

The Ark of the Dove



Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for My Favorite Sheep and Goat

The Hawk

Potent symbol, rich in history
Is the warlike raptor, hawk.
The reasons for this are no mystery
Power comes with trenchant squawk.

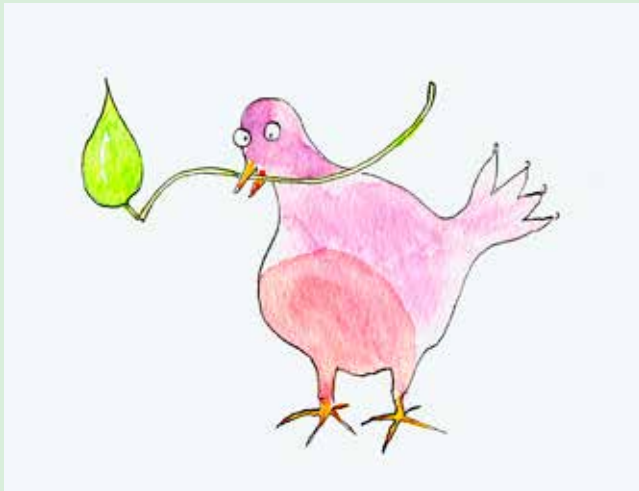
The hawk released from metall'd gaunt
And buffeted on halcyon airs
Whose baleful eyes, so flint-sharp haunt
Mild souls a-dream in cosy lairs.



Quick in spotting opportunity
His dreadful purpose soaring high
From compunction Nature grants immunity
When juicy morsels trundle by.

The hawk though, sensitive to "spin"
Adopts a lordly nature regal
To draw a veil o'er victims' din
Prefers to couch himself as "eagle"

The Dove



The gentle, soft, compliant dove
Is quite a different sort
Submitting to life's push and shove.
Aggression's not her forte.

The symbol of a covenant
And creature of no small mystique
She coos and cuddles, amidst life's muddles
And preens a plump, robust physique.

For long ago in Noah's Ark
When hawks were holding court in hold
One dove, Columba, braved the dark
Unwontedly, quite bold.

The first excursion day of flight
In search of something better
She returned exhausted by the night
Older, wiser, wetter.



Holed up at cards in smoky lair
The hawk it seems knew all the tips
Surveying gulls, their anxious stare,
Took mental notes and licked his lips.

On next day's flight to Dove's relief
She spied green branch midst sea of death
She swooped back bearing olive leaf
And clucked a challenge under breath.

The hawk of course was unimpressed
With this small talisman of hope
Returned below to line his nest
And condescend to little folk.



The dove then turned upon her wing
And made her get-away
Her myriad descendants cling
To olive branch, until this day.

Though all that happened long ago
Is history washed with many rains
Despite the promise of rainbow
Their rivalry remains.



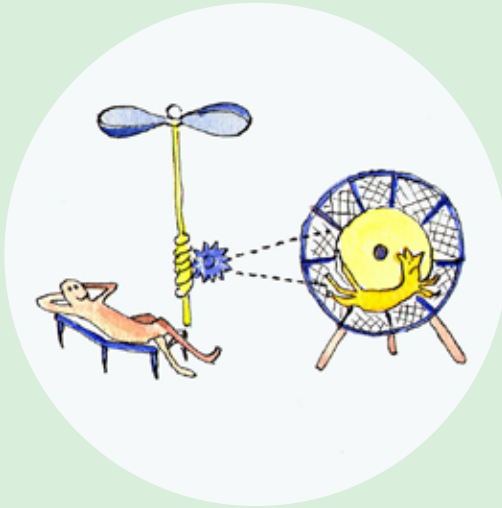
The New Ark



Now times have changed since Ararat
Where great ark came to ground
Then world spread round quite sodden flat
No high-tech to be found.

But Noah's offspring soon found ways
Improving daily life
To pass in comfort idle days
By mechanising strife.

And all too soon descendant's world
Was with convenience strewn
And strange devices purred and whirled
- A gidget gadget boom.



