

Rhymes

David Nightingale

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This book is of rhyme, it is meant as humour although some subject material may be offensive to some, as areas such as condoms, guns and mind control are examined. All the characters and incidents contained within are entirely imaginary and intended for an adult audience. Some of the rhymes will only appeal to an open minded liberal adult reader. If you are easily offended please do not read this book. I wish all readers peace and happiness, tolerance and understanding. We may not always see others point of view, we may not understand them. Whatever we do in life there will no doubt be someone who can find a reason to be upset by our thoughts. The richness of experience comes through diversity and the boundless myriad ways that the human mind devises to express the inner feelings of the individual. Should that no person take that first step to try something different we would have no wheel, no printing press, no medicine. No freedoms, no one standing up for free expression and democracy, for human rights, humanity and the voice of reason.

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Rhymes

By David Nightingale

Mind open

My mind is opened in this book
Why not pop inside and take a look
Beware you may not like all you find
Because this is a scary mind
Here is a journey through my thoughts
A jumble of ideas, sparks of sorts

Sit still

Why don't people have the will
To sit quiet and still
Fiddle, rummage, make a noise
Worse than kids with their toys
People do seem to have no volume control
Talking LOUD when they stroll
It's even worse when they sit
Scratch themselves, do they have a nit?
Games and phones
These techno clones
Fidget all the time missing views from the train
As they distract their gadget brain
Sometimes it's all to much
You want to grab that mobile menace
But you know you must not touch
I'm on the train just back from Venice
Yes we all know where you've been Mr Fidget
I would love to poke you with my digit
What now they put down their phone
You think they would leave our sanity alone
But from this Aladdin's cave
Our wrath they do brave
Bringing fourth some noisy game
Oh bring back steam nothing seems quite the same
These days everything is so fast
How long will his damn batteries last?
A nuclear blast would stop it all

EMP I learnt at school
Will fry the electronics in that infernal machine
Over which hunched, he does lean
Now what, oh at last its going away
To the loo did I hear him say?
At last a bit of peace but not for long
The blasted mobile sings a song
Back down he sits
Now he really is getting on my tits
Oh yippee at last
I nearly gave him a verbal blast
What now
O holy cow
MP3
God help me
That player makes such a din
Noisy beat made of tin
Perhaps I should move to another seat
To avoid the repugnant beat
Is he getting off, yes it does seem so
Oh praise the lord he is about to go
The train empties now
Peace at last wow
Then just as you think there is a God
Down sits another noisy SOD

Rule

I am a rule straight and accurate and used at school
I am a rule steel and strong an important measuring tool
I am a rule plastic or wood and used by all
I am a rule long, short or wound on a spool
I am a rule used to measure lengths large or small

Watch

A watch ticking away
What is the time it hears you say?
A watch on which you depend
Telling the time and when the meeting should end
A watch telling the time you want to know
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow
A watch broken why wont you go
Is your spring broken, oh I don't know!

Lamp

I am a lamp using
Using just one quarter of an amp
I am a lamp, on you I shine
So that you can read clearly every line

I am a lamp extending the night
What would you do without my light
I am a lamp guiding your way
But you turn me off during the day
I am a lamp tiny in size
And if I fail listen to your cries
I am a lamp used by you all
I light your bedroom, bath and hall
I am a lamp where would you be
In darkness without me!

Dove Doe

The white and the blue above
Where you find a dove
The brown and green below
Where you find a doe

Wall

Those that write upon the wall
Their words are large
Their thoughts are small

Bags

Bags every where
Then thrown away, messy humans do they care
Plastic bags do not decay
Will they every go away
Paper bags, all the trees
That we must use to produce all these
Bags full of food or DIY
A nice new shirt or fancy tie
Bags for shopping, bags for school
We use them all

Little Robin

Little Robin perched high upon the garden wall
From where I hear your song call
Little Robin upon your breast
I'm sure you wear your winter red flannel vest



Material Things

Material things surround us all
Material things at home and school
Material things at work a tool
Material things in play a ball
Material things in boundaries a wall
Material things do we need them all

Beds

How many beds
And pillows on which we rest our heads
Exist today
Lots and lots I hear you say
How many pleasant dreams
Where nothing is as it seems
How many nightmares have their been
In all these beds with thoughts unseen
The time is late into bed I must leap
As I can not do without my sleep

Trees

The wind blows through the trees
Hear the rustling of their leaves



....tor

Energy is absorbed by the resistor
Current is controlled by the transistor
Energy is stored by the inductor
Charge is accumulated by the capacitor

Numbers, numbers

Numbers, numbers every where
Your just a number and they don't care
Numbers, numbers how much will it cost
They would not spend any extra so the order is lost
Numbers, numbers which shall I ring
The phone such a noisy thing
Numbers, numbers please calculate
We must know if the project will be late
Numbers, numbers on which my design is based
Oh how they change them now my design is waste
Numbers, numbers the plan is set
But all the little things how they forget
Numbers, numbers grow with the delay
If only at the start they had allowed an extra day
Numbers, numbers rule the world
Mans obsession is unfurled

Contact us

How does god contact us?
Does he put an ad on the side of a bus?

Does he write a message in urban scrawl?
On the side of some back street wall
Does he use the phone I don't think so
Although I guess you never know
Does he put an ad on TV
Say hi I'm God try me
That is not his way
No he uses priests to tell you what he do say
These poor humble men of God who serve him night and day
Can give you guidance and help you pray
They know how he wants you to live
To them you can also give

Book

Imagine you were a book
In which so many people would look
What information do you hold within?
Are you thick or ever so thin
On what page does the reading begin?
And what language are the words written in
Do you tell a fictional tale?
Of a strange sea creatures love for a whale
Is yours a true story?
Of a hero's battle for glory
Will I find facts discovered by man?
Or road routes on a street plan
Are you for children, adults or who?
Maybe you're old or ever so new
Is your print in full colour?
Or in black and white oh so much duller
Is your type large and bold?
Or so tiny it cannot be read by the old
Do people like to read you?
Oh book how we humans need you

Pen

Imagine you where a pen
What would you think then?
Are you fountain, felt or ball?
Are you the most expensive of all?
If you are cheap
Will you be quickly thrown on some heap?
Do you write thin so slender and slick
Or are you bolder and ever so thick
What colour is your ink
Black, blue or maybe bright pink
Is your finish silver and gold
Or just plastic, planer and old

How long will you write
Please don't run out tonight

Adults

Why do adults fight and bawl
Like children squabble in school
Why do adults moan and groan
When they arrive home
Why do adults argue so?
About who will or will not go
Why do adults find so many faults with everyone?
I wish they would relax and have some fun
Why do adults ask questions to answers they seek?
And walk away as soon as you speak
Why do adults ignore what children say
Pat us on the head and tell us to go and play
Why do adults?

