



Ψυχωσες

Si - Ko' - Sez

Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for A & M

Sy-ko-ses

The airs are turbulent with talk, a modern day psychosis.
But few there are who walk the walk, instead they adopt poses.

They play at roles to make the scene, spout dreams of quaint device
Not what they do but what they seem; it's that that cuts the ice.

With furtive glances peeping 'bout, in dread of not-with-them
None dares protest, stand up and shout, when your boss is algorithm.



Excess is More

Long ago the earthly mired raised eyes to mountain top
Saw carefree omnipotence tired. Did God know when to stop?

Despite His vision being fierce, creations very clever
Should not resources being scarce have reined in His endeavour?

How to account for peacocks' plumes, exotic fish galore
And purple spotted orange mushrooms, if less is really more?

And so His mimics ever since have striven for excess
Some products though may make you wince in proving 'more is less'.

For when enforced with cracking whip, imposing hack and hew
Designing for one-upmanship, appeals to very few.

Creations have a life their own, eclipsing architect
And those that laboured weary bone to serve some old elect.

Though Imhotep sought primal form and Ictinus thought of tree
Now complex morphing is the norm - not dull simplicity.

The ancient adage tried and sure - to build in truth and beauty
Succumbs to new compelling lure, a more self-vaunting duty.

For now the world has altered roles and panders to designer
Elevating tortured souls, endorsing new definer.

Amidst the clash of glass and steel, with visions run amok
The common man may tend to feel inclined to run and duck.

Packed with references intense, oblique and arcane humours
Designing with a scope immense; excesses grow like tumours .

Knife-edge prongs and shocking forms, hurl challenge in your face
Usurping all the ancient norms, usurping sense of place.

And these 'bold concepts' given names, revealing epithets,
The 'Shard', the 'Crystal', inspired claims, to cover empty debts.

Egotistic visions vaunt, no motive to define
 “It may not be what others want, but the vision is all *mine*”



Target Culture



Robin Hood, whose airborne dart was ever-joyful as the lark,
Could turn a lovelorn maiden's heart. He rarely missed his mark.

Those targets though in bygone days were simple points indeed
Like apple perched on neighbour's head or sherriff's prancing steed.

But those romantic Sherwood lores seem less sophisticated.
The modern world has moved indoors, become computercated.

Where once a pie adeptly thrown occasioned peals of glee
Now pie charts, hitherto unknown, are hurled at you and me.

With targets in this modern day, demanding thicker slices
For doubtful goals we labour way, and place our souls in vices.

Expanding market-share the rage and cornering the market
Obsession of rapacious age is hitting prescribed target.

With purse lips and steely stares, hell-bent to meet such goals
We steep ourselves in empty cares, embracing lives as moles.

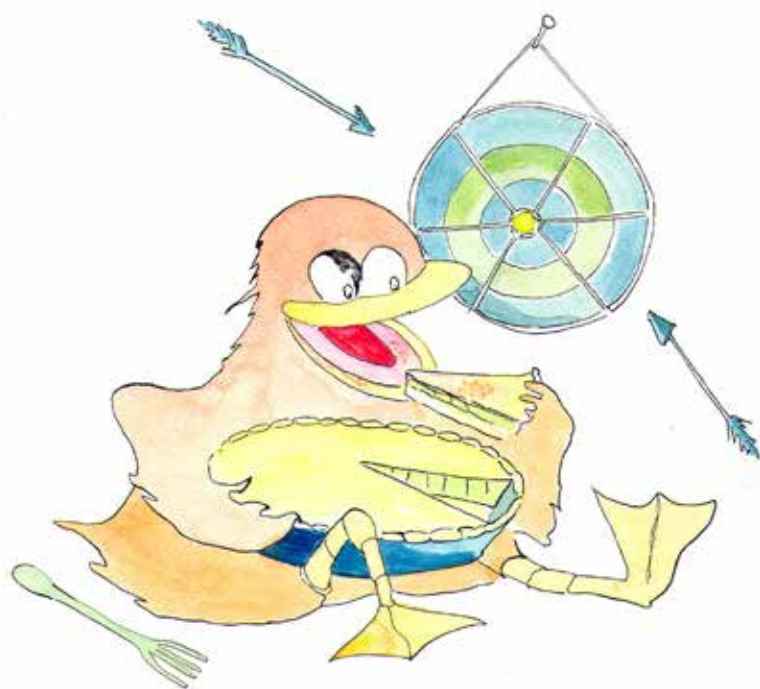
New targets amplify our whims, from babyhood to pension
And bulls-eyes for illicit sins (unacceptable to mention)

How family life falls out of joint! It's scored as hit or missed
With every must-have, must-do point that's added to the list!

