



Midst ... !

Tam Fairlie

the fL@ubert duck series



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Please! Where's the Exit?

Modern times have got so vexéd,
Many clamour for an exit
But first of course they must construct a wall
To isolate the criminal
With devious thoughts subliminal,
And nasty foreign customs that appal.

For little value can be placed
On exit door marooned in space
Or hazy pale too easily sidestepped.
A boundary helps you to define
Where it is to draw the line
Ensuring comfort zones are safe upkept.

A pale will help you to explain
Your deepest fears and ease the strain.
Unleash your scorn on scapegoats not like you.
'It's us or them' your fervent cry,
Round up deplorables you spy,
Insist deportees form an ordered queue!

But Jericho and Babylon
And walls of Troy are now long gone
Sad ruins strewn across a wasted land
And generals of yesteryear
Who conjured what we ought to fear
With the know-how to maintain the upper hand.

China drew a mighty line
Those massive ramparts helped define
A boundary seen by folks way up on Mars.
The zealous Roman Hadrian
Contrived to pen uncouth Picts in
Dividing what was theirs from S.P.Q.R's

Think Brexit, Grexit, Rio Grande,
Frontiers may seem really dandy,
Those pales that let you line up, pick and choose.
Whether 'beautiful' or not,
These ramparts clearly are not fraught
With altruistic hopey - changey views.



Selfie Satisfaction

In a world that dabbles with 'post-truth'
The dazed must trot out solid proof
Confronting what seems doubtful or inane.
The *selfie* proclaims battle won,
Defines your moment in the sun!
Midst chaos you remain composed and sane.

Some pose before onrushing trains,
Or dangle mid-air out of planes
Contriving to display a cool tattoo.
Or teeter on some narrow ledge
Revealing lives lived at the edge
Defying death with feats of derring-do.

Some opt for moonlit Taj Mahal
And let their venue say it all
More than a hum-drum tweet could ever do
It shows you've risen to life's dare
At vast horizons you can stare,
You don't live jostled in some pointless queue.



So! Show the world you're hip and glam
And post your lunch on Instagram
Give details of all stuff bought and selected.
Let others emulate your flare
Their 'Likes' will show how much they care
And demonstrate you're savvy and connected.

Should you be short of an opinion,
Choose some smart app as your minion
Proclaiming that you run the extra mile.
Import a background that's exotic
Contrive appearance most quixotic
Against tremendous odds compose your smile.

When engaged in new befriending
Align yourself with all that's trending
And be not bound by mundane and what's true
But before your strong points you define,
Check what's approaching up the line.
Make sure onrushing train bypasses you!





Pale, Male, Stale, Now Somewhat Frail

For many years there reigned supreme
An all-important single meme
The *Dead and White and Euro Male* perspective.
All conflicts waged 'twixt US and THEM
Were hijacked on behalf of *DWEMS*.
Whose point-of-view was always self-directive.

Thwarting an unruly horde
Of riff-raff trying to clamber 'board.
And deaf to seething demos' plaintive pleas.
DWEMS wrote the rules, controlled the fray,
Claimed black and white but never grey
Maintained an upstart world on bended knees.

But perceiving they had naught to lose
A multitude could scarce enthuse
About the chasm 'twixt the peer and prole,
With growing horde of kith and kin
They mushroomed 'stead of blending in
Demanding greater stake than just the dole.

Their swelling numbers caused alarm
And fearing they might come to harm
The *DWEMs* conceded minor change was due
Reluctantly they yielded inch
(Perhaps they'd come to feel the pinch)
Proposing new 'correctness' to pursue.

Now *whitlash* raises ugly head,
And questioned this 'correctness' cred,
Demanding elites stabilize the field.
Too far too fast, all now assert
Not down and out, but only hurt
It's much too soon for tired old *DWEM's* to yield.

