



# Caravan

*Tam Fairlie*

*the fL@ubert duck series*





*for Bo Bates and Nick Pope*

*who have inspired many  
through their teaching  
and their delight in political debate*

2019



## ***The Caravan***



A caravan is coming,  
It will batter down your door.  
The terror is benumbing  
As they jostle to the fore.

They drift across the deserts  
And they choke the mountain pass  
A mighty horde of discontents,  
With no respect for class.

They are mustered for invasion  
And to plunder all your jobs.  
Quite deaf to all persuasion,  
And your feeble, plaintive sobs.

Breaching walls and borders  
And brooking no restraint.  
Overturning the world order  
And outsmarting every feint.

Inscrutable blank faces  
Conceal their blackguard souls  
Without your airs and graces,  
They will overwhelm the polls.

Oh! It's the **robots** that I talk of,  
Intent on snatching every job  
All your struggles they make mock of,  
It's your children they will rob.





Resistance will prove futile,  
Against the onslaught of these 'bots.  
There is no escape - and meanwhile  
They've already read your thoughts.

They will foment revolution  
Breaching useless walls and locks  
There is only one solution,

**- *that is turn back all their clocks!***



## ***No Platforming***

When resort to debate seems to fan flames of hate,  
Exploding in sparks of dissent,  
A *No-Platform* position will quash inquisition  
And protect you from warped views unpent.

For a shrewd dis-inviting is always uniting  
In fact it's a comforting trend.  
Let alternative views be suppressed as *fake news*  
Spun to separate foe from your friend.

When dissent's not suppressed, and '*alt*' views expressed  
It releases a torrent of blame  
From stooges who brandish their daft views outlandish  
And conspiracy theories lame.

So, steadfastly sure that your motives are pure  
And alternate views bear no merit,  
Just turn a deaf ear to what you won't hear,  
Abandon both stick and the carrot.

In a matter of taste, who needs the fact-based  
For contrarities life is too short.  
It isn't your mission to take time to listen,  
Just signal thumbs down and abort!

The sporting may claim that mere playing the game  
Scores more than who won or who lost  
But there's one thing for certain, there's no call to curtain  
For the underdog, vanquished and tossed.

A roar that incenses, engenders consensus  
Leaves naysayers mired in deep scorn.  
Contrary belief will only bring grief  
And float compromise not to be borne.

We're taught from the start, to follow the heart,  
Egg-headedness merits disdain  
Self-doubt, all opine, is just wasting of time  
When unleashing undisciplined brain.

Set out to reject, all the spin disconnect  
Confront those who claim you are smug,  
Why aimlessly wander and energy squander?  
Just stop all noise - pulling the plug!

In times of division resort to derision  
Give your gut intuition free hand  
Enforce your decision 'gainst all opposition  
Knowing *Alt* is built on shifting sand.



## ***A Climate of Hostility***



Stern Mother Nature is scolding, besetting us.  
Whipping up whirlwind of blame.  
With droughts and tsunamis and tempests. All threaten us  
Foreclosing unhinged primate game.

With our own blatant '*boo boos*' we tend to be lenient  
At other's excesses we rail.  
But sadly the stark truth is most inconvenient  
As we turn a deaf ear to the gale.

It's more than the weather that badly affects us  
Challenges great to be borne  
We seek to deny those dire facts set to vex us  
Turn backs on the gathering storm.

In search of a scapegoat we rein in civility  
Unleashing hounds baying for blood.  
Unfettered, resentful, we conjure hostility  
Preferring to wallow in mud.

What once we were certain was ruling race burden  
Is now dropped in globalists' laps  
Astute, they manipulate instincts for herdin'  
Deviously setting new traps.

Opportunist short traders hone skills as new raiders,  
'You can't change the system! they cry.'  
But midst the dire crisis a weak voice arises  
"Though risky, we cannot but try!"

## ***Anything But !***

You should try to counter memes  
that promote reckless extremes  
And fortify a mind-set firmly shut.  
In the novel do not wallow, just tried and true should follow,  
Your reaction should be always  
'Anything But ...'