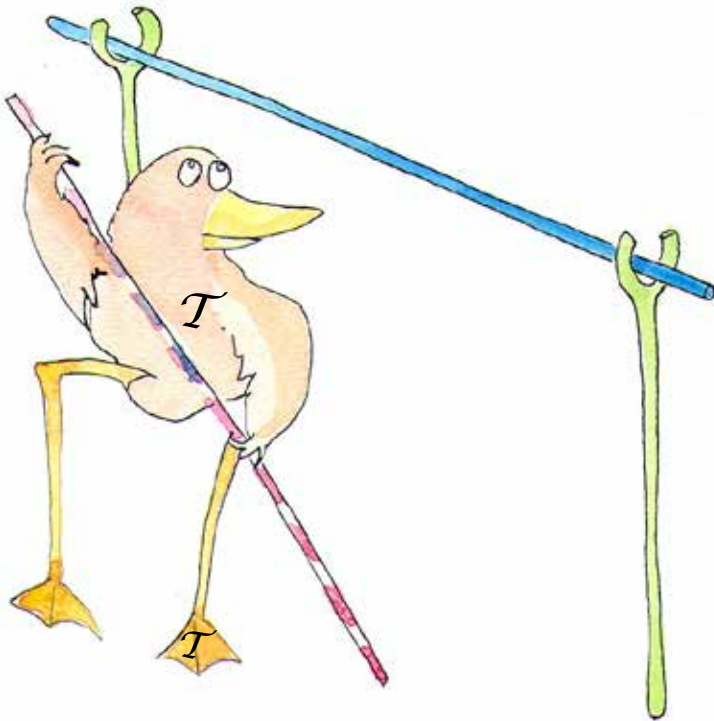
To win that ever greater prize than heretofore been been,
Goals mushroom to a massive size. Alas for Sherwood's green!

On sea of 'wished-fors' we are tossed and so at last succumb.
But joy of arrows flight is lost if targets leave us numb.

And so, just duck projectile rain, when all those arrows fly.
Try to quell your fevered brain. Take time to eat the pie!



Sports Icons



Our lauded heroes yesteryear in triumph quit the field
With laurels and a mighty cheer (and vanquished splayed on shield)

‘Twas Greek ideal of well-honed frame and pride in god-like skill
And years to nurture inner flame, all bent to human will.

When Roman hearts in pounding fear faced misery and mud
The gladiator's vision clear – leave vanquished drenched in blood.

Aztec heroes took your breath for sports that were inventive,
The vanquished, promised 'flowery death', just added to incentive.

A careful balance of trained skill, and luck in large proportion
The object, always maim or kill, admitted no distortion.

But now sports heroes steal the show with logos on their pants
T-sponsors claim they do not know they're chemically enhanced.

Of proffered products bray or croon, promoting fashions, diet
Ascribing prowess to their boon, insisting all must try it.



New aptitudes may startle some, a very odd assortment
With physiques once, if viewed in the womb, would lead to swift abortment.

Like flipper hands, prehensile feet and massive trunk-like legs
With well-ripped delts, born to compete, on torsos shaped like kegs.

And those with small and pointed heads that seem designed to flume
Or those with show off natty dreads, take endless hours to groom.

For athletes now are purpose built, enhanced to look the part,
One-upmanship though, tinged with guilt, is not for faint of heart.

~~Audacity~~ Paucity of Hope



Farewell to ancients' errant ways, that bygone world of magic
Those rambles through the moral maze with outcomes often tragic.

Today, endowed with fuller scope, pursuing modern icon
Instead with 'Paucity of Hope' our modern heroes beckon.

Within a maze to nowhere, no beginning and no end
Lurk new monsters we empower, while we wander, questing trend.

Old pieties have turned to dust, while modern media spew,
Prevailing is a cut and thrust with aspirations few.

To fill lacunas and black holes, engaging our attention
A coterie of damaged souls, demands a daily mention .

In frequent frothed-up promo life, so brazen and deflating
Parade of peccadilloes rife, suit tastes for self-berating.

The myths and lifestyles now espoused defy imagination
Wallowing in quagmire ouze of prurient excitation.

