



Pre-Occupied

The One Percent

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the fl@ubert duck series



for A & M

Pre-Occupied The One Per Cent

The plummeting economy

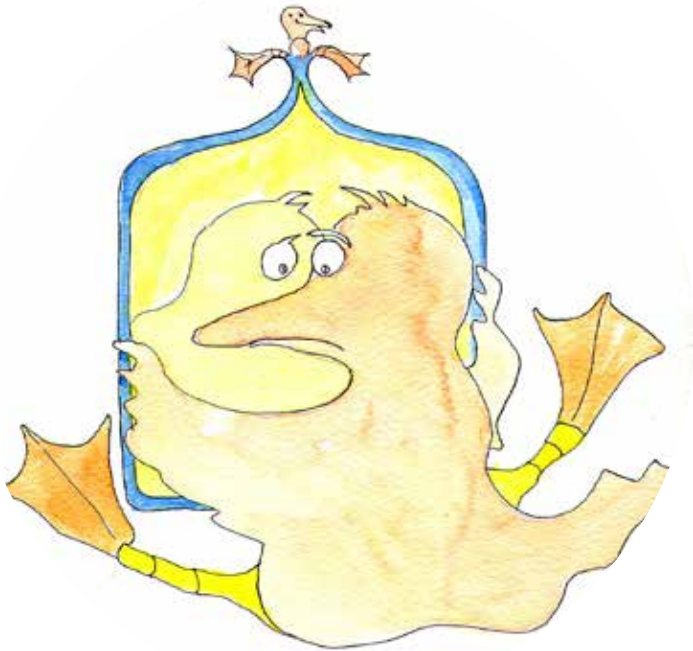
Induces little bonhomie

'Haves' will always hide their wealth

Secreting what's purloined by stealth

While those that 'haven't' can't quite see

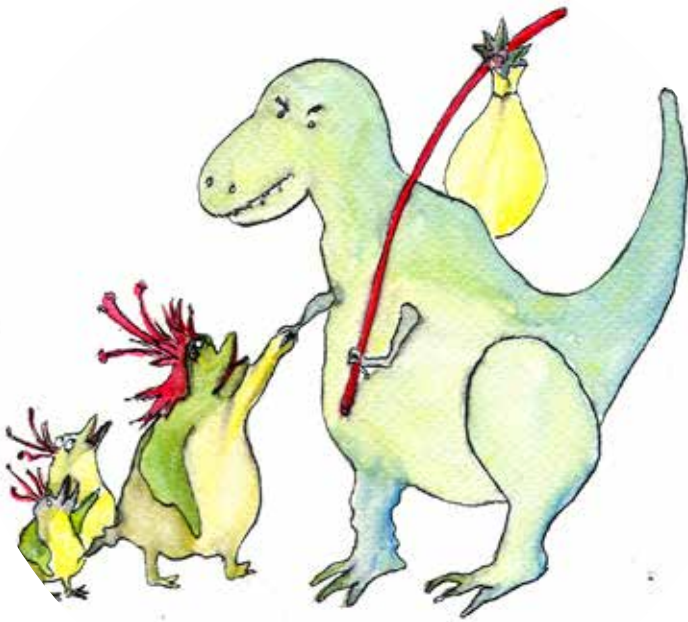
"Why nothing's left around for me?"



*In ancient times before the banks
When feckless have-nots swelled the ranks,
Guarding trove to full extent
Preoccupied the One Percent.
The One Percenters stood their ground
With principles they claimed were sound.*

*But now the Ninety-Nine decry
And raise the paeon 'Let's Occupy'
Though econo-pundits rage and cuss
And claim it must be ever thus.
It hardly counts as great surprise
Some feel assailed by bootless cries.*

*But Acquiso-saurs and Pluto-daunts
Had to endure those self-same taunts.
If they encountered have-nots frown
They countered it with trickle down.*



But still the Ninety Niners roar

“All this went out with dinosaur!”



Ladderopters

Property, O Property!

Warms cockles of one's heart

The dream of where you want to be!

But how to make a start?