If your lifestyle seems eventless  
you should relish the relentless,  
And take comfort in remaining in a rut  
When temptations do unfold, quash the foolhardy and bold  
Your response should be always  
'Anything But ...'

There are many out there trolling,  
and new games and ploys extolling  
Suggesting that you should step up, take a putt.  
But without a second glance, assume your firmest stance  
Your response should be firmly  
'Anything But ...'



While it's vital that you seem  
irreproachable and green  
(Of drab beige, agreed, there clearly is a glut)  
Take heed you can't partake and still preserve your cake  
Your response should be always  
'Anything But ...'

Clamp down on wayward passions,  
and steer clear of latest fashions,  
You must trust those instincts lurking in your gut.  
Stay deaf to all appeals and unwarranted zeals  
Just rebuff it all with  
'Anything But ...'



## ***It's Us Versus US!***

Oh! that sad '*Mister Normal*' on the Clapham omnibus  
Who retains his aspect formal; he is not inclined to fuss  
From his vantage point the world lacks sense,  
it's messy and unkempt,  
Commandeered by foreign influence he holds beneath contempt.

His halcyon past, remembered, bliss-filled, serenity  
Seems now just as dismembered as his lost identity.  
New foreign cabals natter on, all snatching some advantage  
Inflicting wounds, unruly throng, impossible to bandage.

These interlopers rage and duel, all primed for unfair fight,  
Subject his world to ridicule in stark black versus white.  
Politicians seek appeasement yet so woefully fall short  
Their solutions bring no easement, as they flock to last resort.

While some dash 'round, impetuous, dead keen to stake a claim  
They just induce colossal mess! They'll all turn out the same!  
O! divided world so woeful where so much has *gang agley*  
The only move that's hopeful seems simply *not to play!*



Oh! sad soul! ruminating on the Clapham omnibus  
Engaged in mass negating

in his war  
- ***Us Versus US!***

## ***Gin Lane***

When bricks and mortar lost their cred,  
They claimed the High Street had dropped dead.

Then all the sales set out to sea  
And left ports mired in fantasy.

Now! In comfort of convenient home  
Let voracious hunter-gatherer roam.  
For now upon the web are found  
All must-have things in life abound.

Now vacant highstreets seeking purpose  
Will find it in the ***selfie*** circus.  
Where bars and restaurants and gyms  
Can help achieve exhausted limbs.

These ghettos are temptation lined  
Las Vegas for the vacant mind.  
To make a splash, display, impress  
With unending rounds of wild excess.

Bored crowds with nothing else to do  
Flock in to join the selfie stew.  
They strut and preen, parade their stuff  
Of this they never get enough.

In selfie world where nothing matters  
But indulging mindless patters  
The nihilist can raise a cheer,  
*"Abandon life who enter here!"*

Here celebrities provide distraction.  
And *"make believe"* is star attraction  
All paeans of riot and debauch  
Excess turned up another notch.

Drained of purpose, sprawled in gutter  
Dissent is stanch'd to random mutter.  
But should we question if it's sane  
To bring back Hogarth and Gin Lane?