Abundant details over-cloy, engulf the feeble mind
Distract, divert, deflect, annoy. So blind now lead the blind!

The 'whited sepulchre' stand proud, corruption connotating
The superficial, drawing crowd, is all electroplating.

The mere veneer of style applied will tart up any surface
Disguising crumbling corpse inside, beyond all deathly purpose.



Promoting trivial pursuit , with predilection overwrought
Trumped up fictions bear the fruit, celebrity is bought.

Creating massive painful welt in these affluent of days
To dwell on issues we've ne'er felt, afloat in rose pink haze.

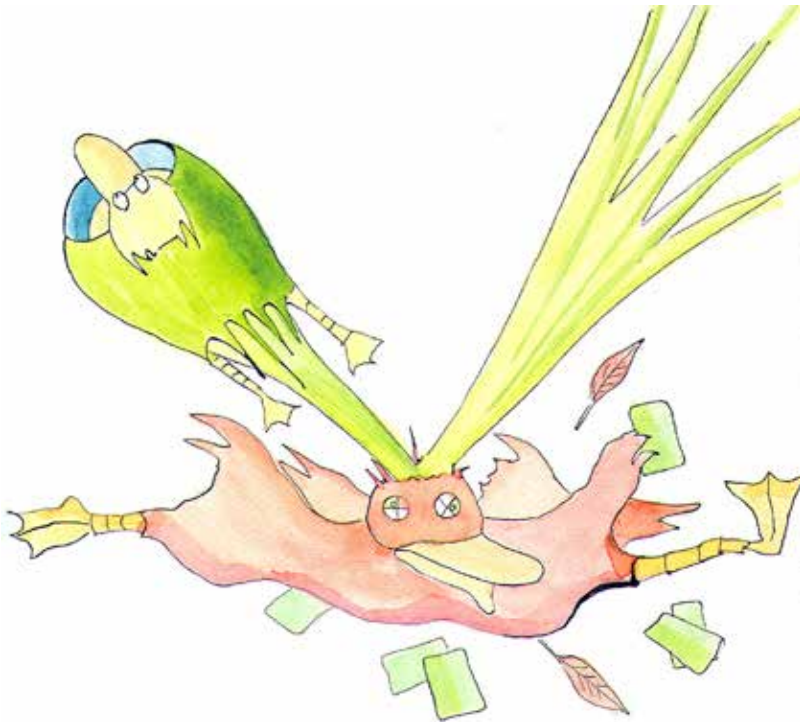
While mundane world is on its knees, succumbing to this tide
Who can aspire to live like these, admired on every side?

Scruples tend to dim and fade, as we extol pariah.
Such pacts are with the devil made. We champion the liar.

The puppeteers behind it all, want anonymity,
Their strings hold wider world in thrall; they're not like you and me.

In the seclusion of their cells, electronically enhance
Their self-importance sudden swells as latest riffs advance.

Put down the mighty from their seats, and give the cowed full scope
You must admit that nothing beats this paucity *of hope*.



Finding Your Roots

Abraham was promised roots sustained for years to come

It was beholden on his shoots to cling to Number One.

But confusion reigns abroad today, a roiling melting pot
Amidst the flux it's hard to say, what's rooted and what's not.

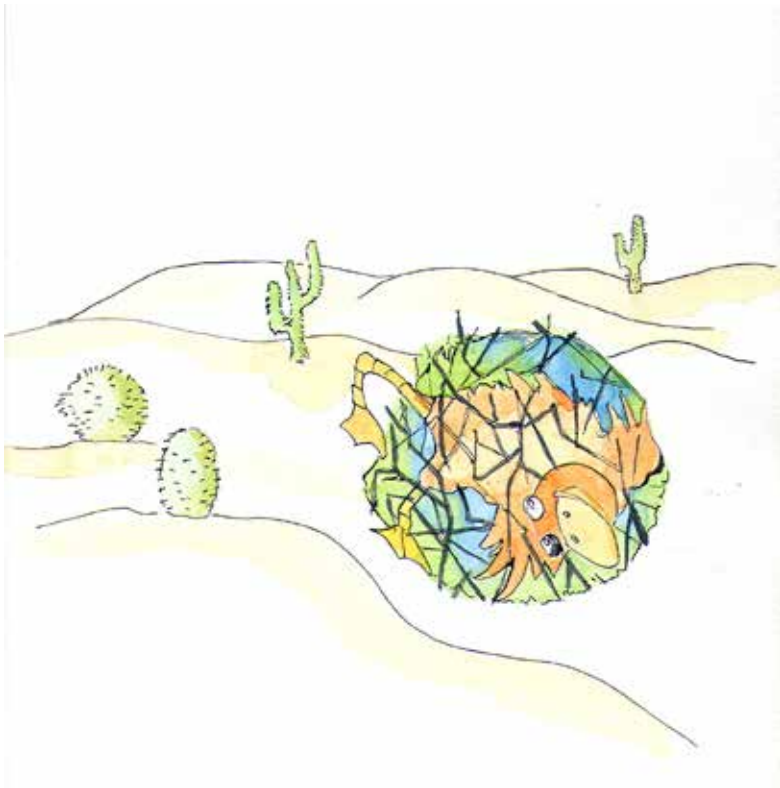
It's challenging in seething world, when stood on shifting sand.
To get brave banners all unfurled, and take a rooted stand.

