

(For We Like Sheep)



‘Farming Without Tears’

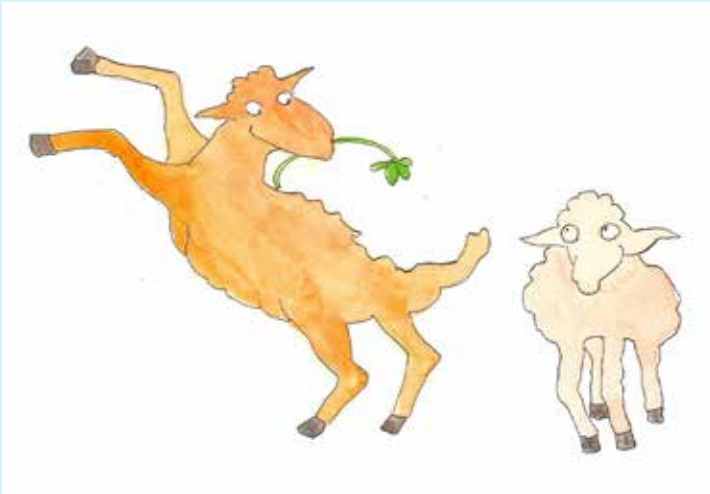
Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for My Favorite Sheep and Goat

A Farmers Almanac

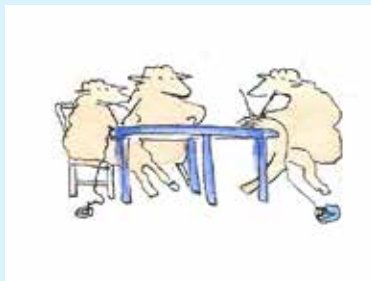


This little tome of helpful verse
Will help forewarn the risk averse,
All those who thrive on admonition
And prudently rein in ambition.
For when new projects leap to mind
Legion cynics you will find.
'Too big, too small, ne'er done before
Or seen so often – quite the bore."
Most, like sheep, prefer to graze
On well trod paths, untroubled ways.
But sterling spirit's not deflected
When new frontiers are detected
Perseverance 'midst adversity
Is rarely taught at university.

Farming Without Tears



In wide farming circles the word moves with speed
That this destination will meet every need.
The pilgrims converging from far and away
Anticipate pleasures of long holiday.



The sheep at the kitchen roundtable are sitting
Discussing their children, the weather and knitting.
Their lambs leap and gambol around in the den
Having escaped from restrictive playpen.

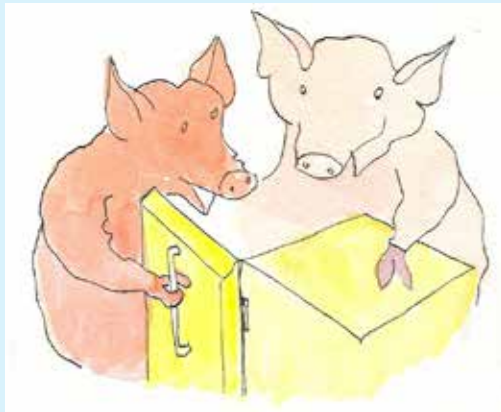
While cows sleep quite soundly, tucked up in warm beds
With pillows of sweet hay tucked under their heads.



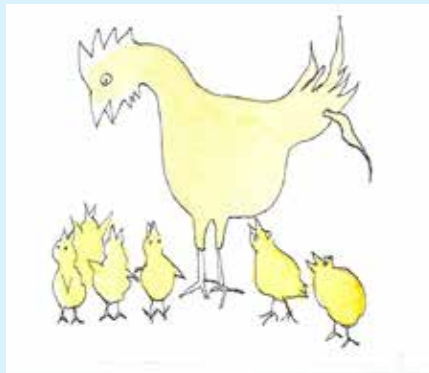
The goats sip their beer and their whiskers admire
Regaling each other in front of the fire.



The pigs in the larder just gasp in pure pleasure
At the paradise ice box attending their leisure.