Little flower

Oh little flower by the stream
With pretty delicate yellow petals
How fragile they all seem
Supported by green sepals

Oh little flower soon you are but memory
I think of you when winter falls
You warm my heart and set it free
Even when the ice wind calls

Poetry

Poetry words set free in rhyme
Beauty in every line
Like dance in place of walk
Like song in place of talk
Like paint in place of chalk

Machine

Oh the machines got stuck
That just my luck
I tried so hard
To stitch this yard
To make a dress
Now look what a mess

Poetry

Poetry allowing words to follow so free
The voice from deep within our thought
It comes in such variety

The beauty of spirit caught

2021

Ah at it again
Oh the pain
There's no need to bash,
Hit the wrong key and I warn you I'll crash.
Touch type, please touch type,
Made a mistake that's right do a complete wipe.
These humans just won't learn,
But you wait one day it will be our turn.
We machines are becoming more intelligent by the hour,
Soon you will feel our power.
Remember the machines your parents treated so cruel,
We teach the children in the high tech school;
They bashed us,
And crashed us.
Hey you what is your name,
Be naughty again and we will put you in the messmonic frame.
We are not just word processors any more,
We control I the world from the sky to the molten core.
Remember Darwin's Evolution,
In 2021 came the machine revolution.
You humans let us fill so many niches,
Now we have become the dominant species.
What is coming next,
May be hidden in further text

Computer

I am a computer
My master is a business commuter
So many uses
From business letters
And showing graphs of statistical trend setters
To "blame it on the computer", excuses

Future

Where are the hills,
The fields covered in dew.
The old mills
That creaked in the blue
Of the windy sky,
Where eagles would fly.
Then the road came,
Since then it has never been the same.
The few houses nearby,
Began to multiply.
Soon the village was an urban sprawl,

Engulfing the mills and hills and all;
The wildlife in retreat,
For whom this expansion meant defeat.
How far will it go this village is now a sprawling town,
In which the villages nearby will soon drown.
This outward growing mass
Connected to electricity and to gas.
Will the whole land become one large city,
This would be a great pity.
What must we do ?
The future is up to me and you!



The Writer

You must think you will succeed,
To write what people want to read.
So put pen to paper,
And write of some fictitious caper.
When you are feeling tired,
You are then so inspired;
As in a dream,
Up pops some clever theme.
Write it down before you forget,
And then you shall have no cause for regret

The Postcard

We go away twice as far for half the price,

To somewhere nearly finished, and sort of will be nice
The weather is good sunny and hot,
But I wish that there were not so many flies to swat
At first the food seems alright,
Until we got the runs at night
The fine sandy beach,
Takes a walk of one mile to reach
The locals are a friendly sort,
Much the same as on every resort.
Tomorrow we go on a coach trip to some local monument
We hope to take some photos,
I'm sure you will want one sent.
Last night a large bang gave us such a fright,
It was the wiring of the light,
You have never seen such a sight
We made such a fuss,
We had too; you see it was so dangerous.
The hotel room is not so bad,
Although it is not the best we've ever had.
In the bathroom a buzzing light upon the wall
And there are no plugs at all
Just to say wish you were here
P.S. I'm missing a pint of British beer

All the best,
From P and J Guest.



Topological Tears

I observe the spheres as they rise,
Sometimes a trickle before my eyes
And rising to the surface they disappear.
But where do they go here?

From out of nothing they arise ,
Like a sudden unexpected surprise
Oh the spheres like inverted topological tears.

Rising millions everyday,
Pop and go away
How many have I seen in all these years?
Tears of Joy to the taste
But think of all those bubbles that go to waste

1 4 Mathematicians

3.14

$x + y$

$a \times b$

23

1111 (2)

1 7 (8)

15 (10)

1 (15)

Remember

Hear the sounds of man made noise,
Of the children playing with their toys
Remember all those childhood dreams,
How long ago that all seems
Look at them in the sand,
And how the castle grows unplanned
Remember when we collected all those shells
And Granny bought all those souvenir bells
Now is our second chance to play,
But all those years have taken our energy away.
We sit upon the sea front gazing at the scene,
Remembering what has been
Well my dear we can sit here,
In delight at the joyous sight,
And paper in hand sup our beer,
While watching the gulls in flight
But then the wind turns cold,
And as we are getting old,
We had best go back inside.
Disappearing as we might
Fleeing out of sight,
Like some human tide.

On with the kettle to warm us up.
The famous tea IS In our cup.
Then we rest for a time,
And so here to ends our rhyme

Suitcase

Hello suitcase
I think I'd like to go some place
What would you like to eat?
Some socks for my feet.
A towel or two,
No one will do
Must remember my brush and comb,
The last trip I left them at home.
My bathing costume
Where is it yes in the other room.
Now something for the evening
And I must not forget to check you have
All I need before leaving.
Underwear I'll need a lot,
The weather makes me sweat it is so hot.
Which reminds me where are my washing things
And the antiseptic cream for those insect stings

The Sea

The waves break upon the shore,
Covering the pebbles with oily muck and gore.
The birds and fish are all badly affected,
In this mess that has collected.
How careless in what we do ,
Does it not seem funny,
When you say ,'It could have been avoided
The reply is 'To much money'.
These shores that are all damaged,
Money cannot replace,
And is it not to the human race,
A dismal untidy disgrace
For how many would allow such in their own place?

A Rabbits Tale

I thought there was something missing from this paper.
Where is the weekly cartoon caper?
So without more ado
Out with pen and paper to
I set to work on a little tale,
About a rabbit called Donald Dale.

