



φόβος

PHOBOS

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the fl@ubert duck series



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You're certain to attract attention
When a phobia you mention.
Connoisseurs will analyse
All contrasts with their own dull lives.

The up-side one must haste to mention -
Phobics garner much attention.
Some say root cause is less instinctive
Than deep desire to be distinctive.

Bizarre behaviour adds incentive
Therefore, strive to be inventive.
Let your afflictions make it clear
How much all *crave* to live in fear.

Seek out the limelight *and* the dark
Excesses of your wayward heart,
Plumbing depths of human psyche
Raising paeans of 'Oh Crikey!'

Envenomed serpents, beasts of prey
Have come to seem 'so yesterday!'
Past phobias appear prosaic -
We moderns crave *enriched* mosaic.

With Pandora's box so fully stored
There's no excuse for being bored.
Our deepest fear can't be o'erblown -
It is the *terror* of unknown.

*This Lexicon with range and pith
Extends your scope to conjure with.
Be not loath to lift the lid
Revealing what the darkness hid.*



Aviophobia

Aviophobes take solid stand.
With feet safe planted on firm land
Quite terrified of dizzy height,
And reckless speed of those in flight.

Command on high what one surveys
Will just induce profound malaise.
The very thought of space debris
Makes them pine for earth's ennui.

Though earthbound life is sometimes morbid
Better that than life in orbit.
Safer then to shun horizon
Choose mundane scene to keep your eyes on.

*If fancies flights mock sense of worth
It's better to stay 'down to earth'.*





Belonephobia

Belone-phobes fall limp and feeble

At the very sight of needle.

They writhe and wince, are prone to carp

At anyone that seems too sharp.

They seek a world that's blunt and grey

And shun sharp wits and pointed fray,

Avoiding those deemed too acute

They gravitate to dull galoot.

Reserving place on lowest rung

For those endowed with sharpish tongue

They deem that nothing could be scarier -

Than sharp glint in eye of needle bearer?

(A word to wise should best be taken

- With Baloney-Phobes be not mistaken)

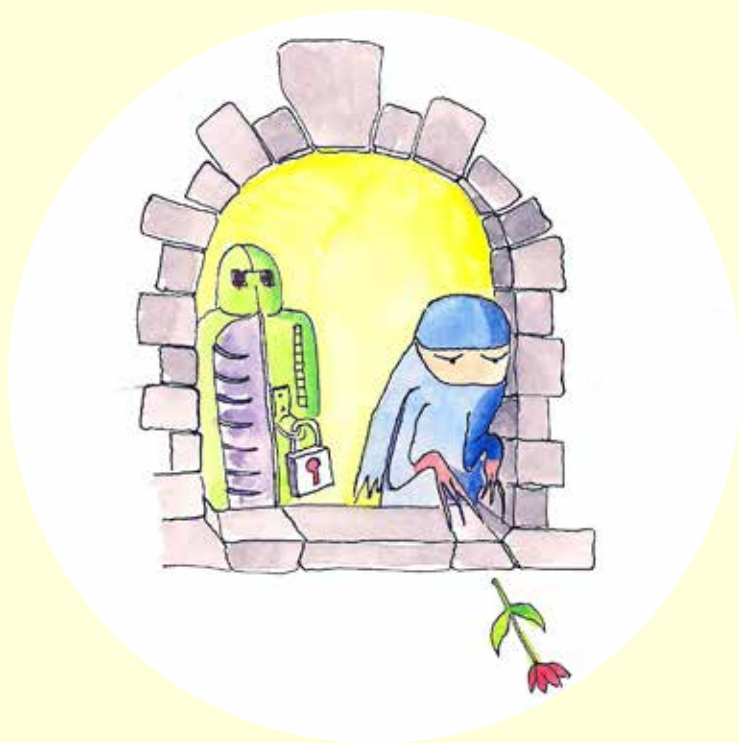
Chastiphobia

In our explicit modern world
Where baser instincts are unfurled
Experts savour and expound
On those with kinky habits found.

