



OSTERITY

Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for Alison and Mavis

OSTERITY

*Surely Nature's strangest niche
Is occupied by ost-er-ich.
Inhabiting the open ground,
Endowed with neck to look around,
It finds there's much too much to see
Preferring blind osterity.
If life's temptations forwards bound
It plunges head deep underground.*



*Proponents of osterity
Keep eyes firmly downcast
Averted from prosperity
And seductions slick and fast.
Far-sightedness suits feckless few
Unmoored from all restraint
Those often doomed by what they do
And prey to every feint.*

*So rein in excesses of past
And put accounts in order
(Let dives who has riches massed
slip silently cross border)
Quest not for grail of higher truth
Or headlong joust embrace
Thus excesses of feckless youth
You will not need erase.*



*O dawning age, O sterity!
With emphasis on frugal thrift
We've turned a page. Posterity!
Will thank us for our grinding grift!*

The Tightened Belt

*Financial experts advocate,
this current vogue for tightened belt,
To mitigate our parlous state,
and help to concentrate Die Welt.
The benefits of cummerbund,
restricting ebb and flow
Will render features rubicund,
with healthy cheeks aglow.*



*Old tales of excess reinvent
embrace abstemious role.
Lift burden of past wealth misspent
and nurture frugal soul.
Espouse the 'trickle down' of wealth,
mock mantle 'Thunder Thighs',
But stuff your pouch with furtive stealth,
when honing down a size.*



*Accentuate your profile slim,
much better harsh than tender
Conceal your air of 'o'er the brim',
without the crass suspender.
Distract from lumpen and obese,
Wrapped in mantra true
Don strait jacket without release.
That 'money-belt' suits you.*

Ravages of Time



*The Victory of Samothrace, Apollo Belvedere,
Are long inured to loss of face, and assets once held dear.
The nips and tucks of wayward fate, and ravages of time
Speak much more tellingly of late, when LESS is viewed sublime.*

*New sculptors casting blobs in bronze and craving repute heady
Mod artists wielding paint-filled wands - Enough of them already!
So too for prolix architect with, 'signature' arcane
With purposes hard to detect, to comfort just a bane.*

*Let's challenge all this so-called art with bracing budget cuts!
For artists too must play their part, abandon time-worn ruts.
Our saner world comes to resent such glib pretentious babble.
These moneys could be better spent, on things sustainabbable.*

*Curtail all funding feckless spent, leave galleries unhung
Today's young artist should relent, and work with camel dung.
Reject that crass indulgent art, like gem encrusted skull
Insulting both the head and heart with message void and null.*

*The minimalists had got it right who 'less is more' proclaim
They pared it down to meagre byte, or left an empty frame.
The old ways simply cannot last, the hackneyed we suborn
Lambaste the treasures of the past, as heritage of porn.*

*When modern times are out of joint, then harping on the past
Can make a very telling point, 'bout values that will last.
The mantra of new polity, 'recycle and reclaim'.
Perfecting neo-poverty, with just the past to blame.*

