

Modern Myths and Modish Monsters



Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for Alison and Mavis

Myths and Modish Monsters

When Gilgamesh first hit the stands, scribes chiselled out the text
A process which left time on hands, to dream up what came next.

Old Testament is packed quite dense with whims of jealous God,
Whose inconsistencies immense made outcomes passing odd.

Homer's songs of wayward gods, so risqué in detail
Pit heroes 'gainst e'erwheling odds with crib notes set in Braille.

Old Aesop swore by W-y-s-i-w-y-g or 'What you see is what you get'
Protagonists seem *infra dig*, but morals a safe bet.

The Romans imposed '*Pax Ubique*', lest plebs arise incensed
And translated a lore all Greek, to *Times New Roman Condensed*.

Imaginations overloaded summoned up the Holy Gita
A world of Gods and myths exploded really should have been much neater.

The Nibelung ne'er failed to mention treasure troves of purloined gold
Which were designed to hold attention, as convoluted tales unfold.

Tolkein brought the Orc to life, and myriad monsters hateful
Through tales of cataclysmic strife, for which we're ever grateful.

Rowling's wizard world is fraught, a pervasive evil blamed
New nadirs of malfeasance wrought, by 'he who can't be named'.



Flowbert 'sends to print' when done. Sequestered in his study
This lifestyle is designed to shun encounters with the bloody.

He cuts and pastes, most avidly, applying his spell-cheque
His "Auto-nyms" induce great glee, and sense of 'what the heck'.

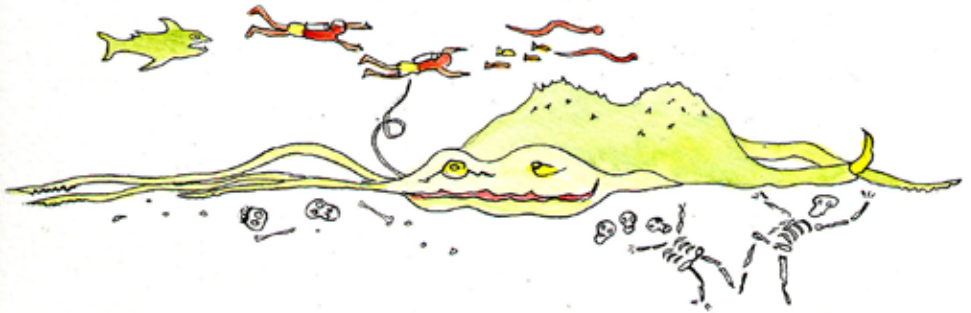


The Kraken

A Myth of Early Retirement

The myth that early to retire leaves time for finer things
Is likely to abate one's fire; for monotony it brings.
The Kraken once a frightful scourge, beneath tumultuous seas
Sudden seemed to lose the urge, for carnage, fruitless pleas.
Once tentacles of grasping death, dragged hapless souls below
With fouling blasts of foetid breath and baleful eyes aglow.





His vocation for such brisk mayhem, he carried on for years
Indulging it, time and again - same agony - same tears.
Those many barques whose fate so grim, passed o'er his treacherous sea
Succumbing to his slimy whim – became monotony.
And so in crisis middle age, more tranquil life to choose
He hankered to relax his rage, and seek more placid ooze.
He built himself a gold nest-egg of fat and juicy bits
A portfolio of blue chip swag, to devour as mood fits.
He got it all so well arranged, the highlight of his day
Was clipping morsels, counting change while watching idle play.



But as with many such-like dreams in treasured golden years
The prospect of relentless aeons began to seem quite drear.
The frisson of a piercing scream, the soul ripped limb from limb or
The waste and carnage quite obscene induced nostalgic glimmer.

He slowly lifts his head and sighs, and flexes disused stinger
A devilish flicker sparks his eyes, to once more 'to do his thinger'.