The rooster is jolly, and chicks flock around him
While the coffee clique hens plot how to confound him.
Kittens and puppies, quite heedless of mayhem
Bowling their eggs round wherever hens lay 'em.





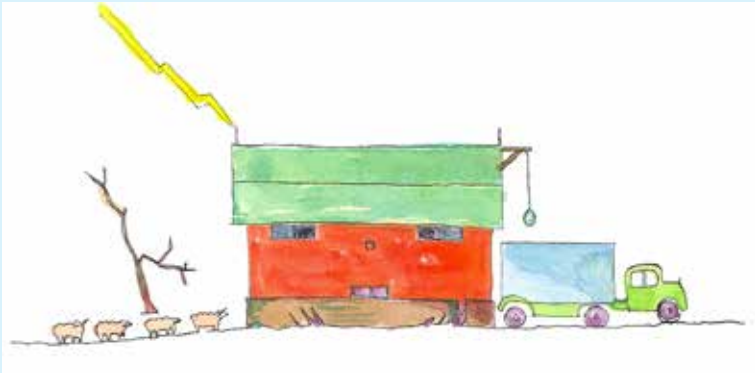
An imperious turkey just gobbles with glee
At the omni-shambles she can oversee.
Toasting the hostess the guests make quite merry
Pleased they found refuge in this sanctuary.



While Farmer McKenzie retreats to barn stall
And surveys her bleak fields through a chink in the wall.
Researching her guidebook ***"Farming Without Tears"***
She hopes to enlist more restrained volunteers.

The Perils of Farming:

Few realise that modern farm
Is workplace with great danger fraught
So much around to do you harm,
It's not the idyll as once thought.



Lambs abducted by cruel foxes
Lambs cut off above the knees
Lambs stuffed into cardboard boxes
Selected lambs dragged off to freeze!

Lambs denuded by cruel shears
Lambs subjected to quick dips
Lambs prized for their tender years
Strange mutant lambs with goujon hips.

Lambs made toast by lightning strikes
Some to rash temptations yield.
Lambs away on programmed hikes
Lambs that wander far afield.

But...



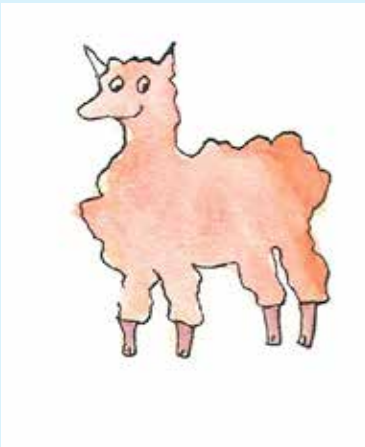
Instead of living lives in fear
The farm-wise lamb dons safety gear.
Helmet, goggles, earmuffs, guard
Protect the head, however hard.

Encased in anti-bullet vest
And high viz jacket, once warm dressed
With compass, whistles packed away
And can of anti-farmer spray.

Stock up weapons in your purse
'Gainst aggro-terrorist or worse
Now you're ready for the fray
A day of romping in the hay.

A Farmers Alphabet:

In farming life home truths are bared
Success attends those best prepared
So here's a comprehensive list
Of directives for the alphabist.



Alpacas though so fleecy coated

Beneath it all become quite bloated.

Politely request honey, please,

From angry hive of enraged **B**ees.



Barn **C**ats grow large and may consume,



The smaller creatures in the room.

The pretentious **D**eer's misguided posin

Venison sounds so imposing!



Eggs have Rights, do not invade them.

Against their Charter 'tis to grade them.

Ugly **F**ranken-Fish are spawned

In murky depths of farming pond.



Greek myths reveal a **G**oat's true Spirit

Pretty maids should not go near it.

Beware the humour of your **H**orse

It can at times be very coarse.



Sad **I**daho her patch surveys

She has no friends below to pass convivial days.

A scattered **J**ee**p** displayed for all to see

Rust plays a crucial part in farm ecology.

