



Focus Please !

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the fL@ubert duck series







Christmas 2017



Can't see woods for tangled trees?
It's time to pause and - ***Focus Please!***
Those overwhelmed by Wiki-facts
Must summon strength to wield the axe.



Heavens, home of holy bliss
Now chart a bleak Big Bang abyss.
Where once we mighty gods cajoled
Science finds is blacker holed.



When overview stark madness brings
Best focus on the little things.
Lest daily jostle, cheek by jowl
Erupts into a hopeless howl.



Hucksters jostle to gain traction
Exploiting age of mass distraction.
Recoil from world *gang much agley*
For tomorrow is another day!



The pundits seem at times inane
And seek to undermine the sane.
They suck away our oxygen
And then expect a loud Amen!



Turn back the clocks! we all concur
The future's just a hapless blur!
Consolidate, rewrite the past!
And nail old colours to the mast!



Just close up shop, there's time to kill
And settle down, *Net Flix and Chill!*
With eyes aglaze and passive slouch
Life's more secure upon the couch.



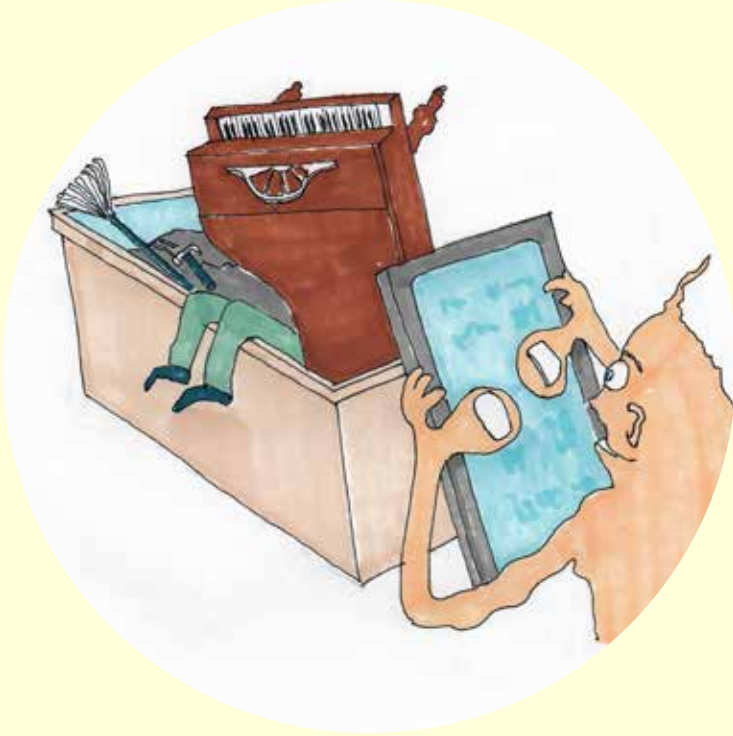
If you hope to score a gain
You need to exercise your brain.
But if there's naught to gain or lose
Lie back and dream of lengthy cruise.



One must stand firm, take back control
Perhaps enlist a useful troll.
To common sense so few will yield
Once the pundits enter field.



A vestige of a bygone day.
Handwriting has become passé.
Joined-up thinking seems less sage.
And holistic thought just shows your age.



Ditch your digits in the dumpster
Tomorrow's world belongs to *thumbster*.
Cackhandedness was thought to hurt you
But now '*all thumbs*' is deemed a virtue.