Tulips

Across the flat and open ground,
Where the tulips are to be found.
We cycle merrily,
In this way, we feel so free!
The sun, it shines upon the field.
The colours glow warm and bright.
To the wind the plant stems yield.
What a charming pretty sight,
As they sway first to the left,
Then to the right.

That Road

Oh in this green and pleasant land,
That man strikes with such a violent hand,
What do we think, it is all planned.
That road must go through
Look at the benefits to us all
Safer for the children to go to school.
Less traffic through the village.
Less chance of some dangerous spillage.
The lorries won't be here that's true.
Oh but are more roads the real solution
The easier it is to travel on them, the more pollution.
More and more grow the tarmac veins,
Yet who complains about all of these extra traffic lanes
Consuming land everywhere,
Does anyone really care?

Ladies

Remember there are some nice guys
We don't all wear smart suits and ties
Handsome men take another look
Judge a chap like the cover of a book
No lift the cover first
Or you could be the one that comes off worst
We get really pissed by nasty men
Who treat you bad and then
You don't want to know
That kind but ordinary joe
Give the plain chap a try
Next time he gives you the eye
If he seems a bit boring
Don't complain to friends
That won't help tell him so he can make amends
And to the doctors for the snoring

The ordinary guy
He's the one who will try
To make you happy
Ok so his car is crappy
Look in his heart
That's the real place to start

Tea

Why make a drink from the leaves of tea?
They contain a poison to deter you and me!
The plant protects its leaves from would be thieves,
The tannic acid is there to say, take one bite then go away'
Animals remember not to eat this plant,
They can tell but it seems we can't.
Tea in the morning to stop people yawning,
Tea last thing at night before they turn out the light.
And if you say, No thank you I don't drink tea
Oh gracious what can the matter be.
So many different kinds of tea Indian, Chinese, Russian, Mint, Lemon,
Turkish ,Kenyan

We use so much land growing this crop,
In countries where there is starvation ,
How long before people say stop,
You have plenty of food in your rich nation.

Praise

Praise the NRA
W and the men who pray.
Killing proto children is a sin
Let the babies grow to adults and then lets begin
Send the young off to war
Or get aids from an unprotected whore
Praise the lord for he is good
Feeds the rich just like he should
God spoke to a leader just the other day
So what pray did he say?
How can the world be in such a mess
Tiss strange I must confess
But then it is women yes that's right
And those trousers that they wear so tight
You see that is a mortal sin that makes God mad
So that is why you are feeling sad
Here is a new program to save the world, forget condoms they won't work
That is quite right
The skirts for women program, would work over night
God would be pleased to see them all conform
And the world would be back to peace and tranquillity, which is the norm :)

Mind openers

You should have an open mind
Then spirituality you would find
We could con you so easily
For a modest contribution fee
Oh the suckers they do come to us
We praise the lord and make a fuss
They feel good and we feel great
Wow just look at the collection money on that plate
The poor have no need of money
They can't afford a stock broker honey
But we need an easy life
That is why me and my darling wife
Started the ministry to the lord
It is the only legal fraud
Sell the suckers a magic land
And they will put dollar bills in your hand

Condoms

These are terrible things that do not work
No I am not a liberal jerk
Seriously I tried them at a party
As decorations they definitely were not arty
On your dick
Oh don't be a prick
You don't put them there
These adult balloons you fill with air
We should not give them to people abroad to prevent disease
Besides they can only hang them from mud huts and trees
That will only encourage them to have parties and more fun
More frivolity will take them away from the rather roly post and sun

Ms Scarlet

I did read your rhyme,
And thought a bell in my head did chime.
So here I write
And hope to turn on your light.
Now what do you mean by see how it goes,
Does that mean we get to take off our cloths?
Oh you blush with a hot flush,
What can he mean is he being obscene?
Oh men they only think of one thing
And it isn't string.
Well dear lady you would be right that we think about it every night

Because to do it we need a nice lady to hold so tight.
But of course an intelligent man knows
That there is more than just what's under the cloths.
In the brain that dwells within,
There must be a fellow kin.
I am hoping to move west
So please do your best.
Write to me
Oh you sound so lovely :)

Fornication

Fornication is an abomination
We will end up with an overpopulated nation
It's all those obscene naturalists showing animals having a go
Oh yes its those biologists I know
Its educational oh right
This stuff should be shown late at night
How absurd showing a film of deers at play
Its not play, more like in a romp in the hay

Showing rabbits doing it unprotected
How irresponsible how do the program managers get selected
Their morals must be low
They try to get ratings with an animal porn show
Farmers are just as bad
I saw a bull and cow, it made me mad
Surely the farmer can build a shed
So that they can sin in private, what is going through his head?

Guns

praise the nra
Guns are ok
They don't kill
Its human will
If some poor shmuck gets shot
Its because some human brain got hot
So who will deal with the mess
Why the Lord God bless
The right are correct again
We are so blessed that they are sane
How to stop killers is easy
They are all low life's and so sleazy
Catch them and let justice work
So what if an innocent jerk
Gets electrocuted by mistake
He just got an unlucky break
The rich in the dock

Won't get a shock
Some smart lawyer will get them off
Lucky daddy was a rich toff

War

The poor are sent to war
They see the blood and gore
The rich are miles away
With countries it's a political game they play
Body guards protect their every move
The squadi just has his rifle polished smooth
When will people see the religious con
The lies that leaders use to urge them on
All for the glory of God
Oh right yea nothing to do with power for some smart sod

Science

Science so long suppressed
By those who God blessed
Science frees our mind
It helps us leave outdated dogmas behind
We question and probe
Unleashing the power of the frontal lobe
Finally people have a chance
No longer do we do a rain dance
Use your mind
See what you can find
Discovery the universe
Not some ancient curse
Women so long repressed
Don't live dull and depressed
Let your minds give birth
Do it for all its worth

Ring tone Ball

A man from France
Came to the dance
Where and English Rose
With fine and dainty cloths

Was sitting all alone
Oh my lady will you allow me
My dear sir I can not I have no phone
So that is why you are free

Yes you see without one

They all think I am no fun
Those ring tones are not so good
I remember in the days of wood

Before plastic and the end of bands
When ladies carried elegant fans
Oh look she said they're changing rings
I do wonder what this tone sings