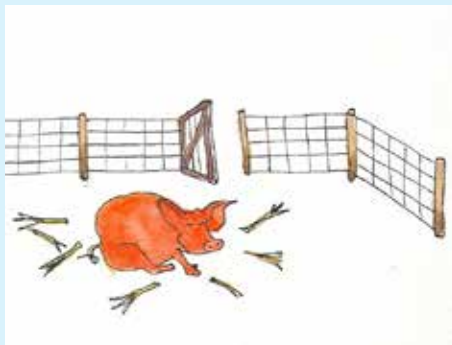


A **K**elpie will display its mettle

Along with tangled burr and nettle.

The **L**EEK husks strewn round old sow's feet

Have proved delicious autumn treat.

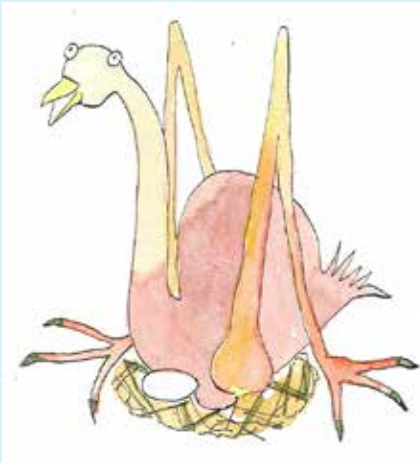


All goats on **M**elon patch converge

Drawn by unresisted urge.

One should never try to goad,

The anger of the **N**emotode.

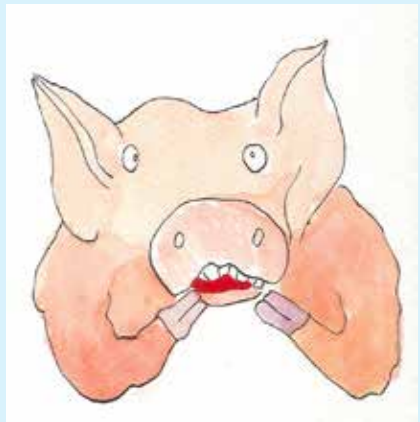


The **O**strich has such lengthy legs

It's too far down to hatch its eggs.

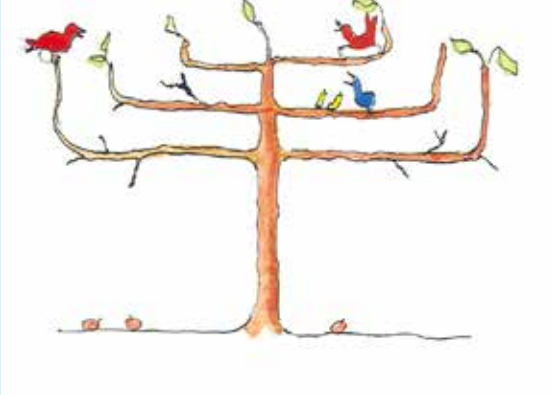
The **P**ig, though stuffed, continues pleading

Its manners a success of breeding.



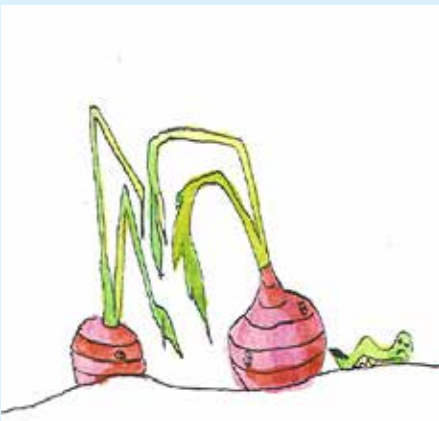
The birdlife roosting in the **Q**uince

Have completely stripped it bare long since.



The **R**ooster strives to sound imposing

From crack of dawn to long day's closing.