Equipment with innate desire
To throb or buzz or boom
Create explosions and set fire
Or electrify the gloom.

Thus world transformed beyond all ken
Insecurity has grown
Life had been so much simpler then
Had Noah only known.

Today

Today's news inundates our lives
With errant climate changing
It's frightful, doom-lade and contrives
To set our minds deranging.

The hawks believe they have carte blanche
To terrorise the lesser folk
Demanding ever greater tranche
To maintain order under yolk.

Technology is the answer they
Propose to war on climate change
Building armies for the fray
To engage anything in range.





MckNoah was a distant scion
Of those ancient noble genes
Whose prudent instincts we can rely on
Worth much more than hill o' beans.

But McKeNoah knows the world perverse
Began to dire predictions hark
With foresight, being risk-adverse
She planned to build a second ark.

But because a drought had gripped the nation
With winds, tornados, species death
The concept needed modification
She laboured on not drawing breath.



The deluge of this day and age
Is something metaphorical
And a product of some press box rage
For depression categorical.

For who needs bloodshed photophonic
Explosions, crashes, torrid soaps
Or reality, endless, boring, chronic
To wear us down, and quash our hopes.

This new ark needs a soundproof wall
And news black out that's total
Return to life before the Fall
In sort of Eco-Friendly hotel.

McNoah read The Book with care
And pondered 'cubits' with the cat.
Drew up some specs and bill of fare
And sketched her scheme on table mat.



With jaunt off to the Mega-Store
A sense of vision sudden surged
And so before the day was o'er
Four mighty juggernauts converged.

Debouched their cargoes on the lawn
Of nails and tools of every means
Of pristine beams four square and strong
And plywood from the Philippines.





The Demolition Crew

Creating space to spread the ark
And set out all these mighty beams
Some trees were felled to clear the park
The lot still bursting at the seams.

The dove then roosting under gable
Surveyed the scene with some alarm
This concept seemed a mite unstable
Might engender no small harm.

A demolition, swift but loud,
The rowdy crew embraced their labours
The rising dust attracted crowd
Of curious, beleaguered neighbours.

This knockdown made a boisterous din
Explosions come as a surprise.
Meanwhile another van rolled in
Disgorging more supplies.

McKNoah strode around her gardens
Checking, sorting this great cache
Vision firms and purpose hardens
No faint-heart moment for relâche.

The Planner:

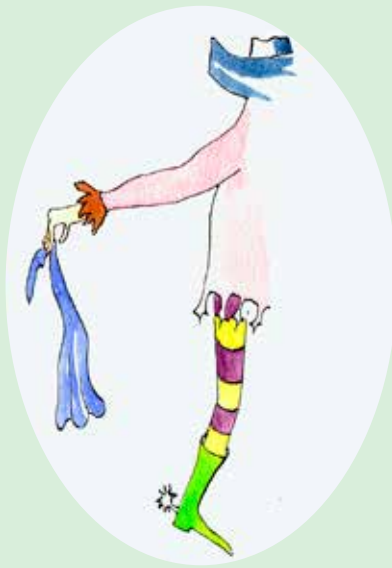


Now next - a Plan Consent was sought
The council sent around its best
Who sneered contempt at very thought
Of such egregious lapse of taste.

To him the plans were "reckless, vile
And lacking curb appeal
Eroding local village style"
They made his blood congeal.

undaunted MckN sketched some more
Adding frills and small effacements
A rosy vine around the door
And ornamental casements.

The dove now looking down from roof
Began to coo her staunch approval
The new plans seem much less aloof
Less conducive to removal.



The Planner then threw in the towel
And mumbled consent to proceed
(Works were advanced quite far by now
MckN paid little heed.)