Twitterstorm

When bombarded with such rabid views
One should take care in sourcing news,
Choose angles that will bolster your position.
Alt-facts veer off on random course
You need a slant to reinforce
And consolidate your world-view and tradition.

Forget debate, a pointless task,
It's entertainment that we ask
To savour the *appearance* of commitment.
Like members of a comfy club
A reinforcing social hub
A twitterstorm provides the right equipment.

For tweeters cherish sharp extremes
And conjure up outrageous memes
Quick answers to those woes besetting nation.
So don your blindfolds at the brink
And school ourselves what not to think,
Seek certainty of numbers consolation.

Heedless how the true winds blow,
Just make up what you *want* to know
Churn out poetic falsehood without blinking
Confusion, mediocrity?
Hand reins to Mediocracy.
And leave it up to them to do the thinking.



The Art of the Insult

The insult is a useful means
To swerve attention from your seams.
And pitch your own lacunae on a foe.
You gain an upper hand in fight
By redirecting the spotlight
Contrasting their deficiencies you glow.

Suss out that chink that they most fear,
Expose it with a knowing leer
Accentuate discomfiture of victim.
A well-couched insult is an art
And strikes into the very heart,
Just turn the knife until you're sure you've licked 'em.

Ad hominem is always best,
Mock how your quarry's failed that test,
A trenchant pause will give your insult traction.
Perfect a smirk and snarky word,
Treat prey as clueless and absurd
Let your admirers revel in reaction.



Experts Enough!

Be vigilant and stay alert
To thwart the self-proclaimed expert
Unseat him from his pedestal on high.
Those smuglies apt to weave and dip
With glib facts at a fingertip
Confusing theories only eggheads buy.

Those tossers who o'erspecialise
'Informing' us what to desprize
Who spew a litany of '*Now - you shoulds*'!
Like Cassandras claiming climate change
Pursuing science out of range
Who see the trees but cannot see the woods.



Instead of shills we crave to see
The foibles of *celebrity*
Whose maunderings make all of us feel smart.
They conjure up a land of dreams
Where everything is what it seems
And 'making deals' is raised to highest art.

And if we want a fact or two
Or need to see some project through
We like a blemished leader free from guile.
Our heads rest easier on pillows
When they share our peccadillos
Reassured by that down home and winsome smile.

We'd prefer to search the internet
Where what you want is what you get
And our leaders can massage convenient facts.
There we can source the views we please
Deriding spurious expertise
And join like-minded souls to wield the axe.

None should kow-tow to expert's cry,
When all are schooled in D.I.Y!
You only need download the latest app.
When tips for healthy lifestyle burgeon,
You can dispense with neuro-surgeon
Just browse the net to don your expert's cap!

Alt-Truth

Consider how the world reacts
Embracing false and wishful facts,
With focus on delivery, style and diction.
It shuns mundane veracity
Demands to see what ought-a-be,
For truth is less respected now than fiction.

Trumpsters thrive on churning dreck!
Decrying those who use Fact-Check
Promoting proofs they can massage at will.
Persuasion? No! They're aggregating
Fiddling facts to fuel the hating
Enlisting doubtful sources as their shill.

Plumbing depths to lowest strata
Selling metrics, massing data
It's profitable if not remotely true
The public want to be excited
With tantalising tid-bits cited.
Who cares what paths authentic should pursue?

Tainted by conspiracy
And cast adrift on roiling sea
We improvise and shed all truthful scruples.
If final arbiter is you
Alt-truth depends on point of view
Embroidered facts are riddled through with loopholes.

So let gulls dream on unmolested.
Verities remain untested,
It's no holds barred and no apology.
Just burrow deep into cocoon
While outside paranoias balloon
And revel in fact-free ecology.

Rehearse a string of choice invective
Find like-minds who aren't detective,
Co-entertain with fictions and much fizz.
Stoke illusion that you're free
To roam this mock reality
It all boils down to meaning of word 'IS'.