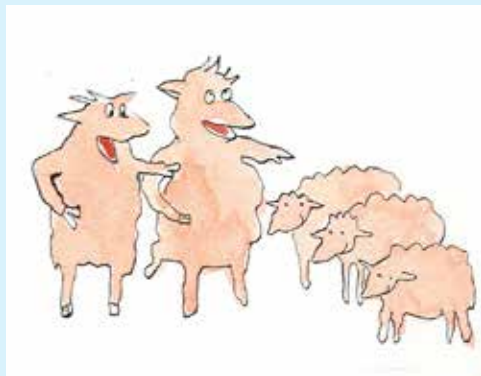


The **S**ugar beets, inaptly named,

For wizened nubs no charms are claimed.

The **T**ups stand round and hurl abuse

At all the self-contained old Ewes.



Udders of the cows are full

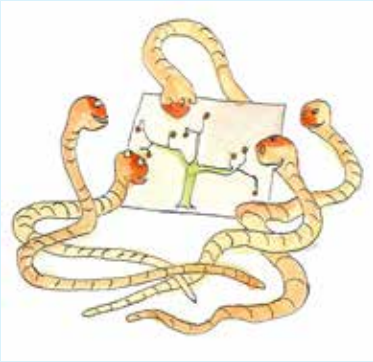
They glance in loathing at the bull.

The **V**ultures perched upon the roof

Seem otherworldly and aloof.



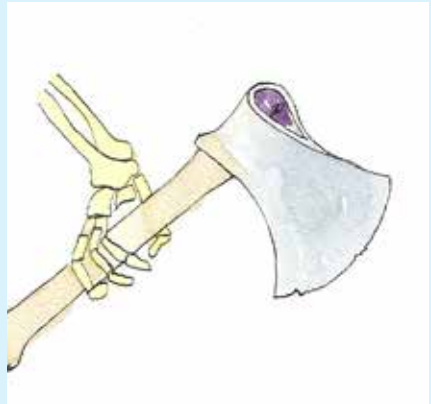
The life in **W**ormery seethes, tortured



They're plotting onslaught on the orchard.

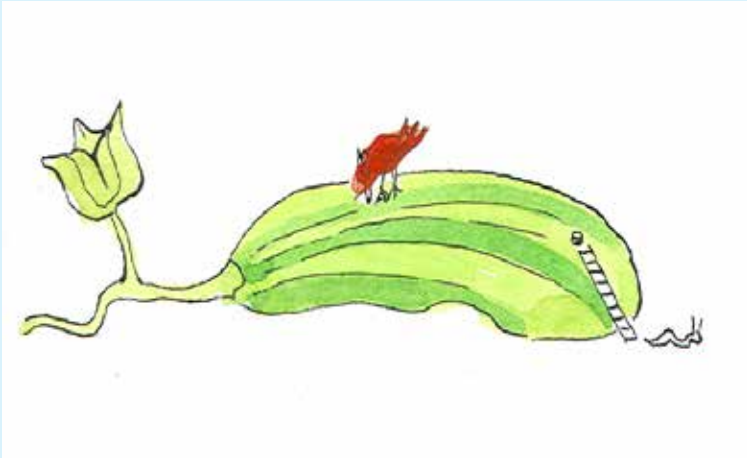
The **aX**e unsheathed may seem benign

In truth it's only biding time.



The **Y**ak imported in on spec.

Proves colossal pain in neck.



Zucchini is larger than canoes
Boast a pulp quite free of juice.

Transgressive Sheep

While some prefer to safely graze
And ruminate in vacant haze
Transgressive sheep would redefine
All frontiers by o'erhoofing line.

At times the little Lamb-ent scion
Is on face of it quite tryin'
When admonition "Don't" you sigh
It's followed by a whining "Why?"

Often needing redirection
Or nous, at least, escape detection.
How drear to find in one so young
Such unrewarding sense of fun.

Those who challenges by impropriety
Only induce grave *agnus-xiety*.



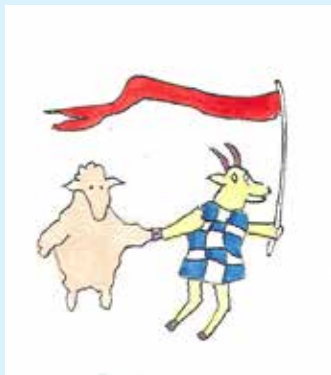
Seasons Greetings

The weather is a'changing, good auguries are few
Effects are quite far-ranging, we need an overview.
Cyclones and inversions follow hail and then dust storms
Surprising new incursions are upsetting all the norms.