Like those who wish to play the slave
Or dress rehearse for early grave
Who take their pleasure 'neath the lash,
Or exotic roles for easy cash.

'Midst furore of these mad pursuits
(And blushing to her very roots)
The Chastiphobe will soon opine,
On souls who try to toe the line.

*Those firmly holding back from fray
Censorious, with naught to say.*





Dataphobia

In headlong quest for things that matter
We tend to get obsessed with data.
Dataphobes reject this norm
To roll back tide and counter storm.

They fear the ever-watching hawk
Those spies who pounce on idle talk.
Who scrutinise your every bill -
For whom each purchase lends a thrill!

You may detect from tone of wheedle
Those probing haystack, seeking needle.
There's lots to hide if truth be told
And all should fear the mother lode.

*Take care! If you have bone to chew
The Cloud up there is watching you!*

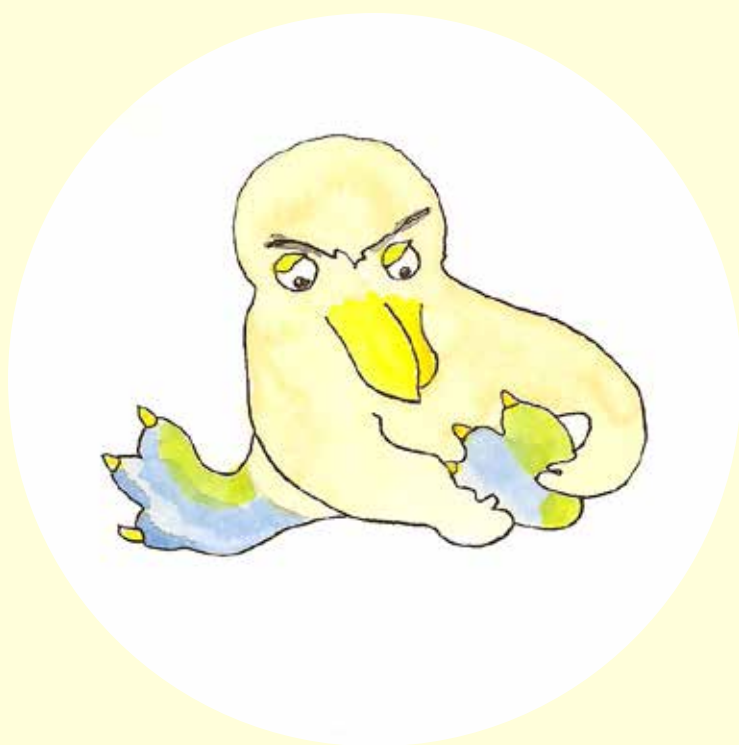
Egrigeophobia

Egrigeophobes recoil from fame
And dare not contemplate its name.
Curmudgeons, they seek to suppress
A world that gawks at stars' excess.

With puckered lip, revolted sneer,
At sight of some celeb held dear,
Whose every dictate seems a must,
This phobic reels back in disgust.

He cares not what the pundits think
Or what the cognoscenti drink!
Eschews excesses of our day
And concentrates on feet of clay!

*Escaping star-eyed, idle talk
He finds safe refuge 'neath a rock.*





Floriphobia

They gag at vogue for '*Going Green*'
Find pistils, stamens, quite obscene.
Rampant, floral sights repel
The sight, the texture, cloying smell.

The very thought of budding rose
Is quite enough to curl some toes.
A rampant and nightmarish vine,
Elicits terror to entwine.

For fear of flowers, fruits and seedin'
Think Adam's joy escaping Eden!
(Perhaps the truth takes time to dawn -
It was his dread of mowing lawn)

*Oh! some find desert wastes a boon,
A 'Green Free' life on arid dune!*

Gymnaphobia

The Gymnaphobe finds muscled youth
Too self-absorbed, obtuse, uncouth.
Those hefting weights draw her derision
She baulks at every bulked-up vision.

