

## 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 brain 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.