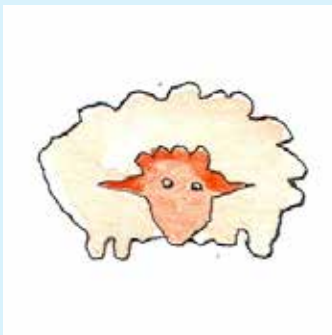
January, once so bleak, but now the paw-paw trees
Come bursting forth around the creek, where parrots take their ease.



When ***February*** wheezes in, the torrid sultry weather
Stirs rebellious gypsy blood, brings ill-matched souls together.



In **March** the sheep on high-carb diet have not thought of mating
Unreined gluttony runs riot, all other thoughts abating.



In **April** heavy rains descend, and retreat into the barns
Results in griping without end, and spinning wishful yarns.



In **May** the June bugs all swoop in to sample the potatoes
They are it seems put in a spin by onslaught of tornados.



The whirlwinds of a wild typhoon now whip the barns away
Reducing largesse that was **June**, the house is where all stay.



July at last the mayflies come, waft in on sultry breeze.
First they savage feeble crops and move then on to trees.



In **August**, fresh snow covers fields in lovely frothy blanket.
Underneath the seasons yields are such we tend to thank it.



September offers brief respite
Fair-weather friends will all take flight.



October and November come
And remaining inmates feel quite numb.



December, a despondent slough, at least brings shorter days.
Barren fields quite empty now, let's raise a glass in praise!





Signs of the Times

“Don’t this, don’t that’- they make you wince -

A litany of helpful hints.

The signs that greet you everywhere

Just numb the mind, vacate the stare

“Don’t sit, don’t stand, don’t run, don’t walk,

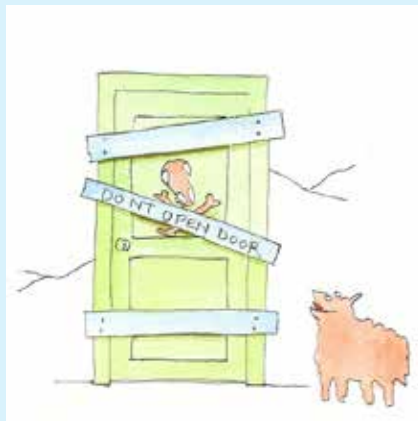
Don’t squeeze in hand, don’t fold, don’t talk.”

Those young that to vain fancies fly

Inherent risks do not espy

If bent on comfort follow rules

And shun all feckless, rule-less fools.

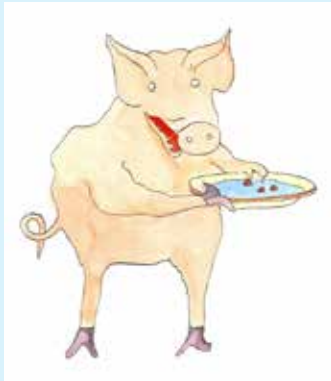


“Don’t open door” – a word to wise
To view inside it is ill advised.

“Don’t touch – The Contents may be hot”

Is risible for those whose lot
Has consigned them to eternal clime
Of global warming to end-of-time.
When lives above have been misspent
Below it’s too late to repent.





Don't feed the animals - let them drool'
They thrive on hogwash and thin gruel.

The bottle if you read it close,
Says primly 'Don't exceed the dose.'
But when you're ill small print may vex us
You may succumb to misjudged excess.

The prudent farmer, risk averse
Won't wait for illness to rehearse.
But build a routine to full throttle
Dispensing his pills by the bottle.
Knowing that should sickness brew
Hard fast routines will see all through



Every thing these days for sure
Is carefully labelled 'Best Before'
Every product on the market
Provides advice for wise to hark it.