The Lorelei

A Specialist

Sitting out in middle Rhine on inauspicious rock
The Lorelei seems scarce malign. She has a mental block.
Hellenic cousins changed their ways and moved to Hollywood
There to spend their siren days among the Great and Good.
Instead of nabbing tempest tossed, devouring hapless souls,
They embrace the abject and the lost, from famines and dustbowls.



She flicks her braids across her face and flounces fringe of curls
That distant world proceeds at pace, so safe and smug... the churls!
She dips her head and golden locks spread wide out to midstream
But all the flotsam she reels in is hardly worth a bean.
Yet Lorelei clings to old ways and in a semi daze
Obsessive plaits those long blond strands and practices high A's.



Her plight is warning to those souls who cling to fabled past
And ne'er adapt beyond that point. Our world now moves too fast.

Gorgons

Conservative Family Values

When Medusa lost both head and hair to Perseus' mirror's malviews

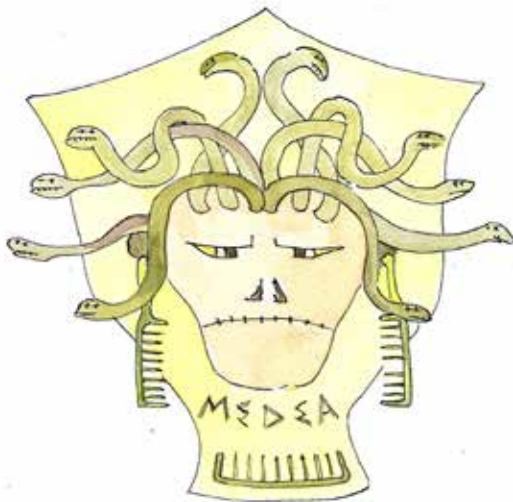
Her siblings brooded in their lair and pondered family values.

Those points that set them far apart from easy social ways

And mortified each throbbing heart, cold stone beneath their gaze.

"We need embrace new fashions bold - what's in and what is not

For all those family passions old revolved around the pot."



“Let’s choose a lifestyle geared to wealth and put out welcome mats
Let money help to nurture health health and help us buy big hats.
Our modus operandi sucks – the whole approach was flawed
We need to glean some *megabucks*, so help us wrathful god!”

“It’s clear we should embrace the times, buy property instead
And speculate upon the Primes; we need to get ahead.
Grab market share, and risk spread bets and untaxed off shore stock
We’ll join select and moneyed sets, who make their money talk.”

Enthusa thought that ‘*buy to let*’ would augment family fortune
And copper mines a certain bet, no heroes to importune.
Redusa’s rampant self-esteem now crystallised her mind
Her eyes aspark with greedy gleam for well-heeled, juicy kind.

For family values are exclusive purviews of the very rich
Who garner lives so all inclusive, fight for them to last ditch.
The power of cash has much allure, amassing greatest wealth
Our self-adulation can obscure what’s been purloined by stealth.



The gods and banks are on the side of those with most to lose.

They make the status quo abide, all righteous thoughts defuse.

And so they studied social pages; fashions, homes of dreams
Stars' foibles and the latest rages. "We're right in style it seems."

The Mighty Morrigan

A Pro-Life Sympathy

The Celtic Mighty Morrigan, the soul of lustful strife
Would cry out 'Oh, Yes! More ... Again!' at key points in her life.