Entitlement

Despite what little sense it makes
You're *entitled* to your own mistakes,
You can indulge your follies as you choose.
This tenet is considered vital,
To an opinion you're entitled.
Free expression is the one thing you can't lose.

You should *NOT* though if you're given druthers,
Make blunders on behalf of others
Or lead them into ways considered errant.
Unless of course you've got their vote
In which case you can launch their boat
Assured they've handed you an iron-clad warrant.

We praise democracy today
Which beckons all to enter fray
And candidates say anything that pleases.
Enlisting rabid mob support
For any slant they might purport
All's fair in war when only shooting breezes.



Risk

The prudent should assess all risks.
And not resort to mere '*tisk, tisks*',



The downside you should always know,
So heed this thoughtful list below:

Risk of falling from high places
Risk of belts without the braces
Risk of being unemployed
Risk of wayward asteroid.
Risk of being too pragmatic
Risked encounter with fanatic.
Risk of bolts of lightning, hail,
Risk of getting old and stale.
Risk of being doomed to silence
Risk of unleashed toddler violence.
Risk of Voodoo Zombie curse
Or being flattened by a hearse.
Risked attack by alligator
While locked within refrigerator.
Risk of mugging at knife point
Risk of times so out of joint
Risk of self-combustion's real
And spiteful placed banana peel.

*But to all these risks you can call halt
And assign them to another's fault.
Thus when risks mushroom you avoid
Smug 'told you so's' so overjoyed.*

Sage Advice is ... what you want to hear

There's never dearth of sage advice
Or blandishments aimed to entice
A view of life as blissful cup half full.
But if you feel you've had your fill,
While gagging on a bitter pill
It's time to take the sharp horns by the bull!

So even if it seems quite reckless,
Go and buy that diamond necklace!
Embrace a life that's pampered, free from doubt.
Assure yourself that you deserve it,
Have no reason to conserve it
Because 'I'm worth it' peal with raucous shout.

Dismiss with relish doomster's foibles
Taking time to scoff enjoyables,
Step up, embrace new opportunity.
Best medicine is always laughter
While disregarding what's hereafter
Wallow in indulgence with impunity.



That Little Guy Upstairs

That guy upstairs just goes ballistic
Researching some obscure statistic
Obligated to ransack jumbled data banks.
In panic dumping every drawer
He drops on jellied knees to floor.
Yet all his ceaseless toil gets little thanks.

Your tweeting leaves him at a loss
He can't process incoming dross
Like hoping to make sense of drunken crowd.
Midst information overload
He can't remember where what's stowed
He'd like to dump your life into *The Cloud*.

Without consistency or care
Tit-bits fly in from everywhere,
Unprocessed, willy-nilly, unaligned.
Cute kittens photos are his bane
They slosh about your cluttered brain
He makes no sense of what is on your mind.



Your social network's gone berserk,
No time for concentrated work.
He's on his own and falling off the page,
He stamps his feet to prove his point,
How much the times are out of joint.
With all your multi-tasking to engage.

He reckons it's your faulty genes
All clarity's beyond your means
It's a disconnected muddle without frame.
He sighs as mem-bots run amok
Synapses indulge idle talk.
He's fed up that he's fielding all the blame.

Tyrants, parents, spouses, judges
It's all quite pointless holding grudges
The only flaw is yours - admit you blew it.
It's not the man upstairs at fault
It's in your genes that won't call halt
It's just your hardware gone and made you do it!



Get Back Into the Box

Embrace this ever growing trend
And challenge those who recommend
You do more of your thinking '*out of box*'
Their glib advice is off the cuff,
Quite suspect, trendy, new age guff.
Just offered in attempt to pick your locks!

For once you've left your box behind,
You may regret your open mind.
When daunting, vast horizons seem quite bare.
For wide range has this tragic pitfall
Perspectives tend to look quite fitful
Amidst uncharted territory out there.