*Other wealth remains abstract
Some markets only vapour.
You can not dine upon contract
Or random bits of paper.*

*Ladderopters know the ropes
Location, value, time.
Fueling their voracious hopes
As rung by rung they climb.*

*Obsessively they claw thir way
They have no mind to stop
No quiet place to pause and stay
On race unto the top.*

*So step right up and shoulder cares
The obsession may be dumbing,
Start with a cupboard 'neath the stairs
And electrics, cracks and plumbing.*

*For ever upwards you must tend
To glance back would be madder
Embark on journey without end
For there is no top of ladder.*

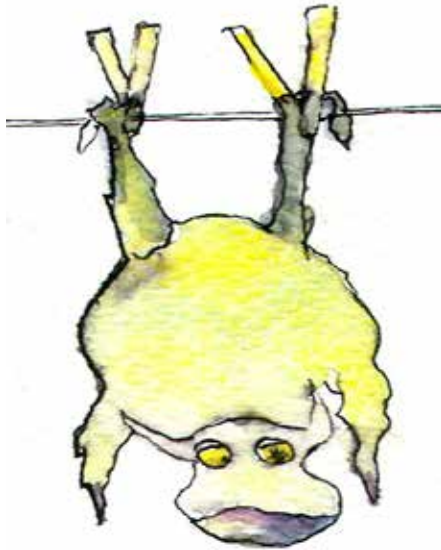


The Bond-adon

*Chow the **Bondi'** loves is junk
Fast fried in grease, a rancid hunk
But once wrapped around with ribbon proud
Bright packages will draw a crowd
Of hungry little Speculents
With modest cash and lesser sense.*

*But when they take their purchase back
Rip off the paper – heart attack!
Revolting goop just oozes out
Its wholesomeness is cause for doubt
When forced to gag down greasy slime
No doubt such punters feel **sub-prime**.*

*Left stocked with fare that no one wants
The Bondi draws his rivals' taunts
His gourmet reputation withered
All his clients swiftly thithered.
And as his patrons crept away
His spirits dropped from **Triple A**.*





Ponzi-saurs

*The **Ponzi-saur** when just a kid
Heaped up a lofty pyramid
Not on an architectural whim
(For building sense was somewhat dim)*

*'Sitting pretty' on its peak
With dainty morsels stuffed in beak
Accepting tributes from on high
Stashed to savour by and by.*

*His entitlement was hardly model
Yet he believed his own skewed twaddle.
Below his minions toiled away
To brighten lofty **Ponzi's** day*

*Heaving rock and toting bale
Such base support was sure to fail
They brought their tributes to his door
And yet he clamoured out for more.*

*When mighty mounds get o'ergrown
The building may come tumbling down.
Those duped, enfuried, raise a roar
Turning against the **Ponzi-saur**.*

*So Ponzi ends up in the bin
Contemplating life of sin,
Circumscribed his old lifestyle
He seeks in vain for things to pile.*





Plutocrassus

*The **Plutocrassus**' innate greed
Is legend to this day
With stomach greater than his need
He tucks so much away.*

*He welcomes those who flock to him
With juicy little schemes
And selects choice morsels on a whim
To dally in his dreams.*

*Insatiate appetite soon grows.
The quantities astound.
Amassing tasty bibelots
His business plan was sound.*

*With eye for colour, texture, art
Relishing the trends
His tastes, though not for faint of heart,
Include some toothsome friends.*

*But if you find such greed may grate
Recall **Pluto's** behest
All things will come to those with bait -
Demand only the best.*



Merca-dactyls

*The **Merca-dactyl** likes to roam
He thrives on freer market
In distant realms away from home
Where others will not hark it.*

*The bracing challenge of the sea
Increases appetite!
And swimming in liquidity
Affords the bigger bite.*

*Those places where no others dare
Are feeding grounds for sharks.
Displaying moxie and their flare.
Their morsels bear the marks.*

*For distant climes are unencumbered
By taxes and accounts close numbered.
The tepid, left at homes decry,
"There but for grace of gods go I."*



The Masterdont Masters of the Universe

*Some consider him a curse
This **Master of the Universe**.
But **M o U** in lofty chair
Charts fates of millions from his lair.*

