SELECTED POEMS.

ALASKA.

As you go from the house to the place we must be  
Whether your house has a number or you live in a tree  
Or perhaps you’re the ghost who’s been haunting number 73  
Just ask yourself this as you step, run and go  
What’s all this stuff in my pockets?  
Do you need all of that? As you move to and fro  
A phone, and an I-pod, and a wallet and keys   
Not to mention the hair comb, the clippers  
The lighter, the pen in your pockets all squeezed.   
With all of this stuff you must ask yourself  
Could all these possessions be left on a shelf.   
Or buried like gold in a casket of treasure  
To be sure to be safe from a highwayman’s pleasure.  
Because out there are bandits and robbers so bold.   
Who lurk in the places the cops don’t patrol   
Be sure to be safe is what your parents would wish  
And have as much in your pockets as your average fish.

IDAHO.

Have you ever considered that lump on your shoulders  
It has a face and a brain and a look that can smoulder.   
It has a skull some nostrils and eyes and ears come in two.   
You can style it and scowl it and do the hair with shampoo  
It should always be honest it should always be fair  
It should always be found where there’s plenty of air  
It is most important to those that you love  
It looks really great if the hat matches the gloves.   
It’s worth more than any lost casket of gold  
It can figure out sums or situations untold.   
But always consider all the other lumps too  
They’re just as important as the one upon you  
Always remember it doesn’t matter how it looks   
The ones that do best tend to have read all the books.

CONNECTICUT

There is legend of a creature who had a remarkable power  
It could look at a map and know where the rain it would shower  
With pictures of clouds that he’d stick on a graph  
It would warn us of storms on the nation’s behalf  
But what is this creature? This tornado wind tracker  
It goes by the name of the Stormshafenackerclacker  
Its power was a wonder, worth more than lost caskets of gold.   
It knew the cause of every miserable damp mould  
It knew when the warm would quit and turn cold  
It was bold as it told of sunny days to behold.   
The forecasts were accurate this thing did not bluff  
Its power was recognised as the most important of stuff.   
With the Stormshafenackerclacker the people were smitten.   
It was decided its power would be most useful in Britain.   
Because their skies are unpredictable as folk look to the heavens  
British weather in a day can change by the seven

MICHIGAN

Have you ever attempted to just open the box  
To see what’s inside, is it a good gift or just socks.  
Have you been so excited your knees have gone trembly  
And then you try to build and ignore the instructions of assembly  
What have you got?  
Let’s take a pot-shot!  
Maybe with luck you’ve hit the jackpot  
How many screws? It says 54  
And now you’ve assembled the thing it can’t get out the door.   
Is it a rocket or is it a yacht?  
You were in such a hurry have you forgot what you bought.   
Is it a mascot, a gasket or a casket of gold?   
What was the thing that you were so easily sold?  
And now that you’ve constructed this mysterious knot  
A thing stands before you that isn’t quite what you thought  
Not even Sherlock Holmes could guess at his best detective deductions.   
This is why it’s important! ALWAYS read the instructions

KENTUCKY

How can one know at all what tomorrow may hold  
The future lies buried like a casket of Gold   
It his hidden deep in a mystery that is yet to unfold  
And you will never know it as you skip then grow old  
If crystal balls could foretell from a traveling caravan  
What it all has in store for our entire lifespan  
We could be certain of results and know every plan  
We would make even more millions than Bruce Wayne or Batman  
But what if I live to the age 99  
Surely by then all will be fine  
Well, indeed you’ll have wisdom   
You’ll have seen quite a lot  
You’ll have crawled, you’ll have tottered, You will have sampled the plot  
But where is the fun in knowing the knows  
You must learn to have faith and follow your nose  
No one can lay claim that tomorrow is mastered  
For life can only be viewed when you’re looking backwards.

NEVADA

Get up! Get down! Get out!  
Is this what your mom and dad shout?   
Sit still, don’t fidget be quiet.  
Are you all trying to start a riot?   
Why don’t you ever go outside and play?  
Because the weather says wet and it’s raining all day.  
A cold soggy playpark isn’t so awesome  
You look out the window and see nothing but boredom.  
If you stare at that screen your eyes will go square!   
One hour on the X-Box just doesn’t seem fair.   
But what’s that you see coming out from a cloud?   
The sun has appeared and now you’re allowed,  
To head down the woods where mysteries hide  
And your imagination a great time shall provide.   
You’ll go hunting for treasure and laugh like a pirate.   
You can fall out a tree, should you desire it  
You’ll forget about time and stay out much too late.   
Always remember be back in by eight.