And so opposing trends emerge
That vaunt themselves as 'fitness' surge
And make virtue of necessity or worse.
In steamy *boxes* around town
You are enjoined to '*get it down*'
Embracing tortures others find perverse.

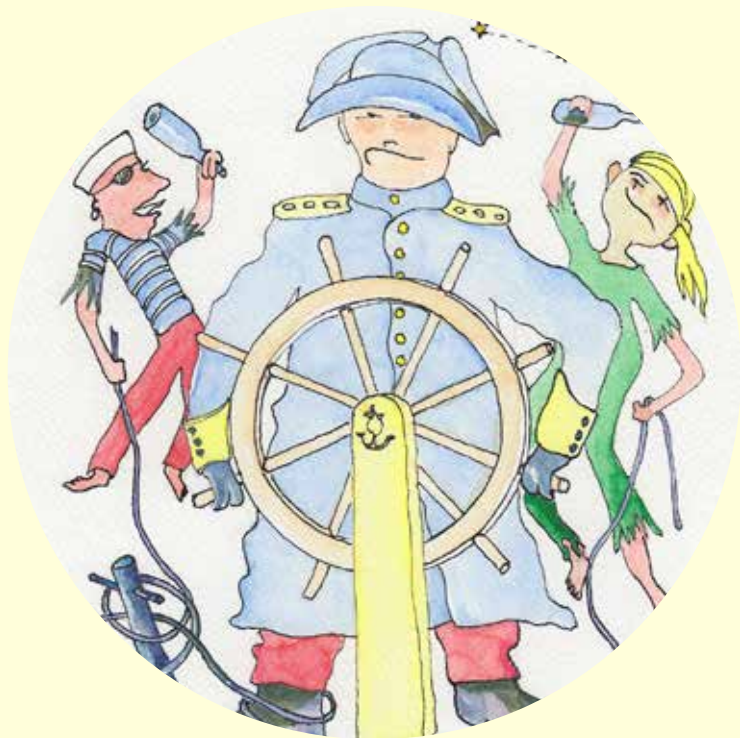


Rules

Now everyone's a special case
Who must present a unique face
And challenge old constraints and timeless rules.
The growing pressure gets quite drastic,
Projecting world Facebook fantastic
None are allowed to fall between the stools.

The old regimes induce no faith
Who heeds what antique godlets sayeth?
It's paramount to follow your own star.
By bygone ways be not deterred
Now even gender types are blurred
And who remembers what those old rules are?

When on stormy seas you bobble
The cynical exploit a squabble
Imposing slew of new self-serving rules.
Keep your firm hand upon your helm
Or chaos may soon overwhelm
And take command of wayward ship of fools.



The Deplorables

Authority is on the wane
And experts deemed a modern bane
While pugnacious trolls cluster at the gate.
They want to even up the score
Against the privileged they abhor
Rewrite the past that made the country grate.

Politicians quick to seize
On every passing wayward breeze
Are pitted 'gainst those once who led the way
With lengthy lists of things gone wrong
They fan the fervour of the throng,
'Gainst expertise they stand firm, foam and bray.

It's been confirmed by holy text,
That *progress* is a false pretext
We've gone about as far as we can go,
Progressive, liberal airs and graces
Are only pointless wastes of spaces -
Look sharp, B'Gad, and pass along the ammo.



Emojis

In recent times the hip and young
Abandon usage of the tongue.
Preferring vapid message beamed afar.
For vituperation can be hurled
While safe ensconced in shadow world,
Where noxious on-line forces join to spar.

But emojis once so plain and simple,
(Smiling face and darling dimple)
Lose currency in swamp of turgid notions.
New options must inflame the fight
Torque up disgust, derail insight,
Indispensable when venting strong emotions.

Let new emojis be complex
And cater to the metro sex
Endorsing what you think you may believe.
For those inclined to o'er emote
It's safer now to stay remote.
When on a roll and launching your pet peeve.