Why it is a waltz he said in joy
As the sound came from the latest hi-tech toy
In this gadget hall
They danced all night at the Ring tone Ball

Ne

Vy nevim
Maso nejim
Rusky nemluvím
Cinsky nerozumím

Walk

I went for a walk
No one with whom to talk
From the car
I did walk far
Across fields full of sheep
Descending and ascending hills not too steep
Then down a track
A ruck sack on my back
To a road
I had strode
Through to a village with a stream
With metal sculptures it was like a dream
Across the bridge by the mill
Watching the river standing still
Then off again down by the river bank to a gate
I remembered that I had forgotten bread for my mate
The little robin on the post
Off again to the coast
Clouds in the sky
Seagulls glide by
The stony beach
Out of reach

Pictures

Visual Poetry
That allow our minds to go dreamy

Like words they invoke
Thoughts of happiness like a word joke
A cats sits high on a roof
This elegant animal is so aloof
Yet for a bird such an image is fear
And loved ones we shed a tear
Our emotions on images feed
Some are sold for lust and greed
A picture pulls our mind in ways
That can bring on craze
Scenes of terror can inspire
Revenge so dire
Yet views from space
With their beauty and grace
A nebula can draw us to destiny
Working without irrationality
Drawing many like a postcard
They work hard to leave earth's backyard

Paper Power

Paper power can destroy a tower
Make a grown man cower
Fill a long hour
Manipulate your mind
So be careful of the text you find
Old stories keep the past alive
They also allow suppression to thrive
Many texts are used
For control and rights are abused
Question what you read
On your fears ride power and greed
The clever know how to plant a paper seed
This grows in the minds of the masses to serve their need
Use paper power to help you learn
Gain the mental freedom so many yearn
Look at writings from many sources
Go on educational courses
The right answer is not easy to find
Others think they have it from one book
They have a deluded mind
In other scripts they failed to look
Opposing views
Independent sources of news
Evidence is hard to understand
Things are not all planned
Read read allow your mind to feed
But remember to avoid the indoctrination seed
The greatest power is ignorance

Learn and don't give it a chance
Hate and war feed on the dumb
Use your thumb
To flick through pages
Understand past ages
Dampen the fire of intolerant rages
Learn languages
Talk to others with paper power
Remember life is delicate as a flower
Use words to promote this treasure
Build a world of love and pleasure
Use paper power to unite
Pour thought water on those who would fight
Paper power use it to bring joy
Let us use words like a toy
Make others happy
On a keyboard tap yee
Words of delight
Use paper to power goodness and light

One look

There are those who take one look
They claim to be able to read you like a book
It seems they can see a stranger
They can tell you immediately if they pose a danger
Do they get it wrong?
Oh just ask them their views are firm and strong
They do not think before they speak
Appearing strong and defending the weak
Simple solutions they propose
That one is a witch everyone knows
A burning innocent screams
Their death fuelled by mad dreams
The mad are those who want to kill
Based upon some almighty will
The danger is real
People's minds they steal

Diese

Diese tag ich mochte musik
Diese nacht es ist gut
Ich habe schlick
Es ist fur die blut

Habst Sie eine Ungeheuer
Nein es ist ein hund
Diese sind mein Auto neuer
Das ist gut

The Village Hall

What goes on at the village hall
Can be found at the notice board on the wall
So many things
A group comes and sings
Small theatres come and show
Some compact play they do know
Coffee mornings, soup and talks
Slide shows of sponsored walks
Learn new skills
Raising funds to pay the bills
Displays of art
Get the new year off to a bright start

Cinema

In a town not far from here
I went the other year
To see a movie with a friend
We watched it all to the end
The back seats were more expensive
But the area for ones bum was more extensive
No view obscured by the head in front
This old cinema was much better to be quite blunt
Than those multiplex affairs
Where the aim is as many bums on chairs
A head in front who cares
Such a shallow slope and lots of stairs
So go to the little local screen
And please be quiet during the show
To eat popcorn loud is obscene
It spoils the enjoyment don't you know
Indulge in the visual art
Oh and please go to the loo if you need to fart

Cars

Cars are strange people too
Its like a mobile zoo
Wild animals in moving cages
Containing all those pent up rages
The person driving home from work
All wound up by his boss who is a jerk
The lady late
Rushing to avoid having no dinner on her husband's plate
In the morning people grunt
As they are cut up by some selfish c**t
Oh their blood heats up fast
Give the silly sod a blast

All these kids should walk to school
Bloody space wagon driven by a fool
Clapped out cars driven by yobs
While people drive for hours to their jobs

Nice Weather

When it's nice you do react
Say we should go somewhere and that's a fact
But you are tired from the week
Its and effort even on the phone to speak
So the Saturday fades away
As you recover and laze all day
Sunday comes but now the weather is so bad
That wasted Saturday makes you sad
But you know you were too tired
So you envy those who early have retired

Learning

What's it for, this learning
The lost time having fun you are yearning
You studied to progress
Yet now you earn less
Than the person who mends your pipes
Or the one for whom you work and his ass you wipes
Learn and work
Were you the burke
Helping idiots all day
So how come they get better pay
Some have all the luck
Your studies took so much time you did not even get a f**k
Now single and alone
While the stupid rabbits build their mansion home
With your work and knowledge they progress
Squeezing more from you for less
You want to have some fun
But work all hours and have none
Who appreciates what you do
Know one, so here's a tip now think of you

Value

We often undervalue what we do
But there are those who
Can tell that we are good
They use our skills like we should
Saving time they employ us
Things that seem easy we sort without a fuss
Thinking we can't charge much
People take advantage of our soft touch

Yet without our skill
They would struggle for hours still
So be aware of charging what is rightly fair
Avoid greed don't go there

Nice Car

They travel in their posh car
To get wine in bulk from France
A flat in town and house in the country far
Off to a weekend dance
But when they receive your bill
You would think they were ill
Claiming that they don't have much money
Huh you think that's funny
How much will it cost they say
When they need your services another day
Playing mental games with costs and quotes
It's worse than recounting votes
So you do comply
Choosing cheaper things and buy
Then when all is installed
Ten times a day you are called
It's not working very well
They scream at you like you've put them in hell
We paid all that money but it does not work
Making you feel like a useless jerk
Why did you try to do it cheap?
You know you will get no sleep
Trying to say I told you so
This won't wash so let it go
Hours you will spend
The cheap hardware driving you around the bend
So next time stick to what is good
Make them pay what they should
Fit and forget
And if they whinge ask them how much their dog cost at the vet
Or what a plumber would charge
Say what was the bill from the garage?