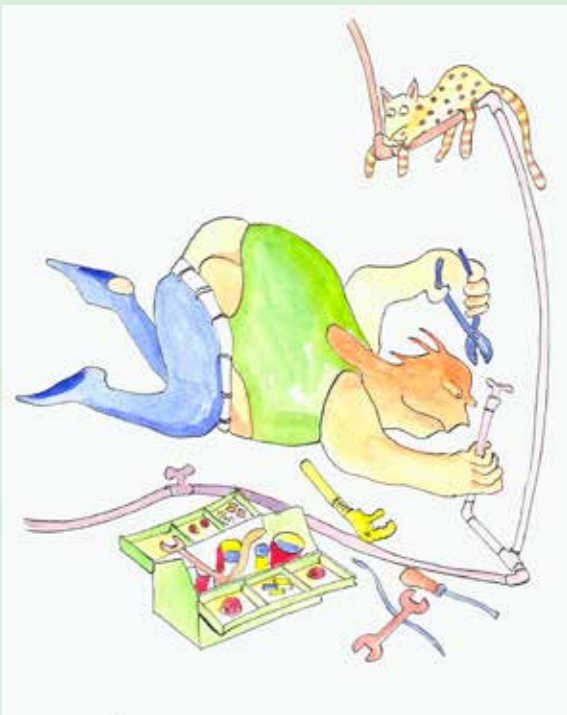
WASPCO – The Wind and Solar Power Co.

The rep. from Waspco dressed in green
Arrived with little stool
From top of which surveyed the scene
And pronounced that "all was cool."

With little jottings here and there
He checked loads high and low
And set out some positions where
The banks of peevee panels go.

The Plumber:

The plumber claimed right from the start
An expertise far ranging
The world was queuing for his art
What with plumbing fashions changing.



With tales of prowess, where he'd been
His manner seemed quite pally
These floods of water now foreseen
Were clearly up his alley.

His load of fixtures, shapes and kind
Joined the throng upon the lawn
Suggesting a distracted mind.
To such the many eyes were drawn.



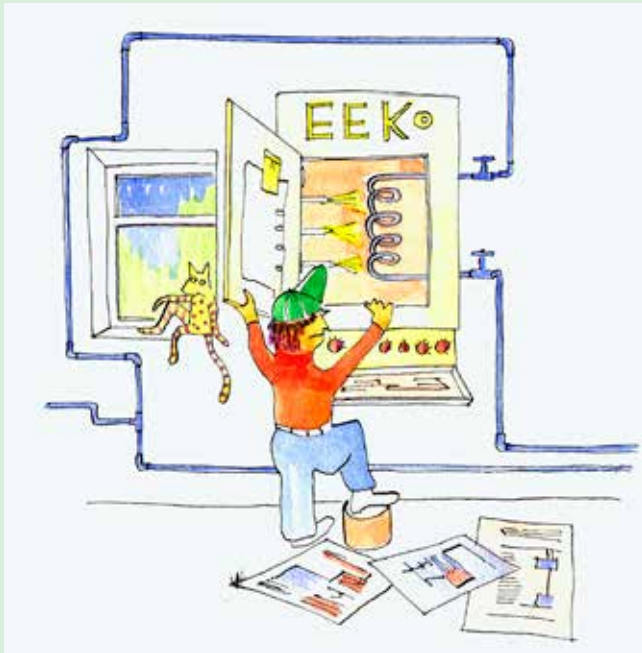
He laid a labyrinth under floor
And covered wall with filigree
Of pipes and couplings brought to fore
In prominence for all to see.

The toilets, tubs and fixtures came
And filed in two by two
Seeking haven from the storm
To see the tempest through.

And midst the growing mayhem mind
McNoah churned out sketch and plot
Seeking vision more refined
To accommodate what had been bought.

The Boiler Installer:

The boiler expert brought a crate
Components then were widely strewn
He improvised with an ardour great,
Consulting on occasion Rune.



With some panache a switch was thrown
One final tinker - pronounced it done
A nervous glance was backward thrown
Then swift departure on the run.