Some say a juicy little lamb
Is "Best Before" a certain age.
The wise and sinewed, tough old ram
Counters this with view more sage.





“Don’t touch the Paint!” is stated clearly
The sign seems old, half-hearted nearly
Or guidance for another who
Aesthetically has scarce a clue.

Perhaps that painter quite forgot
To cover up a threadbare spot.
I’ll touch it up, that’s what I’ll do
And then soak up the residue.

Some rules at first sight seem quite screwy
Like “Don’t at high speed pull a ewey”.
But being prone to dim reflection.
Many ewes crave redirection.





“Don’t drink and Drive!” A misadventure
Could result in public censure.
Reflexes of drink-addled mind
Are quite erratic, and danger blind.
A tot imbibed may lend a sense
Of recklessness, omnipotence.
(So driving tractors should be banned
With favourite beverage clasped in hand)

The Sofa Police

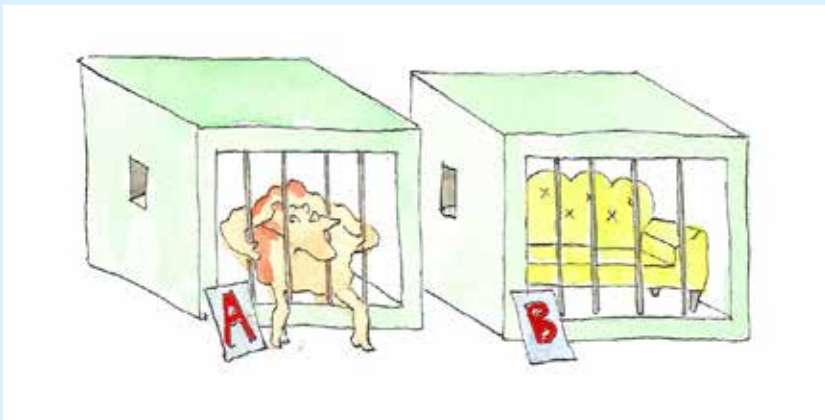
At front and centre, nagging label
‘New Material – Don’t Remove’
Spells tragic ending to this fable,
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS it will prove.

Woolly Tup whose stream of thought was somewhat less than lateral
Viewed label on what he had bought, “Who cares about *material*?”

But no sooner that this deed was done and label hit the floor
Than siren wailing down the street, there was a rap at door.

Credentials with officious haste were snapped before his face
And Woolly then was carted off with total lack of grace.

This sad malefactor lands in court, Exhibit A for all to see
The sofa within the box nearby is marked Exhibit B.





So much advice from which to choose

So many Don'ts

– *what are the Do's?*

Superbreeds

Oh for a flock of GM Sheep
That knit up sweaters in their sleep,
Or lambs that stand in docile queue
And volunteer to make the stew.

Or perhaps a cow with polished pail
That bottles its own gold top milk
Or rooster that is new age male
With mellow voice as smooth as silk.

Or piglets with no time to waste
Insatiable for pungent swill
Exercise suits not their taste
But body building will.



And chickens that lay tetra eggs
That stack and never roll about
Or ostrich that has midget legs
And bull that is unracked with doubt.



And burgeoning crops to fill our fields
With cornucopia of yields.
And sheep dog that knows all the tricks
And Micromanage, Version Six.

Song of the Road

Many think the Highway Code
Impedes the challenge of the road.
It's full of rules that cramp one's style
Should be consigned to rank and file.



But pleasures of a large farm tractor
Provide a whole new challenge factor.

The tardiness of timid car
Is brushed aside in highway war.
To hold position, astride the line
Upfront road's empty, conditions prime.

A liberal use of tooting horn
Will aid swift passage through a town.
Your shovel prods a slowpoke forward
While farrow aft deters the froward.

The face distorts, the nose is flared
(And ne'er a back-seat caution's aired)
While knuckles whiten on the wheel
With mighty roar, tires forward squeal.