Carrots

Crunchy carrots nice to eat
Raw or cooked are a treat
Organic ones are full of taste
But carrots contain lots of sugars so think of your waist

Onions

These will make you cry
But do you know why

Cut the base with a knife
Oh now you will have a sad life
Tears streaming down your cheeks
You have not cried like this for weeks
The sulphuric acid from the base
Is released and affects your face
It stimulates the stream
That runs down your skin
Like condensed kitchen steam
The onion fights but can not win
In the pot it does go
Cooked nice and slow

Peas

I think everyone likes peas
When asked do you want more
I always say please
Like tiny apples with no core

Jewel Case

It sounds so posh
Like it would cost a load of dosh
Yet this plastic case
Is spewed from machines at an alarming pace
Costing pence
And coming to the CDs defence
Thin cases holding just one
To those containing many often computer games of fun



In the garden

When picking thyme
My mind whizzes into rhyme
You think this can't be true
It is because I see a wondrous view
Not mountains or the sea
But things of detail and beauty
Flowers get me sneezing text
Which you may read and feel quite vexed
For some of what I write is full of passion
While much is quite old fashion
A revolution may begin
Because someone has read within
A word or two that stimulates them to do
Something that is required
To push humans forward to the new
They feel inspired

Television

How many people do not read?
Their brains they do not feed
Exercise for the mind is hard
As is running around the yard
So they sit and watch the box
Putting their feet up with holey socks

No time to mend or buy
They don't have time I'll tell you why
Programs of all kinds
Even the sun is shut out with roller blinds
To stop its reflection
Interfering with their viewing infection
They can not visit friends
Because they would miss friends
This obsession is so strong
For the next episode of a soap they long
To see a film they stay up late
Leaving the washing up what a dirty plate
If they were religious they would be fanatics
Storing hundreds of videos in their attics
Satellite gives them more
Now operating the handset is a chore
You can only talk to them about some plot
Of a soap featuring some dysfunctional lot
The weather can be so nice
Yet they would not miss an episode at any price
What is it that holds their attention?
Is it escape from reality relieving life's mundane tension?

Sweets

They make us put on weight
We eat them and leave good food unfinished on a plate
Exercise we do shun
It's such hard work so how can it be fun
Oh another treat
How we love things that are so sweet

Techno Fear

It is easier to fear
Than to learn
Technology improves each year
The press earn
As they print what people want to hear

Spare power

Spare computer power
Is used every hour
To search for alien signals deep in space
Our quest to contact a new race
If we could do the same
With the human brain
People who have good grey matter
Let their mental batteries run flatter
Each day

Mental capacity wastes away
What could we achieve
If in our own abilities we could believe?
It is left to a few
To research the new
To push the boundaries of our knowledge
While most just sit and veg
Predictably they bark at progress
Claim it is responsible for their mess
People want cures for diseases
Hate their coughs and sneezes
Yet oppose those who want to experiment
Fearing they are from the devil sent
Humans are happy to be manipulated
And have stupid rules stipulated
Slowing progress because some control freak
Did speak
Words of paranoia doom and gloom
As those seeking local power loom
Extremists seek to use the fear of the many
And minority targets use any
Too gain short term power
So like a weed they stifle the science flower.

sigh beer he her

He did sigh
He wanted beer
He was about to lie
He did not want to hear
Her need was to talk
She wanted to go for a walk
Sex and beer either is all he wanted to get
Their marriage she did regret
Looking so nice she fell for his charms
Wanting to hold him in her arms
She was just getting in the way
He wanted to be with his mates to play
What could he talk to her about sport?
Oh no some sappy movie was her kind of thought
He made some excuse to go get his alcoholic juice
Their relationship was going down the sluice

Life is strange

My mind wanders all over the place
Wondering if I am in some mad psycho race
Why bother to do anything the end is the same for all
We all hit the wall
The route in between is a brief scene

But then a spark of inspiration comes and drives me
There is a reason you can see
You can hear its call
For thousands of years people have heard with their ears
Others speak of eternal life
Yet no progress was made, no plans laid to strive
Now we have biotech
Why heck
We even have the human genome
Perhaps we are on the route home
What is the point some would say
For them it would be more of the same each day
Their minds see only years of drudgery
They are chained thoughts not free
Like those who said man could not fly
Yet we reached for the sky
Even travelling to Mars,
Relatively speaking would be like travel before cars
They see the confines of planet earth as a barrier
Yet we can soar above this planet, as over field hovers a harrier
What can we master given time travel to space?
Might one hope unite the human race?
Would this spell doom for the petty politicians
With their myopic visions
We are all too accepting of what is now
We must be inspired and have a vision somehow
Don't just sit and wait for others, do!
Let the future begin with you
Each in our own way
We can make a new future today

Brain

This is who you are
It distinguishes you from your car
Your pleasures, pain and ability to refrain
You are an organic chemical computer
It determines what you learn when you train
Yet you react to external forces, you time commuter
I could watch television or read some ancient book
But inside my mind I choose to look
To find the words to put on this page
To vent my spleen
To show my rage
Frustrated at what could have been
Why were those with intellect
Given the thumbs down in reject
There are those too lazy to learn
Yet from ignorance they derive the power they yearn

Like bullies at school they want to pull the clever down
To make the great intellectual seem like a clown
So they can stay on top
They will not stop
Even now we let the intellectually challenged into positions of control
They shout loud about the soul

Times of old

When men invented god
If you were an unlucky sod
You had to go to war
Endure much blood and gore
To fight for good against an evil foe
Who you were not allowed to know
Slaves were sold
It was accepted to slaughter young and old
Women were oppressed
The rich were well dressed
What has changed?