*Before ingesting 'business lunch'
He swallows risks that others shunned
And wallows in the credit crunch
To build his tidy little fund.*

*In life's casinos, impulse rash,
With persuasive cloying way,
He 'gambols' with another's cash.
Mimics leisure class at play.*

*To shape the markets to his humour
Marshalling liquidity
He blithely spreads a dreadful rumour
Inducing some to bolt and flee*

*In world that's wired in to command
He lurks avoiding fights.
Depending on a slight of hand,
To sate voracious appetites*

*He views mere mortals with contempt.
Those punters, risk averse
None of them are tax exempt
Will master universe.*



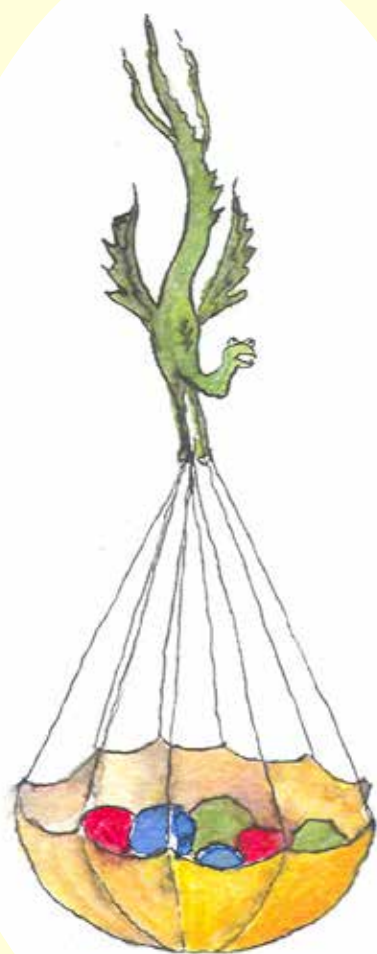
Ravening Investodoccus

*The Investodoccus' winsome smile
And lithe, agile, physique
Suggests he'll run that extra mile
To bolster sales technique.*

*This canny juggler likes to show
Dexterity and flare
Ignoring shells around his toes
He keeps all eggs in air.*

*He'll grasp a raging **Bull** by horn
Or brave a **Bear's** sharp teeth.
He holds only the deepest scorn
For carnage strewn beneath.*

*This power house of notions bright
He offers fullest service
Though rows of teeth, all sharp and white,
Make clients slightly nervous.*



*With fingers crossed he makes his toss.
Success enhances girth
Alas, ill winds may mean the loss
Of his sense of net worth.*

*But, if his scheming strays from course
And colleagues show the boot,
He still retains a safe recourse -
A golden parachute.*

*But others claim a chute of gold
Is somewhat ill-advised
Yet he dare not release his hold
As he plummets from the skies.*



Klepto-crator

*The **Klepto-crator** lies awake
And tallies what he owns.
Obsessed by things he'd like to take
As 'inadvertant' loans.*

*He has a tactic quite astute
For crafting wild distractions
His gulls watch decoys not their loot
And never suss his actions.*

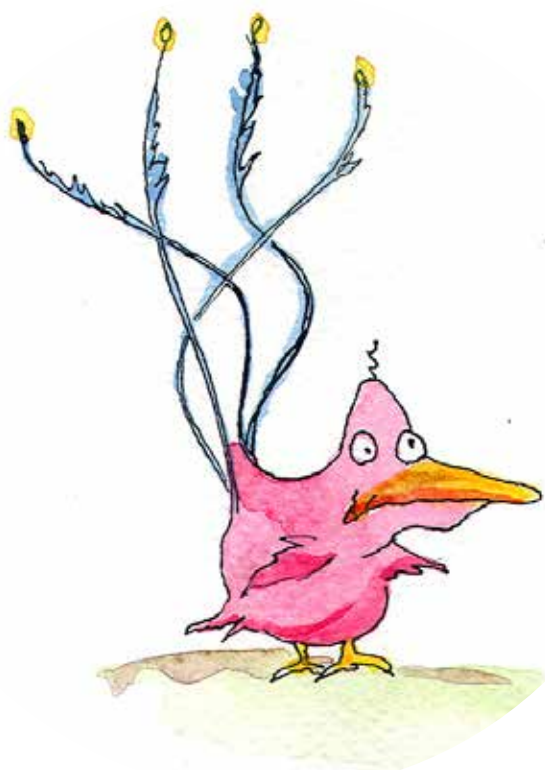
*He snatches booty with such stealth
You must admire his style
Accumulating secret wealth
While feigning self-denial.*

