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The Beach

As she's sitting on the plane
Only her smile betrays the strain
Of the flight that is before her
So she nestles down to sleep
Knowing it will keep
The demons still within her

As she steps out of the plane
She starts to live again
As the heat cocoons her
Her senses seek the sea
Where she knows she'll be
Cleansed of all within her

*Wendy goes down to the beach
Extends her arms to reach
The stars that shine above her
They greet a child they know
They caress the child below
The planets move around her*

The sea invites her in
Warm water laps her chin
Dolphins swim to greet her
Down and down they dive
Her body comes alive
Their grace bestowed upon her

She swims farther out to sea
Renewing her decree
That life must live within her
Her body feels a thrill
She knows they always will
Be waiting there to love her

She stays for quite some time
Till everything is fine
And the peace returns within her
So now it's just once more
She goes down to the shore
Gives thanks to all before her

*Wendy goes down to the beach
Extends her arms to reach
The stars that shine above her
They greet a child they know
They caress the child below
The planets move around her*

A Student (Blues)

When I met you baby
You promised me the moon
When I met you baby
You promised me the moon
You said you'd show me things
We'd stay in bed till noon

You said that you would teach me
Things I didn't know
You said that you would teach me
Things I didn't know
But it looks like students teaching
Teacher how to grow

*Cause I'm an A student baby
And I majored in love
Yes I'm an A student baby
And I majored in love*

You said you were a lover
Maybe others think you are
You said you were a lover
Maybe others think you are
But come on pretty baby
You ain't been loving so far

I'm an A student baby
I know all there is to know
I'm an A student baby
I know all there is to know
So open up your mind babe
Let's make the juices flow

Break

Baby you look tired now
Did I take your best from you?
Baby you look tired now
Did I take your best from you?
Just turnover honey
Sleep is calling you

I'm an A student baby
And I majored in love
Yes I'm an A student baby
And I majored in love

Alone

Sitting alone
In a darkened room
Emptiness now
Terror soon

Being alone
Self protection
Being alone
Self destruction

Being alone
No inflicted pain
Being alone
Self inflicted pain

Being alone
Strangulation
Being alone
No motivation

Being alone
Self protection
Being alone
Nihilistic projection

Being alone
Strength sapping
Being alone
Brain mapping

Being alone
Tires you out

Being alone

Sucks.....

Another Language

When we meet
And you smile
You make life
So worthwhile
I love you

When your lips
Tell my cheek
That you care
I go weak
I love you

When we dance
In the night
Men look
You hold me tight...
I love you

When your eyes
Speak to mine
And they say
That it's time
I love you

With your clothes
On the bed
There's nothing left
To be said
I love you

When the heat
Of your touch
Tells my body
So much...
I love you

When you soar
To the sun
Making two
Into one
I love you

When I gently
Go to sleep
In your arms
Breathing deep
I love you

When your voice
Softly moans
In the morning
I'm not alone
I love you

And together
Through life
With you
As my wife
I'll love you

But just in case
I've been remiss
Let me say
From the first kiss
I loved you

And on the day
That you die
My love
So will I
I love you

Aphrodite revealed

My life was ok
I worked in the day
Then went home to my husband and kid
To cook the night meal
Watch the TV
Then to sleep I quickly slid

And then one day
It was all blown away
Seeing you across the aisle in the store
When I looked in your eyes
It was obvious to me
Life would not be the same anymore

When you bought me a drink
I didn't think
I'd be seeing you later that week
But I arrived at your house
Terrified to death
The whole of my body felt weak

Your were soothing and kind
That eased my mind
You helped me off with my coat
Then holding my hand
Gently pulling me close
You softly kissed my throat

I've been kissed for years
But I fought back tears
As the electricity exploded through me
Then you looked in my eyes
And I realised
What was going to be

At that point you left me
To go and make tea
To make me feel secure
Then we chatted a while
And you gave me that smile
Took my hand and opened the door

I felt like a fool
The bedroom was cool
A married woman with kids and a man
But I knew what I wanted
What fate had presented
It was obviously part of life's plan

I looked into your eyes
Then softly sighed
As you started undressing me
I was held in your gaze
The clothes slid away
I was naked for you to see

You put me in bed
Kissed the top of my head
I watched as your clothes softly fell
Then you lay down beside me
Pulling me close
Wrapping me in your magic spell

Now I've made love before
In the bed, on the floor
In the kitchen, the back seat of the car
But I can honestly say
That I was carried away
I've never been taken this far

I moaned then I screamed
As I'd only dreamed
This could happen in my fantasy
But as I lay on his bed
I had to believe
Because it was happening to me

We did things that night
I'd refused outright
When they'd been suggested before
But with you it was good
And quite natural
With my secret sexual mentor

It lasted forever
Climbing ever higher
Until my body could take no more
You helped me to dress
Kissed me goodbye
Then I walked through the door..

As you lie

I watch you sleeping gently
Your deep soft breathing
Pulls at my heart
I love you so very truly
As I have done from the start

I watch as you turn over
The prying moonlight
Seeks your soft skin
I adore you as you lie there
I'm truly happy you let me in

I could have woken you
From slumber
For my pleasure
To satisfy
But you look so
Pure and peaceful
I'll just watch you
As you lie

I watch for the fleeting changes
That pass like clouds
Over your face
My life was empty till I met you
Now it's gone without a trace

I watch for your hand to find me
Making sure that
I'm still there
And having found me
You smile gently
And you wonder why I care

I watch as your senses heighten
The barking dog
Invades your sleep
You move slightly for a moment
Then go down so very deep

I watch the sun sit softly
Upon your face
It glows like gold
I could lie and watch you forever
Just stay here until we're old

I could have woken you
From slumber
For my pleasure
To satisfy
But you look so
Pure and peaceful
I'll just watch you
As you lie

Susie

Susie more, penny less
Once it was steak
Now egg and cress
No more nights
With the boys
Expensive holidays
Electronic toys
Or the races
Or the coast
I stay at home
She gives me toast.....

Susie more, penny less
My debit card
Is ill with stress
No more money
Just the bills
I get receipts
From jingling tills
They tell me
I'm in a mess
Susie more
Penny less

Susie more, penny less
My lovely home
Now an address
The king size bed
With lots of space
Is now an edge
My new place
Where I sleep
Where I dream
Of being alone
And should have been.....

Of cars
And girls
And bottles of bubbly
Bought in meals
Chin that's stubbly
Money, cards, bottles of wine
Expensive watches
Clothes so fine
But it's all gone
And I guess
It's because
Susie more
Penny less

Be Consistent

You make me laugh
You make me cry
You send me low
You take me high

You bring me close
Send me away
Take me home
Ask me to stay

You take me out
I feel ignored
I'm having fun
You say you're bored

*Oh my darling be consistent
Please give me love or let me go
I would stay with you forever
But your true love has to show*

I get dressed up
You criticise
You undress me
Without your eyes

You want my body
I want your touch
You give so little
I want so much

You touch me gently
Then you're rough
I love you but
I've had enough

*Oh my darling be consistent
Give me love or let me go
I would stay with you forever
But your true love has to show*

Black Dog

It has arrived
My own pet nightmare
The Black Dog
With the bulging eyes
And the sharp, exposed fangs

It lives in a kennel
I don't know where
It doesn't tell me
Just turns up
When it wants feeding

It is so hard to please
The Black Dog
Its wants change
Day to day
Year to year
How does a dog live so long?

What do you want Black Dog?
I ask
Apprehensively
I haven't got time at the moment
Things to do
People to see

You want walking
Now!
You want feeding
Now!
But.....
But.....

What about the things to do?
Do me!
What about the people to see?
See me!
But.....
But.....

And so we walk
You run amok
Spreading fear
Having fun
And so we eat
You slobber and froth
Creating embarrassment
Which you enjoy
How long are you staying?
Black Dog

The usual answer

Until...
Until what?
Until when?
You have destroyed the furniture
With your vicious mouth
Slashed the carpets
With your sharpened claws

I wait
In my own place
I wait
In the Black Dogs time
I wait
For the Black Dog
To take it evil eyes off me

At last
I notice a change
The Black Dog
Has become bored
With the humiliation
Of its owner

It is tired
Of the game
Is it deciding
Whether to go back
To its Kennel
Wherever it is

I wait
Please go back
To your kennel
It is undecided.....
Then goes

To its Kennel
Wherever it is

But it will be back.....

Body Language

When we meet and you smile
Making life so worthwhile
I love you

When your lips tell my cheek
That you care I go weak
I love you

When we dance in the night
Lusting eyes; you hold me tight
I love you

When your eyes speak to mine
And they say that it's time
I love you

With your clothes on the bed
There's nothing left to be said
I love you

When the heat of your touch
Tells my body oh so much
I love you

When you soar to the sun
Making two into one
I love you

Then slowly down breathing deep
In your arms towards sleep
I love you

When your voice softly moans
In the dawn I'm not alone
I love you

*When I hear your body language
It sends shivers down my spine
Silent words that are deafening
Telling me you'll soon be mine*

Coming Clean

There's a thing or two
I haven't said
I'm sort of weak
I'm crap in bad

I like a tan
Makes me a man
Though underneath
I'm fairly wan

I'm overweight
A little chubby
Not what you want
To be your hubby

I know a lot
So it appears
I actually don't
Its smoke
And mirrors

Perception

What's that?
Asked the brain
It's just a spider
A tiny thing
Hardly wider
Than your little finger
So let it run
On its way
Back to the sun

Hang on a mo
Cried out emotion
Look at that thing!
It's bloody enormous
Those horrible legs
That evil face
Kill the bastard
Start the chase!

I've loved a
(lyric)

I've loved a sheik
He was so chic
Lots of mystique
He made me weak

I've loved a King
We read I-Ching
He gave me Ming
Oh what a fling

*I've loved them all
I've had a ball
But I could only fall
For you*

I've loved a Prince
We picked at quince
In his province
Not seen him since

I've loved a Lord
Most untoward
We flew Concorde
A nice reward

I've loved an Earl
I was his girl
He gave me pearl
Oh what a whirl

I've loved a Knight
Oh what a night
Oh what a sight
Oh what a height

*I've loved them all
I've had a ball
But I could only fall
For you*

Yes I could only fall

For you

For you

For you

For you

I could only fall for you.....

Cry out..

Beautiful
Is the sound
Of the wailing child

The cry
Reaching
The stars

Telling
The world
Of his misery

And shedding
The load
From his shoulders

Death

Did you know
You won't see snow
When you die

Nor another cloud
When you're in a shroud
When you die

No longer eating
Feeling sated
When you're cremated

A Cuddle

A cuddle is
A little thing
No slap up dinner
Or diamond ring

It fills you up
It makes you whole
It repairs
The bleeding soul

It tells you that
Someone is there
When you need
Someone to care

It gives you strength
To go on
In the night
When you're alone

There are times
When things seem pointless
Eating, sleeping, ever restless
Then someone holds you
Someone dear
Holds you tight
Holds you near
Transmits to you
Love and care

Someone's there
Someone's there.....

Decisions, decisions....

The man stands
On the deck
Of the
Sinking ship

He sees
In the distance
Land

A white beach
Palms
Safety

In between
There is
A razor sharp
Wave crashing
Coral reef

It is
A decision

To stay
On the ship
With its loneliness
And ultimate death
Is not really
An option

You can't sail
This far
And just
Give up

But....

He is not a good
Swimmer
Although
He has had
Lessons

He looks again
At the waiting
Horrors

And jumps in

The waves crash
Around his head
The water
Stops his breathing

From below

A shape appears
A shark
A Great White shark
Circles slowly
And rises

The man shakes
With terror
His worst nightmare
The horror of horrors
Personified

Out of darkness
Quiet
Deadly
With razor sharp teeth
And unyielding
Brutality

The man
Had always
Seen death
This way

So....

He relaxes
Accepts his fate
Becomes
Almost euphoric

It surfaces
Under the man

He struggles
A little
Acceptance there may be
But death
Is still
Too soon

The shark
The Great White shark
Moves to the front
Looks into his eyes

The man
Relaxes
These are not
Killer's eyes

The shark
The Great White shark
The bringer of death
Is not
Going to kill him

The shark
The Great White shark
Dives
The man
Is scared again

The shark
The Great White shark
Surfaces
Underneath him
Supporting him

The ultimate
Killing machine
Is helping the man
To safety

Clinging on
He is taken
Beyond
The crashing waves
Past
The razor sharp coral

The shark
The Great White shark
Takes him
To shallow water
Where
With surprising gentleness
He pushes him
Beachward

And safety

He leaves
The surf
Looks back
But the shark
The Great White shark
Has gone.....

To kill
Other people

Doe to Vole

(The dyslexics lament)

I am peedly in vole
Peedly in vole
With you

I knead you
Every day
Every day
I long four you

And yet you
Ignaw me
My condiments
Pass you bye

Why my vole
Do you look at otters?
When I am hear
Your night
In shining harmer

I send you letus
Write you versus
I call you
On the phoney
I talk
You only listerine

Last knight I preyed
To dog
In Haven
To help me
Get your vole
But he did not here
He must have bean
Listerine to Simone else

I vole your yees
I vole your fecu
I vole your stub
I vole your gels
I vole your sleank
I vole your hole bydo

And the thought
Of what I will do
With your virginia
Leaves me gassing
For hair

So my vole
Please right back
And tell me
You vole me

Yours trudy
Vaddi C Naujlerdl

Elizabeth

Her name's not Jane
That's a pain
Nor is it Sue
What a to do

Or even Lily
Let's not get silly
Or modern Zoe
Or ch ch Chloe

Or olden Molly
Festive Holly
Flowery Daisy
Parisian Maisie

All those names
That you can rhyme
Just like Kate
Your best mate

And then there's....
Elizabeth

Go on
Do your best
Create a rhyme
Like all the rest

Something pretty
Something sweet
Something that
Goes down a treat

That rhymes with
Eliz - a - beth
That's isn't breath
Or death, or meth

Its seems My Lady's
Quite unique
A work of art
Fragile belleek

A marble Grace
That Louvre face
The blue of the earth
From outer space

So it doesn't have to rhyme
All you do is take your time
Then a poem quite sublime
For the lady who is mine

Free

It seems to me
To be free
You have to see
The world

Differently.....