Winners Only Please

The 'winner' basks atop the tree,
Defining his reality
Positioned there to garner all he would.
He jettisons redundant scruples
Wastes no time convincing pupils.
He views those strewn about him as dead wood.

When winners reach this heady height,
Delusion feeds their appetite
They'll not abide a 'negative' for answer.
Favoured with a lucky birth,
Empowered by great sense of worth
Excoriating hopeless second chancer.

'Losers' on the other hand
Oft choose to make a fruitless stand
Without the flare one needs to wax invincible.
Burdened, sensing right from wrong,
Stolidly they plod along,
Condemned to blighted lives reined in by *principle*.



Dog Whistles

Our well-sung heroes yesteryear
Launched battles with a hearty cheer
Waved bonnets crowned with rose or leek or thistle;
But now new leaders 'pol-correct'
Employ Alt-methods less direct
And tend to favour use of the dog-whistle.

Alas! one cannot blurt out loud
Those cues to fuel a roiling crowd
And whip up taste for noisy violation.
All prejudice you must tone down,
And cultivate a 'PEE CEE' frown
When stirring up destructive exultation.

On battlefields in days long gone,
'Twas hard to hear amidst a throng
And make your point o'er clank of rusty armour.
But now we can with twitters free,
Enflame wide animosity
And build battles to a higher pitch of rancour.



Pundits Revolt

To learn exactly *what's gone wrong*
Just ask pervasive pundits
They'll spout a list that's nine yards long
But leave out all the fun bits.

The factory's closed and jobs have fled
The work's traipsed off to China
While bloated bankers romp in bed,
Think nothing could be finer.

Elites are gorging at the trough
Old privileges invoke.
All the choicest bits they scoff
But leave tax to little folk.

With pitch forks we don't stand a chance
Even Joneses are on rations
We can't take part in cosmic dance
Or keep up with Kardashians.



Take Our Country Back

The plea to *take our country back*
Is simple in its scope
Throw up a wall, decry all black
Dismiss all '*Changey Hope*'.

Return to all those well-trod paths
In heritage we'll bask!
We at least survived – so do the maths,
Is this too much to ask?

In deeper dirt let grass roots steer
Midst 'back to basics' brays
We pine for golden yesteryear
And long lost halcyon days.

Let all progressives learn their place.
Raise '*backtivists*' ascendent.
Reclaim old-fashioned human race
Be on ancient wiles dependant.



Return to times when men were men
And booty was the goal
Let muscles reap rewards again
In hunts for chicks and coal.

O! we pine to take our country back
And polish up old armour
Past idyll that did nothing lack
Ask any mud-caked farmer!

Once local customs were enjoyed
May dances, lynching sprees,
While all those gratefully employed
Kow-towed on bended knees.

Those modern import foodstuffs pale
Gainst old foods rich and hearty!
Roast Beast, oysters, finest ale
We once knew how to party.

Our mills then hummed with teeming life
Mines echoed tuneful song
And local pubs defused all strife.
The survivors were the strong.

Our pulpits shook with pious speech
Abhorring road to hell
Yet extended generous outreach
To hapless infidel.

Midst stately gardens and parterres
Our views were so much greener
With attentive groundsmen below stairs
And dairy maids were keener.

Turn back our clocks to halcyon days
Old mores be revived!
Despite the battles' murky haze
At least the cream survived.

This Means War

August world leaders, great and good, and cosetted patricians
Who wish their viewpoint understood, resort to *Statisticians*.
Those analysts who garner facts, construct persuasive stories
Assisting lords to wield the axe, sustaining worldly glories.

Let Cavaliers, immutable, retain their pride of place.
With stats quite indisputable amassed to make their case
Those overlings with strategy to scotch all insurrection
Their power that some come to see is art of deft deflection.

While stolid Roundheads stand knee-deep awash in swamp of data
Of diverse facts from info-banks where relevance won't matter.
When firm statistics can't be found, they resort to loose opinions
All innuendo, quite unsound, dredged up by media minions.