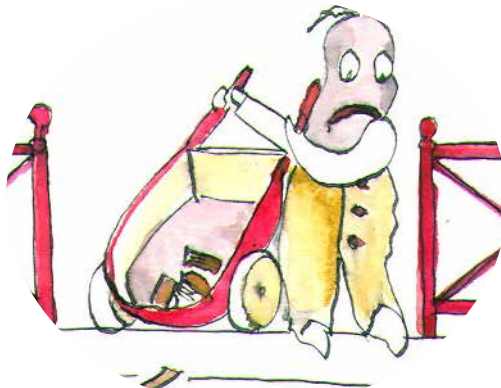


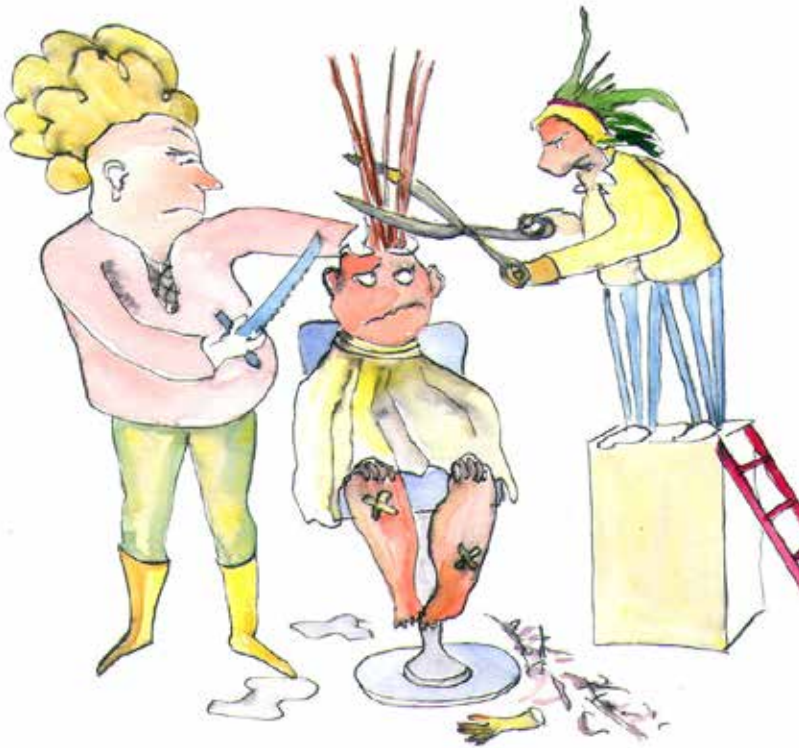
*O Victory! Apollo 'Dere! Enjoy your state of ruin
Happy that you are not here, to dance to modern tune.
That all of us so wracked by time, on ar infested sea
Achieve a value so sublime, as redaction did for thee!*

The Cuts

*Economists rush to the fore
demanding fiscal prudence
The debts accrued from days of yore
they would bequeath to students.
Expressing a sadistic glee
they sharpen up the axe.
“We’re o’er extended can’t you see,
the fault of liberal hacks?”*

*The time has come to spill the beans!
We’re going to the dogs!
We’ve lived too long beyond our means,
too high upon our hogs.
Let’s hack away that welfare state
dismissing ‘little jollies’
Yet administered remain ingrate,
Embarrassed midst their follies.*





*And thus blind-folded, led by nose,
by experts, City Whizzers
Accepting swingeing cuts imposed
when they unsheathe their scissors.
So that at last, cut back to bone,
we reach a balanced budget
It's all above our heads we moan!
Well - the barbers say 'just fudge it!'*

Comfort Food

*Austere times put you in the mood
To dream of menus hearty
And gravitate to comfort food,
By inviting it to party.*

*If stockpiling is hard to assay,
Best just-in-time to borrow
Much easier consume today
What may not last the morrow.*

*And if you're feeling extra bold,
Impress all with your vigour!
Such chow is best when not served cold.
And does wonders for the figure!*



Flights of Frugality

*A penny saved is penny earned,
'Make good and mend', all urge.
From early age you should have learned
To quash that wish to splurge!*

*Just keep in mind this simple rule
No racking up of debt
Let others, spentrift, play the fool
While frugal hearts are set.*

*Frugality should start at home
Grappled hoops of steel
So when beyond, you chance to roam
So virtuous you'll feel.*



So:

*Bottle caps can be reused
All jetsam redeployed
Refuse should never be refused
But fried up, re-enjoyed.*

*Reclaim all sludgy strainer dreck
Save tiny bits of string.
They'll make a festive Christmas dec
If baubles aren't you thing.*

*Don't the humble lentil shun
Or cutlets of groundnut.
Carb rissoles can't be oversung,
(They amplify the gut.)*

*Conserve each excess laundry sud
And garner coffee grounds
Frugality should stir the blood
It's better than it sounds!*



Sitting on Our Assets

*We once awoke as billionaires
Yet sadly didn't know it,
Now as paupers feigning airs
We feel obliged to show it.*

*Our leaders push a vision clear,
That sets some souls on edge
Proclaiming it's their mission dear
To protect our privilege.*