A stressed-out grunt and anguished groan
Chills marrow of the very bone;
Treadmills prompt an angst attack
With thoughts of torture on the rack.

And pointless cycling by the hour
That gets you nowhere, makes her glower.
Instead of painful cultured ab
She much prefers her roll of flab.

*For those who shun the bench and press
Can sport an all-concealing dress.*





Hippopotomonstroses- quipedaliophobia

The fear of wordiness is rare
O! Spartan stripped vocabulaire!
In commonitute you hear today
Pretentious phrasings some assay.

When oft the shorter word will do
The ill-advised emit a slew.
Would that more among us had
Predilection for a more denudacious fad.

Such hystero-factitious sylla-babble
Renders most indifferentiable from rabble,
Post-hyper-verbose monstrosities
Maximilise preposterositities.

*So keep it simple is the rule.
(It's hardly worth attending school)*

IRS-aphobia

When IRS-aphobe hears taxman's plea
A panic strikes, he turns to flee.
As far back as the fabled pharaoh
Excise struck chill to very marrow.

For IRS-aphobic nightmares blind
Indeed date back to Pharaoh's kine,
Those goods purloined for years of lean
And stashed in chest of comely queen.

The prudent think they best conceal
Prosperity and squarer meal
Lest o'erburdened with success
IRS re-distribute their excess.

*Tax hunger lurks in every margin -
(Please note: how Grand Vizier's enlargin')*





Jestiphobia

In circus with its ups and downs
A drawback is a fear of clowns.
Whose misplaced laugh puts ill-at-ease
The giddy flyer on trapeze.

The Jestiphobe just lives in terror
Of funny skits that tend to error.
A joke misplaced when in full swing
Can rain disaster 'pon the ring.

For clown below with painted lips
Belies a life of tragic slips.
Hair frizzed fancy, like a poodle
Belies some vacancies in noodle.

*Clowns were well-known in ancient lore
To spread light humour midst the gore.*

Kleptophobia

Though they seem blessed with bounteous cheer
Some 'haves' are wracked with constant fear
They dread the 'have-nots' at their door
Who might look close, demand the score.

Lest that nest egg tucked away
Should end up cracked, they will not play.
Their dreams obsess 'round fool-proof locks
To protect their trove from Future Shocks.

They twist and turn on anguished bed
With pillage, rapine thoughts in head.
Such nightmares summon up the blues.
They reckon they have much to lose

*Perhaps a spell of less sobriety
Would help abate their deep anxiety.*





Luvviephobia

Seated midst the 'gods' abovie
Are those who dread the loathsome luvvie.
Exiled far from where they dwell
They rain contempt on gushing swell.

Dressed to kill, all hailing 'Coo-ee!'
Making what's on stage seem phooey.
Luvvies posture and effuse
Cavort, expressing vapid views..

But up in gods with their steep rake
The Luvviphobe has different take.
With gagging throat he still keeps track
Of effusions of this luvvie pack.