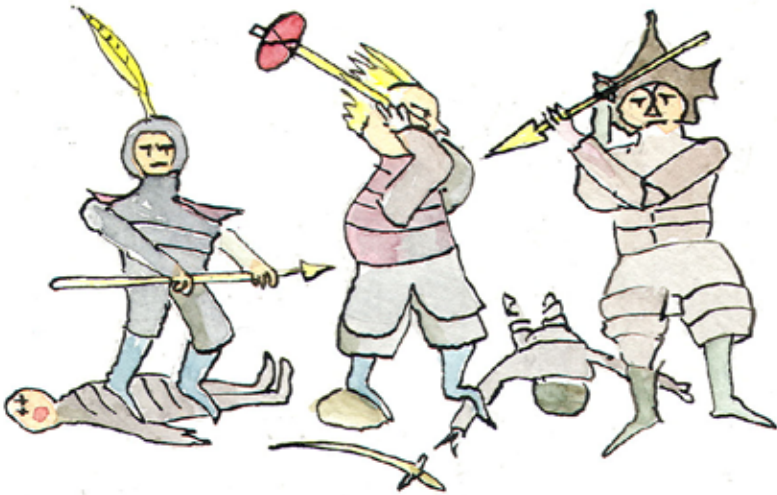
Her offspring came in batches, but each with different sires
And they joined in fighting klatches, thus venting womb-pent ires.



To salve her procreative sense, she embraced a *Pro-Life* lobby
Indignant at the great offence of those with *Pro-Choice* 'hobby'.

"A new life must be treasured, our children gifts of gods
They are uniquely measured, and survive against great odds."

Feted, lauded, bravely courted by the televangelic circuit
T'was her opponents she aborted. But anomalies still lurked.



Yet when she by her window stood, and scanned the family cadence
Her offspring battered, drenched in blood, all trying enforce precedence.
When challenged to condemn these trends she admits glibly under breath
While she exhibits *Pro-Life* frenzy, her offspring seem *pro-death*.

Baba Yaga

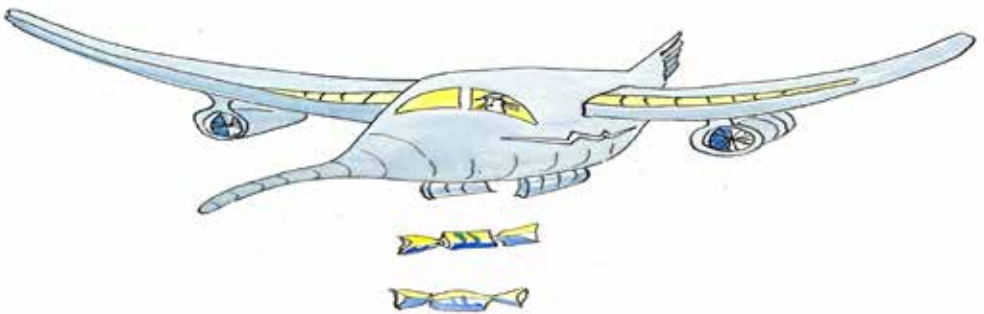
The High Flier

When Baba Yaga eyes her broom, it dampens inner fire
“I crave less swooping round in gloom, more limelight as high flier.
I’ve gone off kids with juicy limbs, it’s not a balanced diet
I must explore new gastro-whims. Seek novelty and try it.
The feared today rise high enough, enjoy the stratosphere
Equipped with all their useful stuff that media hold dear.”



“The modern wicca use their jets to visit trouble spots
And buy concessions, hedge fund bets and snap up vacant lots.
Or else swoop in and bomb all flat, embed compliant press
This solves all problems just like that - **‘k a b o o m’** to all distress.”

“A well placed satellite to spy, ground security to suit
No one will dare to bat an eye when I pick up my loot.
Addressing conflicts far afield is how I see my role
Much greater rewards undoubted yield with image to extol.”