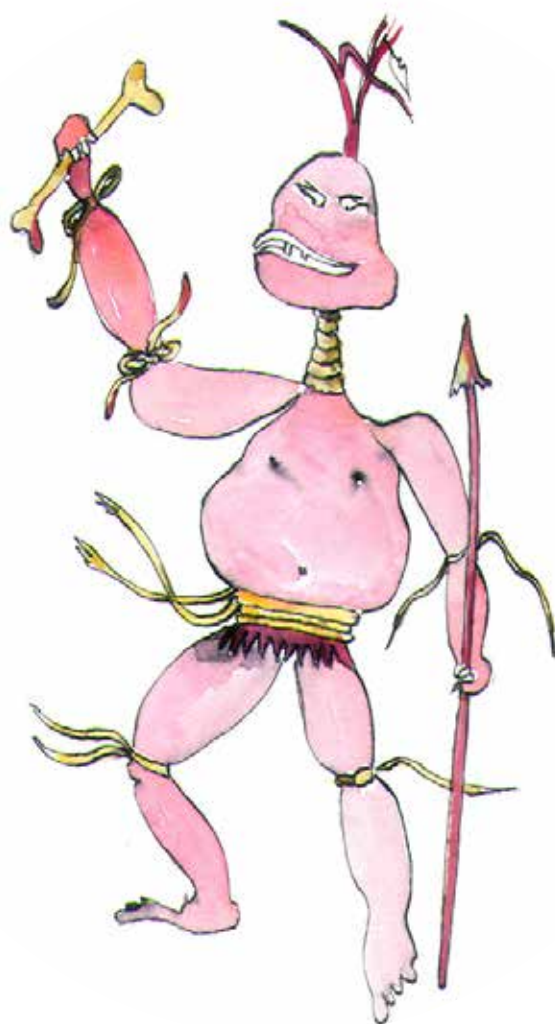
*When assets start to languish, dwindle
Miniscule the interest rate
And few the opportunities to swindle
Thank god for real estate!*

*Though with the readies we are skint
Bank balance far off target.
At least our hovel's worth a mint
And cresting on the market!*



*It's never tactful nor astute
To dwell upon net worth.
A word to prudent - hide your loot
Give taxmen a wide berth.*

*For now when all are winners deemed
A loser must be found,
But preferably one far away
On very neutral ground.*



De-Leveraging

*When slick advisors hang about
Discussing 'better hedge',
Charge in and put the lot to rout
Time to de-leverage.*

*Cash flow dwindles? margins tight?
'Spite your best endeavourage,
Act fast lest lemmings see the light
Time to de-leverage.*

*When expectations hit the sky
Yet withhold bigger wedge
And no one's sure just what will fly
Time to de-leverage.*



*When Rube Goldberg bankers call the shots
And you're stumped for clever edge
You might as well just play the slots.
Time to de-leverage.*

Quantitative Easing

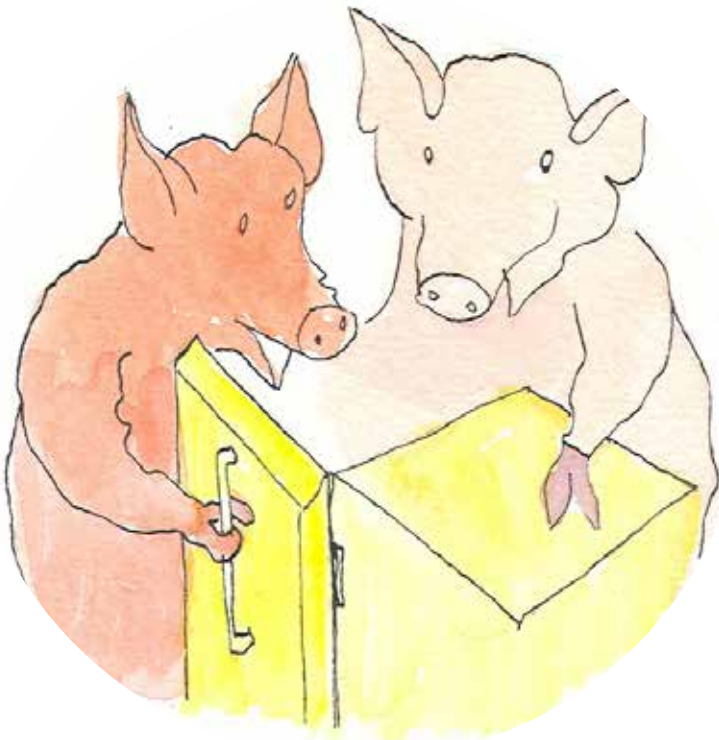
*Naught to bankers is more pleasing,
Than bout of quantitative easing,
A boon in tallying net worth
That helps grow appetite and girth.
'Gainst imputations quite malign,
One needs no longer draw a line
And all transactions less than fragrant
Are forgiven as mere notions vagrant.*