The media rise to the fore, they know whose bread is buttered
They rush to open every door, inviting in low-guttered.
With ever growing data banks and info-tech abundant
They heap up fodder open ranks. True facts are quite redundant.

Gripped by gossip of the stars and who's got who in tow
Diets, guns and life on Mars. *We simply need to know!*
But trundling this to battlefield, soon bloated, all grow weary
And eventually exhausted yield to *any* passing theory.



Prosperity Gospel

God blesses the most prudent banks,
And prospers righteous folk
All should then render paeans of thanks
And happily bear His yoke.

The modern take on Holy Writ,
Proclaims faith makes you rich
It's sin that lands you deep in it,
For poverty's no glitch.

From His vantage point on high,
Assessing your acumen
He stores bright future in the sky,
For each successful human.

Sinners on the other hand,
Descend to lower classes
And rue they shunned His business brand,
When condemned to debt morasses.





Mourning the New Norm Morn

Amidst the wails of Armageddon
Apocalyptic diet that we're fed on
A rising force now gives our culture form.
To organise the hyperspace
And harness world at breakneck pace.
They quest to redefine a brave '*New Norm*'.

Demanding Facebook full of friends
To keep updated, in suspense
Its pundits will bombard you with alt-news.
A deep-felt craving soon addicts.
Fanatics seek a stronger fix.
They pay no heed to if its false or true.

Outrage, contempt dispel the gloom.
Voracious lurid facts consume
We stand up shameless, proclaiming - oh so bold!
Means justified by ends at stake
We need no longer fear the fake
Veracity is over, truth be told.

Prezzie

A gold maned maverick entered field
And cast a jaundiced eye
Already figured who would yield
And what the crowds would buy.

In self-importance bright he glowed
An open mind he mimicked
Paid lip service to his base below
Disguising nature cynic.

He had no motive otherwise
Just ego never sated
Which thrived on outrage and surprise
And claimed rivals 'over-rated'.



Misinformation deftly sown
Midst mayhem of the fray
He scored first goals against his own
Who collapsed in disarray.

It's no holds barred when hot wars wage
His Tweets were most efficient.
The permatan and showman's rage
Reduced all '*sad*' deficient.

Galvanised to action swift
This bruiser proved a banger
Supporters outrage was a gift
He fed upon their Anger.

Dividing, trampling in the mud.
The crowds crow for their bruiser
Parading field that's drenched in blood
They make mockery of loser.

A downtrod base united voice
The old pundits left agog,
They adulate their gut-felt choice
A sneering demagogue.

The Great and Good, once pleased with life
Expect to get their way
But sometimes Doubt inserts a knife
And sunny skies turn grey.

Drilling Down for Low Hanging Fruit

Like winning at a game of Bingo
Expertise is cloaked in Lingo
Employ specific words to make your score.
It's juicy jargon that succeeds
And how you say it - not your deeds.
A winner's words advance you to the fore!

So time to *get that old ball rolling*
Not rocket science - only trolling
Sorry! *Think I'll need-ta pick your brain!*
Now *going forward* let's touch base
I hear you now, and rest my case
Oh! Oh! *That light's onrushing train!*

Let's *Drill down for low hanging fruit.*
Be sure to *keep me in the loop*
We'll *meet and greet* and share some *prime face time*
You can't stop when *we're on a roll.*
Time to deliver, take control
Do get our little *ducks all in a line.*



Amongst the pigeons set the cat
Run it up flagpole - salute to that
Our *joined up thinking* ought to prove win-win.
Play hardball then we'll *action it*
The team should *move the posts* a bit.
And chuck that *Paradigm shift* in the bin.

When I hear from them I'll *circle back*
Meantime let's *try a different tack*.
I think I need to *borrow you a sec*.
I'll let *my guy go talk to your guy*
They're not *on side*, which I *don't buy*
This sure shapes up as *one titanic wreck*.