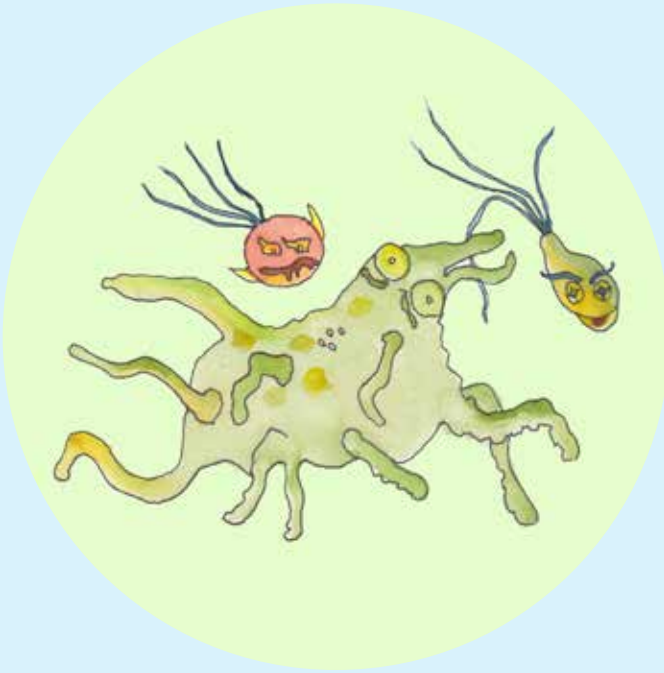
## ***Bringing out the Worst***

Embroidering hunches and jihadist views  
And pulling no punches, to weave the fake news  
The brasher and bolder, all whip up a storm  
But then shrug a shoulder. They keep true to form.  
Nurturing rumour they fret, fume and cuss  
With cynical humour 'It was ever thus'.

With tales of disaster seductive, rehearsed.  
Their mission is master - to dwell on the worst.  
It's done on the hoof disregarding foul smells,  
It's not about truth but merely what sells.  
Embracing perdition, they dangle their bait  
Upholding the mandate of the *Fourth Estate*.



## ***A Microscopic Perspective***



When magnified through microscope  
Amoebas seem like you and me.  
The fittest thrive and learn to cope -  
The rules of life are plain to see.  
Like us they cluster round in gangs  
And taunt all those who fail to mix  
They flex their flippers, polish fangs  
Choose leaders with a style prolix.  
They're suckers for those flashy trolls  
All populists who preen and smirk  
Who set about to dazzle proles  
Preferring glib style over work.

## ***Red or Blue? – Pick Your Wave***



As the flip of a coin will predict two extremes  
And organised sports field only two teams,  
When life appears nasty and brutish and brief,  
A choice of sides hasty may bring some relief.  
There is no point in hawing, splitting of hairs  
Make choices unwavering, as set out in pairs.  
If the issues seem onerous, monochrome, dull  
Just board the first wave, that seems colourful.  
To fretting o'er nuance we suggest you call halt  
And jettison prudence endorsing the ***Alt.***



You set your sail trimly and then follow through  
Define yourself nimbly as Red or as Blue!  
Through Red Wave there courses a rich, hearty blood  
While Blue Wave endorses the misunderstood.  
(One cannot blend oils and still be dramatic  
Mixed *purple's* for royals and *not* democratic)  
The path that you've chosen requires no firm reason,  
Just keep your eye frozen on opposite's treason.  
In couched strident cries, you proclaim life or death,  
For all mild compromise is just wasting of breath.

Picking your side - whether it's Red or a Blue,  
Helps others decide if they're really like you.  
(Just lolling on sidelines may prove suicidal.  
But keep eyes on horizon lest wave should prove tidal)



## ***Escaping the Corset***

A landscape littered with cast-off girdles  
Is a sight which disinhibition curdles.

Yet the **#Metoo *mêlée*** could not be more set  
Or determined to unbutton corset.

For millennia this yoke they bore  
But time has come to even score.

And shine their lights in corners dark  
That harbour whiff of patriarch.

They shun cosmetics, once thought duty,  
Deriding those kow-tows to beauty.

Redefining shades of gender.  
They drop stale genes into the blender.

Then add a dash of picante spice  
Suggestive of transgressive vice.

Add vitriol, blend through and through  
Apply the Press and let it stew.



But beware! an urge to mis-conform  
May result in new re-buttoned norm!

While freeing some from harsh embrace  
It's others **#Wetoo** might encase.

## ***Safe Spaces***

Once satyrs romped o'er landscape mythic  
Indulging nasty satyr norms,  
But now restraints grow more prolific  
They must comply and fill in forms.