*Sometimes the luvvies down below
Will tend to put on better show.*

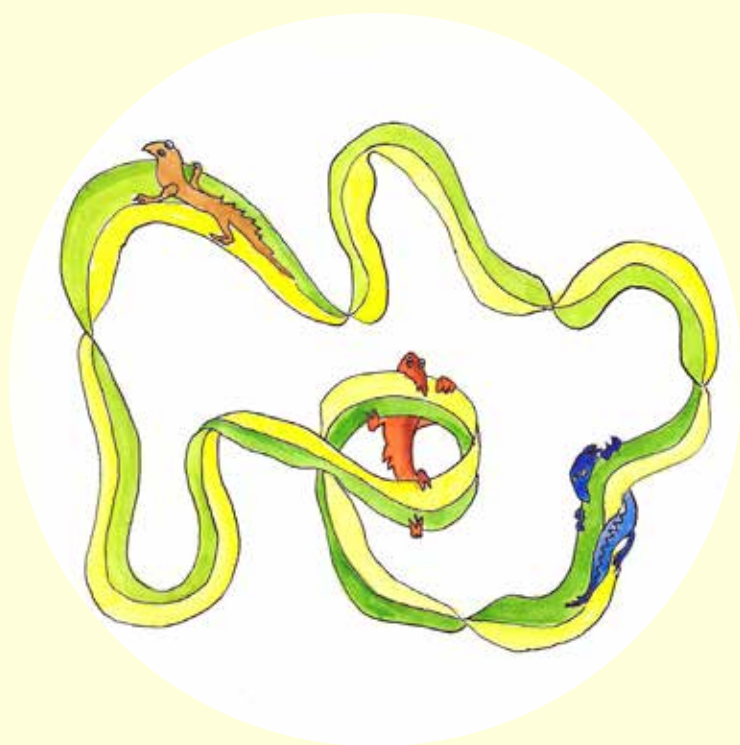
Mobiusphobia

Though endless slog just leaves him bored
The Mobiusphobe has one thought stored,
 He doggedly his road pursues
And clings to his one-sided views.

At horizons far no glance he gives
 He's blind to rash alternatives.
With predilection never lateral
He fears distraction that's collateral.

He dreads what might on obverse lurk
A different path might prove much work
 His route is known, the die is cast,
 He revels to relive his past.

*Ignoring when the off-piste beckons
It's better stay the course he reckons.*





Numeraphobia

Numbers hold a special terror
That plagues innumerate nightmarer,
All those who flee pursued by sum,
Or find quadratics strike them dumb.

The shenanigans of numbers prime,
Crusades 'gainst logarithmic slime
And sneaky wayward algebra
All monsters red in tooth and claw.

Just when some thought it won't get worse,
They find some numbers deemed a curse,
For superstitious 'mongst them thinks
That number 13 holds a jinx.

*Architects in many lands
Delete such numbers from their plans.*

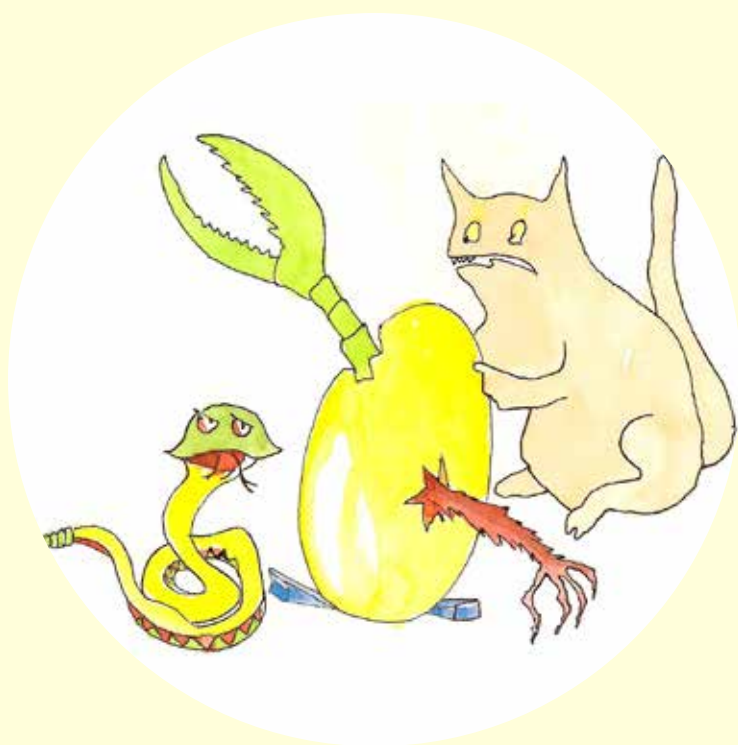
Ovaphobia

One thing it's never wise to probe
The psyche of the Ovaphobe
While egg itself may seem inert
It's what's inside that can cause hurt.