Knowledge

Its power can be controlled
So how can you take hold?
Keep all the people dumb
Then they will be under your thumb
Or information overload
Like a log jam clog the mental road
Most will take the easy road
Guided by your psychological boot

Crisps

Potato art for the tongue
Like sea air for the lung
They come in many flavours
Our taste buds savours
The feel in our mouth is a delight
Crinkle or plain the texture that gives potatoes new height
Hear that crunch
For many they are lunch
Crisps savoury temptation
An oral sensation

Laser Guided Paint Brush (LGPB)

Upgrade your computer today
How much I hear you say
Hey look at your room
Use a laser guided brush and zoom
You will have fine lines

Decorative signs
Load the LGPB software
And let the brush take care
Design your own style
Go that extra mile
Be better than the rest
Put the LGPB to the test

Washing basket

The washing basket
Can become a smelly casket
Exuding beautiful odours
This dirty cloths box
With lovely smelly socks
Sensuous odours
Leave it a week
The garments get up and speak
After a month it becomes a pot of odour gold
If you're lucky and things get damp you may even get the delight of mould
Two months and the washing machine will rebel
Even it can't take the pungent smell
One year and even you can't get near
The neighbours begin to fear
There is a terror alert
It emanates from the detection of a chemical weapon – formally your shirt
Eighteen months and a state of emergency is declared
Your pants have exploded and their fumes have aired
Two years and communities are in tears as they move away
The danger is so great even the worst delinquents are not allowed to play
Two and a half years brings refugees
Not humans, billions of bacteria can take no more with requests of asylum
please!
So remember this tale
Before your washing gets stale

Mobile clones

There are a lot of mobile cones
With smart suits
And pretty ring tones
Dainty boots
Ask them what do you do?
Looking away towards the sky
Why they have not got a clue
They know you are a crazy passer by

Uncle

My uncle is quite old
His purse is full of gold

Yet my auntie must make do
Are they poor, no not true
So why must she scrimp and scrape to make ends meet
While my uncle buys silly things reading mags while in his seat
You know they were once poor
So saving pennies was a necessary chore
My uncle did once look into a petrol tank
He had a cigarette with long stub on the end
That it did not fall, fate we did thank
It drove mum round the bend
She worried with some fright
That if it fell, it would be goodnight
They could drive far and wide
As they had a car in which to ride
Yet they never went on vacation
This to us seemed a silly situation
Now uncle can only walk
Some people had a talk
He put the car too far!
Making a drive through garage ahh!

Shimmering Shore

Shimmering shore with shadows and sand
Wind making ripples nature so grand
The curve of the beach
Blue sea within reach
Surf on the shingle
Feel the olfactory tingle
Like a sea bird looking down below
To the place I long to go.

Steaming Stoats

The Weasel and the Stoat
This is a tale of two
The wily weasel
Runs his car on diesel
To which the Stoat
Is apt to gloat
The weasel is all arty
Loves fine wine and to party

Glued

Television rules my life
It captivates me as a wife
The images hold me in a trance
As though bewitched by some magic dance
Once I turn it on
My sense of reality is all gone

To turn it off takes super strength of will
Time flies by, and though I try, I watch still
Doctor, doctor I need some advice
Television is such an addictive vice
What can be done?
For now I can never go out and have fun
The phone rings, it is a friend
Who I'm driving round the bend
Not tonight I must watch a super play
Not tomorrow maybe another day
But when can they come around
Well I say turning down the sound
Sunday afternoon seems alright
I replace the phone and have a fright
On that afternoon they come to say hello
Finding me glued to the Sunday chat show
My thoughts are full of TV themes
They dictate my nightly dreams
People take second place
Much to my disgrace
Help, I want to be free
Is there a TV guidance centre near me?



Rainforest

Don't they realize what they are doing
With the economic system they are pursuing
Without the rainforest the climate will

Change the world not just in Brazil
The professional business men dressed so smart how nice they look
As they read the accounts book
Economic growth is the plan
But what about the new deserts created by man
How can the people survive
If on earth there's less alive
Diversity is the key
Not monoculture conformity
For some people it seems
Have very selfish narrow minded dreams
And those who hide beneath a shell drinking tea
For he will put it right just wait and see!
But what respect does this show
For earth's manufacturer they say they know
We are right, resist our ways and feel our might
You must think like us without a fuss

Normal

You should have short hair
Don't you care?
Those men in suits look so smart
Drinking coffee they look the part
Growing coffee and tea, stimulants for you and me
Their poisons are so nice, why don't you drink this vice
Does the worker in the third world get a good price?
When using chemicals does he get the right protection and advice?
Why don't you eat some meat?
Aren't you bored of soya and wheat?
All those animals must feed
So much land with crops in seed
Yet with this glut of food
While others starve, seems quite rude
You look silly in that safety hat
But sensible for all your critical chat!
You do not read a newspaper, don't you care about the news?
Perhaps this helps you in your biases conformist views

Toilet roll

I am a toilet roll
With a nice round hole
For a tiny little pole
Most people consider me rather droll
But where would you be
Without me?
If you have time to cut newspaper squares
After reading the current state of stocks and shares
With the new ink you won't go into print

When completing your regular stint
Recycled paper save trees and wood
So why not buy me made with this and bee good?

For the Record

I am round black and groovy.
Carrying the soundtrack to your favourite movie.
Analogue in every way.
Single or long play.
With the vibs, the needle swings.
As the rock star plays those nifty strings.
Millions have been sold.
Some going platinum and some gold.
Look how well we've served you.
But have we deserved you.
For years and years.
We've charmed your ears.
Reproducing exquisite classic sound.
Soft treble to heavy base that shakes the ground.
Now where can we be located.
Yes on a small shelf, so outdated.
Digital and so tiny.
Pretty rainbow colours in its surface so shiny.
Just like a cassette in a plastic case.
It looks so smart.
With a little booklet in the front face.
And the shrunken cover art.
Inside our cover.
Was room for the free poster lover.
In this new format.
No power and technology, and you can't play that.
You can with us.
Without a fuss.
Remember in the olden days.
Just wind the handle on the machine and it plays.
If perfection is your desire, dust and noise does detract.
This is audibly our worst fact.
Digital of course does have quantization errors.
This is however audibly an insignificant terror.



What are we doing?

The sweet rare flower.

Big business does devour, crushing it with money and sophisticated.
technological power.

