness within.
As paper cladding an ugly old wall
And paint on a dismal old door
Mere beauty possesses no depth at all
Disguising bleak truth at the core.
Is all beauty a sorcery of light
An illusion compounded by eyes?
Its endurance and strength are but slight
But mankind would kill for the prize.

All creatures deemed ugly should never despair.
How real is the ugliness ugly things share?

122 RULE BRITANNIA

Plucky little Britain still patrols

The oceans of the world, imposing peace;
Like missionaries her soldiers save lost souls,
Lest her righteous, moral Empire should decrease!
As Neptune with dread Trident in His hand
To cower all the villains of the earth
She prods new foes in every desert land
Ensuring foes will never be in dearth!
And plucky little Britons in their slums
Ancient and modern, celebrate and cheer!
From the tables of their Rich they scoff their crumbs
And choke on Rule Britannia! in their beer!

Tax-evaders, and rich exiles rule the waves
And, sniggering, raise their champers to their slaves!

123 OUR PARKING LOT

Intrepid drivers, dare we nip
To bank, to shop, to market stall?
Who dares give Thunderbirds the slip
Those wardens who appal us all?
We hurry here, we scurry there
We villains who park cars for nowt.
But Brains can pop up anywhere
To scribble tickets out...and gloat.
But we're DAMNED if we'll pay 70p
To park! We just want knicks and knacks!
Our council is too dim to see
On Hinckley it's a shopping tax.

Away with double yellow lines!
Away with parking fees and fines!

124 A GIRL IN A GYM

And stealing a glance to assess her impact,
She invites us to follow her training routine,
For we were created to admire her act
As she goes nowhere fast on the running machine.
She bends now and stretches and touches her toes
In the mirrors she sees she is slender and sleek,
A cult celebrity nobody knows,
Especially me, this pale flabby antique...
Do trees really dance beneath the vaulting sky
As earth and her kin race the strenuous sun?
And where are the stars to jostle and vie
In God's universal great marathon?

...At the end of her I-Pod and internet phone
She exists in an amoral world of her own.

125 THE CONSIDERATE LITTER-LOUT

I tie my dog dirt in a plastic bag
And hang it in the most convenient tree;
Although, you know, I do not wish to brag,
When it comes down to recycling - that's me!
The council man will come and pick it up,
It's better on a branch than on the path;
It's nasty stuff what exits from our pup.
Who wants that mess and smelly aftermath?
When all the golden leaves have gone in autumn
And my plastic bags sway gaily in the breeze,
Some do-do-gooder will come along and sort 'em
And liberate our Rover's fresh faeces.

So think next time you're going for a walk
That yonder bags are full of what I talk.

126 BAD BUDDHIST

I had no wish to harm the fly
A miracle so intricate;
And though I swished it on and by
It circled - so up with it I put.
How could it know that I was there?
It did not know that it was either!
And it certainly was unaware
Of its tendency to miff and mither.
I thought: what eons of evolution,
Unbroken at a single strand,
Have led this insect to my kitchen -
Where in my ale it "chose" to land.

Just then I took a damned good slurp
And he ended up in me. The twerp.

127 ELEGY FOR MRS CREEPY

Is the spider aware she is ugly?
Does she care when you spot her and screech?
Oh, she'd sit in her corner-lair snugly,
Out of sight, out of mind, out of reach!
The spider does not know she's a spider,
Eight legs never strike her as odd,
Nor odd that you cannot abide her,

And deride her - black brainwave of God.
She dares not go into your dairy
Nor suck on your sweets like the fly;
So unfair she's so hairy and scary
That you've made up your mind she must die.

Thank God Man's a beautiful species!
Who would ever wish Him dashed to pieces?

(Thank God, Man's a beautiful creature
With not one reprehensible feature.)

128 THE JUGGERNAUT

We need stupid folk to buy stuff
For the comfort of all rests on that;
God help us if they cry ENOUGH
Of cosmetics and clobber and tat.
So the Admen set fires and stoke
The Furnace of Greed and Desires;
God bless those persuadable folk,
Whose mania for New never tires!
Whenever the firebox glows
The Government gets lots of Tax
To pay of the Debt that it owes.....
Or the juggernaut slows in its tracks.

But if ever the Formula fails
Then the monster will fall off the rails.

129 TOP GEAR

People in their cars are really foul,
Their masks fall off behind the wheel.
And they glower like the grimmest ghoul
Who, sealed inside, needs not appeal.
Their cars reflect the face of shark
(Which years ago were gentle gent.)
Their headlights shine from regions dark
And flash and signal cruel intent.
"I crave the space you occupy,
Speed up or pull aside for me;
You crawling thing! Do you defy
The sleekest swimmer in the sea?"

But when they stop and click the door
They don that smiling mask they wore.

130 The *DAY* of the *TABLOIDS!*

There used to be these tiny papers
Which even tiny brains could read,
Of celebrities' unwholesome capers
And where they strayed and sowed their seed.
The Tabloids practised mind control
And told their subjects how to vote.
They poisoned every heart and soul
With lies and rotten filth they wrote.
Then Tabloid Men began to tap
The phones of big and little stars;
Oh, how those subjects loved to lap
Their dirty do's with Oohs and Ahs!

But could there be a deed much fouler
Than read the Sun post Millie Dowler?

131 HORSE-BURGHERS

The thought makes lots of people snigger,
Though some, we know, react with Fury;
The matter our concern should Trigger!
So I'll not mince my words on puree.
Who now would Champ(i)on ready meals?
What beasts are lurking in the bits?
Though we might show clean pairs of heels
They might give us all the trots.
Last night I dreamt of eating hay,
And had a look at Becher's Brook,
Ate sugar lumps and tried to neigh,
Was odds-on in Joe Coral's book.

What a mare! I woke at nine
And since I had my oats feel fine.

132 UP CLOSE

For billions of years you never were;
The atoms you command you only lease
From God who gently blew your heart astir.
Who knew but He you came in war or peace?
No joy in life His earth can guarantee,
Air and waters roar in fury - or are calm,
They cannot choose and only men are free
To do their brothers charity or harm.
To strap His matters to your back you chose,
Look innocent and climb aboard a train,
Mingle with the strangers there, your foes,

Who never dreamt of you, or caused you pain.

The atoms which God lent to you to cherish
You surrender early - delighted so to perish.

133 VALUE ADDED...

For a pair of pears I just paid £1.20
To the Great As-Da, the God of Supplies;
Twelve bob in the fifties would have bought plenty
Of pears - but now just one blessed Conference it buys.
How much was that Fruit when it came from the tree?
And where did it go to acquire such a value?
What made it so dear when it went into me?
And I'm so loth to let it go now, I tell you....
The banks dole out interest at half-a-percent
The gas and the lecky and petrol's inflating;
We scrimp for the mortgage and scrape for the rent
And dare not look outside in case bailiffs are waiting..

So why not buy shares - in an orchard of pears?

134 THE END

Every single one of us has got an arse
(Whilst some have missing toes and other bits)
So tiny when we're born, it's such a farce
They vary so in size amongst us Brits.
While some have bigger buttocks through their genes,
- Much bigger buttocks than they really need -
Fried eggs and bacon, burgers, chips and beans
Account for all the rest. In short, it's GREED.
For sitting down or going to the can
A basic bum, of course, should do the trick,
The simplest muscle known to beast or man,
The one, that when we're mad, we try to kick.

So fate or what you ate has made your rump.
Your doom may be to hear its final trump.