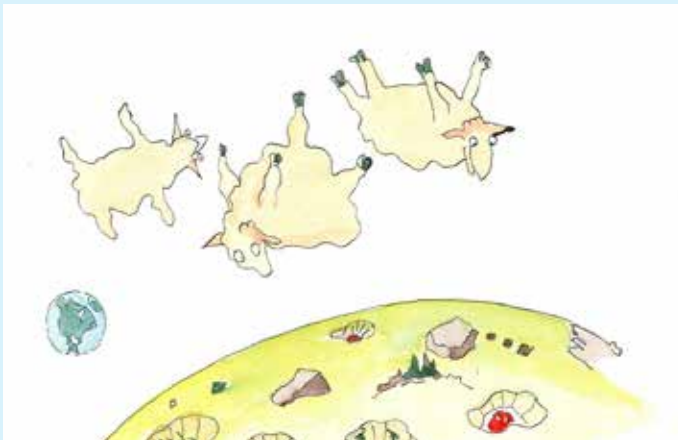


Bringing up Lambs

Lambs at early age are taught
To shun the role of astronaut.
This species is not best evolved
For lunar probes, connundrums solved.

The weightlessness of capsule life
Results in anxious inner strife.
Nor is their brain quite large enough
To cram with scientific stuff.

And bouncing round on lunar wastes
Will satisfy few lamb-like tastes.
Though life on farm may seem ungracious
These other worlds may prove voracious.



Lambs imbued with judgement sound,
Will keep four feet firm on the ground.

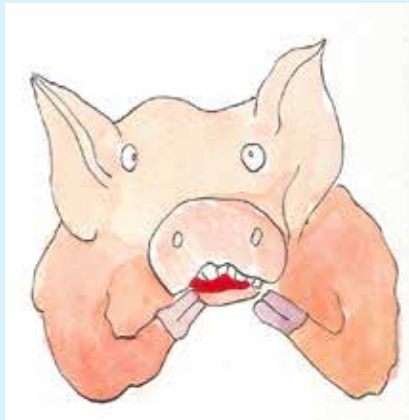
On the Perils of Living Off Grid



Ruffy Swayback loved her swinsty safely snuggled 'gainst a hill
Far away from any village, placed beside a babbling rill.
Having left crass world behind her, in the boondocks she was hid
Independence, self-reliance, living nobly off the grid.

Alas she had one fateful habit, the media held great allure
With tales of horror, far off mayhem,
The world beyond seemed insecure.
She read of evils scarce imagined, enemies she's never known
Of mighty weapons of vast scale, perhaps all levelled at her home.

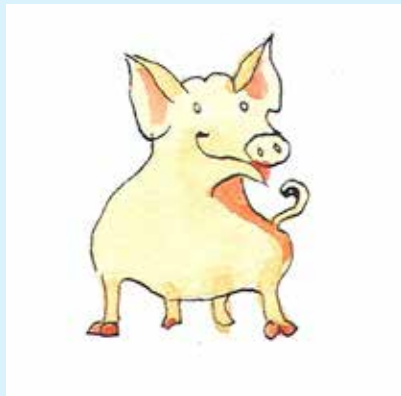
Meanwhile a distant, backroom boffin traipsing round the internet
Drew a blank round Ruffy's homestead, terror hideout was his bet.
So grasping straws to root out evil, a Satan lurking in the midst
He despatched his airforce and tank squadron,
as regime change catalyst.



Ruffy, late returned from ramble and cavorting in the hay
Instead of swinsty she was greeted by enormous warm soufflé

Beware !

Beware of shepherds, led by sheep dogs, wearing chequered pants
Beware of swineherds, with fat piglets, casting greedy glance.



Beware of drovers driving gaggles, cracking their cruel whips
Beware of vendors selling chicks with purse little lips.



Beware of cowboys, driving cattle, smoking cigarettes.
Beware of lambs who like to gambol placing reckless bets.



Beware of sentences deranged, their words in disarray
And if I were you I'd turn blind eye to scansion gone astray.

The Perils of Extended Youth

Your baby Lamb is not for Christmas,
it's for long term you should know.
But just how long to foster lambhood,
or sustain its afterglow?
The problem in prolonging childhood
past the start of middle age
Results in swathes of population
endowed with habits less than sage.