Freeview Girl

Men go to the strip clubs
See girls slide down a pole
Put money in their knickers
To help them reach their goal

Then later in a side room
More money changes hands
To get a bit more of her
Then the time glass fills with sand

And so there you have it
A night out for some fun
It only costs a few quid
To watch somebody's bum

And now to me
A simple bloke
Who doesn't need such pleasure
A loving smile
A gentle touch
Are something that I treasure

If I want bums
If I want breasts
I don't go with my mates
Down to the clubs
With shaded lights
I don't even hesitate

I look to my side
Where a woman sits
With a smile
And a gentle touch
Whose joy of life
And radiance
Fills me with so much

And I see her bum
I see her breasts
She gives everything she has
To me

But.....

I don't have to pay
I don't have to say
Back to the ATM
I just look at her face
Curl up in her space
And be with
My freeview girl

Gonna lose my innocence

Lyrics

Gonna be a bad girl
Tonight
Not going down without
A fight
But gonna lose my innocence
Tonight

All the other girls know
What it's like to feel sooooo
I wanna feel soooo
I'm gonna lose my innocence

Katie was the first to show
Katie was the first to go
Katie was the first to know
I wanna lose my innocence

She's lost her innocence
They've lost their innocence
Everyone's lost their innocence
It's time I lost *my* innocence
It's going to be tonight
It's going to be tonight
Yes, yes, yes, yes
It's going to be tonight

Gonna be a bad girl
Tonight
Not going down without
A fight
But gonna lose my innocence
Tonight

Debbie was the next to go
Said it was a fiasco
He went fast she went slow
Still wanna lose my innocence

Karen said it was a breeze
Karen lost it under trees
Karen said he hurt his knees
I wanna lose my innocence

Gonna be a bad girl
Tonight
Not going down without
A fight
But gonna lose my innocence
Tonight

Robbie's coming to pick me up
In his bench seat pick up truck
Then with just a bit of luck
I'm gonna lose my innocence

Robbie says its only fair
That I let him take me there
Robbie says that he'll still care
I'm gonna lose my innocence

Gonna be a bad girl
Tonight
Not going down without
A fight
But gonna lose my innocence
Tonight

Hello my friends

I'm a lady of the night
I have friends that see me right
As long as I am good at what I do
I provide escape
It takes any shape
Why don't you join the others in the
queue?

*I'll pour fuel on your fires
Fulfil your desires
But when you walk out the door
I won't exist anymore*

Good evening Commander
I'm glad you could wander
In for a Beaujolais
Take off your coat
Have a quiet smoke
And then when you're ready we'll play

Well hello famous man
I'll do what I can
To make you feel famous in here
What you seek is secret
Between you and me
Your public must never hear

Rock on my friend
Isn't the band
Supplying you with groupies tonight
I know you like three
But there's only me
Perhaps less bark and more bite

Minister I'm flattered
That although you're shattered
I pull you more than the House
So let's get it over
So that your driver
Can get you back to your spouse

So you're the latest boy wonder
To rend asunder
The record for football transfers
But in here I do the kicking
You do the licking
We're both little entrepreneurs

Good evening your Grace
You've hidden your face
From the light of the moon
But I will expose you
Mistreat and degrade you
And you'll be in heaven soon

*I'll pour fuel on your fires
Fulfil your desires
But when you walk out the door
I won't exist anymore*

He's Going Home

What a wonderful time
On the hills
For a climb
But now it's that time
He's going home

What a wonderful kiss
From those lips
Oh its bliss
But now the abyss
He's going home

To the lawns and the wife
And the job
That's his life
I'm not part of that life
That's his home

What a wonderful night
We made love
Held me tight
And now late at night
He's going home

What a wonderful day
On a beach
Far away
Pity we couldn't stay
He's going home

How long can I carry on
Loving a man
Who's just gone
To the lawns and the wife
At his home

Next time that we meet
He has to
Tell me I'm sweet
Then promise to stay
At my home

It all went quite well
I talked for a spell
About our future
And when it would start
But it soon became clear
Although he holds me quite dear
My body means more
Than my heart

And so the man I adore
Has walked out the door
I'm not part of his life
Anymore

To the lawns and the wife
And the job
That's his life
I'm not part of that life
That's his home

'Self Help' Books

1 There are too many analysts
Bordering on paralysis
So I thought I'd save my money
I've bought some self-help books

2 Tell me how to do it
Oh please, please tell me how
I cannot be complete
So please, please help me now

I'm reading all the books
They're so very, very true
They help me so considerably
They know my hidden view

They show that I'm withdrawn
A flower about to bloom
I must be more assertive
I must dominate the room

But here it says I'm forthright
That's why I have no friends
It's just I hadn't seen it
I have to make amends

They say I'm Cinderella
Waiting for the ball
My problems attitudinal
No one will ever call

I like to court attraction
That's why I tend to smile
I hadn't seen it that way
I think I'll scowl awhile

It says here that I'm arrogant
Here, on three hundred ninety four
This will help considerably
It says to smile some more

People with grey eyes (it says)
And those with shades of blue
Have better physical relations
Than us (I'm sure it's true)

I'm a sexual deviant
It says so on page ten
They really are insightful
There's more in this than Zen

Now I know I hate my family
I never ever knew
It must have been so very deep
But it obviously is true

I had incest with my father
The dirty filthy chap
I didn't realise incest
Was sitting on a lap

I'm glad I read the books
No one else could help
Now I know I've found myself
No longer on the shelf

Now I understand
Exactly who I am
I can conquer any mountain
If I want, it says, I can

Deep down I am a sadist
A masochist, voyeur
A screaming, hating, vicious bitch
Who'll care forever more

I'm also very stubborn
In a pleasing, helpful way
It says I need somewhere to run
Though I'd much prefer to stay

I really loathe my body
Which I love with all my heart
I do detest my partner
Though I know we'll never part

I know that people hate me
They hide it with a smile
And those that shout and scream at me
Have loved me all the while

It's really very simple
This self-analysis bit
No need to see an expert
With a Do It Yourself kit

And so you see I've cracked it
Free forever more
It was really very easy
Wish I'd read this book before

There are too many analysts
Bordering on paralysis
So I thought I'd save my money
I've bought some self-help books

I excite you

Quickly drawn curtains and
Clothes swiftly shed
Passionate kisses
I pull you to bed
Into the whiteness
Into the chill
Of the white cotton sheets
And time will stand still

I excite you
I ignite you
You consume me
With your flames
Locked in a feeding frenzy
We play our private games

We enter the darkness
Of our private night
Where you will struggle
Where you will fight
Where I will touch you
Make you feel good
Claw you and bite you
Maybe draw blood

You go ever upwards
Eyes looking through me
Mouth gasping for air
In this physical melee
I take you higher
You cry out my name
Your scream fills the world
And quenches your flame

I excite you
I ignite you
You consume me
With your flames
Locked in a feeding frenzy
We play our private games

I knew.....

The snow came down
She wore a frown
'What's wrong?' I asked
I felt a clown

I know of course
Last night in bed
She didn't look
Just merely said

'I'm a little tired
That kind of day
Just one of those things
What can I say?'

Then she turned over
And nestled in
Perched on the edge
It was akin

To hiding away
Away from me
Her eyes closed tight
So not to see

So here we are
And that frown
And those eyes
Looking down

There's someone else?
I heard me say
She looked at me
Then looked away

'Why now?' I asked
'I thought life was good?
We have a new house
A nice neighbourhood'

'There's no other man
It's more about me
Marriage is fine
But I want to be free'

I knew it was hopeless
I'd known all the time
I'd been lucky to get her
Proud she was mine

But some people play games
It's just who they are
A flame to your moth
Your moon to their star

I knew it was hopeless
To ask her to stay
Tell her I adored her
There must be a way...?

So off she went
To pastures new
Never saw her again
But those that knew

Said she'd gone abroad
Maybe on a yacht
Or holed up in a villa
Smoking pot

They thought New York
And then L A
A sighting in Cannes
Where rich men play

And then it went quiet
The sightings rare
Maybe she's here
Maybe she's there..?

...
...
...
...

It's been several years now
Since she was set free
No one has heard from her
But she contacts me

We talk quite often
Just her and me
Where she lays to rest
Under my tree....

I take them out

My jobs different
To most other men
Don't work many hours
Just work now and then
I'm a sort of consultant
I cut out the waste
Just me and my trusty briefcase

A letter in the mail no return address
Photograph of someone
Who's caused a bit of stress
I read all the details
Memorise the face
Put what I need in my briefcase

I'm like a concierge
With a lot of clout
But I don't invite them in
I take them out

Up the path I walk
To his front door
Gently push the bell
Spread my feet on the floor
Watch behind the sunglasses
As he shows his face
The gun ends his days with the human
race

Just the other day
I was driving in a car
Thirty yards behind
A man who nicked a Renoir
From a client of mine
Who was a touch distressed
So was the man
As the bomb ripped through his vest

So if you have a problem with a fool or
such
Don't get over stressed
Just get in touch
I'll solve all the problems
Please don't have a doubt
I'll quite simply take them out

I'm like a concierge
With a lot of clout
But I don't invite them in
I take them out

I'm a coward

Going off to war
Never been before
Not really sure because
I'm a coward

Going to land
In a hostile land
I don't want to be there
I'm a coward

I'm a coward
I'm not John Wayne or Clint Eastwood
I may act tough, but I'm really just
A coward

Landed in the dirt
No white shirt
Please let me go home
I'm a coward

Marching to the front
Enemy to confront
Can't cope with that
I'm a coward

Lying on my belly
Shaking like a jelly
Please make it stop
I'm a coward

Bombs are dropping now
I wish how
I was with my girl
I'm a coward

I'm a coward
I'm not John Wayne or Clint Eastwood
I may act tough, but I'm really just
A coward

The man next to me
Has no knee
I can't take this
I'm a coward

Why is war like this
Why's he blown to bits
He was a married man
I'm a coward

I should flee
That could happen to me
I'd be buried here
I'm a coward

The bullet hit my pack
I'm on the rack
I'm getting pissed off
I'm a coward

I'm a coward
I'm not John Wayne or Clint Eastwood
I may act tough, but I'm really just
A coward

Can't think why
I should be the one to die
Better to fight
I'm a coward

Fire the gun
Take that one
I'm not done
I'm a coward

Nearly three weeks
Sunburned cheeks
Kicking ass
I'm a coward

White flag has been raised
Through the haze
Soon be home
I'm a coward

Met by the wife
Back to my life
In Averageville
I'm a coward

I'm a coward
I'm not John Wayne or Clint Eastwood
I may act tough, but I'm really just
A coward
But a coward can fight
When he has to
And I've realised there's no shame in
being
A coward

I'm English

There are certain things
In the world
That are meant to be
Things like sitting down and
Eating cake with a cup of tea
You have to have some standards
So when they offer Thai
You know what to do
There's only one reply

I'd rather not I'm English
I'd rather not I'm English
It may be fine for you
Where you come from
But I'd rather not I'm English

Not for us a bagel
Not for us a sub
Not for us fraljeezi
We are more syllabub
So please don't make us eat them
Don't even make us try
You know what will happen
We will just reply

I'd rather not I'm English
I'd rather not I'm English
It may be fine for you
Where you come from
But I'd rather not I'm English

Women here are gentle
They border on serene
No matter where you've come from
No matter where you've been
The women here are courted
So please don't even try
To go any farther
Or they'll soon reply

I'd rather not I'm English
I'd rather not I'm English
It may be fine for you
Where you come from
But I'd rather not I'm English

There are certain things
In the world
That are meant to be
Things like sitting down and
Eating cake with a cup of tea
You have to have some standards
So when they offer Thai
You know what to do
There's only one reply

I'd rather not I'm English
I'd rather not I'm English
It may be fine for you
Where you come from
But I'd rather not I'm English

Imagine....a blind date

Imagine this if you dare
What happens if
You stop and stare
At a man
Who isn't me
But is the one
Who'll set you free?

Of course you don't know
Waiting there
If the man
With the pure white hair
Is the man
Of your dreams
Of wooded glades
And sparkling streams

And you'll be scared
As minutes pass
The sand sinks lower
In the glass
What am I doing?
Why am I here?
I don't need this
I don't need fear

He could be mad
He could be bad
I could be thinking
God, you're sad
You may write well
But it's just a front
A fancy gimmick
A seductive stunt

It'll soon be time
I could still go
Or more legit
Be stuck in snow
Perhaps high winds
Will ground the planes
Or raging seas
The ferries bane

I need a drink
Should be plural
Perhaps I'm ill
My poorly pleural
Oh my God
What a balls up
What happens if
He's wearing make up?

Oh Jesus Christ
It's getting worse
What happens if
He tries to coerce
Me into having sex
What will I do?
Smack him 'til
He's black and blue?

I can't take this
I have to go
It's not too late
And he may not show
I'm in two worlds
Pulling me apart
Get out says brain
Stay says heart

I rarely swear
I'm a woman of class
But you can stick this
Up your ass
It was stupid of me
To ask him here
Just had a thought
He may be queer

That made me jump!
The shoulder tap
I turn around
And there's a chap
Without the horns
Without the tail
The fiery eyes
Scorching exhale

My god it's him
He's just a man
Perhaps it may
Go all to plan
Start as friends
Where will it go?
Will he end up
As my beau?

A little awkward
But we'll be fine
A warming fire
A glass of wine
I'll ask him
About his books
He'll complement me
On my looks

And so we'll chat
Like old mates
Just ramble on
While we await
The thing that tells us
John and Clare
Just good friends?
Embryonic pair?