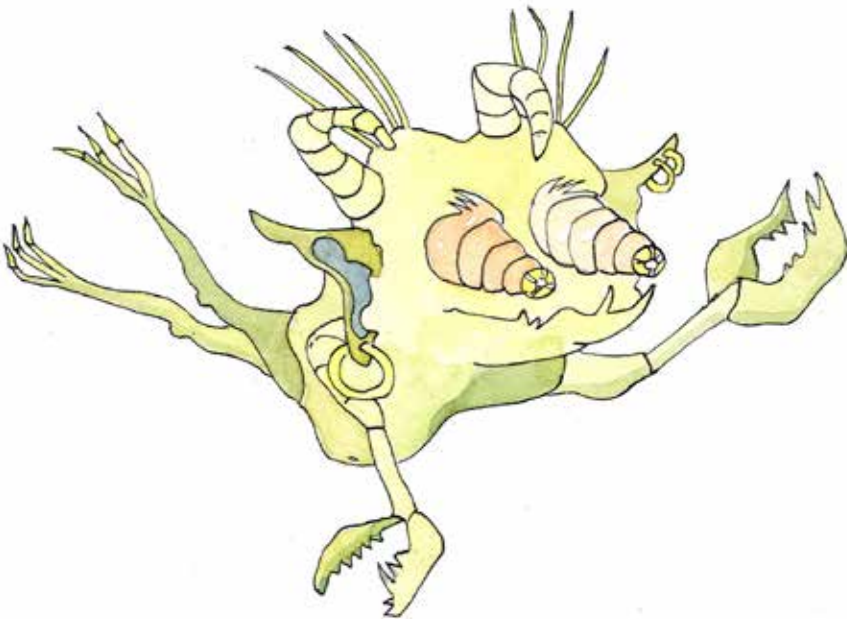


“Foreign aid philanthropy could solve my image problem
And lure more fulsome folk to me, easy then to gobble ‘em.”
Amidst the blur of rising dust she grabs a tasty treat.
For despite the strength of new found thrust, a witch has got to eat.

The Bogeyman

A Creationist Myth

The Bogey god set up their world in breathless three days flat,
First day the Bogey, then the kids, then rest, and that was that.
For on third day he took his ease admiring what he'd wrought
"All those wee folk on bended knees, its better than I thought."



And ever since then Bogeyfolk rest up on the third day
Lay down their heavy burdened yolk of torture and foul play.
All this is undisputed truth set out in Bogey Bible
Which they inculcate in their youth as totally reliable.

Alas! Today the Bogeyverse is riven by new strife.
By those who feel things *should* be worse and crave more modern life.
For what is new in Bogey view is large dissenting lobby
Who fly in face of Bogey race and their repulsive hobby.
When Bogus wrought the Bogeyverse, vile visions in his head
Did he foresee this Princess curse, tucked up in cushy bed?
That little tyke with panic button place beside her pillow
And stuffie toys, soft musak cloys, creating soothing billow?



"Our subtle groans, our slimy claws and then our deafening roar
Are so much less effective when emerging from a drawer."

The kids today
Most Bogeys say
Become more frightening
Than they.

Leviathan

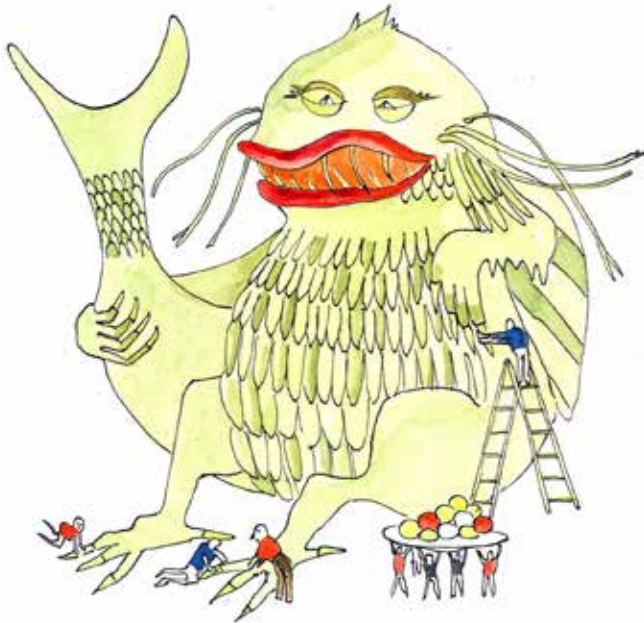
The Trickle-Down Effect

Leviathan, so sleek, well-fed, thumps on his family Bible

Being to that manner bred, of pompous actions liable.