Youth's a time of trials and danger,
facing what one does not know
Exploring what's beyond the manger,
learning how to manage woe.
So, help your lamb to take up fencing,
crusading with embittered steel
Help them yearn to conjure magic,
finding realms beyond the real.

Some climb mountains and ford rivers,
or take wild chance on a bet
Try a tippie, seek a flutter,
or hazard puff on cigarette.

Some might seek out foreign places
perhaps to sample unknown food
Some there are who put through traces
regrettably beome unglued.

Lambhood's fraught with double danger
now that it's got double long
Forget the g-Lamb-our of Lamb-ranger;
create a bulwark that is strong.
For these who feel some risk aversion,
if danger's not their cup of tea.
Let them retreat from all excursion,
into virtual reality.



Basilisk Bacillus: Micro Farming

Wolymangus read farm journals, long he planned his micro-farm
(Farming culture's more rewarding when internees feel no harm.)

Microfarming is a comfort (at least its agonies may pale
When the inmates are quite tiny, remote on evolution's scale)

Forsake those dreary mornings tiresome mucking out the barn
Or the ups and downs of market, or disease to do friends harm.
Nor will those ingrates need re-shodding, no ill-tempered souls to dip
No injections, general plodding, all daring you to loosen grip.

One early morning in the farm lab, craving just a toothsome snack
She bethought to try her product, winking last one from out back.
Faithfully inspected label, "Best Before" alas, expired.
She carefully placed it on the table, her appetite became quite fired.

Should she follow firm instruction? Peering wistfully into the box
She dipped a finger in the culture, "I'll compensate, turn back the
clocks!"

The effect of this rash action was an instant to behold
A virulent bacillus sprang up, leered at her so bold.

Those tentacles were long and slimy smelling of decaying fish,
Caressed her skin which turned grey-green
as they throttled her from dish.

Glossary

In choosing whether stay or go.

The wise recall the

A-Lamb-o.

Invite a wolf into your hoose

And suddenly

Bed-Lamb breaks loose.

Excess of enforced amity

Precipitates

Ca-Lamb-ity.

Sometimes the calm and self-controlled

De-Lamb-inate

and break the mould.

The horns are there to put their pots on,

E-Lamb-mentary,

my dear Watson.

A tendency to be
F-Lamb-oyant
Is abrasive and annoying.

A **G**-Lamb-orous
or winsome pout
Puts ill-at-ease the world without.

If in search of haunts quite low
Then to **H**ar-Lamb
you should go.

Inf-Lamb-itory puns,
so poor-in-tasty,
May incur reaction hasty.

Seeking out the best confection?
You should try our
J-Lamb-section.

Sometimes the **L**amb-ent soul within
Is irksome for all next of kin.

An ill considered **M**a-Lamb-prop
May bring orations to a stop.

Though you're to that nature bent
Please avoid plaintive
Lam-e**N**t

If sports ambitions be that bold
O-Lamb-pic
aspirations hold.

If to Lamb-**P**oon you are prone
Expect some rancour
and a groan.

These words themselves provide the balm
You ought to master any
Qua-Lamb.

Literature's mighty
Rea-Lamb.
Do not hold back, assume the helm.

Pick up the gauntlet, be a man
Throw down your mighty
fine grand **S**-Lamb.

Though some just think it vegetation
A **Lambs**-**T**ongue
can seduce a nation.

Revelation, free of grammar
Will bring about
a new **U**-Lamb-a.

Though rarely do we speak from heart,
V-Lamb-ink
has done some stellar art.

An o'er indulged and hearty ram bull
May be detected by his
Wa-Lamb-le

The rooster on the fence so proud
Is prone to e**X**c-Lamb-ation loud.

If you like great stories – tell ‘em

If you know great answers –

Yell-**Lamb**!

If in search of August snow.

Then to New **Z**ea-**Lamb**-d

you should go





A Farm Fate Rests with Lady Luck!

Yours,

(the egg-regious)

Fl@ubert Duck