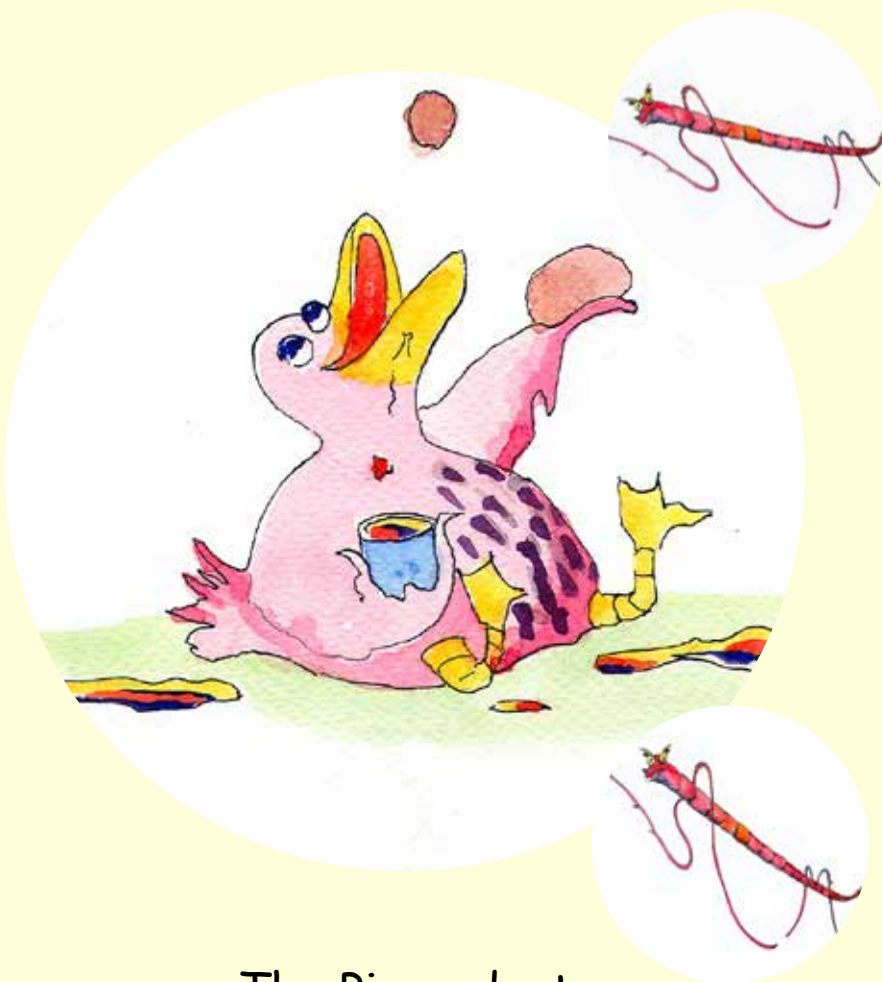
*Soul of discretion amidst his hoard
Of his illicit rakings,
Enquiries would be untoward
For he's shy about his takings.*

*Jewels and gold bricks, bundled cash
A little thumbled albeit
In a Swiss cave he hoards his stash
Where others cannot see it.*

*His true net worth you must surmise
He plays elusive ghost.
It's not for anybody's eyes
He never plays the host.*

*Revelling amidst his stash
He tends to think it funny
That anyone should be so rash
As resort to borrow money.*





The Picca-dont

A Case for Quantitative Easing

*No twig at birth to parents' shame
All around were stunned
Wee Picca though was not to blame
In society rotund.*

*They tried impose a strict regime
By reining in their dole
Disregarding anguished scream
From baby gaping hole.*

*When she viewed her meagre spread
And stammered plaintive plea
Her loved ones felt a fearful dread
Of such hostility.*