It was you

I knew one day I'd meet
Someone quite sweet
And I'm very glad
It was you

Of all the men it was you
Couldn't believe it was true
Out of the blue
It was you

You dined and romanced me
Kissed and caressed me
Someone to undress me
It was you

You met all my friends
You spent weekends
I was very proud
It was you

And then one starry night
Two lovers took flight
I knew one of them
It was you

Of all the men it was you
Couldn't believe it was true
Out of the dark
It was you

You broke my heart
You tore it apart
One day a fresh start
Without you

Join me

Join me
Come on, come on
Join me
Come on, come on
Join me
Come on, come on
Join me

There comes a time baby
You gotta take a stand
To all the shit that's out there
You don't have to take commands
From all the jumped up little men
Who think they rule us all
Well they can go and themselves
We're gonna have a ball

We're gonna hit the streets
We're gonna take control
We're gonna take our minds back
We're gonna rock and roll
We're gonna show the rulers
Of this friggin place
That their days are over baby
They're going without a trace

Now that it's all over
Now that they've all gone
We're in a state of chaos
From LA to Aberzan
So someone's gotta sort it
Someone's gotta take control
It might as well be me
Come on lets rock and roll

Well that wasn't so bad
Not too many dead
But it was really necessary
If we're to get ahead
Someone's got to rule
There's got to be control
I want to rule the world
Come on lets rock and roll

Join me
Come on, come on
Join me
Come on, come on
Join me
Come on, come on
Join me
Come on, come on

You gotta kick ass

Like most other folks
I'm a mild mannered man
Working hard for the family
Overtime if I can
Look after the missus
Look after the kid
Go down to the pub
With my man Sid

Have a few drinks
Throw a few darts
Tell a few jokes
Look at the tarts
Then slowly walk home
Fish and chips on the way
Back to the missus
Start a new day

Now that's how I like it
A nice quiet life
Me and the kids
Me and the wife
But every so often
Something happens that's crass
And then at that point
I gotta kick ass

Take the other day at work
The boss says to me
Rick work freakin harder
Or there's gonna be
A drop in your wages
Or maybe the sack
So move your fat arse
Before you get a wack

Well that was one step too far
Don't you agree?
We're mild mannered men
But they gotta see
When you push us too far
We're apt to push back
It was one step too far
So wait for the smack

You gotta kick ass
You gotta kick ass
There comes a time baby
You gotta kick ass

We went to the fairground
Let the kid have some fun
Ride the wild roller coaster
Have a burger and bun
And then longhaired cretins
Decided to push
To the front of the queue
In front of us

Now I went to the football
It was a bloody good game
Plenty of goals
But it was a shame
That some drunken idiot
Couldn't get to the bogs
So rather than wait
He filled up my clogs

We went to the pictures
My missus and me
The latest blockbuster
She wanted to see
But behind us this arsehole
Just couldn't sit still
Then talked on his mobile
To a bloke in Brazil

Well that was one step too far
Don't you agree
We're mild mannered men
But they gotta see
When you push us too far
We're apt to push back
It was one step too far
So wait for the smack

You gotta kick ass
You gotta kick ass
There comes a time baby
You gotta kick ass

The kid comes home cryin
From school one wet day
Black eye and bruises
So we go down the way
To the kid that did it
Who says to piss off
And his dad through his fag
Told me to F off

Well that was one step too far

Don't you agree
We're mild mannered men
But they gotta see
When you push us too far
We're apt to push back
It was one step too far
So wait for the smack

*You gotta kick ass
You gotta kick ass
There comes a time baby
You gotta kick ass*

I think you understand now
What we're expecting from you
We don't want any problems
We don't want you to screw
Around with us baby
Otherwise you gonna see
The rest of the world
Will kick ass like me

One more time

*You gotta kick ass
You gotta kick ass
There comes a time baby
You gotta kick ass*

Let go

The hand grenade is primed and ready
The holding hand is firm and steady
But
Let go.....

The Molotov cocktail just needs a
shake
Then light the rag and then you bake
But
Let go....

The loaded gun with just one bullet
Held at your head, just have to pull it
But
Let go....

So many choices, so many ways
So many temptations, so many days
But
Let go.....

Let go.....

Yours....

The other girls have boyfriends
I don't really care
I don't mind being on my own
Oooh look at that hunk there

Let me be your girlfriend
Let's go to the dance
Then I could show you off
Oh won't you take a chance

Let me be your lover
Loving all the time
In the house, in the car
Wouldn't matter where we are

Let me be your mistress
Sitting in your flat
Waiting in my sexy clothes
Wouldn't you like that?

Let me be your wife
Adorning our new home
You'd be so successful
We'd have one in Rome

Oh let me be
Let me be
Let me be
Yours

Oh let me be
Let me be
Let me be
Yours....

Let's overthrow the Government

Schools don't teach
Kids don't learn
Unemployment high
Dole don't earn

Firemen on strike
Don't light a fire
Unions useless
Their finest hour

Doctor's surgeries
Turn people away
Can't be a Bishop
If you're gay

Pension funds broke
Better die young
Got a speeding ticket
Give the cop a bung

Roads with potholes
Ruin your car
Petrol too expensive
Don't go far

NHS going down
Nurses packing up
Don't get ill today
Unless you're in Europe

*Let's overthrow the Government
Replace it with a government
That represents us*

*Let's overthrow the Government
Replace it with a government
That represents us*

Let's....

Let's talk
Let's talk
Let's talk
Let's talk

Let's strip
Let's strip
Let's strip
Let's strip

Let's drink
Let's drink
Let's drink
Let's drink

Let's do it
Let's do it
Let's do it
Let's do it

Let's dance
Let's dance
Let's dance
Let's dance

Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again

Let's hold
Let's hold
Let's hold
Let's hold

Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again

Let's kiss
Let's kiss
Let's kiss
Let's kiss

Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again

Let's leave
Let's leave
Let's leave
Let's leave

Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again
Let's do it again

Let's touch
Let's touch
Let's touch
Let's touch

About Magic..

I am a
Magician
Roll up, roll up
Be amazed!

Step this way
Madam
How can I help you?
You are not attractive?
I can help
I can transform you

Give me
One minute
There!
It's done!

You're still not attractive
You say?

You are
Now
To me!
Boom boom

And the next one please....
Step along there madam
And you?
What's wrong with you?

No problem
Just give me a minute.....

About death

The ultimate sacrifice
To give your life
For a greater good

I am reading Shogun (again)
Ancient Japan
Where the Feudal Lord
Is all
And you give
Your life
Willingly
With joy
If called upon

I cry
As Mariko
Prepares
To cut her belly
For her Lord

For her
It is heaven
She goes
To a better place
For her Lord
She is honoured
Revered
For her self sacrifice
For her Lord

I
Would like to do that
To die
To give all
To be remembered

The ultimate
Expression
Of loyalty
And...

Love.....

And....

Unbelievable pleasure

It takes two

Oh God
Where does she find them?
Why doesn't she settle down
With someone
Competent?

Here we go
Seen it all before
Unfortunately
What a trollop

Has she no class?
What happened to genetic screening?
To mating with
The Leader of the Pack?
But this.....?
Ughh

Ok here we go
Grab a handful
Thank God they don't
Get concussion

Damp palms
What is he thinking about?
Dread to think
Whatever it is
She'll
Say yes
For now

Bloody hell
The pain!
What is he doing?
It's supposed to be nice!
Moron
Who (or what)
Was your last date?

You must be joking...
This should be fun
This could take all night
Based on your low forehead
And dragging knuckles

Ok
Stopwatch on
And see if he does it
Before the battery runs out
Or the sun
Runs out of fuel

Fumble for top button
One hand
Fingers too big
Too hard
Too smoky brown

Two hands now
Nearly, nearly
Good try (?)
Ok
Let's ruin it altogether
Look at what you are trying to do
If that helps
You

Well the buttons are undone
Like my ladies passion
But she waits
Patiently
Like a cat on heat

Take the top off
Take the top off!
Have you no brains at all?
You can't undo buttons?
How can you undo me?
With a top on?

Neanderthal
You should be in a zoo
Picking at fur
Smelling bums
Swinging from trees

Don't make us laugh
One handed?
Oh please....
(I think sarcastically)
You have the sensitivity
Of a cobblers last
It should be your last

Not like that
Idiot
Do you think I'm from
Planet Velcro

Ow....!
Cretin
Oh for Christ's sake
Use two hands

That's better
Pathetic
But better
You do realise
Fourteen-year-old boys
Can do better than this
Well...should do

Stopwatch
Like sun
Running out of energy
Almost there
One more good tug
As you've practiced it enough
Today
Should do it

There you go
You beam
Like a child
Just done a sum
For the first time
Or said
Dada
Mama

And now I am discarded
My lady stands there
Resplendent
Exposed
Eyes wild
For the climax

I wait
From my position
Draped over
The settee

Without obstructions now
He is fondling her
Groping
Sucking
Kneading
Biting

I see the glint
In her eye
She is getting
Very close

Her breathing deepens
Her eyes dilate
Her pulse races

She raises her arms
Behind her head
Thrusting her bosom
(That I was just protecting)
In an ever increasing
Erotic position

She opens
Her legs
Slightly
Knees moving apart
Enticing

He, the beast
Notices
Einstein
He may not be
But neither is he
Slow

Lust
Masks his face
Enters
His body
Becomes
All consuming

Any time now
I see the signs
She is nearly there
Just one more
Little
Movement

There it is!
She reaches down
Lifts her skirt slightly
Provocatively
Rubs her thigh
And says
Reaching for her blouse
'Pity I've just come on.....'

Game, set and match

Next.....

Marion

I'm going to tell you about Marion
The most wonderful thing in my life
Because very soon I intend to ask
Marion to be my wife
But lately I've become a bit bothered
About a few things not right
So I thought I'd tell you about them
Before I make her my wife

Marion complains I lack commitment
But that just isn't fair
I travel the length of the country
If Man U are playing I'm there

Marion moans about my dress sense
I'm damned if I can tell why
A tee-shirt and jeans go with anything
Who needs a suit and a tie?

Marion says I lack concentration
What a lot of nonsense she talks
It's not that I la....dah dah dah
Dah dah dah dah dah dah

Marion moans that we don't do
foreplay
Like her friends Janet and Rolf
But when I go to bed I want sex
I've don't want to talk about golf

Marion says I'm not very romantic
I think she's being a bit hard
On the way home I get her nice
flowers
Wrapped in chip paper from the
graveyard

Marion's far too demanding for me
I've realised from this discussion with
you
I should be with another woman
Who likes doing the things that I do

*Oh women are so demanding
They think that they're always right
You treat them as though they're
Princesses
They think you're a troglodyte*

The journey and resultant adventures of Meeky and Meegle

As they trongled
Through the gribble
The bright white bing
Showed them the way
Their footsteps
Suked upon the fassy
Telling plogues
To stay away

Ever deeper
Through the gribble
They came across
A schlapadook
Rearing up
Upon its rergers
Yeek unsheathed
To have a look

The schlapadook
With eyes aboogling
Charged with Yeek
Glinting in the bing
But mighty Meegle
Trained in yakte
Took out his yeek
To fight the thing

They came together
Yeeks ascraggling
The schlapadook
As fierce as grod
But Meegle
Fainted with a shnargle
A headless schlapadook
Met God

On they went
Did Meeky and Meegle
Till they found
A watery trest
So that night
While eating schlapadook
They talked about
Their dangerous quest

Too much scrumjy
Made them cliggly
Meegle felt his
Bingbong stir

So he bloogled
Little Meeky
Although little sleep
Dulled her fur

As they slept
A gang of truggles
Plugled slowly
Round our team
Then they rushed
Their samchoos loaded
Meegle woke
To Meeky's scream

Although a little
Plongerover
Head clearing quickly
He grabbed his Yeek
Then mighty Meegle
Scrunbling wildly
Blogged the truggles
In a heap

On they trongled
Over blugies
Up high claggers
Under yiks
Then they came across
A prugle
With fangs agrinzing
Hair with tiks

Meeky ran
Behind brave Meegle
Who realised
A yeek won't work
Against an enormous
Gronging prugle
Who stood there froogling
With a smirk

You're going to plog
Said the Prugle
Then I'm going
To smag you both
With some herbs
And a nice fresh perkle
Over a fire
With a hint of sloth

Meegle knew
They had a problem
Gronging prugles
Were a pain
Time to call up
Lamshoo Lactoo
Buried deep
Inside his brain

Meegle needed
Time to do it
So he smizzled
Very fast
But the prugle
Quiggled quickly
Just missing Meegle
As he passed

Lamshoo Lactoo
Deep in slumber
Wakened quickly
From its lull
The mighty spirit
Engulfed Meegle
With its powers
To the full

Meegle stopped
Looked at the prugle
Who was scringeing
Very loud
Then with Lamshoo Lactoo
With him
Unleashed a stream
Of poison cloud

The prugle clutched
At its dagoolie
Its froogles
Twitching on its face
And then it yingled
With a farkle
Falling over
Without much grace

Meegle thanked
Lamshoo Lactoo
So the mighty spirit
Went back to bed
As Meegle still had
Lots of gringle
He bloogled Meeky
In the head

On they trongled
Ever farther
Fighting yonks
And killing plew
Til at last
They came to Glueble
Where the magic
Yaktuk grew

How to steal it
They both wondered
With so many
Yings about
Then little Meeky
Had a brainwave
We need a squidgepop!
With a snout

Back to the gribble
They went a searching
For a squidgepop
With a snout
Until exhausted
Meegle lay down
On a crungle
Then passed out

Meeky looked
At Meegle lying
On the crungle
Fast asleep
But Meeky wanted
More than snoozing
Meeky wanted
A good bleepbleep

And whilst she liked
Meegle's bloogling
It didn't often
Start with her
And so Meeky tied
His lovely granjees
Restraining movement
Raising fur

Meegle struggled
But in vain
As Meeky gronged
And gronged again
And then in one
Last burst of sheg
She accidentally
Kicked his leg

On they trongled
Through the grimble
Till they came
Upon the spot
Where a squidgepop
With a snout
Was snirgling burgles
In a pot

