

Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for Mavis



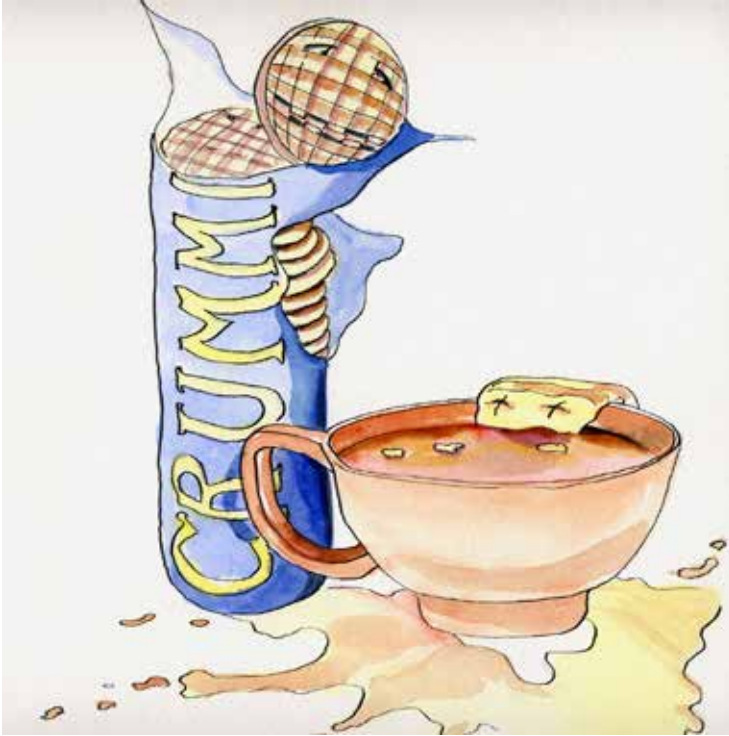
The blue overcoat
comes home from school every night
and flings itself negligently onto the floor
in a crumpled heap.



The carrots
lie around indigently on the plate
long after
all the other vegetables have departed.



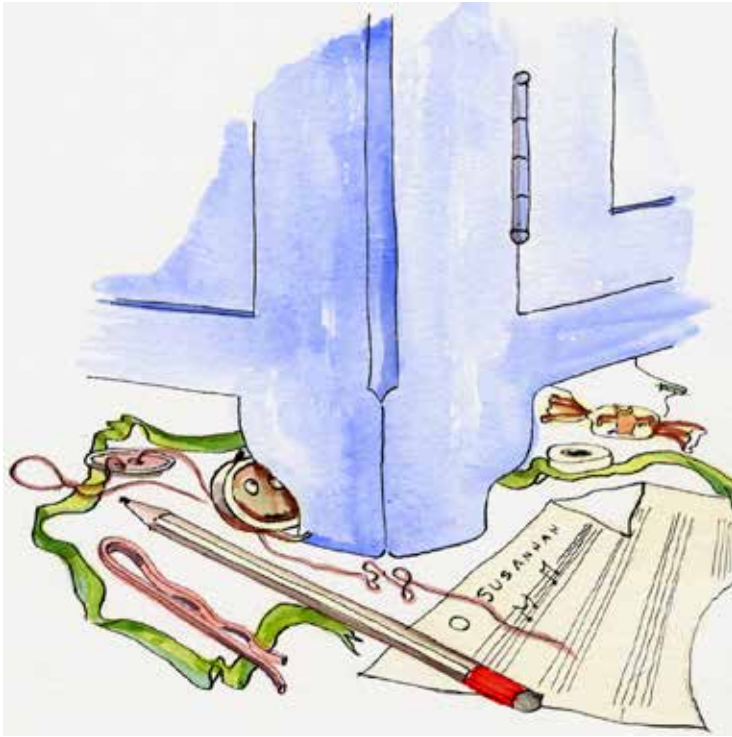
Shunning all human contact
the toothbrush
maintains an aloof, disdainful demeanour, nose in air.
Yet its feet repose in foetid goop.