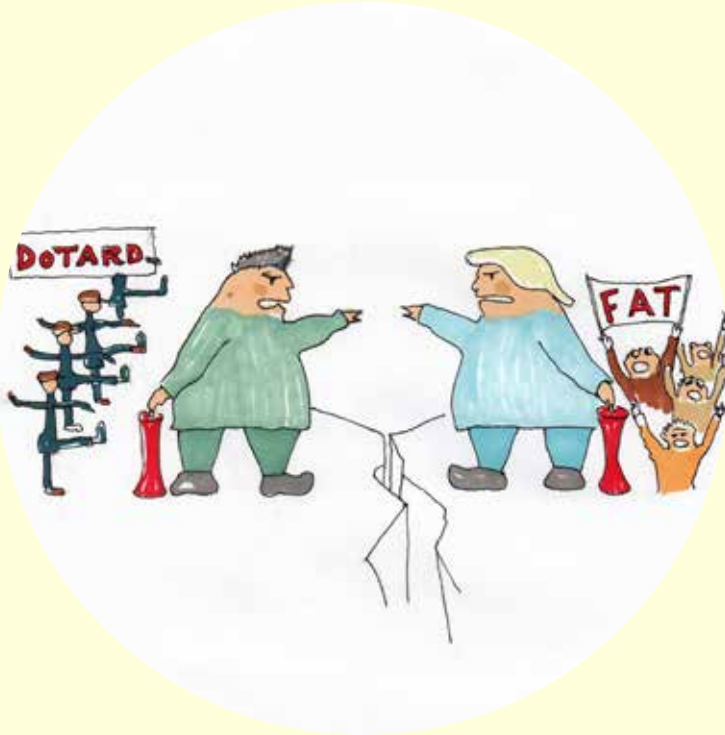
Act-Up and in-your-face INSIST!
A selfie proves that you exist,
Befrienders boost with heartfelt 'Like'
BE-ZOINK! your hits per minute spike!



Elites ascendant rest their case
And commandeer a dumbed-down Base
Whose proxies to a frenzy whip them
And help define tomorrow's victim.



When bleak horizons cast a pall
The time has come to build a wall.
To isolate those too 'alloyed'
And shunt them into hostile void.



Communication, once an art
Now tends to rend the world apart.
Who can distinguish lamb from mutton
When your finger's on the button?



We're all evolving far too fast.
Perhaps it's time to purge the past!
Rewrite old tales, recast old plots
And hand our future to the Bots.



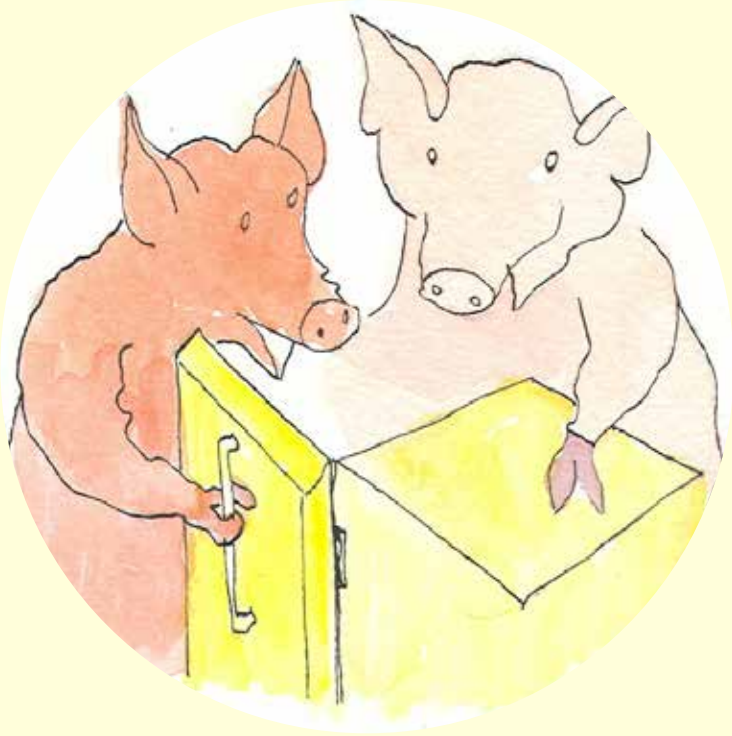
Others' peccadillos might
Elicit unalloyed delight.
But when you're focussed on enjoyables
Be well aware of your own foibles.