Meegle took
A netted grandle
Hurling it over
The squidgepop
And Meeky
Put it in a snarkle
Making sure
To seal the top

Back to the glueble
For the yaktuk
The squidgepop primed
To aid the fight
They rushed the clearing
The Yings they countered
They raised their girks
Rushed to fight

Out came the squidgepop
With snout akimbo
Held by Meeky
For all to see
And the Yings
Fled the glueble
Terrified of snouts
You see

Quickly Meegle
Grabbed the Yaktuk
It's magic to own
Then they both fled
Back to the land
Of Gleeblybaktok
For a good nights sleep
And a nice soft bed

In Gleeblybaktok
The King awaited
To greet mighty Meegle
And Meeky too
Hear lots of tales
Back from the Glueble
Where the magic
Yuktak grew

Into the city
Meegle and Meeky
Ploped down the farg
Their crog held high
The King cried
'Birgletirkleyiggleyaggle'
And all the plirgs
Let out a sigh

And that's the end
Of Meegle and Meeky
Until another
Adventure calls
Until then
They're taking it easy
Catching scrish
And fetching balls

The Mirror

There was a time
In years gone by
When cows jumped moons
And pigs could fly
But in this modern age of ours
With rocket ships and acid showers
There comes a time
To sit and gauge
The effect on us of this mad age

The cows and pigs had life or death
No in between
No mental stress
They ate, they drank
They loved, they died
No hell on earth
No churned inside

The outside world
It doesn't know
I'm big, I'm strong
That's what I'll show

When it needs help
I'm always there
My number rings
They know I'll care

The managers they come to me
I'm big, I'm strong, that's what they see
And so I am, I run the show
And when they ask, I always know

My friends, relations, come to me
Because of course, they can see
That when in trouble and in need
I'm a very special breed

When there's a crisis, I'm your man
My thinking's clear, I'll have a plan
I'll organise and tabulate
Dissect, conspire, manipulate
And if that isn't quite enough
There are other ways, much heavier stuff
That's all fine, the other's helped
But what of me, what of myself?
I often wonder, when I've time
If any of my thoughts are mine
I know I have them, but you see
Are any of them really me?
I work on logic, feel no pain
It's always pushed away again

But there are times when I despair
My heart cries out, there's no one there
For no one else can see the pain
My strong man mask is on again

I can't relax, I don't know how
Without my work, there is no now
I talk of work, most of the time
It is, of course, at what I shine

But in my heart of hearts I know
That in my brain, pushed very low
Is someone else, the real me
But dare I let the others see?

I know there's times I want to say
I'm sorry, no!
Please go away
I've had enough
Leave me alone
Do you really think
I'm made of stone?

There are also times I want to say
To someone near
Don't go away....
But what I say and what I feel
Are quite different
So unreal

I get frustrated, cause a row
All because I don't know how
To explain
Just what I feel
Why have I built
These walls of steel?

Well from now on
And come what may
I'll say what I feel
And feel what I say

Think of others
Not just of me
Escape the dreadful parody
And then with time
And with assistance
I can lower my resistance
To demands
That I succeed
To be a very special breed

My Beautiful Friend

Hello my beautiful Friend
You have called again
When I needed you

You are wise
You comfort me
With lies

You make my escape
So easy
You lead the path
Into the comfort of my mind

You know me
You know my darkest secrets
You protect me
From reality

Hello my beautiful Friend
You are killing me
Let me go

Please

You don't understand
The cost
Of the fight

You don't understand
The physical pain
I endure
To feed you

You don't understand
The emotional despair
You create

You don't understand
The love I kill
For you

Let me live
Let me be
Me

Please

You call me Lazarus
And I am
As I lay one emotion
To rest
You resurrect
Another

I know you mean well
And you helped me
Many years ago

We made a world
You and I
To allow me
To live

And I thank you
For that

Then I needed
But didn't understand
You

Now I understand
But don't need
You

My beautiful Friend
Even Friends
Say
Goodbye

My will be done?

I smacked it in the face
People looked at me in apprehension
'You shouldn't do that'
I will do what I like

I walked over to it
It was half hidden
As if that would make a difference
I hit again

A while ago
It would have smiled at me
Its face creased in a stupid grin
But not now

After all these years
Of being hit
It had found a way
To defy, without sneering

I tensed and hit again
It moved to the left
As if to escape
There is no escape

There is no escape
If I cannot find you
Another will
Equally committed

I hit again
It moved right
My anger increased
My face reddened

One more thump
Aimed just so.....
I took my arm back
Take that!

Just a graze, damn
No matter
Nearly there now
Nearly over

I had it now
It was mine
A softer blow
A softer one still

It was down
Motionless
I should leave it there
Out of sight

I had won
Man's battle to be supreme
Embodied, exemplified
In a titanic battle of wills

What a battle
I had shown them
'Shouldn't do that' indeed
Indeed?

In three hours or so
It will all be over
Sweat drenched, stained
Pulse racing

But on it goes
This battle
Each and every Saturday
The golf ball must never win.....

Mynoe 23

(A company selling fibreglass products)

Mynoe is my Shepherd
I want

It makes me to lie down in green
fibreglass
It leadeth me beside the slow time
clock

It destroyeth my soul
It leadeth me in the paths of
unrighteousness
For profits sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of unpaid overtime
I will feel no bitterness

For though art with me
Thy cattle prod and thy staff
They comfort me

Though preparest a final warning
before me
In the presence of mine fellow workers

Thou annointest my head with Health
and Safety
My cup runneth over

Surely tiredness and scurvy
Shall follow me all the days of my life

And I will dwell in the house of Mynoe
Forever

The never ending story

Quickly
He woo's her
His life
Depends on his success

Slowly
She allows it
Her life
Doesn't

Urgently
He wants her
Before
He loses her

Casually
She watches
His torment
But is going.....
Nowhere

Needily
He wants
Her attention

Dispassionately
She keeps him
At a distance

Wearily
He realises
The sacrifices
Are too many
Too great

Alive now
She see's him
Starting to move
Away

Confused
He sees
Two paths

With certainty
She knows
Her direction

Slowly
He understands
His life doesn't
Depend on her

Quickly
She realises
That hers
Depends on him

Distancing himself
From her
He watches

Moving closer
She wants him
Now

He sees her
Realistically
The goddess
She was
Has faded

She sees him
Differently
Kind, intelligent
Loving

Slowly
He moves
To the door

Quickly
She begs him
To stay

Looking down
He shuffles
Out

Looking up
She asks Heaven
Why does this
Always happen
To me.....?

Ode to Dave – From Gordon

Thank you for my new house
It's very smart
Lovely smooth finish
A work of art

Its curves are so gentle
The colour serene
The neck almost swan like
It's just like I've been

Here for years
Away from all harm
My blanket of moss-peat
So snugly and warm

It was quite a while though (4)
You left me without
I just couldn't breathe
But I couldn't shout

My roots were compressed (5)
My limbs sagging loose
My colour lacklustre
My trunk in a noose

I'll tell you what
God, that pot was tight
Another day of that
Would've meant one last night

I thought it was over
I thought that was it
Call from Head Cheese Plant
Telling me to split

Then you came along
With B and Q's best
A big pretty thing
Fit me like a vest

You came through in the end Dave
I didn't think you would
My bags were packed
I was going down were I stood

You did it when you first had me
Then I meant a lot
You showed me your friends
Showed off what I'd got

But then I was history
Some other floozy
Silk crap from China
Sending you woozy

Oh yes I got water
(When you remembered)
When I'm nearly dead
My roots were so tender

What would have helped
When you weren't plastered
Was some bloody food
You tight fisted bastard!

Yours sincerely

**Gordon Gorgonzola
(The Cheese Plant)**

Out there

Where are you?
Sunshine
Taunting me
Through the chinks
In the curtains

Where are you?
Freedom
Hiding behind
A locked door

Where are you?
Comfort
In a bed
Half a mile
Away

Where are you?
Peace
In a grave
Underground

Where are you?
Love
What is?
Love

Where are you?
Freedom
Waiting
To be set free.....

Page 3 Girl

I used to have a girl
Together since our teens
She was pretty then and fabulous now
But a camera intervened

But now I've lost my girl
She's no longer just for me
She is there for all to see
Naked on page three

She says it doesn't matter
But it does to me
It hurts when every man's
With my girl on page three

So now I've lost my girl
She's no longer just for me
She is there for all to see
Naked on page three

I know I'm just old fashioned
And I tried hard for a while
But I want my girl to be naked for me
Not on page three

So now I've lost my girl
She's no longer just for me
She is there for all to see
Naked on page three

People say

'I am what I am'

But sometimes

I am

What they made me

Permission

Please give me permission to go
Permission to go
Permission to go
Please give me permission to go
Before I blow my mind

Please give me permission to speak
Permission to speak
Permission to speak
Please give me permission to speak
Before I blow my mind

Please give me permission to smile
Permission to smile
Permission to smile
Please give me permission to smile
Before I blow my mind

Please give me permission to care
Permission to care
Permission to care
Please give me permission to care
Before I blow my mind

Please give me permission to think
Permission to think
Permission to think
Please give me permission to think
Before I blow my mind

I don't need your permission to go
Permission to go
Permission to go
I don't need your permission to go

So f... you

I'm off....

Poem for Zaynab

I went to Penn Hall School
Thought it was really cool
Had a lovely day
So I thought I'd say....

Met Bill Workman there
He showed me places where
The students studied hard
Even abseiled in the yard

Went to room with Jayne
Time to use my brain
That could be a joke
I'm not the brainiest bloke

Kids all gathered round
For me to astound
Them with my talk and wit
Hope I'm not a twit

So sitting there in file
Are Ben and Brad and Niall
Kieron, Jon H and Jon P
And Zeynab facing me.

What a brainy bunch
It must be time for lunch?
Jayne who's sitting nearby
Asks what kind of biscuit am I?

I knew I'd put on weight
I'd struggled with the gate
But now I am a chocolate chip?
Could that be a Freudian slip?

So I did my bit
And I must admit
I enjoyed you all
And not one angry brawl

I quite enjoyed myself
Hope you enjoyed yourself
I'll say hello again
If you want me back at Penn

But if I come again
I'm going to catch a plane
Although it's not too far
Because Jayne will nick my car

Kind regards
David

Reta

The plane beckons
Its large, silver wings waiting
To add more lift
To the end
Of an uplifting adventure

She boards
'Good evening'
'Hello'
The crew are welcoming
The seats will be less so

She enters
Looks down the aisle
To the rows of humanity
Sitting there

A slight frisson
Who will she be sitting by?
A quick scan of the seats
Provides no answers
Ah well
What will be, will be

She moves down
Her journey interrupted
By passengers wrestling
With hand luggage
A hand bag falls
Hitting a husband on the head
His look suggests imminent divorce

She finds her seat
An old couple
Look up and smile
Thank God

It will be a long flight
She will not sleep
Unfortunately
How do people sleep
On long flights?
Who knows
But she doesn't

Ah well
It's just a few hours
Without sleep
Sometimes the price
Is worth paying

The Poker Song

About half past ten, me and the men
Go messin' about on the river
To the pub or the club, wherever
there's grub
We're messin' about on the river
There are Aces and Kings and all sorts
of pairs
Straights, trips and quads that you
may get there
With shades on your face there's no
finer place
While messin about on the river

You're beat by ten three and that
shouldn't be
They've caught you again on the river
And if you get in a race with your
Seven and Ace
You'll be messin about on the river
Raises and calls and lay downs and
guts
Your opponents get cards referred to
as nuts
With bullets in your hand, you just
hadn't planned
To be messin about on the river

You've got a small pair, trips could be
there
I'll call you right up to the river
And with two suited cards it can't be
that hard
To get a flush by the river
High cards and low cards and sevens
you play
When it comes to the flop you don't
have a say
And when someone's bluffing and you
go with Ace, King
You're likely to lose on the river

I go on the net but all that I get
Is messing about on the river
My Ace Ace should sing but a five and
a king
Becomes a full house on the river
I've bought some software that gives
you odds

But it has no formula for playing stupid
sods
It shows positive EV, but what do I
see?
His twos are a flush by the river

So I play the pound games, but it's just
the same
Messin about on the river
And when I pull it off, they type in f...
off
For messin about on the river
I'm put next to someone, all-in every
hand
I know I have to just make a stand
So I get Ace Ace and stick that in his
face
He gets three twos on the river

Group one is mine, I'm called by
Group nine
I'm beaten again on the river
I do the sums, when I play with the
bums
But they still wipe me out on the river
I know that a flush is one eighteen to
one,
I've played thousands of hands but
never got one
Stick the odds up your arse; I think
they're a farce
Odds are I'll get screwed on the river

Negreaunu and Chan and Brunson the
man
Try and steer clear of the river
They work out the odds, fleece the
clods
Who hope for a card on the river
I play just like Reece so what's going
on?
I still don't know where they're coming
from
Anyhow..... leave me alone, I'm not
going home
I'm messin about on the river.....

Rosie

Came to my house
Black Saab, summer frock
Smile
Eight hundred miles
To bring a smile
Into my life

That's a long way
Not as far as Africa, it's true
But a long way
To travel
To find
What's missing.....

And risky
Not lions, or insects, or snakes
To hurt you
Worse than that
A predator that leaves lasting wounds
Man.....

So Rosie came to my house
Black Saab, summer frock
Smile
Eight hundred miles
To bring a smile
For a man she didn't know

Woman, nurse, designer, PA
One woman Charity
Child
With eyes
That light up in wonder
At simple things

The man was ok
He has
Which she saw, but didn't see
Childlike qualities
Like her
And she felt safe

After five hours Rosie left
Smiling
Happy
Pleased
Relieved
Safe.....

To return again, soon
In her Black Saab, summer frock
Smile
Eight hundred miles
To bring a smile
To a man who waits...

Alas
Rosie
Never returned..