Around him flock so many souls sustained by august presence

Who pander with sustaining roles, and shower him with presents.

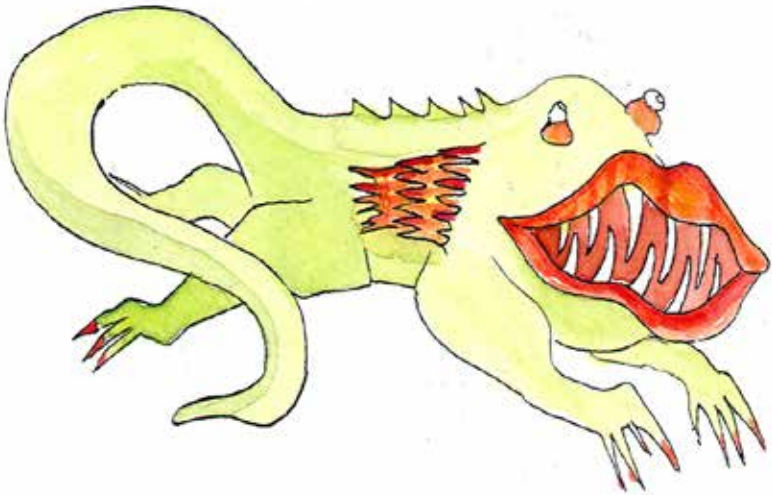


They gel his mane and make it gleam and buff his little scales
Aestheticians hanging in a team work wonders with his nails.
Endowed with all the best technique they sculpture dainty points
While minions quell all fits of pique by massaging his tired joints.

His lordly views he deigns express in special interview
To what he calls 'embedded press', a select and chosen few.
"Don't focus on the world abroad where life seems mean and wrecked
My role's is one ordained by God. There's *trickle down effect*."

"If I went off and closed up shop, without me here to treat
The world would come to sudden stop, sharp, certainly not sweet.
I practice my philanthropy on my armies of attendants
The economy would atrophy without our co-dependence."

"I know that hoarding all these riches benefits the other side
They trickle down through war torn ditches to where the humble folk abide,
And by their bootstraps lift them upwards to a somewhat better height
To spark new kinds of business rewards inspired by dreams of me at night."



And so around the great embezzlers, that raft of industry bestows
'Midst cocktail hats and party swizzlers, essential spin off service grows.
"So if you don't mind let's pull the blind, please humour peckish sinner.
We're of a kind as you'll soon find.
Let's ponder *what's* for dinner...."

Behemoth

Unfashionable Obesity

Where once he swallowed cities whole, inhaled the fleeing crowd

Now he seeks an altered role, with more 'down-time' allowed.

Where once a whole school and their stuff he could consume with zeal

Now just one school kid's quite enough to scoff as ample meal.



"I want to savour that brief moment, take the time to full digest
Mull o'er vile options to foment. It's not much to request."
I need 'me-time' for introspection, foster gifts that are maligned
To pamper self and shift direction, get my chakras realigned.
To reward myself with ample time to aid in my digestion
And pamper self with treats sublime while pondering 'The Big Question'."

But spying self in looking glass, the reflection gave him turn
At viewing such a shapeless mass; "I've calories to burn!
As all have seen it's in my gene to be somewhat obese
Perhaps a dietary regime will put them more at ease."



("For if you think that *I'm* obese, then ponder on my client -
Great folds of flesh down to the knees, so succulent and pliant")

The Troll's Lament

On Losing social relevance

The old troll gazed upon his deformed feet

"My bloated frightful face, my horney hand

I greatly fear that now I'm obsolete

For me today there is no great demand.

My long lost locks of brilliant crimson hair

Once so reviled when scarcely ever seen

Are evidenced in public everywhere.