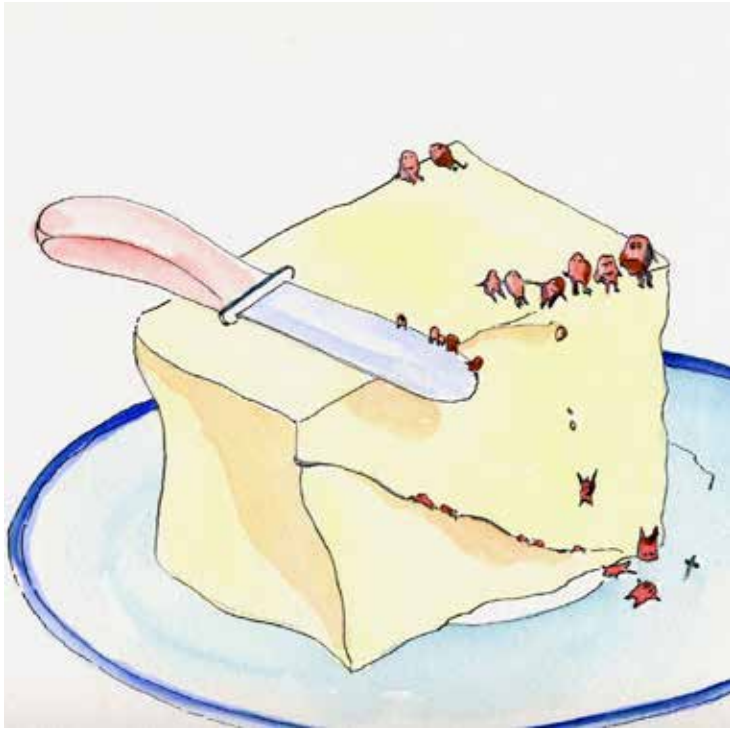
The ringleader of a package of chocolate biscuits
readies to hurl himself like a cannonball
into a sea of hot chocolate below
– with predictable results.



Twin socks live radically different lives,
one pure and exemplary,
enjoys frequent expeditions to the laundry
while its mate
lurks in unseemly, low-life places.



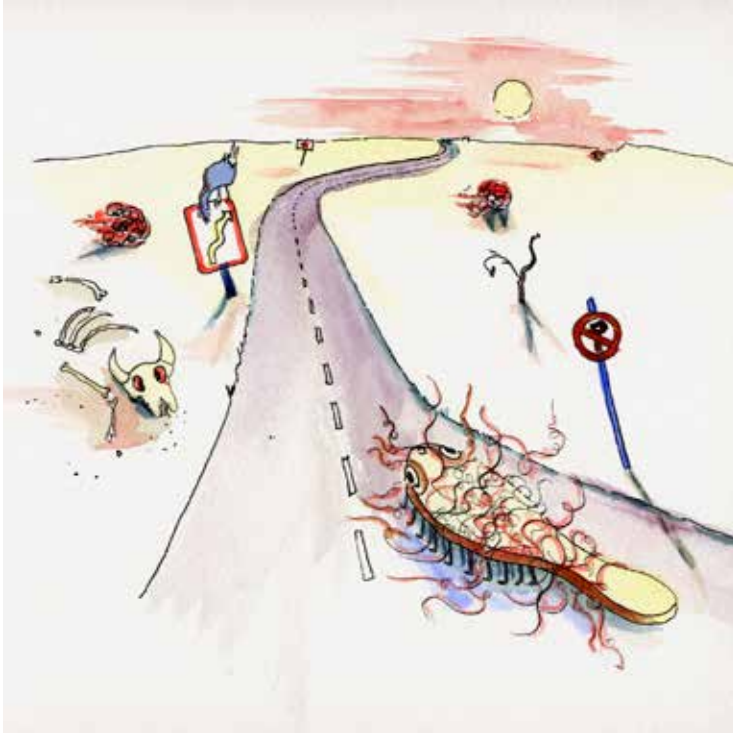
The violin bow rosin,
(absolutely indispensable for any practice session)
skulks guiltily under the armoire
and camouflages itself among the floor debris.
A gloating smile fleets across its lips.



Nervous toast crumbs
teeter on the brink of a butter precipice
knowing that if they put a foot wrong ...



The Jack of Hearts
creates a cosy retreat among the dust balls
and furnishes it
with 'objets trouves' and jigsaw pieces.