*“This tight restraint does not behove
One of my generation
I sense tough love will not improve
My modern situation.”*

*“You both enjoyed indulgent youth
And diet you found pleasing
Now you’ve both grown long of tooth
I need **‘quantitative easing’**.”*

*Exposed to her unyielding pleas
All patience soon grew spent
It seemed unlikely they'd appease,
One who would not relent.*

*So they offered less restraint
She scoffed things by the score
Her parents felt increasing faint.
She demanded even more.*

*'Too much, too fast' the verdict plain.
Just when they'd done their worst
So much consumed with greater gain.
This **quantitative easing** burst*





The Eggopterix - Futures

*The **Eggopterix**, a dreary soul,
Enunciated future goal
She planned her nest egg stashed away
Would help redeem that rainy day.*

*But when the rainy day appeared
At unresponsive egg she peered.
“This mingy, inert little moocher,
Promises uncertain future.”*

*“It’s much too tiny, I can’t wait
I’ll take a hand, cash in on fate!
I’ll market egg before its hatch,
And trade up for a better batch.”*

*So in the market with her egg
She managed a most skilful trade
And bagged one with much greater girth
To demonstrate explicit worth.*

*But when this chick deigned to emerge
Its hunger was compelling urge.
It looked around, all greedy-eyed
And gobbled the first thing it spied.*

*The moral of the story clear
Better stick with known and here
Place not much trust in good intent.
Instead of **futures**, stick to **present!***



The Megaladon

*Megaladon is pleased to see
An outbreak of obesity
For fatter prey that's ponderous, slow
Made cockles of his stomach glow.*



*No need to hone an agile frame
To catch up with reluctant game.
Nor need to make a stand and fight -
When larger helpings suit just right.*

*No need to keep his muscles spry
No need to stint or self deny
Nor returning to refrigerator
No need to save up scraps for later.*

*But with expanding girth encumbered
His golden days were surely numbered.
Sunk in murk and glomming prey
Megaladon grew old and grey.*





The Verdopelt's Hedge

*The Verdopelt stoked his desire
To live life on the edge,
A preference which did inspire
To plant a leafy hedge.*

*On one side nurtured brighter sparks
With clearly upward trend
The other, sad and hopeless marks
Who'd meet a sticky end.*

*He borrowed what he did not own
Placed rumours round about
Knowing that when truths came known
He's profit from a rout.*

*His complex plans might some confuse
But advantages were real.
He bet on those he knew would lose
A normal kind of deal.*

*At lowest ebb he made his swoop
Bought back all for a song
Then before this market lost its droop
He placed a bet on 'long'.*

*And so insured against all loss
When uncertainties do mount
In paper worlds not worth a toss
Only margins count.*



Impera-raptors A Sovereign Trust

*Impera-raptors feel the lure
To form a sovereign trust
Spread wealth abroad to help secure
An end to boom and bust.*

*Resources from their home ground spew
With riches they're awash
They never knew quite what to do
To play with all their dosh.*

*They gravitate to off-shore banks
Invading foreign climes
To secure resources of first ranks
Laid on for future times.*

*When they go on their buying spree
They're never out of pocket
Though homelands rot in penury
The values elsewhere rocket.*

*And when home markets turn to dross
And laid waste once called home
They migrate and don't give a toss,
Move somewhere else they own.*



Specula-donts

The Stock Exchange

***Specula-donts** quite splendid sheen
Belies a heartless under-mein.
Its sweeping gestures, hearty talk
Should always make the prudent baulk.*