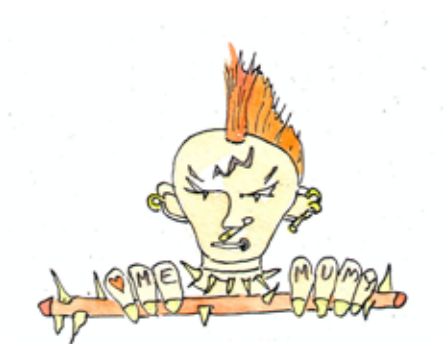
Throngs of folk have horned in on my scene.

And as for lurking under gloomy bridges

Where these my well-honed talents I could vent

They've lit them up like insides of their fridges

I feel self-conscious lurking with intent.



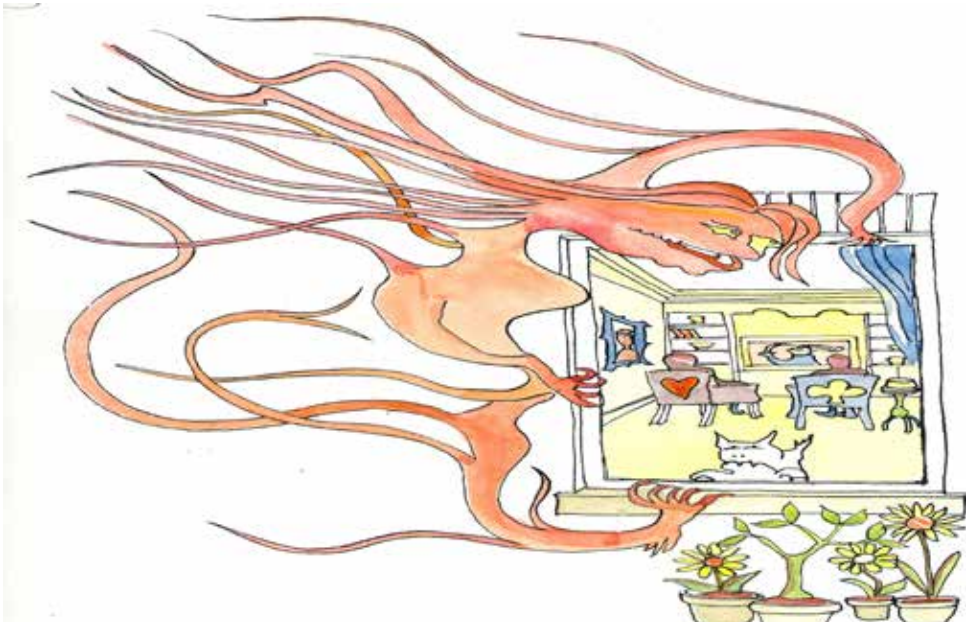
With their staples, pins, tattoos and fake prosthetic
This ersatz world finds true thing quite pathetic.”



The Banshee

Modern Technology

Once shapeless horror lurking in the gloom
Her long hair strafing 'gainst the window glass
The banshee's fearsome wail portended doom
The prophesy of sorrows soon to pass.
A morbid creature wailing in the dark
She revelled in the squeal of rusty hinge.
The caterwaul, the rooks' demented bark
Hysteric wheedlings and the plaintive whinge.





Unheeded cries outside acoustic wall
Must vie with noisy air conditioned hum.
Cushioned from the world's relentless sting
Oh! Technology's the cure for everything.

The Cyclops

THE Sustainability Myth

Amidst a torrid brimstone gloom it's hard to take a long view
There's little mirth 'midst acid spume, the sulphur stench, the pong...*phew!*

Deep down in earth his mighty forge is hotter than the sun
The conscience for green energy, will here have far to run.