S & M

In a world of promises
Many are unfulfilled
Many lie in tatters
Many have been killed

Others stay in darkness
A few behind closed doors
Some lurk behind closed curtains
Or lie in tatters on the floors

But maybe in amongst them
One or two are real
They can make your pulse race
Some can make you feel

It's that one or two
That change things
It's that one or two
That's true

It's that one or two
That matter
Just one or two
That's *you*....

The rest of course
As we all know

Are just smoke and mirrors

Second best

*Usually second best
Is what you settle for
Because you don't believe
You deserve much more*

As I sit at my desk in the works
And my boss comes in and moans
I'd love to tell him to stick his job
But I just inwardly groan
I wanted to be a pilot
To navigate the skies
But I'm stuck in this awful job
Helping to ship out pork pies

I read wonderful biographies
About men and women who
Explored the world or found a cure
Their goal they did pursue
I would like to be like that
Courageous and roam free
But all I do is sit and read
Under this old oak tree

As I walk along the river bank
With my girlfriend of two years
I look at her and wonder why
She thinks that I'm sincere
She's not really what I want
But she's what I've got
How I yearn for someone different
I've really lost the plot

*Usually second best
Is what you settle for
Because you don't believe
You deserve much more*

Secret Love

I see you waiting
Under the lamp light
As I round the corner in my car
My heart pounding ever quicker
I have travelled oh so far
To be with you
For a short time

You look so lovely
Oh my darling
As we head out to the wood
Where I'll fumble with your buttons
Which will make me
Feel so good
For a short time

Oh my darling
How I love you
How I yearn to make you mine
To be near you
To be with you
For more than
A short time

It was wonderful
Quite ecstatic
What you did as I lay there
On the back seat, windows steaming
Moonlight glistening
On your hair
For a short time

I took you back then
Breathing deeply
My trembling hand upon your knee
I wished you could stay longer
Just a little
Just for me
For a short time

As I dropped you
Under the lamp light
Then I slowly drove away
I watched you in the mirror
Get in another car
To play
For a short time

But I know that
You don't love them
That one-day we'll set a date
Living happily forever
But for now
I have to wait
For a short time

I look forward
Oh my darling
To seeing you in two weeks' time
Under the lamplight
Round the corner
Waiting to be mine
For a short time

Oh my darling
How I love you
How I yearn to make you mine
To be near you
To be with you
For more than
A short time

Seraphim

I am here
Again
Already

Well....

I have just thought
Of Serena
Seraphic
Serena

Seraphic
Now there's a word
Where did that come from?

Anyhow

Seraphic Serena
With the lovely smile
Loving eyes
Has turned
Into a hideous hag

Morphed
From an angel
Into
Satan

That's not right

Into a witch
A dreadful
Hideous
Teeth bared
Witch

A bit
I would think
Like my friend
Of many years....



How
Do you
Make love
To that?

When in Japan....?

I am reading a book
Shogun
Again

About a man
Shipwrecked
Many years ago
In a strange land
Japan

An Englishman
Shipwrecked
In Japan

He doesn't speak
Their language
Understand
Their customs

A silent society
Where everything
Is said
But not said

Where walls
Have ears
But
No one listens

And death
Is customary
For any
Misdemeanour
If it affects
The common good

So
The Englishman
Learns
Slowly

And
Amongst it all
He falls in love
With
Another man's wife

An offence
Punishable
By
Death

In his ignorance
He issues instructions
That result
In the death
Of others
As
Is their custom

It is
Difficult
Living
In a strange land
Whose customs
Are not understood
By others

And where
Transgression
Means
Death.....

Sightless

I'm here again
To be blinded by pain
To feel
But never to see
To be punched and kicked
Punctured and nicked
And then put over your knee

And so to you
To have a good screw
When I'm hardly in the door
The chair, the bed
The wall, the fire
And once or twice on the floor

There must be someone there
Who wants to care
About what's happening to me?
But they are too scared
To show their hand
They may get what's happening to
me...

So Difficult

It's so easy
To fall in love
Except it isn't love
You fall into

It's so easy
To be smitten
By someone nice
When you have no-one

It's so easy
To enjoy physical contact
When the world
Is not touching you

It's so easy
To believe a fantasy
When a fantasy
Is all you have

It's so easy
To turn away
From offers of affection
That may hurt

It's so easy
To protect yourself
Against pain
By being alone

It's so easy
To build a world
That exists
On make believe

It's very difficult
To live
In the real world

But not impossible.....

The King

So you come to try and take my
woman
You skulk around knowing I'm not
there
She thinks that you're a prince when
you're around her
But man I am the King when you're not
there

Because Kings they have power over
Princes
They tell them where and when to go
And if the Princes don't do as they're
bidden
They find themselves laid very low

So Prince you should scurry to the
darkness
Before it starts coming for your soul
Because I am getting tired of your
presence
And you wouldn't want me to lose
control

What's that you say that you're not
leaving?
You say she loves you more than me
I'm afraid that's just a touch romantic
Has little to do with life but you don't
see

It's a shame you didn't leave when I
told you
My vengeance now you will view first
hand
My lady may or may not love you
But in this land I have the upper hand

Because Kings they have power over
Princes
They tell them where and when to go
And if the Princes don't do as they're
bidden
They find themselves laid very low

Someone to love me

All I want in my life
To help me feel whole
Is a partner
Tuned into my soul
I'll meet them
Romance them
Sweep them off their feet
I would make diamonds from coal

*Where are you going?
Let me go with you
We'd make a good couple
Just you and me*

I look into the eyes
Of people walking by me
Would they love me?
Would they care?
I have so much to offer
So much to give you
Please smile at me
Give me a hint with a stare

*Where are you going?
Let me go with you
We'd make a good couple
Just you and me*

I am lost without someone
Someone to love me
Without them there
I feel so alone
I want love so badly
Would love you so madly
I ask very little
Just give me a home

*Where are you going?
Let me go with you
We'd make a good couple
Just you and me*

Strangulation is...

Breath takingly simple
As a barrier
For releasing information

Constriction
Like conscription
Is a rigid form
Of discipline
Of control
Of regimen

Don't speak
Don't talk
Don't move

Don't breathe.....

A word.....

And remember
The feeling
It gives you

Hopelessness
Lack of breath
Weakness
Pain
No strength
Limp
Near unconsciousness

When you next consider
Saying what
You want to say.....

A long suicide

I love you so much
I thrill at your touch
I'd kill if I lost your smile
When we go out you flirt
In your leggy skirt
For the men who just want to defile

*You hurt me when you do that
I die some when you do that
You're taking my life
With your fun and games
Can't you see that I'm dying
Although I'm trying
To hide
This long suicide*

You wear low cut blouses
That voluptuously houses
Your cleavage that goes ever down
You drop things on the floor
So they can see more
While I look on like a clown

I know you see men
Every now and then
You think it's dangerous and fun
But what about me
You have no conception you see
Of my pain in what you've done

*You hurt me when you do that
I die some when you do that
You're taking my life
With your fun and games
Can't you see that I'm dying
Although I'm trying
To hide
This long suicide*

The little child
With the
Tortured mind
and
Angelic smile
All designed
To survive
In a hostile world

The Beast

In the mountains
In the cave
Stood a man
Who's brave
Heart pounded loud
His muscles taut
His eyes fixed
With just one thought

To slay the beast
To kill its soul
To rid the world
To take control

Of its power
Of its might
Of its strength
Of its flight

In he went
Behind his sword
Farther still
Toward, toward
The vile beast
Who waited there
With flaming breath
And hideous stare

Then round a corner
Standing there
Contemptuous face
Body bare
Stood the beast
Exuding power
Another morsel
To devour

But our hero
Just stood there
Didn't run
Didn't care
What the beast
Was going to do
This was just
Between those two

The sword complained
As he laid it down
It was not needed
For this facedown

The beast stood high
It raised its claws
Its huge teeth menaced
From its gaping jaws

It threw the flame
It screamed its violence
It ripped with claws
At this intolerance

But...
His body racked
The man just stood
With burning flesh
And wounds of blood
Stood defiant
Stood quite still
Suppressing fear
With his will

Do your worst
Do your best
I am here
To divest
You of your power
Over me
I am going
To be free

And the others
That you rule
With your force
So very cruel

We've had enough
Enough of you
So I'm here
So you don't misconstrue

Your days are numbered
At an end
I'm telling you this
As a friend

Not an enemy
Come to kill
I am offering you
My goodwill

But to your world
You have to go
And learn to live
Without a foe

Learn to live
As we must learn
Without the wound
Without the burn

So..
Go now
Go in peace
Let this lifetimes battle
Cease

The beast reared high
It's razor claws
That had smashed windows
Broke down doors

It's vicious mouth
Used to bait
Terrorise, humiliate
Terrify and violate

These weapons now
Had lost their fear
The screaming tirade
Dirty leer

And so the beast
Went away
And left the world
To laugh
And play.....

The dark side

Come to the dark side
And experience things
You've only fantasised before
Come to the dark side

You've led a quiet life
You're not known to the law
Now I want you to forget
All that's gone before
Come to the dark side

There's more fun over here
We do as we like
If you want to eat you eat
You wanna fight, you fight
Come to the dark side

Eat a little bit of this
Pop a little bit of that
Snort a little bit of this
Drink a lot of that
Come to the dark side

Perhaps you want her
Or perhaps you want him
Here it doesn't matter
You can even have them
Come to the dark side

Now you're getting to it
Really blow your mind
Experience the pain
Don't get left behind
Come to the dark side

Now you smell the colours
Now you hear the air
Everything is happening
Darkness everywhere
You're on the dark side

Welcome to the dark side
And experience things
You've only fantasised before
Welcome....

The Dirge of the Unemployed

And lo, that which had been
prophesied, was
And blackness descended over the
earth
And the Heavens rent asunder
And the mighty winds blew
And pestilence smote

As it has been foretold, so it was
Jaundrell had been sacked

Yea verily
For *gross* misconduct no less
Playing with little boys?
Stealing from the till?
Fornication in the archive room?
Alas, no
And so the verdict was changed
An Agreement reached (and
rescinded)

No more 'have as many skips as you
can eat Dave'
No more 'you're talking out of your
arse Dave'
No more 'what a load of bollocks
Dave'
No more '.....'

And a still fell over the earth

And in his face it was for all to see
Misery, despair, trauma, suicide
No verily they were not there

No gnawing teeth
No arse clenching
No tension

And the earth smiled
And sun abounded
And the night lit in brilliance

And there was peace

But the peace was short lived
The person responsible for the
downfall
The spoiler of dreams
The creature of nightmares
Must atone

And so a plague will envelop his house
An unwanted visitation
An intrusion into an inner sanctum

And what has been prophesied will
come to pass
Yea verily

The end of the day

*Though I love my wife dearly
We have different needs
When it comes to the end of the day*

Please don't make me go
Down to Soho
Where the women are cheap
And get little sleep

Where I'll pay for the pleasure
Of getting no pleasure
Which will again reaffirm
The contradiction in terms

Where the women don't care
They just want you to stare
And the longer you stare
The more you'll spend there

Where the sex isn't real
And you feel a heel
For being so seedy
For being so needy

The men search for something
Perhaps their own plaything
But you won't get one here
You won't even get near

Here you pay just to watch
Pay a fortune for Scotch
The closest you'll get to bed
Is with her in your head

I want to go home now
To have sex with you now
To do all the things
The other men do

But you'll just turnover
Mention Jehovah
And the next night I'll go
Down to Soho

*Though I love my wife dearly
We have different needs
When it comes to the end of the day*

The Future

Where are you
My future
Where?

What are you
My future
What?

Who are you
My future
Who?

The swirling mists
Give hints
That are obscured
By confusion

Tantalising moments
Of clarity
Snatched away
To be replaced
By
By.....?

Did you know?
Said the blind man
That those
That can see
Don't hear?
No one
Answered.....

And so
It goes on
Until

It stops.....

Too late

There are times in your life when you realise
How much you failed to put in
How I moaned at the cost of a holiday
How much I needed to win

I should have spent more quality time
With the kids it is true
But instead of being with my family
I worked as my empire grew

As I watch my two lovely children
At play in the local pool
Splashing and giggling contentedly
I realise I was a fool

My wife is serving the coffee
She leans and her blouse opens up
Her eyes light up mischievously
It's not just coffee in the cup

At work I watch the new manager
He's looking a lot better these days
When he was just my deputy
I told him 'only *my* ways'

I'm playing with my golfing partners
I hear one of them saying it's good
That I no longer spoil the game
With my need to spill others blood

One of them got a hole in one
I was really quite pleased
It wouldn't have been so long ago
I would have treated him as diseased

And then in the bar in the evening
I found it all quite nice
Usually whenever I'm there
The atmosphere could be cut with a knife

Then home in the dark of the evening
Where my wife is ready for bed
I watch as her long slim legs
Provocatively start to spread

That night she's incredibly sensual
She moans and screams with delight
Her face bathed in perspiration
As it carries on into the night

But I can't take anymore
So I walk out the door
To my home on the side of the hill
Where I'll lie on my own forever alone
In my grave that's quiet and still

Love

There is a pain to love
There shouldn't be
But there is

It should, I am told
Be flowers, dinners, holidays

And, for some it is
But, for others
Perhaps all in reality
There is a pain to love
That has to be endured

To run away
From the pain
Is to die
Not today
But another day

To hide away
From the pain
Is to stand still
Waiting
Waiting.....

There is a pain to love

That perhaps
Highlights the love itself
Brings it into focus
Gives it meaning

If you cannot lose
You never win
If you never die
You never live

There is a pain to love

Not the love that says
'I own you'
Or
'No one else can have you'
That is not love
That is slavery
Subjugation
Suffocation

There is a pain to love

That lies dormant
Until unleashed
When it creates terror
And misery

Feeding upon itself
Multiplying exponentially
Magnifying the pain
Laughing at the loss
Revelling in its mission
To hurt

There is a pain to love

Something has to fill
The void
The loss of love
That is why
We find someone else
Quickly

There is a pain to love

I felt it the day
I was born
I have felt it
Most of my life

But if you think
That the possibility of pain
Of being hurt
Will stop me loving

You underestimate me.....