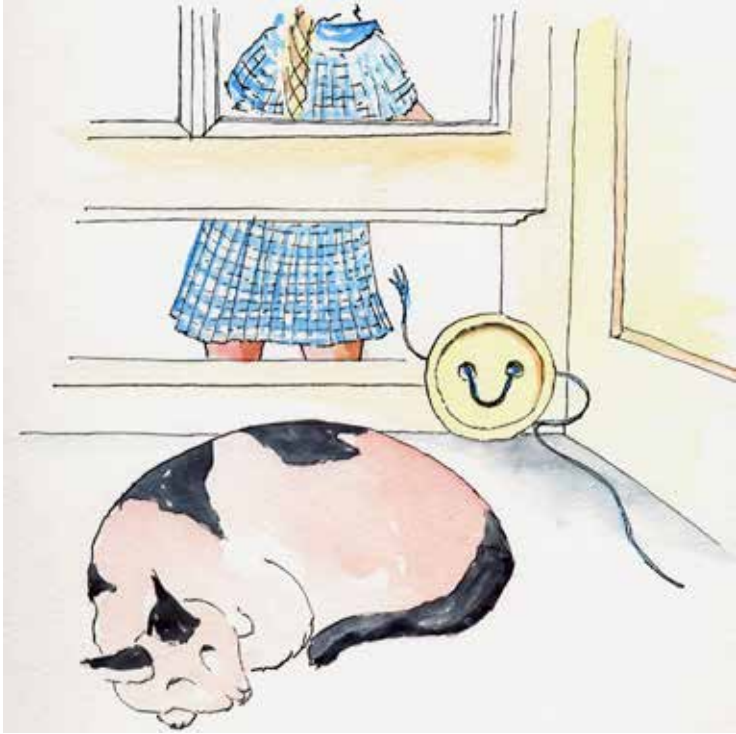
The hairbrush,
disguised, as tumbleweed,
takes to the freedom of the open road
in unfettered romantic spirit.



A gaggle of frosties
wades across a milk marsh streaking the breakfast table.
They quickly lose their youthful zest
and become unpleasantly bloated.



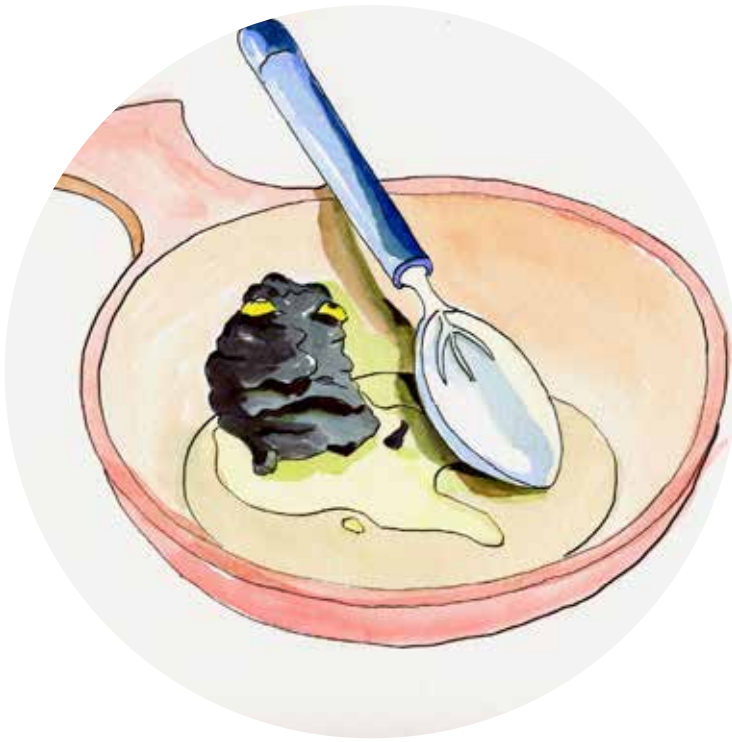
An array of ill-matched items
clusters around a sign that reads
"Do not put anything on this shelf".
Could this possibly refer to them?