The Ovaphobe retires to bed
With fear of cracking sounds in head
And thoughts of Humpty guck within
Will make him bilious, head a-spin.

Imagine! Inside those hard shells
Potential force of chaos dwells.
A simple shape too much conceals
Then cracked wide ope' mayhem reveals.

*For they know hidden in that yoke
Is blueprint for the damnedest folk.*





P

roximaphobia

Future challenges grow gritty
Dwelling in a crowded city.
When busy lives become frenetic
Fear of neighbour seems genetic.

Beyond that flimsy party wall
Who knows what frightful monsters crawl?
Constricted life gets less enjoy'ble
When contemplating neighbour's foible.

We shun those weirdos tucked away.
Imagining where worst holds sway.
Resentments that could run amok
All build up steam for future shock.

*We needen't very long belabour
That thicker wall makes better neighbour.*

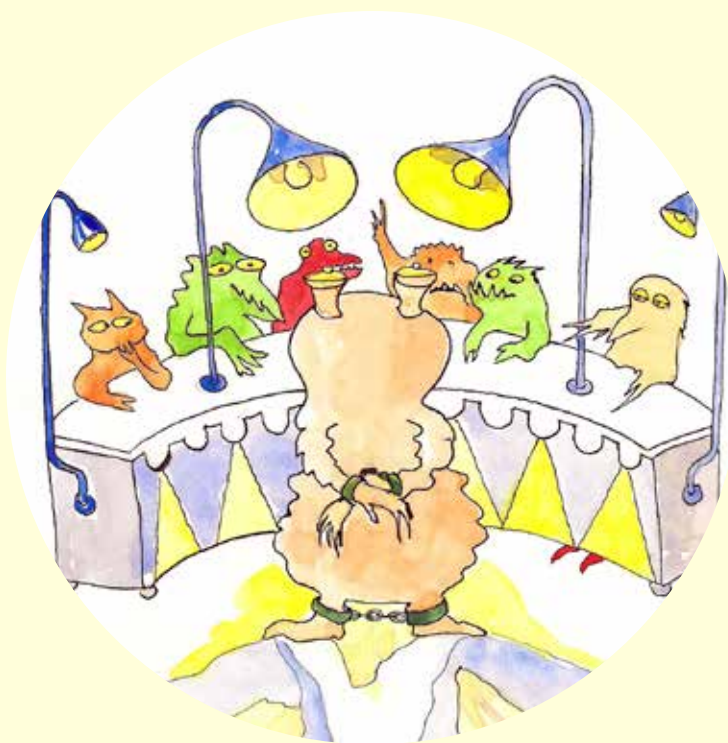
Questiphobia

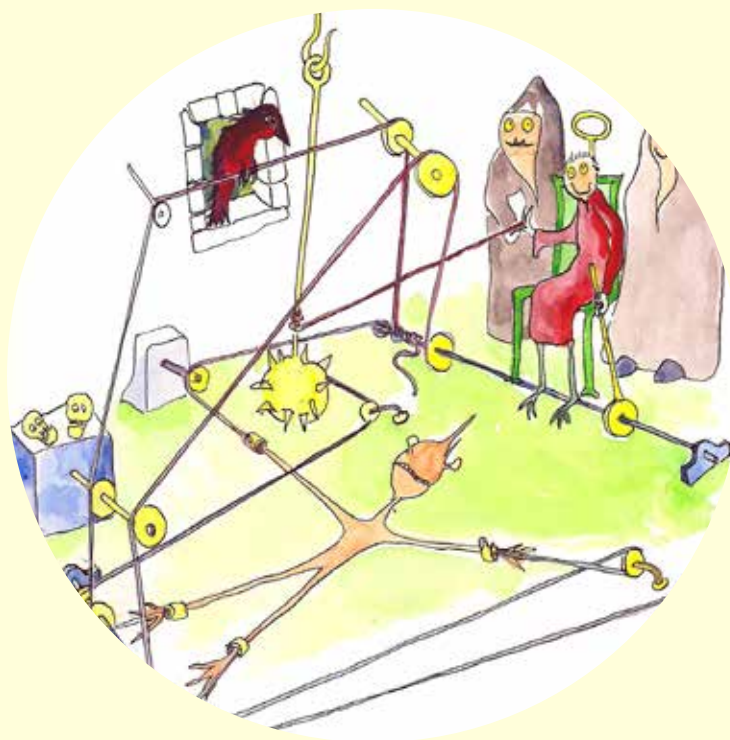
Dodging all those frightful shows
That gauge exactly what one knows
The Questiphobe spends day and night
In terror of his questioned plight.