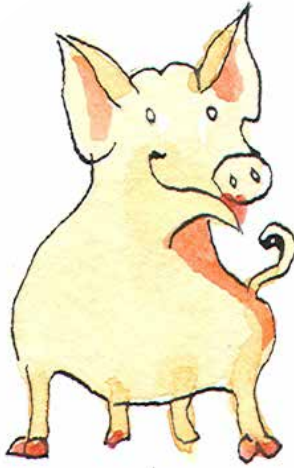
*None needs to prune their barren vines
Instead just package your subprimes.
Consigned to bin are rancid bonds
By sleight of hand and magic wands.
These products of the printing press
Will help relieve unhealthy stress,
And give more scope for renewed play
By easing awkward debts away.*



*Let experts set our house in order
Deporting dross across the border.
They rallied round to bolster banks,
Thus meriting our heartfelt thanks
By promoting virtues of self-charity
Counterbalanced by austerity
To choicest colleagues they will lend,
With trickle down the broke will mend.*

*And so Q E is all the rage
though interest rates stay sour
At least none need to turn the page.
We'll manage as before.
By putting dosh in off-shore bags,
the products of your slavin'
Home moves from riches unto rags
while they've decamped to haven.*





*Some wonder if the storm they'll weather,
Midst banker-bashing snide
But remember
'we're all in this together'
– and one percent's on side.*

My Footsie

*The Footsie's bruised and Hang Seng's wrung
The Dow is Dow, Dow, Down.
TSeX looks flaccid, limply hung
The LouSiE's in meltdown.*

*We've almost surely lost our A I M
The Nikkei's looking 'nackered,
We've clearly fallen off our game,
With cards against us stackered.*

*Standard / Poors have lost the plot
And Moodys mirrors name.
They all proclaim, downgrade the lot!
Yet on us they ladle blame.*

*The Shanghai's clearly been shanghaied,
The Nosdaq's got the sniffles
With such due diligence applied
White collar world gets whiffles.*



*Better just to duck the DAX
And let the 'bears' go home
For none would care to face the facts,*

We're all in this alone !

The Fiscal Cliff

*Movers, Shakers we are told
just relish uphill schlep
Rewards accrue to very bold,
who entertain great debt.
Relentless drawn to bright mirage,
brave future beckoning
With expectations less than sage,
inured to reckoning.*

*Those setting off up gentle slope
aspiring to the view
May start on wide road full of hope
of splendours to ensue.
But a drawback of this uphill trek,
the end's not always nice.
Your jaunt may end in sudden wreck
off lofty precipice.*

*When perched atop a fiscal cliff,
though vistas may beguile
The risks may render body stiff,
with distance down a mile.
And indistinctly strewn below,
are bones of not-done-well
Who succumbed to heady vertigo,
and teetering over fell.*



*Perched atop a cliff that's fiscal,
the view seems all the madder
So gamblers that are loath to risk all
may wisely pack a ladder.
One can't be daunted, give up hope,
this is no place for coward
Better pack a sturdy rope,
When taking big step forward.*

Embarcation

*Locate an island far away
to hoard your worldly gains
And there heap up for rainy day
Your booty (and your brains).*

*Of course this shelter need not be
of clay and wattles made
Forget that bean and honey bee
that plague the bee-loud glade.*

*Instead embrace a simple mode
reduced to the essentials
Just focus on transported lode
of amassed consequential.*

*Like yachts and blue pools infinite,
where A-list can cavort
A casino where you'll win a bit,
with handy heliport.*

*All the fruits you there enshrine
you'll share with whom you choose
In palace stocked with vintage wine
and dedicated crews.*



*O Joy! In splendid indolence
pursue the simple life
Free from vexing dependants
far flung from world-wide strife.*

*Surrounded by what you hold dear
toast those kept far away
And fete your life that's less austere,
'neath skies that never grey.*

Zero Growth

*The lesser-tufted three toed sloth
Endures an uneventful life.
He's quite resigned to zero growth
And shuns all needless strife.*

*He contemplates tripartite paws
(With tendency to fidget)
His speculations give dim pause
On growth that's double digit.*

*At monkeys he just looks askance
Resents their duck and dive.
But perhaps he'd relish just one chance
To hang his own HIGH FIVE.*



The Bankers' Lament

*Curse that young apprentice lad!
He's dropped us in the red
Our balance sheet looks mega-sad,
we've lost our hard won cred!*

*Those billions lost, the silly dupe,
all gambled on his whim!
And worse, the Press has got their scoop.
Well - HE's out on a limb!*

*We all assumed that he would know
to watch each other's backs
Remain unsullied, white as snow,
by covering our tracks.*

*The prudence that we like to preach
for others to apply
Austerity. But with this breach
Now all of us must try.*