Some may adopt a different tack affirming what's inside
And seek to trace their own genes back to long-lost source of pride.

In ordered scientific groups, in search of pedigree
They study their genetic loops, to distinguish you from me.

We breed both flower and the weed, and justify the means,
Selecting the most helpful seed, amending wayward genes.

But perhaps the most accomplished plant is rootless tumble weed
That roams the world with purpose scant, from inhibition freed.



Time for a Change



The consensus on our chequered past - on 'olden days', has changed
And new scene that's emerging fast, disturbingly deranged.

The old world had a saying apt 'bout leopard and its spots
Success should favour 'staying put' o'er feckless polyglots.

All those biblical denouements, oft unjustly untowards
Intended to bring change ensuelements, left the heroes fall on swords.

The post war generation that is styled the baby boom
Clings to domination, and for change leaves little room.

With meagre inclination to re-deal their hoarded wealth
That may cause their ruination, they maintain control by stealth.

Demanding what things must be done their status to proclaim
Maintaining status quo becomes life's certain primary aim.

When it comes to status, style, fobbed off with simulacrum
With little sense how to beguile those of us that lack them.

But change comes oft in wayward swings, chaotic evolution
Like un-directed asteroid brings mayhem, revolution.

It sweeps aside most everything; leaves everyone redux,
What kind of future will this bring - a change or merely flux?

Sustainability



A predator that's worldly wise is one that spares its host
Endued with sense of compromise, reined in, achieves the most.

In contrast to those olden days with modest aims attainable
We now live in polluted haze and question what's sustainable.

Where once it was the coolest cat who sought the hottest spot
We may have jumped from sizzling fat to flames beyond the pot.

Our scientists all witter on to frame a new perspective
But suddenly, it seems to dawn, their 'road map' is defective.

All fear arrival of the day that favours parasite
And yet persist in mindless play, refuse to engage fight.

Creating options mutant, to fight symptoms of disease
Is not stable, less than prudent, with the host left ill-at-ease.

Though consciences are painted green, this fashion claims no saviour
If none of us is very keen to alter base behaviour.

Yet if we don't address it soon, bid complex life goodbye
Consign our world to mighty bloom of bots and green algae.



Travel Broadens the Body

Surrounded by those mundane faces and repetitive routine
Thoughts of distant climes and races, may elicit idle dream.

It's an adage rare refuted: travel broadens narrow minds
To such exposures are imputed virtues of most diverse kinds.

To find new selves in foreign ports, old inhibitions lose.
Perhaps some dalliance in our thoughts, the languor of a cruise

For there's nothing like a scorching beach and vapid azure sea
With tasty dainties within reach, to glimpse eternity.

So when your life gets too entrenched in '*metro, boulot, dodo*'
Escape your norm of teeth hard-clenched, and rouse yourself to go-go!





But: - the downside

Slaughter of those bleating lambs, the goring of that bull
The customs of some arid lands are hard to fathom full.

And all those soldiers, helmets, guns, disparity of kind,
Their unfamiliar language stuns, try to expunge from mind!

Retreat within a world you know, seek service in your room
Meet happy smiles where'er you go, let self-importance bloom.

Or camp beside an azure pool, from outside world protected
It may be stultifying, dull, at least all is expected.

And so to warmer climes we flock, adventurous to roam
Reminiscing in our talk, exchanging tales of home.

The Well Balanced Diet



Experts set nutrition rules, then trumpet them abroad
Lambasting self-indulgent fools who carry extra wad.