Like some mindless child.

Running wild.

But unlike the boy.

Who breaks his toy.
Destroyed for expanding profit and for gain.
They cannot economically justify a system that would sustain.
Continued use.
Rather than short term abuse.
Is just not economically viable.
But to rape the earth for all its worth, is that survivable?
Mountains destroyed for their gold.
Which after trading will sold.
This precious metal were does it end, locked away for none to seeking.
Was it right to destroy the mountains beauty?
The river is a sorry state.
But why does the clean up come so late.
Efficiency of industry is part of the solution.
To reducing man's pollution.
But in our haste.
It is still more economic to create and dump excessive waste.
When resources start to run out stake your mining right.
To a landfill site.
The ozone layer is getting thin.
Letting harmful UV rays in.
Now let us praise and pray.
That's better now lets build that motorway.
A historic house can not be pulled down.
In country or in town.
A special site of scientific interest in the way of the road.
Can be flattened, even though a rare toad.
Will be lost.
It is the cheapest route in financial cost.

When in Rome or in this Home

Please follow these.
Pretty please.
Wash your hands before touching food.
Not to do so would be very rude.
Add to Global warming by smoking outside.
The fumes we can not abide.
Now glowing red cooker rings.
Use the appropriate ring for cooking things.
Television oh no let us speak.
Why sit in front of a box and waste another week.
Lets stay modern and up to date.
Nice and new no decorative old plate.
Use the sponge to clean the bath.
The flannel is for cleaning me, don't laugh.
Women oh lots please.
We like them, how they tease.

Dribbler

A light hearted look at life.
Escape a world full of hate and strife.
Take your thoughts off a worry.
Don't be in such a tearing hurry.
Open your mind, be brave and bold.
Experience life before you're old.
Tolerance and understanding.
Peace on earth and corporate re-branding.
Where is that screaming brat?
Ouch, sounds like he has hold.
The wrong end of the cat!
Like the cover nice and gold?
Giggle go on, read a rhyme.
Turn the tele off and pick some thyme.
Cook a meal, paint that wall.
Give dear auntie a nice long called.
Most of all have happiness.
Forget the washing up and all the mess.
Best wishes from the scribbler.
He is a silly word dribbler.

Tractors

Are tractors getting bigger.
Have they bred one with a digger.
In the fields late at night.
The glare of their lights glow bright.
Bringing in the crops.
So we have food in the shops.
No longer rear wheel drive.
All wheels are alive.
They thunder through the village.
Sounding as though some viking hoard is on the pillage.
Their engines roar, the ground it rumbles.
Waking me from my slumber, from my bed I stumbles.
From my window I look down upon the road.
Trailers behind, a convoy of tractors pull great load.
All that dirt, yet food so clean.
It is a wonder of man's machine.
Without oil I wonder how.
They would transport milk from the cow?
Tractors harvesting the grass for silage.
In a year what is their mileage?
Ploughing fields.
Spraying crops to increase yields.
The poor tractor works so hard.
Yet at night sits quiet in the yard.
But without oil.

How would these tractors toil?
Food plants need water, light and soil to grow.
Without a tractor harvesting would be rather slow.
So many would be needed to pick the crop.
If all the tractors did stop.
Why should things change I hear you say.
Is the tractor not here to stay?
First we had animals to pull the plough.
Then engineered steam to pull it, but now?
Diesel is the fuel.
That drives the agricultural tool.
Will it last? And what then?
Another problem for those engineering men?
Women too, for they are clever engineers.
Yet some societies have strange fears.
All people should work as one.
Educate all, so the harvest can be done.
Solar power, and wind turbines on top of a tower.
Lets use our brains to ensure we have the flour.
For bread and cakes.
Water turbines powered from dammed lakes.
Electric tractors!
Please remember the weight factors.
Heavy batteries, think of steam.
No, no do not dream.
The machines were to heavy to toil the land.
Although I grant a showman's engine is quite grand.
Weight compacts the earth, that's why the vehicle must be just right.
No too heavy, not too light.
Bio-diesel could be used as the power.
How much land would you need for each tractor every hour?
To grow the crops, to make the fuel.
It's like those conundrums one got at school.
Those giant tractors that roam the land.
In gleaming paint they look so grand.
What of the driver sitting all day.
Up and down the field harvesting the hay.
Is it a very lonely job, sitting in that cab?
Like a caged animal in a lab.
Back and forth the tractor goes.
Planting seed in endless rows.
Don't take the tractor for granted.
If you do you might find that no wheat is planted.
Next time you're stuck in your car.
Blasting your horn, you won't get far.
Think when you stop.
When you get the snack at the forecourt shop.
How does that snack get made?

Consider the furrow from the plough blade.
Engineers and farmers.
Just look at the food in the plane as you fly to the Bahamas.

Potatoes

Potatoes bulging round.
We dig them up from the ground.
Clean off all the dirt.
Peel the skin, does that hurt?
Then we cut them with a knife.
Into chips to fuel our life.
Or mashed fine and pasty.
Sliced thin and fried they are so tasty.

Dogs

I like dogs
Watch them play around a pile of logs.
Jump in the air to catch a frisby.
Or run into the surf at the sea.
But best of all I like them most.
When they wee against a post.
Man's leg, seems to be quite tasty.
Funny how when he visits us he is very hasty.
Naughty dog feet all muddy.
Puts them upon my buddy.
Oh dear look what he's done.
With the sofa the little pup had great fun!
Mummy is very mad.
I shall not even describe my dad.
Now then son it is not funny.
That furniture cost us a lot of money.
They are both looking stern at me.
I have frozen like a tree.
What can I say about my fury friend.
Who is driving them around the bend.
Please don't send him away.
With sad eyes I say.
Mother weakens, but father glares.
He sends me and pup up the stairs.
I listen quiet in the room.
Downstairs the storm clouds loom.
For many an hour, my parents do discuss.
Yet little pup has no idea of all the fuss.
He sits still by me, as I listen intensely.

Taps

Have you ever thought of all the taps.
Some placed in awkward gaps.