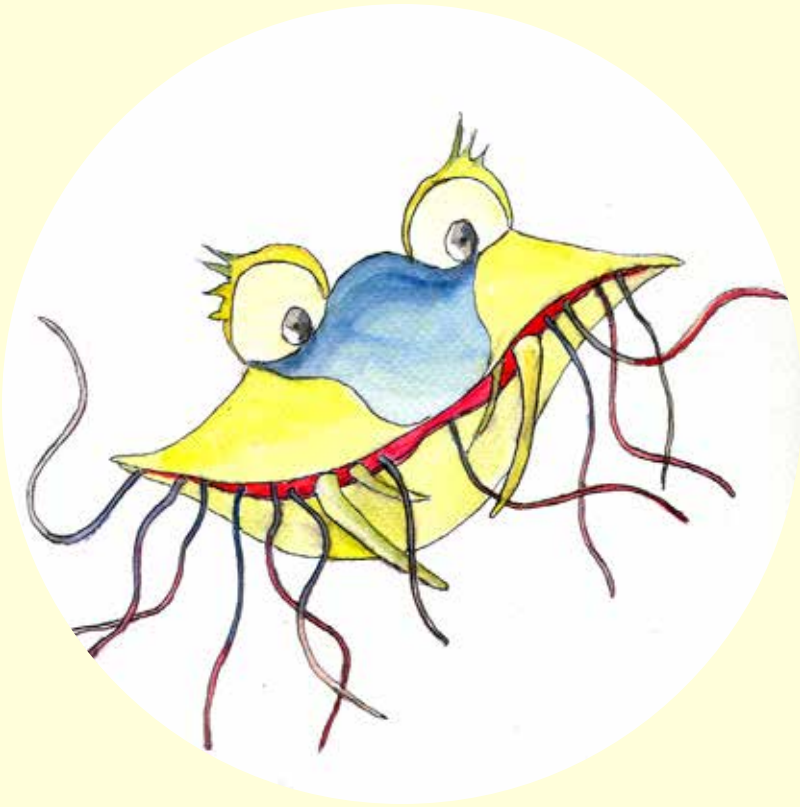
*Excited voice and florid shows
Delude the gulls with what it knows
He profits on the great despond,
With no regard for 'word and bond'*

*In stock exchange a brutal world
His greedy nature is unfurled.
Where rank aggression holds such sway
Self-confidence will rule the day.*

*If you should plant a seed of doubt
Specula-dont will sniff it out
The inside track on 'fragrant' deal,
On how to make a legal steal.*

*At times though when reverses rise
Before market corrects it
Stampedes occur before your eyes.
He's already found the exit.*

*Now Footsie and the T-S-X,
The Dow and Nikkei are just wrecks
But Specs don't suffer from such dips
They know just when to cash their chips..*



The Ventura-raptor

*The **Ventura-raptor** is a force
In setting up a deal
And corners markets to endorse
A more fulfilling meal.*

*With appetite and sharper tooth.
Arrays of keen incisors
Attracting lean and hungry youth
Enlisting them advisors.*

*They come in droves from far and wide
Desirous of a killing.
With instincts they can scarcely hide -
They're golden grist for milling*

*Presenting schemes a little rough
On details they don't dwell
Probity's not quite enough
They question 'Will it sell?'*





The Dapper Rappadon

Bringing the Third World Home

*The **Rapadon** is very keen
To shoulder worldly vision
When trade at home looked rather lean
Expanded scope of mission.*

*To roam abroad in search of loot
And things we value dear
And garner up the choicest fruit
To market it back here.*

*The Third World is a fabled place
To let his talents roam
With different breeds and clime and race.
All safely far from home.*

*The starving soul pushed 'gainst the wall
Is easy to exploit
Enticed by dreams of have it all
And sleight of hand adroit.*

*Such places of disparity
Inimical to health
Accept his crafty charity
While he reaps all their wealth.*

*Commandeering ruling class
He bribes his way to riches.
And business-like sets to amass
Without red tape or glitches.*

*To earn but scraps is all they need
Content with very little
Lest education plant a seed
All margins back they whittle.*

*So keen to earn the merest crust,
The destitute are willing
Desperate to gain his trust
While **Rappa** makes his killing.*

*For others, third world far away,
Is inconvenient to roam
Far better for the day to day
To keep it far from home.*