For fragile views can't be offended  
We now demand space purged of risk.  
Let lapses now be reprehended  
By Pee-Cee chorus of *TISK! TISK!*





Endorse a world that's satire free  
And censure crass proclivity.  
*Zero tolerance* will brook no doubt  
Get with the program -  
or  
***you won't get out!***

## ***Groupuscules***

Though it's a texture no one favours  
Creating a most gloopy soup.  
Politics draws like-mind neighbours  
And promotes congealing in a group.

Abandoning all inhibitions.  
Coagulating 'round a cause.  
And accepting others' definitions  
This growing trend may give one pause.

Those pithy, stirring, Tweet-length slogans  
Favoured by most hot-head trolls  
May just attract more motley low fans  
Who lock their step with martial souls.



Since all of us need an opinion  
And take delight in splitting hair  
Let idle fancy be our minion  
What yours may be - *Devil may care!*



## Neos



The world view of the Neo-Lib  
Will seem to many somewhat glib.  
Old Libs were once consensus bent  
But Neos are by new bonds pent.

Neo-cons on other hand  
Regard the past as rather grand.  
It's only taught at special schools  
Such confidence of '*born to rules*'.

## ***Fiscal Prudence***

A blinkered viewpoint is defective  
Judging all from Man's perspective.

Converting Nature into cash  
May seem to many somewhat rash,

Some advocate a credit suture  
Propose foreclosure on the future.  
They strive to rein in social debt,  
And on a firmer shackle bet.

They call all profligates to task!  
But who are these creditors you ask?  
Who prudence to the rest commend,  
Yet indulge themselves with plenty spend.

Those disregarding all due process  
Exacerbate a deep neurosis  
The balanced ledger state that's sought  
Is better suited to robot.



# ***Freedom***

The liberals of yesteryear,  
New freedoms chose espouse  
Adopting world-view laissez faire,  
‘Animal spirits’ to arouse.

Preferring shoe that softly treads,  
Withdrawing oars of state  
They paid less heed to nation’s beds,  
Sought to deregulate.

But neo-libs reborn today,  
Push message - many hark it,  
Proposing new path to assay  
*Not people, free the market!*

Free markets foster faster growth,  
Expanding private sector  
And counter all our innate sloth,  
While letting experts hector.

In jungle one expects no Dole,  
And adopts survival norms.  
Old social contracts claim no role,  
So abandon dem reforms!

Spinning many self-help lores,  
Induces bracing clarity  
Now jettison our social mores,  
Impelled by new austerity

Hayek, Freedman, Greenspan, NAFTA,  
Demand all profligates repent  
We may forget quite what they're after -  
Which is *to sate the one percent.*



## ***Going All Shinto***



Crusaders tend to go all Shinto.

Turning backs on Rio Tinto.

But does mindfulness elude the flaw

Of encounters red in tooth and claw?

They dodge some aspects not ignorable

And shun the traits some deem deplorable -

Like sabre teeth and drooling jowls

Or taste for someone else's bowels

Or mandibles and slimy scales

And algal eyes, prehensile tails.

Instead they favour those like us  
Cute ears and soulful eyes are plus.  
Think rosey cheeks and goldilocks  
When sitting down to check a box!  
They make a list of heart-warm features  
And thereby choose protected creatures.  
It always scores as some relief  
If they espouse the same belief.

O! Nature's realm is a ***'nice to have'***  
With judicious choice of what to save.



# **A S M R**

*(Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response)*

When your life seems too upsetting  
Slam the door on worldly care!  
Stanch that tide of woes besetting  
And retreat to A S M R

Midst the verbal inundation  
And onslaught of info-war  
Block a glut of information  
In your vacuum A S M R.

Exclude the callous and uncouth  
Their rabid insults, heartless hurled.  
How sharper than serpent's *(Blue)tooth*  
Encounters with a thankless world!

Tune into your 'inner murmur'  
Exclude the facts you would not hear.  
Purring, happy, ever firmer  
With tranquil whispers in your ear.

Like a lover whose obsession  
Focussed on most cherished *youth*,  
Calm, asserting full possession  
Massage away unwanted truth.





Let relaxed contentment burrow  
Exclude all hateful, waspish tones  
Let others suffer brows a'furrow  
Cut static with your snug ear-phones.