He fears being put upon the spot
Being asked to prove what he is not.
While others try to guess the answer
He never wants to play the chancer.

He curtly shuns Eternal Questions
Won't deign to offer his suggestions
He just points smugly at the Book
And gives the world a knowing look.

*Reduced to jelly, left in quandry
He mulls 'To Be Or Wanna-Be'*





Rachetphobia

Your fervent faith will often dim
When being rendered limb from limb.
Some live in fear of idle torque
Applied to martyr's limbs that fork.

With platitudes, imploded, neckless
They distance selves from all that's reckless.
Reluctant to become a martyr
The strait and narrow is non-starter.

When asked to explain views profound
Their dulled eyes plummet to ground.
Barring doors 'gainst the unknown visitor
Lest knock be that of *Grand Inquisitor*.

*Eschewing shocks and painful thumbscrew
It's better to assume a dumb view.*

Sophistophobia

These phobics fear the *hoity toity*
And cringe at high fallutin' moiety,
Like those who garner unread books
Yet polish specs with knowing looks,

Or cultivate a taste in drink
To condescend with knowing wink.
Contriving appearance debonaire
To revel in green envy stare.

But contrary to wide-held idea
Sophisticates have much to fear
A world of knowledge they apprise
Is lonely fate to scrutinise.

*For repelled by all their vacant style
The hoi polloi have run a mile.*





Tattoophobia

The ill-advised may try to woo
Attention with a neat tattoo
A filigree, entwining torso,
As provocation - only more so.

But deep within the soul there is
A Tattoophobes unplumbed abyss.
Where merest sight of adorned limb
Transforms resolve to gelatin.

Arachnids tats renew with size
While others fade 'round bulging thighs.
Alas! when novelty may dim,
One can't just slough them on a whim.

*Choose your message with great care
For years 'twill be emblazoned there.*

Uberphobia

Ceaselessly he combs the skies
In fear of undetected spies.
The Uberphobe will deep resent
Comeuppance that is heaven sent.

To scrutinise each passing cloud
For trenchant evidence writ loud,
Eschewing former hocus-pocus
On I-screens Uberphobics focus.

Today's spies come as tiny drones
That gather data from I-zones.
Retribution rains from heaven above
Where others once sought peace and love.

*What once we called a fear of God
Transformed to dread what's stored in 'Cloud'.*





Vegas-aphobia

Vegas-aphobes crave utter surity.
They're terrified by insecurity
Not for them a game or chancy gamble.
For only *tried and true* need no preamble.

With chancy outcomes so beset
they are reduced to jelly by a bet
Encountering diverging roads that part
Terror strikes deep all such faints-of-heart.

Stricken by quandry producing sight
Of rash alternatives like 'left' or 'right'.
They wake atremble, wide eyed, in a stew
"Oh! tell me someone please what should I do!"