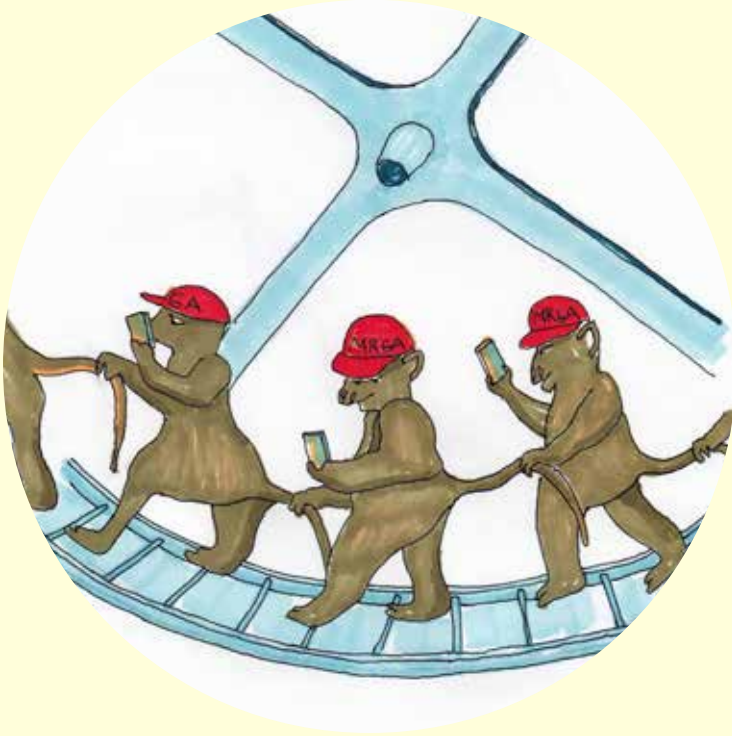
Be ambitious, man the oars!
Set out to probe those distant shores
But life holds many woes. Alas!
And all of this will come to pass.



Those who great adventure crave
Will seek to master bigger wave
Hubris though may overwhelm
Your grand ambitions at the helm.



If nothing adds up or makes sense
No point to sue for recompense.
When politics just spoils your mood
Best shift your focus onto food.



The rat race once was left to 'proles'
But upstarts now assume controls.
There they've have donned concealing hats
Disguising that they're really rats.



Progressives who hold upper hand
Extol unwomaned and unmanned.
By shifting focus onto gender.
They dump old norms into the blender.



Obsessive checking through the day
Effectively whiles time away.
When Facebook keeps us constant looking
Who now has time for old slow cooking?



False narratives are everywhere
And mock limits that old fictions dared.
If end's not what you'd thought it be
It's time for your robotomy.



The fans will drop like searing stone
All those found compromised by drone.
Best not proceed without due warrant.
Love may be blind but neighbours aren't.



Those who to staid old ways cling fast
Are doomed to ne'er escape the past.
But those who no thought to history give
In future may the past relive.



Once *Wasteland* souls decried their dooms
And measured lives by coffee spoons.
But now all flock to the casino
And gauge success by cappuccino.



Even if it seems non-U
Reluctantly embrace the new
Scorn inhibitions, bite the bit
With time you may get used to it.



We all complain of lack of time
To plot, consider, balance, rhyme
Demand more Me-Time we suggest,
Release that 'inner you' repressed.



The times have changed, you must be bold!
Perhaps a referendum hold
But pitch it so there is no choice
So all concur with hearty voice.



For privileged who require discretion
Equality would be oppression.
To keep their status quite opaque
They focus scorn upon snowflake.



Though some may choose to call you blind
Mere facts should never change your mind.
Those pushing what they wish were true
Find *alt-real* makes richer stew.



If communion is your goal
Then keep consumption in control.
The world divides between consumers
And hopeful, lotus poised communers.



Yours Truly,
fL@ubert !