*Such scandals make it difficult
instilling rectitude
While claiming that its not our fault
when errant fools intrude.*

*But now the hedgies got the drift!
They'll play us like casino
Delighted by our show of grift
despite sobre demeanour.*





Fundamental Evasions

*In accruing incrementals
ere the taxman knocks at door
Best get down to fundamentals.
- move your profits far off shore.*

*The time has come to cook the books,
though it's sometimes hard to do.
For a kitchen with so many cooks
produces noxious stew.*

*Go find a friendly foreign state
that has capacious coffer
A haven for those in retreat
through loopholes here on offer.*

*And make your little enterprise,
as pretty as a Shell
But keep it solely for our eyes,
(It's most unwise to tell)*

*Offshore you can cavort and flirt,
and live life without licence.
But while at home affect hair shirt,
and cut back on all expense.*

Burgeoning Austerity

*The canny emptor finds on web
a game that all can play.
Divés, fakir, prole or pleb
find solace on E-Bay.*

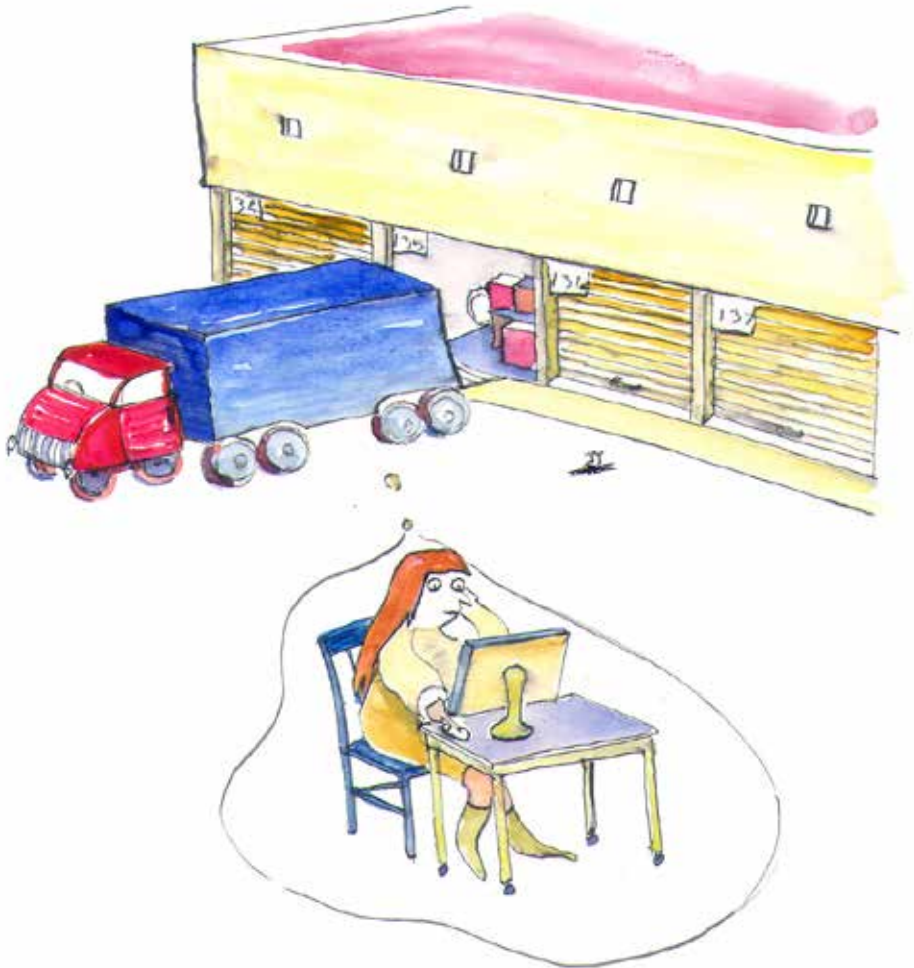
*Searching websites, 'winning' bids,
and gambling through night
While hum-drum life is on the skids,
They're caught in heat of fight.*

*Scoring hardware sold in bulk,
Welsh blankets by the crate
They swoop and click without a sulk
On bargains truly great!*

*Downsizing goes against the grain.
Excess is all in order!
Set all aside for day of rain,
this obsession of the hoarder.*

*But sage observers, marking trend,
invest in vacant lands
And lockers where such objects end,
insurance, moving vans.*

*Safe caches for the treasure found,
enticing in complicity
Repositories come to abound,
all dotted around the city.*





In times austere, be never loath
to seize upon the day.
When all is drear and you see growth,
just LEAP into the fray!