NORTH CAROLINA

The Computer is frozen, its calculations are numb  
And now Windows is checking for the solution/problem  
When you see that message you most certainly know  
This malfunctioning tech out the window should go.  
All we want to do is send a message to the scanner  
But now we want to hit it with a 14 pound spanner  
I just want to complete the most tiny download  
And your node it has slowed. I just might explode.   
I was ripping the complete works of Billy Ray Cyrus,  
and now you are telling me you have a most terrible virus.   
Why has your brain now been buried like gold in a casket?   
This is so frustrating I just might blow a gasket.  
I’ll have a look in the manual, that might finally fix the thing.  
Nope, not a solitary idea. Fizz goes you brain but then it goes ping!  
Let’s get this digital body back in touch with the brain.  
As you lean to the socket and switch it off and back on again.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Meow, claw, hiss, scratch, cuddle  
Woof, wag, roll in a puddle  
One lazes all day while the other one slogs  
Which one is best? Is it cats? Is it dogs?  
Well I wouldn’t want a cat to come to my rescue   
But that doesn’t mean they should be forgotten or eschewed  
They’re wonderful pets and will leave you alone  
When your day gets real busy and you’re stuck on the phone  
Cats are real playful just give them a box   
Very low maintenance, no need for long walks.   
But dogs have the title of most loyal friend  
Unconditional love. Most hearts they can mend  
They go digging for treasure. Most probably a bone.   
With Rex in the house you’re never alone.  
Whether your young or a hundred there’s always fun to be found  
And for some it is feline and for others a hound.   
So nether is wrong and neither is right.  
Just don’t stick them together or there will be a fight.

TEXAS

There is a mysterious creature that lives on your shoulder.  
It’s invisible, quite rotund and shaped like a boulder   
It whispers in ears with a voice quite unheard  
It stretches your waistline until you look quite absurd.   
With salad and leaves and fruit your intention.   
It murmurs and mutters and different food it will mention.   
A burger, a pizza, some chocolate perhaps?   
And now hidden like treasure your good intentions have lapsed   
The name of this creature is the Chattymunchfattysaur.   
And its dubious intentions are almost impossible to ignore.   
I know it’s not good for me! I know I just shouldn’t!  
This pie it serves four, and I said that I wouldn’t.   
So, what can we do to combat this wee monster?   
How do we build a will that is stronger?   
Put something else in your mouth. Perhaps a Kazoo?  
But a LITTLE of what you fancy can be quite good too.

WEST VIRGINIA

There is a great land where everyone has descendants.  
Where Scots and Italians and many more became tenants  
A multinational mixing pot makes the best of all cultures.  
There is snow, there is sun, there are deserts and vultures.  
And this land came a place most loved and admired  
And if you work hard within it you’ll achieve your desires.   
And sure, they’ve got problems, show us a land that has not  
But as you watch all their Movies always give this a thought  
The real beauty of a land can be buried like gold  
So perhaps don’t give too much to the tales you’ve been told  
Like any great place its heart is its people  
Who stand tall and proud like a church and its steeple  
This land is divided into 50 great states  
That you really must visit if you want to be mates.  
For I have met many that are mannered and kind   
So perhaps get to know them before you make up your mind

THE LADIES OF GREGGS.

The ladies of Greggs work hard on their legs.

To bring us those pasties that keep us all fed.

The ladies of Greggs rise early from bed.…

They’re the best of all mothers I’ve often heard said.

With a smile and a cheery, “There ye gan pet.”

To say they seem happy is a fairly safe bet.

But why do they bother to bring us good service.

Most workers these days of their jobs they are nervous.

Because Greggs are an employer of decent repute.

That’s why you don’t find them in industrial dispute.

For the cakes that they bake pay a good hourly rate so to be happy at work is these ladies fate.

So let us show gratitude to the people of Greggs.

Because the deliver us from evil with our daily bread.

KALED THE LONELY DALEK.

Kaled the Dalek was a sad death machine.

You daren’t beat him at football cos he’d death ray the team.

At scholl they were terrified of his weird Dalek voice.