Proffering their expertise of what to put in pot,
Setting guidelines is a breeze of which they know a lot

Obese statistics they expound and urge a change of diet
But their voices may sound orotond, insisting others try it.

Some trot out that old adage: that you are of what you eat
Recoiling from self-image of a pile of dead old meat.

Other experts have assumed that working out strict quotas
Of foods that are to be consumed, pursuing stringent rotors.

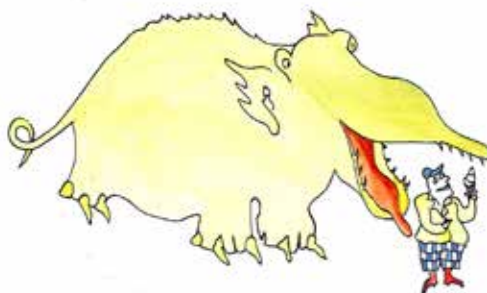
Others claim we're omnivores that thrive on happenstance
Instead of less we should eat more, especially slugs and ants.

Some recommend the opportune, those little gifts of fate
The crust discarded, unloved prune, old scraps not quite first rate.

Or pots with contents undescribed, delved from refrigerator
Uncertain foodstuffs set aside, to be consumed much later.

For diets of convenience foods, embarrassing to mention,
Are likely to affect your moods and lead to hypertension.

Inquisitors have little tips for this crisis facing nation
But perhaps the best is button lips, when choosing daily ration.



The Great and the Good

In airy spaces far removed abide the great and good
Their pride of place is long since proved, and values understood.

A calmer blood flows through their veins, withdrawn from daily plodding.
For now they have divested reins, with heads all sagely nodding,

To recommend the proper course with eyes raised to the hills
Their inspiration sans remorse dilutes life's bitter little pills.

With trenchant causes to disarm, they're called in times of crisis
Proclaiming with their winsome charm a stream of 'would be nices'.

But when they're drawn to worthy cause, to launch a valiant quest
It behoves them to sport nimble jaws. *'You first now, be my guest.'*





Diplomacy

A diplomat takes greater stock in choice of subtle word
Elliptically he loves to talk to outwit common herd
Inclined perhaps a truth to mock with nuances inferred
His realities will ne'er balk at embracing the absurd.
While revelling in cyber talk with meanings somewhat blurred
Yet challenged his jaws quickly lock, lest censure is incurred.



For:

It's not the course you stay, but how array it.

It's never what you say but how you say it

Don't deign to join the fray, let *them* assay it

If you cannot get your way, then do not play it



Bipartisan Tunnel Vision



Focussed on the *Good Fight* and on trusted facts and sure
Align yourself self with all that's right, cast foes in caricature.

Reinforcing nightmare fear of opposite extreme
Race, religion, foreign seer with evil eyes agleam.

Angst-mongers dire thoughts belabour, denying distant rosy glow,
Encourage us to fear thy neighbour! Train your guns and stash ammo!

Define a world that's black and white without confusing greys
Assume that 'we' are always right, and shun the moral maze.

For compromise is just a ruse, midst misty half-truths dwell
So cultivate your tunnel views, and choice twixt heaven / hell.

(Especially when you are the boss, and '*get behind me*' as your motto,
It's best to shun the complex cause, and lead with voce sotto)

Find sharp distinctions without blends, no half-measures to fiddle,
Polarising at both ends will leave a vacant middle.

That middle ground in murky gloom so difficult to spy
Focus on that distant doom and far off light decry.

For tunnels viewed from either end. in one directions run,
A compromise you need not blend, while aiming biggest gun.

Busy, Busy, Busy

A loser's lifestyle is eventless. Winners only crave the thrills,
With buzz and energy relentless, filled with purpose to the gills!

The essence of the modern soul is manifest in crowd
Reassured by holus bolus, one need never think out loud.

Swept along on a current swift, obliterating 'shining hour'
Short of time for all but grift, no time for greater power.

Blitzed by papers and the media, and assaulted every side
Tasty tidbits, dangled, feed you! Let those pundits be your guide.

Lest marooned in empty carriage, you confront a solo thought
Better ponder starlet's marriage,
or something-someone-somewhere bought.



Naught But Fear Itself



When innate fear torments us most, we point to others' error.
The best of revolutions boast initial reign of terror.

In troubled times we are prepared to sacrifice a host
Of freedoms that we once so cared, 'red lines' we once did boast.