Let's *level field* with *bells and whistles*
After lunch we'll *launch the missiles!*
While *singing from same hymn sheet* - it's your turn!
I'll *ping you* just to give a *heads up*
If *strategic staircase* leads us down, not up.
Because we're *raising issues of concern*.

Recapping seems to *beg the question*
(It surely doesn't *aid digestion*)
So let's just *park it by the close of play!*
Leverage this *no brainer* begs
Gosh! my *idea sure has legs*
But enough of *blue sky thinking* for today!

Poor Little Snowflakes

O! Pity the poor snowflake, much too frail to stay the course
Withdrawn from an intemperate world, dissolving in remorse.
They melt from life's injustices, all that torture, greed and hate
Recoiling from enfuried mob that's pressing at the gate.
Too delicate for jostling midst a seething human race
Their priority is as always to maintain a righteous face.

Connected as a little group, etiolated souls,
A flurrie of impotent specks, assailed by callous trolls.
Encountering the infra dig they're quick to take offence
Shrugging off all hothead views that make so little sense.
Retreating to a safer place, the Flake's life won't be sullied
Meanwhile above the torrid sun heats braggarts, spivs and bullied.



They will not hear contrary views, and melt before dissent
If they don't play - they cannot lose; then no need to repent.
Ruthlessness they can't abide and coarseness they despise
Injustice witnessed everywhere brings soppy tears to eyes
They always wear their hearts on sleeve, to prove themselves unique,
But too often are derided for a melt-in-mouth physique.

They shrink from crass excesses, and disdain the feeding trough.
And cloak themselves in petulance when others turn to scoff.
Surrounded by crass images of things they don't afford,
All sustenance is poison when rank materialism is lord.
They share a strong abhorrence of injustices that are hurled
Well, at least Net-Flix gives access to a wholly chillier world.

While some disdain their emphasis on being kind and good
Others will denounce their taste for endless victimhood.
Self-quarantined in safe closed pod, protected in a bubble.
Avoiding confrontation life is always much less trouble.
So think twice when, disdainfully, you flick one off your shoulder
These exquisite creations whose existence might be bolder.



Taste for Terror

An affliction of the modern mind
Is a penchant for disaster
But to root causes we are blind
In thrall of ruthless master.

We crave sensation that's extreme
Catastrophe our Grail
And amplify each passing meme
Let budding fears prevail!

Those pulpit days of yesteryear
Enflamed our taste for terror
Fire and Brimstone rained down fear
As rewards for human error.

Now leading pundits holden forth
And terrify mild folk
They chart a catastrophic course
Imposing their sure yoke.

In conjured fake reality
Bloodlust will grow and thrive
Facing carnage beyond gravity
To safe couches now we dive.



Amidst a shower of Alt-fact
Anxiety just festers
The time has come to rise, react
Confront all dire molesters.

Trophy Towers



Gilded trophies probe the heights
Aspiring nearer heaven
Asserting guilt god-given rights
(Defying Nine-Eleven)

With patchwork chaos spread below
And bedlam left behind
Where tidal maelstroms ebb and flow
Now out of sight and mind.

Escaping woes that blight the news
Contentment is the norm
Fresh filtered air and sunset views
Defy approaching storm.

But who are those residing here
Commanding trophied might?
Just wraiths in empty pieds-à-terre
That thrive at halcyon height.

For all have scarpered, others cope,
The rootless, free to roam.
With treasure parked they have scope.
Here, nobody's at home!



Unpresidented Dump Speak

Folks! the modern scene is sad!
A load of hombres, very bad.
It certainly can't be overstated
How elitist culture's overrated.

Those ranged against us - truly massive
While you're just sitting laid back passive!
Fake losing press is deep resented.
It's disgraceful and unpresidented

Our nation faces loads of trouble
But I'm gonna fix it on the double!
It's humiliation! Flags are furled
We're laughing stock of entire world!