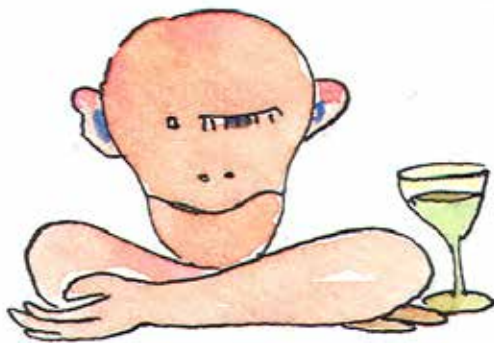
The Cyclops at his forge of fire, releases pent up passion
Convulsed by deep eruptive ire, no time for Greenpeace fashion.



When living in inferno cave, inured to floods and dearth
Global warming seems less grave when deep beneath the earth, .

Eruptive fires quenched by flash flood. Is balance here attainable?
No peace in places steeped in blood. But is such life sustainable?

These denizens of netherworld, resist the modern stricture
To calculate their carbon print for a more holistic picture.



The Orc

A Beauty Myth

The merits of the fearsome Orc, lie deep within this naïve soul

So recent born it has to work, to amplify a social role.

The Orc today goes out of way to balance 'shock and awe'

With finer things genteel life brings, less focussed on the maw.

He cultivates and highly rates those virtues held superior

Aesthetic soul, his questing role contrasts adverse exterior.



With care, corrective surgery and self directed nip and tuck
And secured with globs of epoxy so it does not come unstuck,
A devotee of fashion thrills, high style in body sound
He hones his skills for megakills, feet firmly on the ground.

For who would choose be Father Time, defying years and death.
The fulsome hill girls slip away, while the Orc just holds his breath.



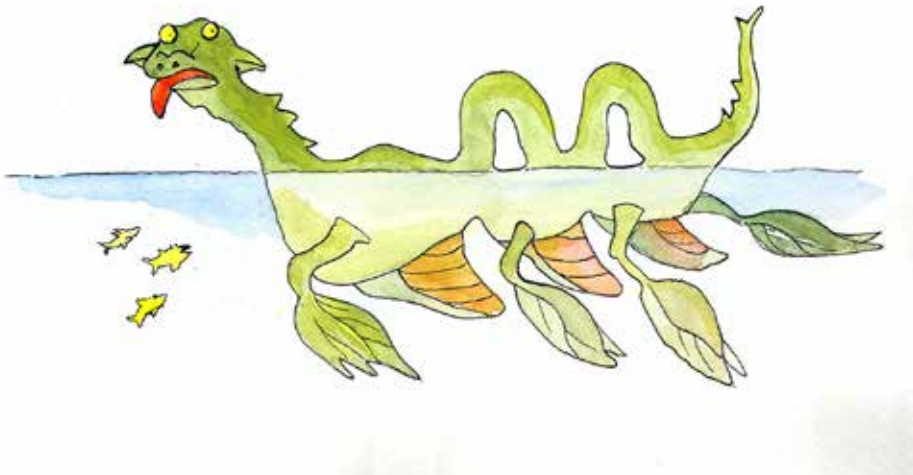
"alas! Poor Orc !"

The Loch Ness Monster

The Disadvantages of Cocooning

Nessie is a bit slow witted, time hangs heavy on her hands
(Would she had them) She's not best fitted to modern world and its demands.

Not one drawn to education, long ago she left her school
And chose snug den for reparation. Reclusive life seemed very cool.





Far away from bossy parents, siblings with an axe to grind
Avoiding all 'must does' and 'darents', she sank in torpor under slime.
At murky depths in lightless cavern she made her home beneath a rock
With comfort foremost, challenge minor, shunning all that fancy talk.

Through many years of dim reflection, alone amidst a stygian sea
She lost all confident direction, and came to lack vitality.
Rarely on a misty morn, stirred by faint curiosity
She parts the surface. Quite forlorn, she scans horizons stupidly.





Yours Truly,

Fl@ubert

**Oh!
non de plume!**