*By avoiding odds both the short and long
At least they claim that they are never wrong.*

VVeilephobia

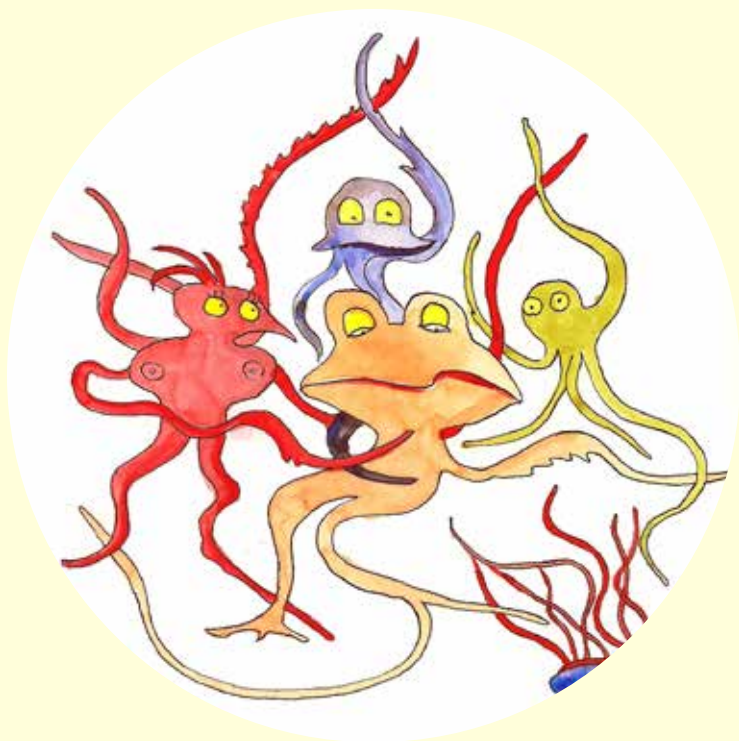
By keeping all desires close furled
And repressing glimpse of better world,
The VVeilephobe would not dare wish
Enhancement of her meagre dish.

With face concealed behind thick veil
'Gainst brash exposure she will rail.
Her eyes downcast with modesty
With desire kept safe 'neath lock and key.

Out of fear of disappointment,
Of flies encountered stuck in ointment
She refuses to expose desires ,
While delights in dousing others' fires.

*Unfettered, free of wishful thinking
She quashes dreams found therewith linking.*





XXX-iphobia

The XXX-i-phobe is quite elated
As scourge of everything X-rated,
Wielding heavy hand of censor,
Guardian and morale dispenser.

If torrid matter he espies
He checks it out with eager eyes.
Though some may question this close scrutiny
From one entrenched 'midst sweet and glutiny.

Such wholesome life is never cloyed,
He loud proclaims what to avoid,
He shuns enticements that might fell'im
Like seductions of wayward flagellum.