The flames which shed a rosey glow
Impart on cheeks a healthy bloom.
Thus boiler burred into life
Lights danced and glimmered round the room



The Electrician:

The 'sparks' displayed the frightening air
Of one who was plugged into a socket
His pool ball head lacked most its hair
And dangled wires hung from his pocket.

Like medic with a stethoscope
He deployed his meter probes
Pronounced existing beyond hope
Caressed his frazzled lobes.

With sticky tape and rubber bands
Festooned wires round of every kind
And every nook and cranny jammed
"It's out of sight - it's out of mind".

The Tiler

The tiler revelled in his arts
And gestured round with great élan
He coughed and hacked in fits and starts
And glanced but briefly at the plan.



Which soon submerged in batch of grout
Exhuberance then knew no bound
His internal zeitgeist was drawn out
And his life's purpose found.

The tiles spun out in whirling lines
And followed contours free
The quirks and infills and clever splines
All shouting "Look at Me!"

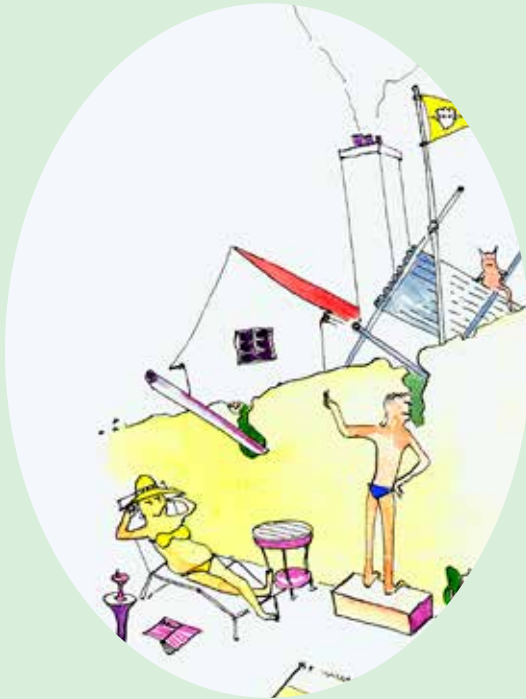
Each tile, once laid, reprised again
The days dragged on, and his eyes glazed
As fewer shared his sense of Zen
McKNoah seemed quite dazed.



The Neighbours:

Instead of heavens holden forth
And deluge summer rains
Neighbours cavorting in near buff
Recharging their stressed brains.

The curious neighbours peeped through hedge
And eavesdropped on each altercation
Shrugged shoulders at the browning veg.
And lay back in resignation.



The new ark when these works were through
Presented a vision splendid
Containing cargo two by two
Content and time suspended.

At long last all these works were done
The Dove revealed in second birth
The workmen departed on the run
And clouds of dust returned to earth.

Then quite sudden distant rumble
And almost as if on cue
The first rain drops began to tumble
Then thick and fast they flew.

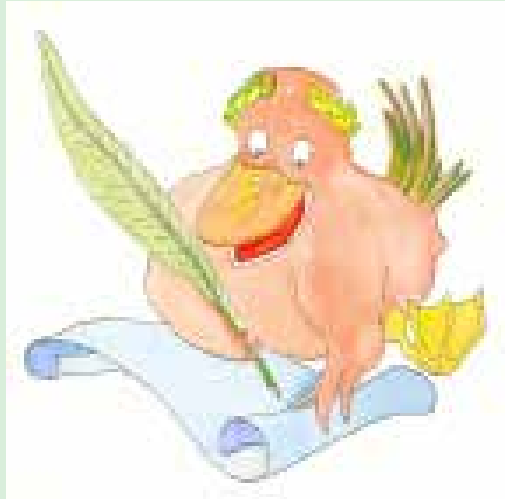


The guileless neighbours all rushed out
And danced in falling rain
But McNoah gave her knowing pout
The wheel had turned again.



Epilogue:

And so the triumph was complete
For the gentle nurturing Dove
The hawk obliged to admit defeat
When Dove's push came to shove.



Yours Truly,
Flaubert Duck

The plume is my doom