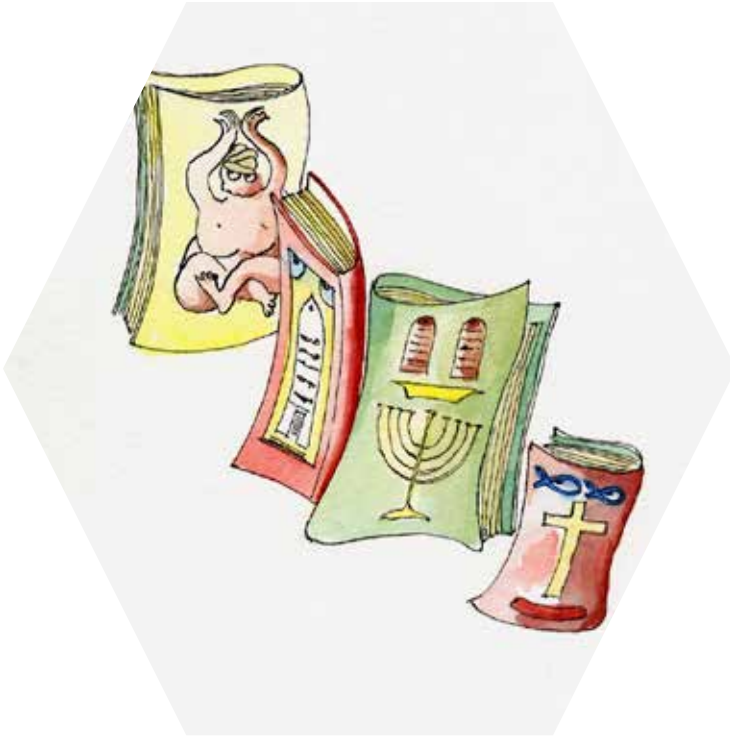
The missing button
watches the summer uniform depart for school,
smugly anticipating
a quiet day of leisure knocking about the house.



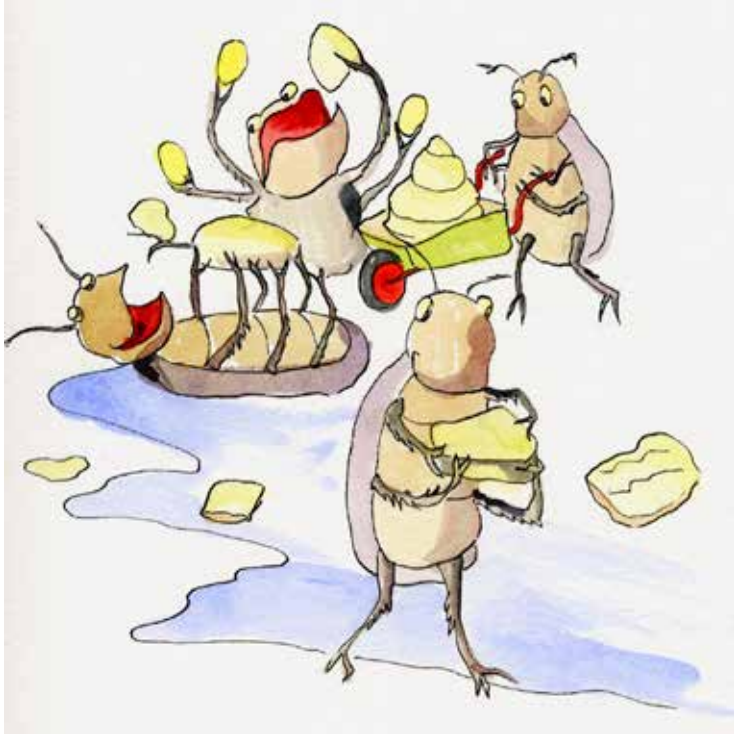
The maple syrup gives a gleeful shriek of
“OOPSIE”
as it floods out of the bottle,
setting the pancakes adrift.