*In all affairs between the sexes
His probes will always form firm 'X's*

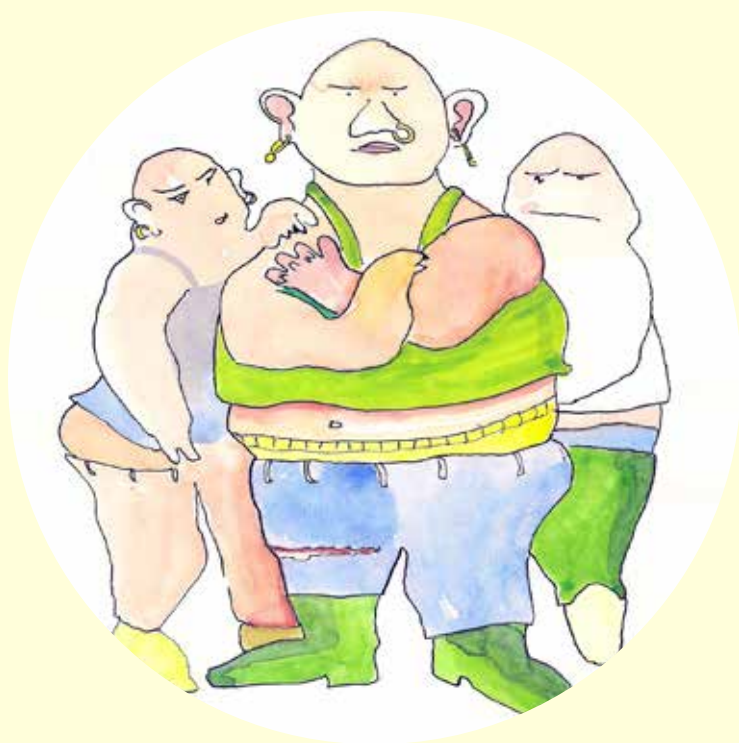
Yobiphobia

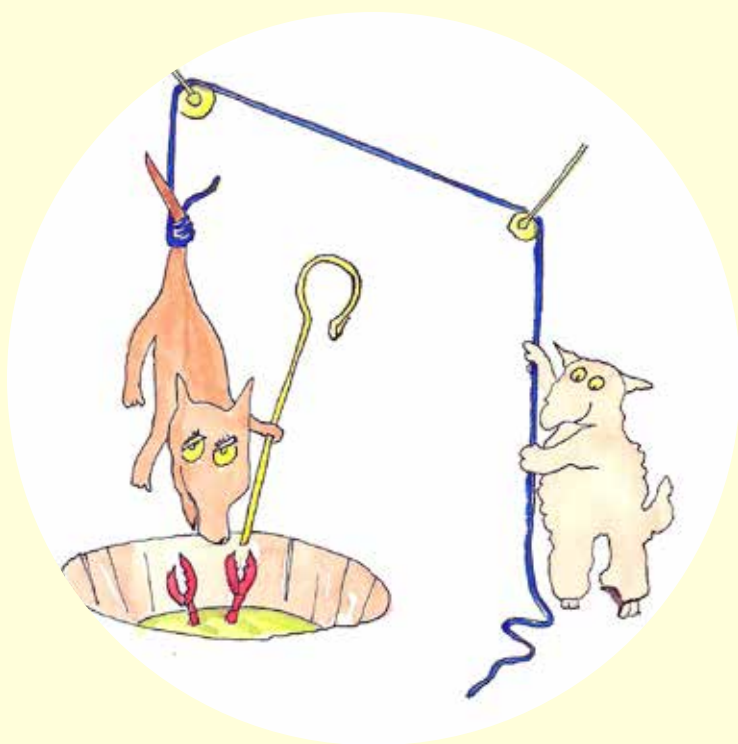
It counts as clever spelling ploy
But YOB is just a backwards BOY.
Who spreads much terror, cuts such swath
'Mongst romantics and the nouveaux Goth.

With habits horrid and uncouth,
(Behaviours one ascribes to youth)
With knuckled brass they pulp unwary.
As razors sharp whip through the airy

The Yobiphobe dares not frequent
The streets wherein such life is pent.
Where *yobbos* lurk with predilection
For seeking those who need correction.

*They're out there yearning for a fracas
Gleeful, planning to attack us.*





Zizzaphobia

Terrified of counting sheep
This phobic fears time spent asleep,
Where monsters lurk, dire fates benumb;
He avoids all realms wherein dreams come.

When imaginations can run riot
The world of dreams is hard to pilot,
Unconscious states so steeped in mayhem
Are like unruly babes in Satan's playpen.

Lest he drift off and start to doze
Alarms must keep him on his toes.
So fuelled with caffeine to wee hours
He staves off sleep and takes cold showers.

*For in dreams such tawdry truths emerge
And insights one would wish to purge.*

*At Christmas, phobics should avoid
All children fully stuffed and toyed.
This rage for giving makes some pause
Is he quite sane this Santa Claus?*

For A & M



*Yours Truly,
FL&uberT*