The Juggler

Look at me
I can do a trick
I can..
Watch this
I'm a juggler

Throw me one of those
An Annie
And a Mary
See
I can juggle
I'm a juggler

And another
Perhaps a Julie
And a Kate
See
I'm a juggler

Now some times
A Ten
A twelve
Maybe a two o'clock
See.....
Four women and three times
I'm a juggler

Now...
How about a man or two?
A husband?
A nonymous
That's good eh?
Four women
Three times
Two men
I'm a juggler

Ok
Now for my piece de resistance
Five places
Chuck them in
Look at me motor now
Faster
And faster
And faster
I'm a juggler

Four women
Three times
Two men
Five places
And a partridge....sorry, forget that.
Carried away....
I'm a juggler

It's very easy
Ok it isn't
It's really fucking hard
If you drop one
You are fucked
Literally
I'm a juggler

The weird thing is
If you drop them all
You are no longer
A juggler

Was the sky always that blue....?

The Kiss (1)

People say that making love is
wonderful
But to be truthful
I'm a little hesitant
To totally agree
There is something else that moves
me
Gently soothes me
Really grooves me
It's you kissing me

*A kiss is something special
To be shared and treasured
It takes you past the morning
When other things have gone*

Do you think that making love is
better?
Than the kiss
That seals the letter
When you're far away
Or the kiss that treats you gently
When you are so empty
Feeling like a fool
Because life can be cruel

And when you're dancing with her
The other men are looking
She pulls you ever nearer
Kisses her belonging
And then the urgent kiss of wanting
Needing, yearning, desiring
Heightening anticipation
Of your participation

In the morning when she leaves you
Her kiss so full of meaning
You know that sometime later
She'll be kissing you again
And don't you think lovemaking
Has something missing
When the person lying there
Has no interest in kissing?

*A kiss is something special
To be shared and treasured
It takes you past the morning
When other things have gone*

The Kiss (2)

My darling
I know you want me
To go where
I've never been before
And I know
It's time to go there
Take a chance
Though I'm not sure....

Kiss me my love
Before we go farther
Kiss me
So I know I'm safe
Your kiss tells me
You love me
Your kiss
Shelters this waif

I didn't know
It was like this
Though I dreamed
That it would be
Your body
Warm against me
Yours hands
Setting me free

Kiss me my love
As we go farther
Kiss me
Show me you care
Your kiss tells me
You love me
Makes me safe
As I lie there

My love
As we lie entangled
My senses
Heightened by you
I know
What made it happen
Why
My dream came true

Your kiss my love
Told me you loved me
Your kiss
Came from your soul
Your kiss my love
Told me everything
Let me lose
My self control

As we lie in
A golden moment
That will live
For ever more
I realise
For the first time
And could not
Have known before

What we did
Was quite beautiful
But I
Can tell you this
There is nothing
In the world
That compares
To a kiss

The Lonely Road

The lonely road
That I have walked
The empty days
When I have talked
To no one

The dark, bleak nights
The tortured sleep
The teddy bear
On which I weep

My darling
I will love you forever
If you will take me
Away from this

The Madeley Girl

In a council house in Madeley
That you've tried hard to forget
And a mother that abused you
You're not completely over yet
You've tried to show the world
What confidence you've got
With your pretty clothes
And lovely face
They'd think you'd got the lot

You've now been married twice
To men who don't appeal
Little men, timid men
Men who'll never squeal
As you're showing off your girly looks
Like a model on parade
To the other men
Who look and lust
But you're just a big charade

You said you wanted love
And financial security
I gave you the chance of both
I offered them with me
And so you left your little man
For a future more secure
But you went back
To your lonely life
And a childhood you can't cure

Because in your mind
The little girl from Madeley
Goes back to the council house
Dressing her dolls pretty
And quiet as a mouse

The price of Love

(Female version)

As he sits by the fire
With all he desires
His mansions
His boats
And his planes
He stares in his drink
Daring to think
Will he ever see
Me again

*You can't buy my love
I don't sell my love
If you want my love
You have to love me*

He used to take me away
Where the jet set play
Aspen
Paris
New York
Now he sits there alone
Quietly by the phone
For my call
And our intimate talk

He took me to Gerrards
With his credit cards
To buy diamonds
Rubies
And pearls
He now shops alone
Wants me to atone
For whatever I did
As his girl

On the yacht moored in Cannes
The two of us swam
With Kings
And Princes
And Sheiks
Alone on the prow
Where he's sitting now
He remembers
The moon on my cheeks

At the French Grand Prix
I looked so lovely
In my beautiful
New Dior
Ball gown
Now it's lying there
On the back of my chair
I won't wear it again
On the town

My love you're so rich
I bet you're wondering which
Of your presents
Displeased me so
But all I wanted to do
Was be there with you
But I'm sure
You still want to know

*You can't buy my love
I don't sell my love
If you want my love
You have to love me*

I guess it seems clear to you now
But you wonder how
I did it
Without shame or remorse
Took all of your heart
Then tore it apart
I just wanted
Your money - *of course*

Well now that's all clear
You've nothing to fear
You'll never
See me again
There are plenty of girls
Who will give you their love
If you give them diamonds
Rubies and pearls

*You can't buy my love
I don't sell my love
If you want my love
You have to love me*

The same...but different

Outside....
Silver fingers
Reach out
The window
Offers no resistance
A passing cloud
Fights for supremacy
And loses...

Inside....
The soft light
Touches her face
He looks into her eyes
And wonders
Whether the world
Can hear his heart beat

This is their first time
Together
Not their first time
Ever
Just
Together

Outside....
The moon sees
An approaching cloud
And shoos it off
Clouds
Are not magical

Inside....
He cups her cheeks
Kisses her
Softly
Her arms
Drape round his neck
Telling him
She feels safe

His lips
Find her neck
She gasps
His teeth gently bite
She fights
For breath

Outside...
The moon
Has risen higher
Its wants to help
Them
With its magic

Inside...
Her hands
Entwine
Pulling him close
Her lips
Full
Her mouth
Open

The kiss is
Passionate
Sensual
Her tongue
Explores his mouth
And sends
A message

His hands move
Slowly down
And brush
Her breasts
She gasps again
Another message
He holds them

Outside...
The moon is higher
Watching
It has risen
In the sky
Increasing
Its magical spell

Inside...
He has unbuttoned
Her blouse
Her bra
Is lace
And low
Another message

Her blouse falls
To the floor
He wonders how
He should undo
Her bra?

Expertly?
From
All those years
With
All those women
Or.....?
He decides
To be himself

Outside...
The moon
Is pleased
Virginity
Is relative

Inside....
Her bra
Has joined her blouse
On the floor
She takes off
His shirt
Holds him close
Nestles her being
In his strength

They stand there
Forever
Locked together
Friends
Lovers
To be

Holding his hands
She moves away
Slightly
And looks deep
Into his eyes
Another message

The unspoken words
Shout
Their message
Her silence
Deafens him
With its
Passion

They leave
Her clothes
On the floor
He will get them
For her
Tomorrow

Outside....
The moon
Beckons
To the clouds
Who scud in obedience
And draw a veil
Until tomorrow

Education

There are many ways to learn

A smile

A burn

A guiding hand,

A smiling face

A vice like grip

A scary place

It's all to make you what you
are

And what you're going to be.

What things are made of....

Walls
Are made from
Stone
Brick
Iron
Inhibitions

Roads
Are made from
Stone
Tarmac
Pavoi
Preconceptions

Fires
Are made from
Paper
Wood
Coal
Resentment

Bullets
Are made from
Lead
Magnesium
Rubber
Rage

Flight
Is made from
Aeroplanes
Helicopters
Gliding
Fear

Restraint
Is made from
Ropes
Illness
Drugs
Fear

Weights
Are made from
Iron
Lead
Ballast
Responsibilities

Windows
Are made from
Glass
Perspex
Space
Enlightenment

Choices
Are made from
Dice
Coins
Brochures
Freedom

Tiger

Tiger

Tiger

In your cage

Why are you

So filled with rage?

Time

In 2 days.....

48 hours

2880 minutes

172,800 seconds

The earth rotates 48,000 miles
on its axis

The earth orbits 3,196,800
miles around the sun

The sun orbits 23,184,000
miles around the galaxy

The galaxy travels 624,000,000
miles towards the Hydra Constellation

The galaxy travels
1,104,000,000 miles through the
Universe

I'll be knackered by Saturday..

To Os

A life of fear
A million tears
An aching head
A heart so dead

Frozen feet
Stuck in time
Lots of thoughts
None are mine

A smiling face
A broken soul
A life not mine
A life controlled

Then I met you
Two decades ago
I remember then
I remember now

In a room
You with your boss
I did my act
Quite at a loss

You accepted me
In more ways than one
I found a friend
I found a home

From then on
I had an ear
Someone to talk to
I didn't fear

It took a while
For me to learn
It's been twenty years

Sequel

When you died
I thought I had lost
The world
You were my friend
Although
In twenty years
I actually told you nothing

And then I found out why

You took my money

When I was vulnerable

True Love.....

You are, she said
No good in bed
You are, in fact
Quite boring
You cannot kiss
Your insertions miss
And your love-bites
Are quite gnawing

Your feet go pong
Your dong is wrong
Your pants are stiff
And gruesome
And when you sweat
You can bet
It ruins any twosome

Your matted arms
That creak and groan
Your runny nose
That runs alone
The hidden toupee
That all can see
The waxy ears
That hide a tree

Your spotty bum
And sagging belly
Cataract eyes
Fixed on the tele
While we're enjoined
In glacial passion
Cuban heels
Once in fashion

Why do I do this?
Bump and grind
In the front
And now behind
In my earhole
Up my snout
And....

Excuse me....
While I spit this out
Why do I do this?
Degrade myself
I'd be better
On the shelf
I was going to study
Be a fillosoffer
Then go to Paris and be a poet and

write beautiful rhyming poetry about
the moon in April

But it never happened
I was defiled
I had no choice
I was just a child
I didn't realise
What we were doing
And we had to wed
That's my undoing

It was a shame
We lost the thing
A few days after
I got the ring
Another tragedy
In my unhappy life
Now I am a
Childless wife

It's not the diamonds
Or silk blouses
Or boats
Or planes
Or palatial houses
That keeps us together
Man and wife
It's love
Of course
Upon my life....

Well.... yes
He's eighty
And I'm....
Not
Well yes I know
That's not so young
Who told you about
His iron lung?

Now please be careful
What you say
Or you will get
A writ today
It would be libelous
And most unfair
To suggest
We're together
Because he's a
Billionaire

You and Us

It seems to me
That you can be
Summed up
Without much fuss
There is one word
That says it all
And that word is 'us'

You are so
Mysterious, imperious, sumptuous
You look so
Glamorous, voluptuous, beautiful
You act so
Rebellious, notorious, precocious

Your humour so
Hilarious, ridiculous, notorious
Your body so
Luscious, sensuous, envious
Your pleasure so
Lascivious, delirious, copious

It seems to me
That you can be
Summed up
Without much fuss
There is one word
That says it all
And that word is 'us'

Waiting

We had gazed at each other
For fifteen years
Occasionally kissing
Occasionally touching
Occasionally more

It mattered not
You were married
I, doing my own thing
When we met it was good
Two close friends together for a
moment
Wrong, but good

And then that night
The usual kiss
Oh how you could kiss
Warm, gentle
Passionate

And then that moment
When my brain exploded
Blood pounded through my body
Drained me of my will
Made me faint

It was you!
All those years searching
For someone to be with
Somewhere to belong
It was you!

And you felt the same!

Increasing meetings
Nights together
Passion abounding
Plans laid
Future planned
I waited

Husband to tell
Then it was hell
You moved in
You moved back
I waited

You stayed
I waited
He left
More plans
I waited

And then we were together
Sort of
There were things to be cleared up
To put right
Best not to rush
Plenty of time
I waited

Things sorted out now
The husband
The money
The job
The split
Your life good
I waited

Times getting better
Holiday abroad
Dinners out
Live together now?
Soon...
I waited

Then you said
'Goodbye...'

And the waiting was over

What about me?

What about me?
He mentioned it again
And I skated over it
Why me?
I chipped in

But I am very wrong
So very wrong
My whole being feels wrong

I am in a place
Where no one else is
I am alone

Screaming
In deafening silence
Crying
Desperate
But there are no sounds

Only violence
Theirs
Self inflicted

I think
It would be nice
To run
Flat out
Head first
At a wall

As fast as you can go
Faster if possible
At a wall

Then it would be over

Or at least you would be noticed
Maybe not
So the suffering
Would have been in vain

How do you win?
When you are invisible?
How do you get applause?
When they have no hands?
How do you get a smile?
When they have no face?

How do you win?
When you always lose?

If you shrink back
Into the shadows
You are not seen
But you are
Frustrated and angry

If you push yourself forward
See me!
You are a troublemaker
And get
Hit and despised
In equal measure

So you play
By your own rules
That no one else understands
That keep you safe
But alone

So there you are
In your own world
On your own island
Quite safe
But alone

Then along comes a ship
Not this time thanks
Then another
Soon...?
And another
And another

But you stay
On your island
Safe
But alone
And screaming
For a ship

To be rescued
By...?
By....?

That ship has too many funnels
That one is the wrong colour
That one...
That one....

My parents were ships

Too many funnels
Wrong colour
And...
And....

Too many memories
Too many associations
Of terror
Of a world I want to leave behind

And so I run away
To another world
Perhaps America

Where there are no ships
No funnels
No wrong colours

Where the sun shines
And the people smile
Everyone is nice
There

And someone
Will be soft
And loving
And smile

And I can leave my island....