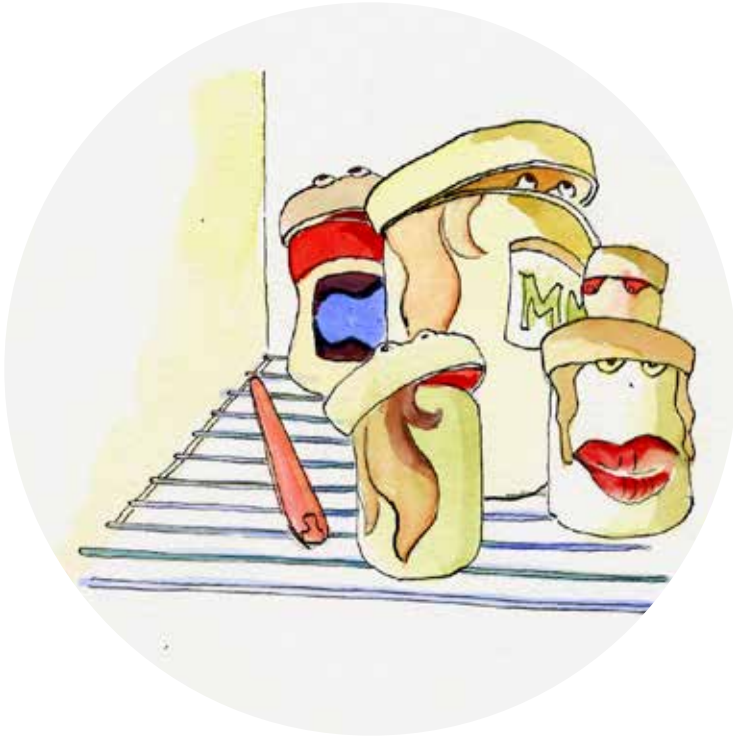
A solitary prune,
huddled in the bottom of the dish,
considers his gloomy prospects
and wonders why he has not been invited.



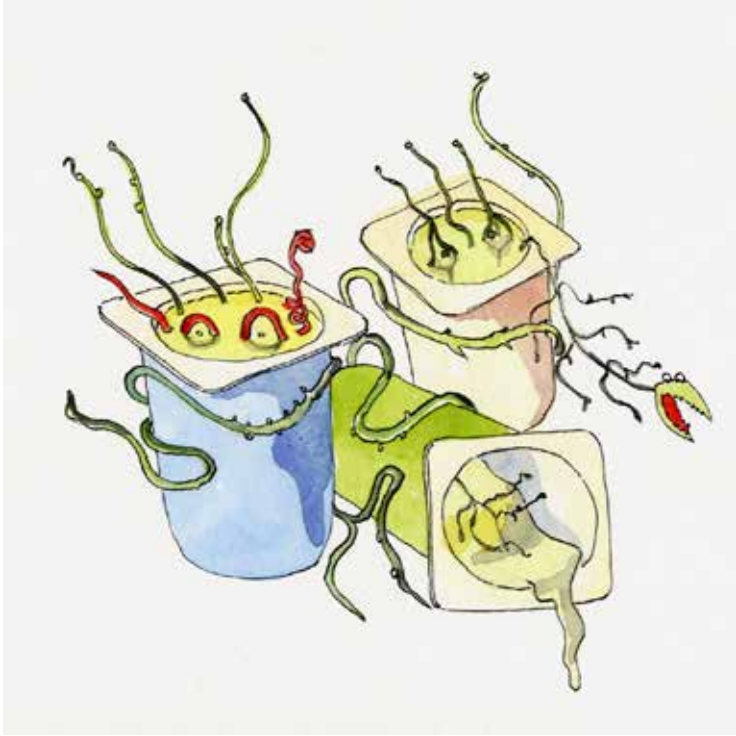
The R.E. homework
skulks shiftily off into the living room
to spend a little 'quality time'
in meditative solitude.



Eager opportunists
collect interesting flotsam
of bacon bits bobbing enticingly
on lashings of frothy cream.



Exotic flavours of ice cream
jostle each other in the freezer.
Though they adopt provocative 'come hither' postures,
in truth they lead empty and broken lives.



A tangle of yoghurts, all past their prime,
has retired to a peaceful haven in a corner of the refrigerator
hoping to avoid the Best Before Date Police.
They dedicate themselves to personal growth and
transcendence in their sunset years.



The nimble abacus bee
carefully monitors others' deficiencies.
It has categories for such activities as
'number of glasses of wine consumed'
or
'chocolates eaten'
which it displays on a large and ostentatious screen.