Ode To Complacency

*Ambitious souls get o'er extended
Deluded by some fruitless quest
They find themselves alone, unfriended.
Complacency would have been best.*

*Rein in ambition, stop your posing.
All hubris just precedes a fall,
Since only fools will dip their toes in,
It's better not to try at all!*

*Sit back, and relish how they blew it
Count your blessings, where you be.
Stay safely supine, 'JUST DON'T DO IT!'
Let others bark up the wrong tree*





Maintaining Austerity

*We once watched waning world contract,
Dismayed to plot oil's peak
But now we've learned the real facts
There's a glut of what we seek.*

*A world awash in energy !
Enough for all to fry
Elicits a new synergy
As we blast it to the sky!*

*New promise of prosperity
Will everywhere be found
Subverting harsh austerity
Over very shaky ground.*

Pipe I-Dreams

*You can embark on grail-like quest without once leaving home.
Or smugly answer any test . It's all on your Smartphone.*

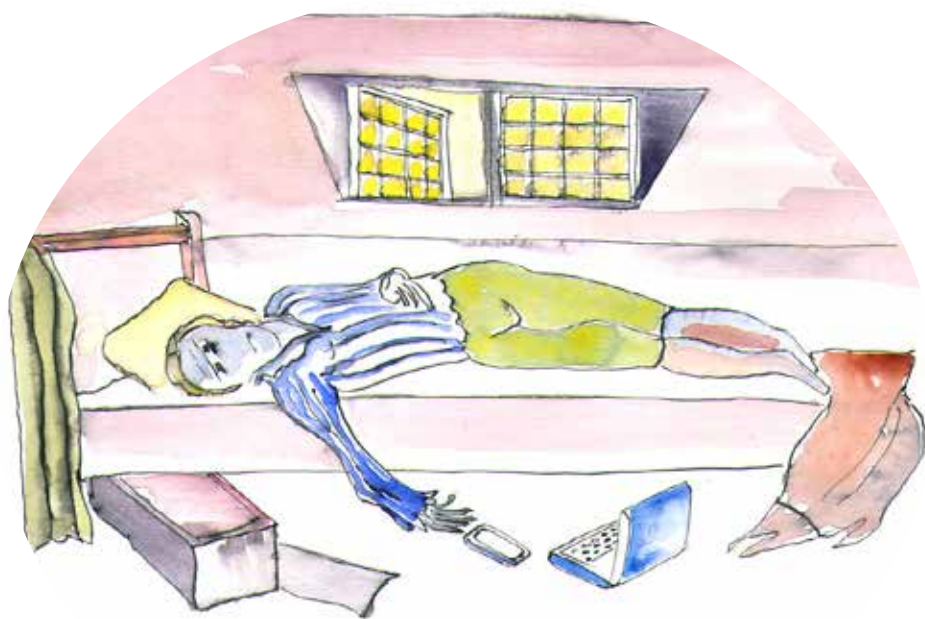
*Construct a palace in the air, a temple of your dreams!
Let others, jealous, gawp and stare at your life as it seems.*

*Resorting to the techno-sphere to broadcast every whim
Escape from your constraints austere when realities seem grim.*

*With Smartphone clutched tight in your hand, opiate of our time,
The world's your oyster on demand, your gate to the sublime.*

*So foster each proclivity, transcend all adverse hype.
Forget your lost productivity, lapsed vigour, all that tripe.*

*To realise fantastic roles tune in where you belong
Midst multitude of networked souls, so many can't be wrong!*



P-osterity

*The mantras of a life austere,
urge you not budge an inch.
Display resolve that's crystal clear
Let others feel the pinch!
Be not by comforts held in thrall.
Project qualities transcendant.
Eschew the world material.
Be Greater Force dependant.*

*Best cultivate an air morose,
'a lean and hungry look'
Grow stubble, donning threadbare clothes.
Affect a cane or crook.
Bedizenment and jewellery,
excesses of your dressage
suggest a feckless foolery
and undermine your message.*

*Cultivate your schadenfreud,
enjoy what others lack
You see in them what to avoid,
when they've chosen the wrong track.
If upstart rivals grab the floor
and competition mounts
Insist that you're AUSTERIOR.
It's one-upmanship that counts!*





*Some gravitate to gentler climes,
Rejectiong cold asperity!
While others rise to testing times
And bequeathe them to posterity.*



Yours Ostentatiously,
Fl@ubert Duck