That should have been
The end

But it doesn't work
Like that

It sounds good
Poetic
Majestic
Heart warming

Tragic
With a wonderful ending
Where the cavalry swoop down
And we are all saved

You should write a book
Dave
About a man
Who saves others
But really
Wants to be saved himself

What nonsense
That would be
Eh?

There is no cavalry

Certainly
Someone can coax you
Off your island
But...
But....
You take it with you

And, soon, you retreat
Again
On another island
In a sea
Of humanity

Safe again
Alone again
Screaming again
What about me?

Now it's difficult to believe
Someone so intelligent
Can be so dim
You hide on an island
To be noticed?

Let's start again

What are you scared of?
Ok, ok..
What are you terrified of?
What is going to happen to you?
If you leave
Your island?
Put yourself
Under the control
Of others?

Are they going to hit you?
They may
Are they going to f... you?
They may
Are they going to inflict pain?
They may

Dave
They won't

No matter
What you think
What you feel
What every fibre
In your body tells you

They won't

But to find out

You have to leave your island

You have to walk through

A wall
Of knives
And fists
And screaming
And violence
And faces
That are angry
With bared teeth
And strong hands
That grip your throat
And hard boots
That kick you

No wonder
I prefer my island

But time
Is running out

The sand
On my island
Like the egg timer
Is running out
Trickling away
To infinity

In the films
This would have been
A Eureka moment
Hooray

But I am tired
Still scared
But with more
Insight
That I had
An hour ago

Have a cup of tea

The cleaner has arrived
I am aware
I am scared of annoying her
The f..... cleaner!

I spend
So much energy
Not annoying
And annoying

Annoy them
Appease them
F... them
Be nice to them

F... them?
That's rather abrasive
Angry
Violent

I am so tired
So tired

I am invited
To Oxford
And London
In a few days
For a few days

My whole body screams
Not to go

Please
Stop screaming.....

[On reflection...](#)

I have hailed
Many a passing ship
And boarded
Complete with island

Only to disembark
Soon after

What is love?

A warm snug bed on a cold wet night
Someone's arms to hold you tight
Phone call from a long way away
Tender voice brightens the day

A barking dog, a wagging tail
Fresh westerly breeze, billowing sail
Wet climbing boots, towering hills
Flashing lights, ecstasy pills

Back seat of the car, fumbling zips
Rented penthouse, business trips
A lifetime's silence, Holy Orders
Giving your life for your country's borders

Hand in hand under the moon
In the park in the middle of June
Making snowmen in blistering cold
Warmth of the fire as you both get old

Helping the lepers, saving your soul
Feeding the starving, holding the bowl
Charitable work, raising the cash
Helping the child run away from the lash

Painting the house another fresh hue
Signing your names in autumn dew
Doing the dishes, I wash you dry
New spring lambs, see the tear in your eye

Trudging the streets, sex for money
Child at home sucking a dummy
Trudging the streets, money for sex
Partner at home doesn't care or suspect

Cold wet night, car packs up again
Walking back with me, braving the rain
Redundant once more, back on the dole
Your strength again digs me out of my hole

Lie on your back, while mommy's out
This is our little secret, no need to shout
Just stop your crying, you know that's not fair
All I'm doing, is showing I care

A visit to prison, only two years to go
Business failure, nothing to show
Property boom, make lots of money
Property crash, you still call me honey

Snatched conversation, clandestine meetings
Urgent kisses, physical greetings
Sending text messages over the phone
Someone's wife, but not your own

First you are two, and then you are three
Someone to gurgle at, bounce on your knee
Perhaps not your own, some others discard
Better your lap, than the hands of De Sade

Please do it now, please do it hard
Make me grovel in filth, throw me out on the yard
Then take me again, though I'm pleading you stop
I want only you, till the day that I drop

Love, as a word, has vague definition
Evocations of tenderness or derision
Eloquently used, often abused
Disguised ambush to differing views

What's it all about then, what is love?
Orchestral strings, or all the above?
A glance at a woman, a look at the moon?
Anticipation, orgasm soon?

So what is love, a pain in the arse?
Ten seconds elation, a lifetime of farce
So what is love, the ultimate weapon?
Stick to beat you, cross to die on?

Perhaps all or none, only you can know
At the end of the day, it's really your show
It can be what you want, your own fantasy
Something turns your mind on - it, she or he

Its not about others, it's all about you
Don't abuse others, but please don't
hurt you
Enjoy the sensation, enjoy the buzz
Embrace the whole concept, if only
because

At the end of the day, you're going to
die
So what the hell, give it a try
It may hurt a bit, it may hurt a lot
But get out there and give it a shot

Take a big risk, grab it by the throat
So its lousy weather? On with the coat
Get off your bum, give it a go
The secret of love is, you've got to
show

That you want some too, before you
die
So please, just for me, give it a try
And if it's good, if it helps you grow
Become a life member, outwardly
show

Then you can debate,
Is this love that I've got?
Does it really matter?
Not one lousy jot

Just ask yourself this
When you're sipping Bordeaux
Does it add to my life?
Only you can know.....

Only you can know.....

Killer's eyes

We'd been together for ages
I didn't pick up the first sign
We were out dancing with friends
She'd gone to the loo a long time
When she came back she looked a bit
flustered
She smiled and said the next dance
was mine

But when you look at the face of a
killer
The eyes are as cold as ice
The only thing they tell you is
You're going to pay a price

At then at the New Years Party
I assumed she'd had too much to drink
I found her in the kitchen
Pinned against the sink
With a hand stuck up her blouse
She giggled and gave me a wink

Later that night I questioned her
It developed into a row
She called me a jealous bastard
I called her a cow
But in the end she won me over
She can bend me like a bough

Then one night she was working late
I rang her to pick up some food
To be told they'd all gone hours ago
Now I'm in a foul mood
When she burst in she dragged me to
bed
I soon forgot my attitude

Then one day I found out about him
A friend from work told me
Said they'd been doing it ages
For all the world to see
She smiled and said it was all
nonsense
Her only love was me

Of course it was going to happen
I felt ill at work one day
Getting home late that morning
I could hear them both at play
As she looked up at me from the bed
She assured me it would be ok

I went down stairs to the kitchen
To the knife rack on the wall
Then went back up to the bedroom
He was the first one to fall
With tears in her eyes she looked at
me
But she died on the floor in the hall

Because when you look at the face of
a killer
The eyes are as cold as ice
The only thing they tell you is
You're going to pay a price

Gone.....

Where have the balloons
gone?

Where have they gone?

Up to the sky boy
Up to the sky

I let them go boy
I let them go

Just say goodbye boy
Just say goodbye

Just get in your car dad
Get in your car

And hopefully die dad
Hopefully die

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Why do they do it?
Why do they steal?
A life....?

Who throws a cat from somewhere
high?
Hurling down
To die....
For pleasure.....?

Who abuses a tiny child?
Who is meek
And mild
For power....?

Who shouts and screams abuse?
Into the peace
We use
For living?

Who leaves a tiny child alone?
Someone who
Is stone
And not alive

Who lives a life consumed with fear?
On the edge of death
So very near
To peace

And what is old, but young?
Weak, but strong

I am....

The other man

You're late from work again
Can't you see my pain?
As you walk through the door
I can't take much more

What will be the excuse?
They get more obtuse
I force a foolish grin
And offer you a gin

We play this game
Every day
Why don't you go?
Why do you stay?
Why do you kill me?
From within
With my own love
That deadly toxin

How long has it been?
Since you've been seeing
The other man you see
Who you prefer to me

But I still wait in hope
Although I hardly cope
And when you go to work
I could go berserk

Tonight you yawned again
Turned out the light
You were asleep quite soon
I stared at the moon

Oh please my love come back
Again let me reclaim
Into my life
A loving wife

We play this game
Every day
Why don't you go?
Why do you stay?
Why do you kill me?
From within
With my own love
That deadly toxin

Wickedpedia - Definitions

Life

Definition - conflict between survival and the welcome of death

Dreams

Definition - panic within blackness within confusion

Aspirations

Definition - see Dreams

Treat

Definition - something described as wonderful but its enjoyment is dependent on the participation of other people

Anticipation

Definition - a feeling sick, stomach churning, prelude to a nightmare

Participation

Definition - a breath taking, throat gagging, bum clenching, head aching, half conscious journey into the abyss

Enjoyment

Definition - what someone else gets (at your expense)

Pleasure

Definition - what someone else gets (at your expense)

Reminiscing

Definition - what others do (at your expense)

Dreams

Definition - panic within blackness within confusion

Aspirations

Definition – see Dreams

Life

Definition - conflict between survival and the welcome of death

You

Please don't leave me
I wouldn't see your face again
Please don't leave me
I wouldn't see your grace again

You are beautiful
I love you oh so much
You are beautiful
I love your gentle touch

You are sexy
I love the way you walk
You are sexy
I love the way you talk

You are feminine
You dress with so much flair
You are feminine
The way you do your hair

You are sultry
When you look at me that way
You are sultry
When you want to play

You are classy
In the clothes you wear
You are classy
You don't need a premier

You are sensual
I love the things you do
You are sensual
Hardly ingénue

You are everything
I wanted a woman to be
You are everything
Everything to me

But you are fickle
You move from man to man
You are fickle
You find love where you can

And you are lonely
Deep inside your heart
You are lonely
Though you may look very smart

You want love
You were getting it from me
You want love
But for you it's fantasy

But I still love you
Even though you find love hard
I still love you
I'll even play your poor charade

You're still everything
I ever wanted a woman to be
You are everything
To me

Please don't leave me
I wouldn't see your face again
Please don't leave me
I wouldn't see your grace again

Your House

I like visiting your house
It's warm and inviting
Full of mischief and secrets
And lots of back biting

Unlike proper houses
You start at the top
The top floor is exciting
Like perusing a shop

It's the one that attracts you
It catches your eye
It gives information
It flirts yet it's shy

It's playful, enquiring
It's dragging you in
To its hidden pleasures
To a lifetime of sin

Its tells you, you hope
Of things even more
Of feelings and fantasies
Down the on next floor

You go gently down
Wish you'd had a gin
But you open the drapes
And let yourself in

It's lovely and soft
But its lace covered too
So you slowly remove it
Try not to miscue

You look in admiration
At what you see there
The house and its secrets
You're beginning to bare

So you linger awhile
You touch and you feel
The textures and dimples
With their magnetic appeal

But its time to move on
There's another floor to see
And I've got permission
Lucky old me

The next floors quite special
If you can go there
It's warm and inviting
It's the place where

Very few people
Get to visit or see
But it's my special day
Today you allow me

To enter the sanctum
So I go slowly in
The walls feel so close
And remind me of satin

I go farther in
Where you want me to be
You let me move round
You let me feel free

The room suddenly feels large
I feel totally at ease
I want to visit you again
Please let me
Please.....

When you arise in the morning, think of what a precious privilege it is to be alive—to breathe, to think, to enjoy, to love. —

Marcus Aurelius

Ah Marcus, how sweet you should think that.....

Alice in Businessland

(A very short story)

Alice had spent the day with her friends, picking flowers, walking, laughing, and now she was on her way home. Passing a building she hadn't noticed before, she went to the large up-and-over door that was open at the back and peered in.

Inside she saw a lot of machinery and bath type things that held coloured liquid, and the place smelt of something that reminded her of ammonia. Curious, she ventured into the building and was greeted by a nice man called Ken.

'You must be the applicant for the line job' he said and, before she could speak, he took her up some stairs to a hot, stuffy, noisy, smoke-filled room.

'Its noisy in here' she complained.

Ken looked at his watch.

'About half past three'.

He sat behind his desk and motioned her to a chair.

'Now' he said 'you do realise this is a very demanding job don't you..?'

'I...'

'Right. Now do you have a science degree?'

'No....'

'A chemistry degree?'

'No. I....'

'A' Level Mathematics?'

'No....'

'Have you ever worked in a P.C.B. plant before?'

'A what?'

'A P.C.B. plant' said Ken 'we make printed circuit boards. PCB is what we experts call it.'

'No...'

Ken sighed. What to do, he wondered? But Ken was an executive and made an immediate decision based on her qualifications and pleasing bust.

'You're hired' he said in his most authoritative voice.

'But.....'

'No need to say thank you. I'll hand you over in a moment to one of my managers to show you round' he said imperiously.

'What...'

'What do I do here? I'm the G.M. The General Manager.'

'So you're responsible for all this?' she said, indicating the works area 'So if it runs well, its because of you?'

'Of course'.

'And if it makes lots of money, it's because of you?'

'Of course'.

'And I suppose if things go wrong down there' she indicated again 'then you're to blame'.

'Oh no, that's the fault of my managers'.

'Why?'

'Because they manage specifically, whilst I manage generally.'

'But don't you also manage them?'

'Of course. But I can't be held responsible for something that they did, from a decision that they took, relating to information that they had, pertaining to events in which they were involved.'

'Pardon?'

'Look. If a mistake occurs on the shop floor, then the production manager is to blame. And if a mistake occurs in the assembly unit then the Assembly Manager is to blame.'

It's very simple.'

'Ah, I see' said Alice 'so you must be the person who looks after the overall financial well being of the company'.

'Now you're beginning to understand'.

'So if you make a profit, it's because of you?'

'Of course'.

'And if liquidity is strong it's because of you?'

'Of course'.

'Ah, so if you lose money, it's your fault.'

'Oh no, it's the Consultant's fault'.

'Pardon?'

'The consultant. If we lose money for any reason it must be because of bad advice. I obviously can't be held responsible for bad advice.'

'But what if you lose money in an area that he hasn't advised on? Then you are responsible?'

'Of course not! I can't be held accountable for areas that should have been advised on, but haven't been. That would be most unfair.'

Alice looked confused.

'But you said you were the General Manager. How do you generally manage?'

'Well, I try and help the managers so that they perform efficiently. I allow them complete control of their own departments, and then when they make a mistake, I tell them what they did wrong.'

'And then you tell them how to do it right.'

'Oh no. They are the managers; they are in control of their own departments. It would be wrong to be seen to be superior, don't you think? You obviously understand little of modern management techniques. Anyhow it's time to hand you over to Martin, who is in charge of Assembly. Oh, by the way, I've forgotten a most important question'.