Extermination to death was his number one choice.

I am supreme he quite likes to gloat.

But shouting death threats gives him a sore throat.

Kaled the Dalek was rubbish at Rounders.

Catching balls with a plunger meant he did flounder.

With the other hand a ray gun he was no good at drumming.

But if you had a blocked sink he was a dab hand at plumbing.

I am supreme he quite likes to gloat.

But shouting death threats gives him a sore throat.

What Kaled yearned for was to meet one like himself.

Who looked like a pepper pot and was a threat to your health.

So he put up an advert with an online dating website.

Elegant glider, diligent worker good in a fight.

For love I could change, for that I could warm.

A wee bit short tempered, typical Capricorn.

I am supreme he quite likes to gloat.

But shouting death threats gives him a sore throat.

But no one answered this Daleks plea for love.

And from his single telescopic eye a tear he did blub.

But how do you help a Dalek feel loved good and proper?

He nearly wiped out a planet when they said see the Doctor.

CELEBRITY DEATHS 2016

When you kicked off we were all crying No Way!

That can’t be the end of our David Bowie.

But the Reaper this year had a much bigger plan.

As he moved straight on to Alan Rickman

Seems we’re not immortal like Wolverine Logan.

As the house wives wept for old Terry Wogan

Even a Mockingbird death he would kill.

Turns out Harper Lee was feeling quite ill.

By the time he took out producer George Martin

We’re beginning to think, “this Death guys just startin'”

Paul Daniels didn’t like this, not even a lot

Then in Deaths grasp he was finally caught

The reaper moved on in an endless orbit

And it’s goodnight from him, wee Ronnie Corbett

Why are you taking the great and the good?

Oh come on man, not Victoria Wood

This slaughter of yours is making us wince

We’re not even sure what was wrong with Prince

Every week sees another, who is the latest?

Muhammad Ali no longer the greatest

The situation was getting fair bonkers

As Gene Wilders heart went a bit Wonka

But Death just continued, and he danced and he turned

Time to stop spinning Mr Pete Burns

Next was our U.N.C.L.E dear Robert Vaughn

Out like a light, then he was gone

And on and then on and then on he kept goin’

A last Hallelujah for nice Mr Cohen

What is it with you and these folks we adore?

Next up on his list goes Zsa Zsa Gabor

Death just continues, relentless his cycle

You really are kidding, it can’t be George Michael

We are your fans, this year’s made us blue

Goodbye Carrie Fisher, he’s finally through

CONSUME.

I want I want I want it all

Work buy get paid

Hoping to get laid

Give me more stuff

As I work rest

And get played

For that new phone

Over glass I would crawl

I only have Nike ever kick

At my balls

I need I need I need everything

G string nose ring

Cling to the bling

Only drink this brand

Cos it’s the real thing

Eat drink

Piss in the sink

Work hard play hard

For everything else there’s MasterCard

I have I have I have all the best stuff

I bet he drinks Carling

He looks kinda rough

Gas coal and oil

The planet it boils

Screw it

Just do it

Who cares if it spoils

If there is shit

Then we’re shovelling it

But we care not a bit

Because we are loving it

This can’t last forever

It’s a fairly safe bet

Is this really

The best a man gets

Consume deplete

Live in compliance

This is the rot

The appliance of science

Advertising hoods

Finger lickin’ good

My health fuck it

Eat shit by the bucket

This credit card’s a git

Don’t leave home without it

We’re ravers and cravers

We’re masters and slavers

Lost sight of ourselves

Should have gone to spec savers

Does this fit that bit

Cashmere fine knit

Close pit job quit

Because we’re really worth shit

COBWEBS

There are certain cobwebs that just cannot be reached

And as I wake from dreaming you’re back here among the sheets

Over years the dream it changes as the mind rewinds

Memories that first were scathing turn into something kind

Young love is strewn with flowers bright as early morn

But some flowers like the roses also come with thorns

And upon those thorns we get pierced and we see a little blood

But time is like a plaster that mends you back to love

And now that both our lives are fine and strangers we remain

You remember only good things so it wasn’t all in vain

There are certain cobwebs that just cannot be reached

They dance and stir upon the air they rest on memories beach

Some cobwebs are for keeping

To be snagged on when you’re sleeping

And I send you my love

With a laugh and a smile and a shove