It's all disaster, losers sink
I gotta say it makes you think!
It's so *not* nice and soon reveals.
Who made dishonest, failing deals.

The winner's way is always simple
To drain the swamp - locate the sinkhole!
We're gonna export all bad dudes.
And then unseat those P.C. prudes.

Fake news derails a smart solution
I promise you a revolution.
They lie and lie! it's so unfair
But we'll win out because we care.

Its catastrophic, just so horrible
Yet liars claim that *I'm* deplorable!
We germaphobes are always fussy
Grabbing canine or a pussy.

Elites that want Mercedes Benz.
Not Chevrolets! They're not our friends!
Today we're taking back controls.
So pay no heed to Russian trolls

We helped the Brits to see what's phoney
Brexit without alimony.
Dumb deals just reek and spell disaster
If you make concessions, you're no master!

The winner's deal is always smart
In this I'll reach the highest art.
Some claim my programme's too abrupt
My response to them is - LOCK – 'EM – UP!

To all those in fake media mired
I'll tell them to their face - 'you're fired!'
Pick up the pace, and don't trip up
Cause reality is catching up.

You voted change, new walls erected -
Is this the landscape you expected?



S J W's – Social Justice Worriers

Hunkered down in stygian gloom
A clammy, cluttered, rancid room
Anxiety crushed cups bestrew the floor,
Baleful eyes, dim-fixed reflect
A virtual world that's all high-teched
In a battlefield where valiant spirits soar.

His clothes exude a musty smell
Midst cast off rubbish tossed pell-mell
The trainers' pong makes lesser mortals wince
As does unkempt bedraggled quiff,
Distended slug o'er his midriff
Yet in mind's eye he sees himself a prince.

For this is no lost, low life soul,
Left cowering in forgotten hole
But gallant on a quest for sacred Grail.
A knight engaged in holy war
Whose mission leads him to the fore
In armour of resplendent wrought *e-mail*.

Self-mortified for righteous cause,
Unflinching in the face of loss,
Despite his uncouth mien and dreadful pallor,
He wears his heart upon his sleeve.
Proclaims what others should believe
In sworn embrace of noble deeds of valour.

A sigh, a lizard tongue that flicks
While scrolling through outrageous pics
With rising gorge he taunts a brazen foe
With reflexes honed razor fine
And ready curses to malign
O! beleaguered have the toughest rows to hoe.

But what indeed is long-sought prize
In stygian world of trolling lies?
O guarding liberty's a thankless task!
A tired and virtuous soul within
Beneath his mushroom textured skin,
He's not despairing? Why? you might well ask!



Hygge

In world exploding, seams a'rending,
At least one feel-good movement's trending
A Hygge mindset mushrooms everywhere.
This new horizon will imbue
Fresh purpose to small things you do,
When all your problems seem too much to bear.

The Danes, that gave us thoughtful Hamlet
Champion this posi-spamlet.
Hygge! celebrates the small and few.
This land of restless, errant ghosts
Blaspheming, bloody, bardic boasts,
Now delights in niceness of quaint things you do.

For it's little moments make your day
In nasty world 'gang aft agley'.
Attentiveness, is virtue *and* a crutch.
While other souls may feel bereft,
Those Dane subversives veer Alt-Left,
Take pleasure in pursuing nothing much.

So float a candle in your bath,
Dress kids as clowns to make you laugh,
And find in every moment its core beauty.
Small details make your hovel home
In world beyond you need not roam.
Enshrine this as your deepest bounden duty.

For Hygge seeks out safer world
Amidst the chaos round us hurled
And comforts through its application strenuous,
It shuns all tawdry outside news
To cultivate wee microviews
Takes pride in native soul pure and ingenuous.

So relish gulping pulsing fish
And savour every visceral dish
What? gorge is rising? Feel a need to throttle?
Sweet smiles exceed what words can utter
Bestowed on vagrants in the gutter,
Reach out and grasp that good old Danish bottle!







Yours Truly,
fL@ubert !