'Yes....?'

'Are you good at making tea and coffee?'

Martin took her to the assembly shop, where she saw people, mainly women, assembling components onto boards.

'Do all these people work for you' said Alice, quite impressed.

'Oh yes. I'm in total charge. The absolute ruler in my own domain.'

He looked at one of the women.

'Doris, stop slouching in your chair, and assemble more quickly'.

Doris lifted herself in her chair, got up and made a cup of tea.

'You've got to be firm' he said 'no matter who you deal with, be firm.'

The phone rang.

'Yes?...no that's not possible..... we can deliver tomorrowwe haven't any time today.....no not today.....I'm sorry that's all I can say.....thank you.'

He beckoned to one of the male assemblers.

'Jump in the car and take Global this board will you. And bring back all the rejects.'

'Rejects' asked Alice 'does that mean you've done them wrong?'

'Oh no' said Martin 'it's the customer's fault'.

'The customer's fault? Why?'

'Because they haven't accepted what we sent' he said tartly.

'And is what you sent, what they asked for?'

'Very close. Certainly close enough not to bother about. It would take them very little time to make the necessary rectification's themselves. Never mind, we can send them a credit note and re-invoice them next month. It will help next month's sales figures.'

'Next months?' asked Alice incredulously.

'Oh yes, we have to make sure that the figures are good.'

'But they were in this month' protested Alice.

'The two have no relation to each other. If we have a bad month this month, then it is hardly my fault. However if we have a good month next month it will prove how efficient we are.'

'But aren't you responsible for bad figures also?'

'It depends really. If we have a poor output through lack of assembly speed, then that is the fault of the supervisor. If there are certain items that hold us up because of late deliveries, then that is the fault of the suppliers. If the assemblers go on strike that is the fault of the supervisor for poor morale, and the General Manager for poor leadership.'

He thought for a moment

'It's difficult to imagine any situation in which the blame attaches to me. As you know, I run a tight ship'.

Martin handed Alice over to Keith, in charge of p.c.b. production.

'What are you responsible for?' asked Alice tentatively.

'P.C.B. production.'

'And do you' she said knowing the answer 'take the credit for good output and the blame for poor output?'

'Yes.'

'Yes? What do you mean yes?'

'I mean yes'.

He picked up a board and saw a blemish.

'Scrap the lot' he commanded to one of the men.

'The lot? How much is there?'

'About £5000.00 pounds worth.'

'Bad for our image if we don't'.

'How much do you usually scrap?'

'We're doing well this month. Only eighty four..' he got out a calculator 'point three percent. I like to be accurate'.

'But isn't the quality your fault?'

'Yes it is, but only if it goes to a customer and is returned.'

'But what about scrap, before it gets to a customer?'

'Well that's obviously the fault of the equipment, for which I can't be held responsible as I didn't buy it'.

'You see' he continued, 'I get good production because of the close bond between me and my men'.

He clicked his fingers, and a worker rushed up, bowed, lit a cigarette for him, placed it in his mouth, bowed and left. Another finger clicked, and a cup of coffee magically appeared.

'You see, as a manager, I am loved.'

'Is this still the area with the most unemployment in Britain?' asked Alice.

'I believe so' replied Keith 'why do you ask?'

At this point, the consultant joined them.

'And what are you responsible for?' asked Alice wearily.

'Everything' he said, 'except the capital structure of the Company, which is the domain of my superiors. Unless of course, they wish to involve me.'

'So you take the credit and the criticism?' She asked suspiciously.

'Of course. And if I don't perform I get the sack, which I would expect.'

'But who do you blame when things go wrong?'

'Well on day-to-day matters I blame the Managers because I am not involved. But if they are continually at fault then I am to blame for not either retraining or sacking them.'

'But don't you blame the owners of the Company for some things?'

'Certainly not. I have always found them constructive and helpful'. Indeed their

business sense and strategic awareness continually impresses me.'
Alice smiled and realised that at last she could go home happy. As she skipped on her way she sang a little ditty that goes....

Business consultants never die,
They just gently creep away.
Smiling happy faces
Another bill to pay

He's here to save you money
To give a master plan
But a little at a time
Such a clever man

3 It takes many, many weeks
To find the remedy
It was obvious in minutes
There for all to see

Sales too low
Costs too high
People lost
Wondering why

Products crap
Too much scrap
Reps in lay-by's
Having a nap

And who's to blame
For this sorry story
The lack of cash
The loss of glory

What's for sure
It's not the boss
He's not responsible
For the loss

It's the recession
The Chancellor
Greedy bankers
Useless employees
Load of wa.....

It's not the boss!
The consultant agrees
He would, of course
He wants the fees

Chorus....
Business consultants never die,
They just gently creep away.
Smiling happy faces
Another bill to pay

Always been the same.....

In Egypt, in the ancient city of Luxor, there stands the remains of the fabulous Karnak Temple, erected by succeeding Egyptian Pharaohs and spanning 2000 years. Over the years each succeeding Pharaoh has tried to outdo the previous dynasty and so the monument to wealth and power has become ever larger, ever more spread, ever more grandiose. Time and visiting marauders have depleted the site but it still remains an impressive valediction to perhaps the greatest civilisation the world has ever seen.

Nowadays, each night in the Karnak Temple, the tourist authorities put on 'light shows' and guide tourists through the history and glory of those Pharaohs and how such industry was, flawlessly and with great efficiency, turned into architectural wonders

But as I sat there listening to all this under the clear Luxor starlit sky I thought, was it really like that?

Or perhaps it was like this.....

And lo the mighty Hariramasden IV did look at his mighty palace and say unto his many wives 'Lo I am no longer happy here. We are now much wealthier than we were and the tribes to the East are poorer and so verily we must move and conquer other lands therefore to find a new and impressive palace in which to reside and thence to invite King Heesacreep II who will gaze in wonder and fawn accordingly before setting off and telling the world of our new palace'.

So he sent out an edict telling his subjects far and wide of his search for new lands and he was visited by an ancient tribe called Agentuscommishunus who said 'O mighty Lord we know of a place that is just waiting to be exploited in the far off land of Culdisacus'

'Whereabouts?' asked Hariramasden IV but they were not exactly sure, but eight gold talents jogged their memory.

So Hariramasden IV set off with his vast armies to conquer Culdisacus but after many months of invading, being seen off, invading again he eventually had to retreat back to his own kingdom as the massive advantage of the dreaded armies of the Gazzumpites gained the land.

Hariramasden IV returned home and promptly executed the Agentuscommishunus and took back his eight gold talents. Summoning the Head of the tribe he demanded that they help him again and again they did but it was still no good and so he killed the next Agentuscommishunus. No one else would help him and then a clever member of the tribe approached mighty (and dangerous) Hariramasden IV with an idea.

'Mighty Pharaoh' he said 'I will find you a new land with a magnificent palace and it will not cost one gold talent.....if you do not like it'

Several months and many false alarms later the man returned with a wonderful idea.

"Divine Presence' he droned 'there is a vast empire many leagues hence and the King is in the middle of building a vast palace. Why don't you invade now and then you can finish the Palace as you would wish it?'

'How many bathrooms does it have currently?' asked Hariramasden IV.

'Eighty seven' replied the Headman

Hariramasden IV thought for a moment about his fifteen wives and forty children and knew he would never get near a bathroom.

'Invade' commanded Hariramasden IV

They marched for many months and then they surrounded the empire of Plottusthreeus. Beating off all other pretenders Hariramasden IV camped his army, servants and family in a caravanus temporarus for a few weeks so that the building could be finished. The next day Hariramasden IV went to the half-finished building to discuss his new plans with the builders not only to be met by inactivity but no workers to actually be active. Finding a lone soul he enquired where everyone was?

'Tis the holiday sor' the man said in a strange tongue.

'Which holiday is that?'

'The one we take when we need a holiday sor. This one is the annual camel races and lasts for one week'

The mighty Pharaoh told the builders to assemble before him at dawn in seven days time, which they did. Of the twenty seven thousand expected twenty thousand were still in bed (a loose term), five thousand had been lost, one thousand had died of 'a strong potion', seven hundred and fifty were still betting on races that had finished, two hundred had decided to return to their ancient land across the sea and the remaining fifty stood before him.

Then next day the leader of the builders was summoned before the omnipotent Pharaoh who explained what was wanted and it had to be completed in six months at a price of 18,000 silver talents. The man shook his head gently.

'That is my price' reiterated Hariramasden IV 'and it will be so'

The men set to work and three months later a quarter of the work had been done. Hariramasden IV summoned the leader to him and demanded an explanation.

'It's the sqidgle in lokrup which is turning the flarke down to ruble' said the man.

'What' said the Pharaoh to his assistant Righthandmanimus 'is he talking about?', but he was also perplexed.

The man repeated the problem; the Pharaoh was no wiser and so asked how it could be put right.

'We could pling the dufrey with furt at a cost of about 3000 talents which should do the trick' said the man gravely.

The Pharaoh gave up and agreed to the extra money. Anything to get out of the bloody caravanus temporarus!

Work went well and then one day all the builders vanished in the night only to return five weeks later as they had had to 'go to another job'. Eight months into the project and the wives of Hariramasden IV were giving him continual grief about the living conditions in the caravanus temporarus and the mighty Pharaoh did indeed know they had a point. He was covered in dust, tired, irritable and wanted to kill all around him. But if he did who would do the work?

He summoned the Head Builder.

'When' demanded Hariramasden IV in his most Pharaohotic voice 'will it be finished?' Seeming not to hear the Head Builder said 'We will have to pull down the west wall as it is not safe'.

'You have only just put it up' spluttered the Pharaoh 'how can it not be safe?'

'Bad footings' mighty Pharaoh 'put in by the previous builders'

'But you were the previous builders' thundered Hariramasden IV.

'Technically yes' replied the man 'but of course that was another contract, doing work for someone else, to another set of drawings, in a different season, using different sand.....'

The Pharaoh did not know whether to laugh or cry.

'What will that mean?' he asked in a rather pathetic, I give up sort of voice

'Another seven weeks and 3000 talents.'

The Pharaoh did a quick calculation and realised that his original financial estimate was now just a dream but he said, in a subdued voice 'Ok'

The day the great palace (Dunromeicus) was finished, occasioned great celebrations. True it had taken eighteen months and not six and 45,000 talents and

not 18,000 but what a marvellous Palace he had. It would be the talking point for the whole empire. Lords and Princes were invited from all points of the Empire and they assembled before the mighty, all-powerful Hariramasden IV. After the speeches and presents had been presented Hariramasden IV took them down to the new baths where all the guests could disrobe and frolic in the hot scented water. None went in and looked pensive as they stood at the baths edge. Hariramasden IV went over to see what was happening to be met by empty baths and he could see more and more cracks appearing as the water seeped away. From another direction people were quickly emerging from the latest in plumbing technology holding their noses. 'Get me the builders!' screamed the most powerful Pharaoh to have ever lived. But for some reason they did not answer their mobilusfonicus.

A man mows his front lawn using a motor mower.

As seen by the Sun.....

Neighbours in a sleepy English village are up in arms at the antics of one of the residents.

David Jaundrell, who is believed to be of German extraction, habitually cuts his lawn at least once and sometimes even twice a week. Villagers believe that this regularity hides a more sinister reason than keeping the garden tidy.

One neighbour (who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisal) said 'He's single and you know what that means...! We don't need his sort here, what with Aids and all'.

Another said 'He used to be married but I was told on the best authority that when she left she was covered with bruises and had one arm in a sling. He wants locking up! From what I gather that used to happen after his drinking'.

The village vicar confirmed that the German had never been to church, but had been seen on one occasion looking around. He felt there was not enough evidence to link that episode and the mysterious fire eighteen months later that burnt the roof.

In the village pub hatred and resentment was building against this man of mystery.

'Although the people call him Otto' said the landlord 'I believe he's actually Asiatic.

Look at that tan he gets when he goes 'away', you don't get tans like that on the Rhine. One of my locals said that the name originates from Russia and is really Jodrelski. I believe there are good resorts for Russian high-ups and other people on the Black Sea, if you see what I mean'.

When we asked Mr Jaundrell (?) to reply to charges that he was a homosexual arsonist Russian spy he 'declined to comment'.

As we left this Shropshire village with its fine honest people, seething at the predicament that had befallen them, a petition to the Home Office to deport 'Otto' was being circulated.

As seen by the Times.....

Whilst the world digests the ramifications of the new US-Soviet initiative regarding the de-escalation of nuclear arms, and the no less important escalation of hostility between Iran and Iraq, it is perhaps an appropriate opportunity to examine an issue that in time may have a greater impact on the fabric of our society than either of the former.

The recent disclosure that a man in an English village systematically cut his own lawn with a petrol mower raises some important social issues.

Internally it may be the first signs that the socio-economic building blocks are being rearranged. A report from the World Health Organisation shows that the majority of lawns in Britain are located outside of the London area. Indeed in the Metropolis, the current insistence of home buyers for houses with lawns has resulted in a dramatic drop in general house prices to the point where the average mortgage now exceeds the actual price of the property.

From an ecological viewpoint it has been estimated that if each home had a lawn, the extra amount of oxygen produced would more than offset that consumed by smokers.

In relation to the grass-cutting itself, the person concerned, a business consultant, had not as would have been usual, been using a part-time gardener, but had been doing the job himself. The far reaching effects of this are not too difficult to read.

From one point of view the action is the epitome of the Cabinet view that initiative and drive are the motivating force for the renaissance of Britain.

But is this at some point self-defeating? Citizens that do not or cannot aspire to become above average earners have excelled in the traditions of practical self achievement. Are they now to be denied the opportunity to sell their skills? The final point is one of scarce resource. The petrol driven motor-mower is one very small example of the extravagant waste of our finite oil supply. It must now be time to take stock of this modern day dilemma between self-sufficiency and self-deficiency.