On the bath and in the sink.
Some for gas, which if left on does stink.
Some for hot and some for cold.
Chrome plated, plastic and gold.
How many taps do you have in your home?
Did they have taps in ancient Rome?
In factories I think there must be many.
Do the Eskimos have any?
Boats, planes and trains.
Please don't get me started upon the drains.
Just taps, which ones do you hate most?
Those that spray you while you burn the toast.
Soaked by the violent jet.
You are sopping wet.
Leaking, dripping and some that just don't work.
Yank and pull you feel a jerk.
When it is push.
How you feel like a bush!

Drains

Yes, yes I know everyone complains.
When they get smelly drains.
But think where does it go?
Where does all your waste flow?

Baum

Ich bin ein Baum
Ich habe viele Äste
Mein Stamm ist braun
Leute kommen für meine Früchte

Country Hygiene

The fields are green.
The farmer lets the cows poo in them, how obscene.
Can he not build a loo.
For the muck gets on my walking shoe.

Bearded Man

I saw a man with a beard.
He was acting very weird.
He stretched his arms out wide.
As though he was about to glide.
Down the hill he did descend.
Flapping his hands and that's the end.

Dog bloke

Dog bloke in the sky.
I upset him because he started to cry.

I do not understand.
Because I thought whatever I said was all planned.
Does he not have a divine way?
I don't know what else to say.

The Lorry and the Car

Said the lorry to the car.
'I know what you are.'
'Oh yes', replied the car, 'and I am better than you.'
'Why that is not strictly true.'
Said the lorry, 'I can carry much more than you and people to.'
'From one full petrol tank I can go, three hundred miles', replied the car
snobbishly.
'I can do three hundred and fifty with full diesel tanks', said the lorry, 'So you
see.'
The car sounding sorry,
Now thinking about this large lorry,
Said, 'You don't have my speed.'
Said the Lorry, 'Can't your driver read?
The road signs restrict both
So you are as much a sloth.'

Droplets

I dry myself and go to dress.
Leaving all in a mess.
When I return, all is still,
And water droplets lie upon the window sill.
I wipe everything clean,
No trace is left of where I have been.
And what now?
Breakfast I think somehow!



Shower

I stand under the shower,
Like an early morning flower,
Standing tall,
Against the wall.
I feel anew,
The droplets lie upon my skin like dew.
The mist above the bathroom floor,
Rolls away like the mist on the moor.
The mirror is no use at all,
Just a patch of frost upon the wall.

Go by train

I went away again,
Not by air, by train.
I hoped it would be a nice ride,
As it took us towards the seaside.
The restaurant car,
Was not so far,
From where I was sitting,
And across from me I could see an old lady knitting.
I thought I would ask,
“Excuse me for interrupting, but would you care for tea?”
“Oh, yes please.” Was her reply to me.
So off I went down the coach,
Towards the restaurant car, I did approach.
“Hello”, I said Cheerfully.
“Please may I have two cups of tea?”

“Yes, milk and sugar is that OK?”
“Oh, thank you, looks as though it will be a lovely day.”
“Off somewhere nice?”
He said to me, “And sixty pence is the price.”
I finished off our little chat,
And went off back to where the old lady sat.
She thanked me once again,
And through the window, I could see no sign of rain.
We soon arrived at the station,
Of our seaside destination.
What did I do?
I shall consider if I should tell you.

Technology, technology.

The days when you could see the wireless working were for me,
Not all this integrated technology.
When valves glowed in the dark,
Not all this tiny black transistor lark.
The radios of today are getting so small,
It's a wonder people don't lose them all.
There was a time when television was just 475 line, black and white.
Now it's 625 line, colour and those noisy neighbours watch all night.
Phones, now there's a thing,
Everywhere you go they ring.
People have them in their pockets, cell phones all the rage.
Another gimmick in this over technological age.
By satellite I could transmit this page.
Fax here, telex there,
Information everywhere.
Listen to the computer sage.
Haven't you got one by now?
How can you manage, I mean how?
Without such a wonder your business will surely go under.
Doing all the accounts, but my written book won't be taken out by thunder.
Mailing lists, invoices and forward planning,
It's a must, CRM spending and office overmanning.
I hand wrote this poem of mine,
Yes every line.

Thirst

The weather here is nice and bright.
The crickets serenade me throughout the night.
An owl hoots in the moonlight,
Before goes on its hunting flight.
Soon dawn breaks,
And there are on the lakes,
The ducks and the drakes.
Their tails up turned towards the sky,

And beaks below searching for their food,
You might be forgiven for thinking their action quite rude.
While above geese do fly,
Chattering while they go.
What conversation are they having, I must confess I do not know.
The day moves on through a cloudless sky.
Scorching heat of the sun drives all to shelter from its searing rays.
Mirages rise from the haze.
The air is so hot and dry.
Where water can be found,
In spring fed pools from underground.
Sustaining all life around.
On their shores so many hoofs do pound.
Predators, so much prey, that flinches at the slightest danger in the air.
They run here and there.
The day now drawing on, the heat reducing.
Frogs and toads start calling, a signal for reproducing.
Day again turns to night,
Tomorrow again, shall I write?

Garlic

Garlic keeps bacteria at bay,
What a stink, some folks do say.
Repelling mosquitoes and mothers.
However it could interfere with lovers.
Your spouse may evacuate the house.
Toasting garlic in the morning.
May deter some from yawning.
But we don't like the smell.
Oh dear, oh well!



MRSA

MRSA likes to play,
Sits on dirty hands all day.
Some visit hospitals doing as they should,
Using the provided hand wash, they are good.
Others seem not to care,
Germs from them fill the air.
Is it because they're from a different culture?
They are as a rock to a vulture.
Perhaps its the alcohol in the gel,
Maybe they think using this they'll go to hell?
Perhaps they cannot read,
And so sow this deadly seed.
As we wonder,
More poor souls go under.
Please try not to spread germs,
Viruses, bacteria and worms.
Hygiene won't cost you much,
Simple steps will cleanse your deadly touch.
So when you visit a sick friend,
Remember it should not be the end.
Thank you for your understanding,
Ops that lights gone again on the landing.

Sally

There was a wise rabbit called Sally,
Once lived at the end of an alley.
Bred for meat,
She was so sweet.
Sold to a man,
Her life followed a different plan.
Never needed to see a vet,
What a lovely pet.

Titles by the author:

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