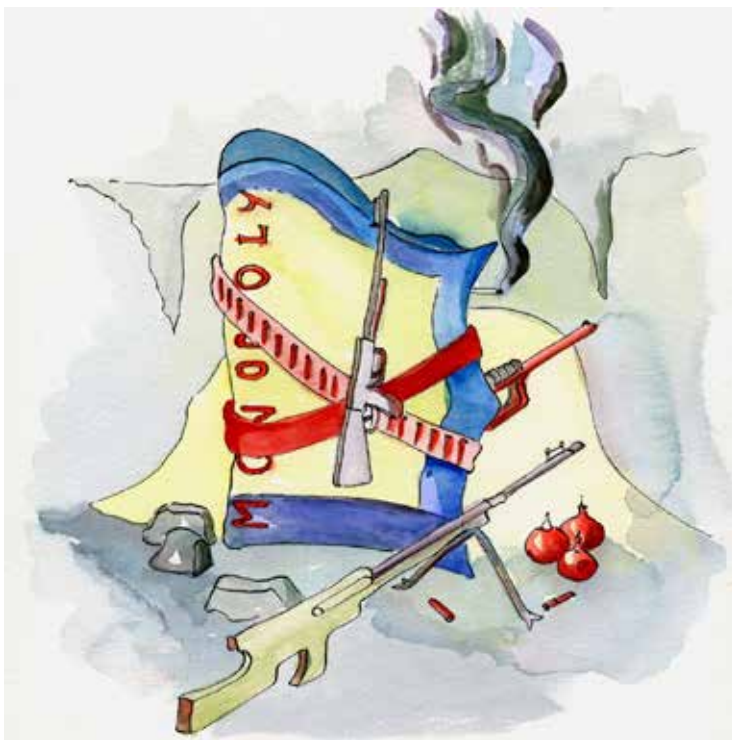


The apparently benign,
turquoise, soft-tone Baby Gee watch
becomes a mite strident as it announces,

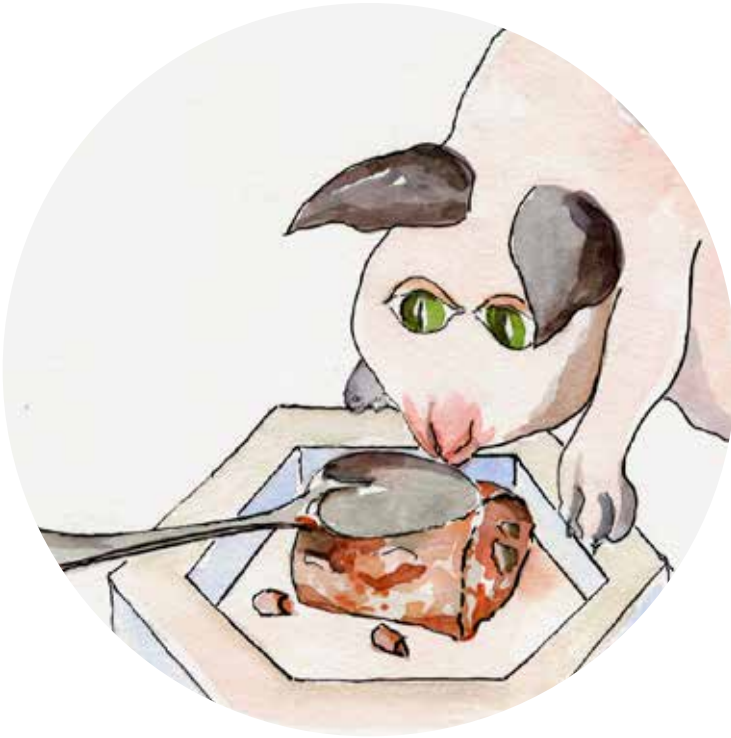
“You’re 7 ½ minutes late.”



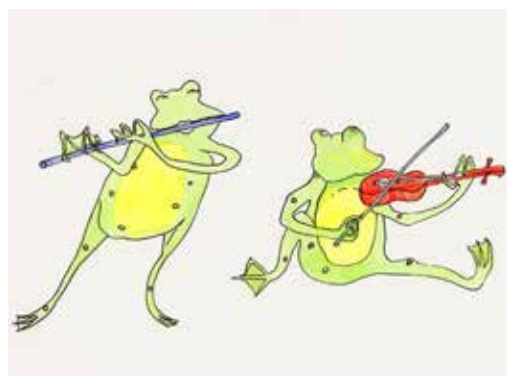
The endangered pet goldfish
clears a little porthole through the slime
and stares stupidly
out at a world that makes little sense to him.



Like a terrorist hidden in a cave in Afghanistan,
the Monopoly Rulebook
emerges only on special occasions
to spout some text of Holy Writ.



Pinky
considers the paramount importance of
presentation
in the preparation of a cat's supper.





Finis

*Yours Truly,
Flaubert Esq.*