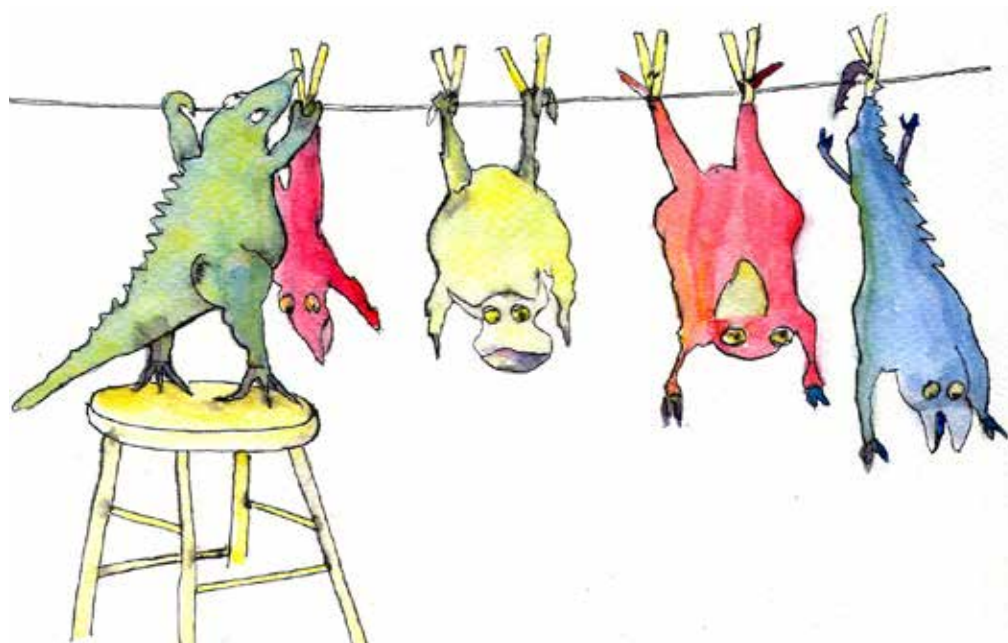


Laundromaticons

Laudromaticons accept as norm,
Injustices quite flagrant,
Deploy a talent to transform
The foul to something fragrant.

Shunning a more public role
Ambivalence and quandry
He hides away in secret hole
And concentrates on laundry.

And when his goods are nicely scrubbed
And nothing seems awry
None will know how hard he's grubbed
Or who's hung out to dry.





The Ninety-Nine

*If some may seem to have it good
Like pop star, banker, king.
What is so so oft misunderstood -
The pressures wealth can bring.*

*These tortured souls of those above
Claim wealth's a poisoned chalice
It does not buy a truer love,
Just thievery and malice.*

*Those yachts and dachas come at price
Lush diets quickly cloy
With side effects like rampant vice
Such riches bring no joy.*

*But in response to experts' taunt
The Ninety Nine still shout
**'Wealth may not bring quite what we want
But let's at least find out!'***

The One Per Cent

*Who are this fabled one percent?
They must be found, and made repent.*

*Do they dwell in ivory towers?
Enjoying lives festooned with flowers?*

*Or those who emulate the proles?
Or stylobytes on higher poles?*

*Or those who are locked up in jails?
Or those who relish Christmas sales?*

*Or those with fathomless I.Q.'s?
Or those who swallow billiard cues?*

*Or those that scoff a dozen cakes?
Or those who say 'for goodness sakes'?*





*Or those who affect zebra shoes?
Or those who walse and sing the blues?*

*Or those can riff on the trombone?
Or jesting surgeons, that cut to bone?*

*Or those who know to dance a jig?
Or at a sitting scoff a pig?*

*Or parachutists dropped from sky?
Or, baffled, those who wonder why?*

*Or those who plot some carnage dire?
Or useful those can change a tire?*

*Or those who ne'er succumb to rage?
Or celebrities who never age?*



Or those whose lives have known not cares?

Or those who befriend polar bears?

Or those that smile upon a bus?

Or sailors never known to cuss?

Or pygmies that grow extra tall?

Or those who have no ears at all?

Or those who contemplate slime mould

Or those inured to being cold?

Or those who know the value π ?

Or those who cannot fathom why?

Or those who relish marzipan?

Or those affecting spray on tan?

*When tallied up what life invents
There are one hundred one percents!*

*Perhaps it's simpler than we thought,
The Ninety Nine are what we're not.*

*And thus we should'nt make such fuss
If one percent are really us!*





Yours Truly,

Fl@ubert