Compliant to new leader's whim, in thrall to nameless fear
Discarding both through thick and thin the norms once fancied dear.

With eyes downcast and minding back, evading all attention
We dare not stray from beaten track, or reveal our dissent.

For leaders find un-named unknown a realm of great convenience
Seeds of apprehension sown, grow crops to counter deviance.

When uncouth voices rant and rail 'gainst culture as we know't,
Or Visigoths beyond the pale just ram theirs down your throat.

In fear of imminent mayhem, of terrifying kinds
We realise we can't trust them, with dark fanatic minds.

Terrorists thus serves a role, a concept quite uniting,
Their message is rejected whole. At least know who we're fighting!

We sacrifice the decorous and fear unleashed mayhem
Those freedoms, once okay for us, we can't extend to *them*.

As they mount the scaffold by the score, we buy into the plot.
It stiffens our resolve the more; but we don't know quite for what.



Media

Do you fully trust the media?
When they work so hard to feed ya?

With surreptitious reins they lead ya.
And then of all compassion bleed ya?

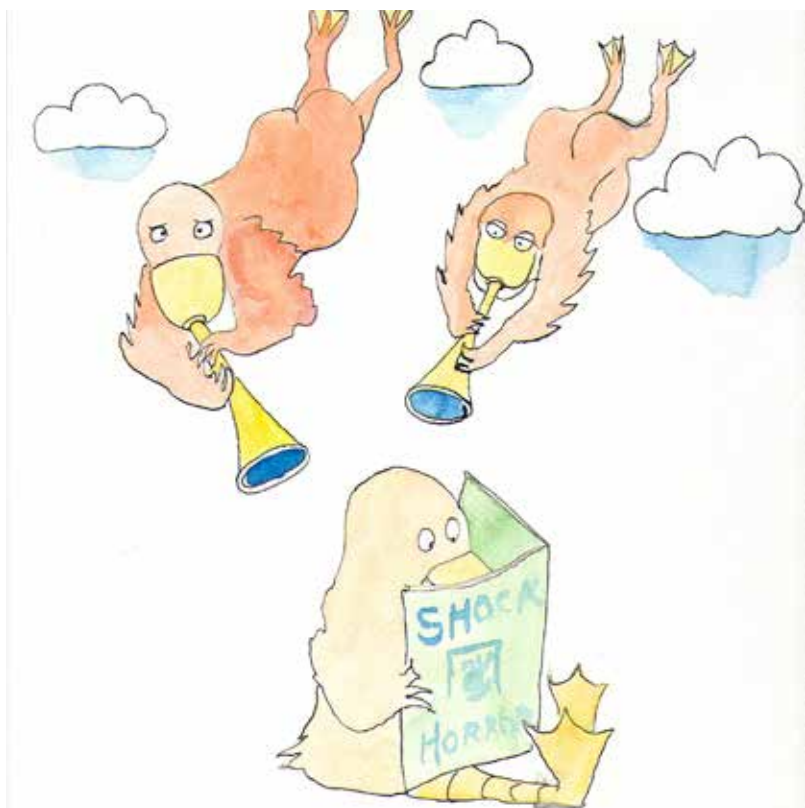
Or possibly just stoke yer greed. Ya
'll succumb to envy's greenest seed. Ya

'll feel a knave and pawn indeed. Ya,
If recalcitrant, they knead. Ya

'll tighten bridle, yet lose the steed. Ya
Shun the flower, pick the weed, Ya

Can't glimpse woods so fully treed. Ya!
Ya! Ya! Ya!

Why are you loath to trust the media?
Perhaps because they do not heed ya!



Credit Crunch Couture



In times of retrenchment and rampant adversity
Let fashion embrace both excess and perversity!

Reviling austerity, frugal economy
Let them now spin out more like old Deuteronomy.

While cutting wide swathe through material abundance.
You'll never persuade them of their own redundancy.

So counter the credit crunch, encourage refulgence
Distract us forever from our self-indulgence.

Self Assessment

With self-assessment now pop-trending,
It's easier to 'go-with-flow'
Why contemplate all nadirs pending?
Why? Just sit back, switch off aggro!

Assessing world where all are brothers,
Inequalities delight.
We take great pleasure judging others,
Dividing stars from orbs less bright.

Some to ancient wisdom ceding
Tend to buck Socratic dictum
The examined life is not worth leading.
When you see yourself the victim.





Yours Truly,
Fl@ubert

Tam Arte Quam Marte