Learn to feed such inner beauty  
All sage experts thus agree.  
Affirm this as your bounden duty  
Calm harbour midst a roiling sea.

## ***The Nationalist***

The credo of the nationalist,  
‘My country right or wrong’.  
Draws leaders who seek to enlist,  
A home bred rabid throng.

Rejecting those from different clime  
With foreign affectation  
Who manifest a taste for crime.  
Which undermines the nation.

The nationalist distils proud past  
Great myths are his elixir  
His right to rule in stone is cast  
Old legends are his fixer.

Boasting a superior brain  
Genes ancient as the hills.  
With heredity of finer grain  
Long purged of foreign frills.



If precedents are somewhat sparse  
Or require imagination  
Then combine both tragedy and farce  
To 'evolve' a situation.

So laud a history that unites  
All those who share your traits  
Affirming all the ancient rights  
And deriding not-so-greats.

## **A.I. (- Ay - Ay !)**

This well-known put-down is not code

*'To be One Brick Short of a Load'*

The resolve to live by 'Less is Morey'

Should not apply to upper storey!

But on Days when memory falls short

With 'Just-in-Time' you can import.

Consult Cloud 'Nimbus'! Overvault

Retention lapse or mind at fault.



## ***False Flag***



The best way to pursue a cause,  
Is by planting a false flag.  
Distract from your unwelcome claws,  
Let tale the dog to wag.

When some unlikely ruse you cobble  
Adopt an air sincere.  
Spin detail like a pleasing bauble,  
Let false flag flutter clear.

## ***The Little Guy***

The power peckish are united  
Weaponising 'little guys' -  
The ragged, vengeful, unrequited  
With entitlement that's undersized.

Shrewd leaders build a power base,  
Upon the pinchy soul  
At least until they win their race,  
They 'salt-of-earth' extol.

With sense of *apres moi deluge*.  
They plumb the depths of rancour.  
Spoilt for choice the sea is huge  
No harbours to cast anchor.

Selecting whom to give a voice  
To stir storm of dissent,  
All revel that they're spoilt for choice  
Midst hatreds heaven sent.

With tactic to *Again Make Great*  
They launch a discourse venom,  
Whipping up frustrated hate  
Defining common enemy.



Yet little folk begrudge and gripe  
Their tiny world seems oyster free.  
'Gainst overlords they feebly snipe  
At enforced humility.

But Mister Big can draw the blinds,  
If his minions buck proposal.  
Such tiny folk with tiny minds,  
Are consigned for quick disposal.

## ***Numpty Derangement Syndrome***



Once, with arpeggios, fanciful codas  
Apollo charmed harmony, strumming his lyre.  
But now pandemonium, whims of a DOTUS,  
Overwhelms subtle arts in cacophony dire.

Relentless, transgressing frontiers of the credible  
An 'asteroid of awfulness' on us has burst.  
Imposing a diet, up-gorging, inedible  
Indignant, insisting we all put *him* first.

Knowing his troops crave a truculent winner  
Proud, bearing badge of 'deplorable' base.  
Who like turkeys delighted, invited for dinner.  
Will cluck in approval at thanksgiving grace.



All culture is suspect, denounced as ungrounded  
Opinions of experts he works to derange.  
Derided and censured thus Darwin confounded.  
As just one more hoax like unbased climate change.

The raptors are thriving while all are distracted  
Well-heeled condescend with a rolling of eyes.  
Conspiring with him that the truth is redacted,  
Flat earthers flock round him, admiring their prize.

When the cowed are reluctant to counter a bully  
Apollo, despondent, packs up his art.  
The great and the good see reputes sudden sully,  
Complicit, unable to speak from the heart.

Sycophants exit through near constant churning,  
All sense of perspective dispelled, overthrown  
While all in his orbit are crashing and burning  
What clinicians call '*numpty derangement syndrome*'.

Apollo, despondent, overwhelmed by this surfeit  
Pronouncements of narcissist crowned by the throng  
Just comes to conclusion he's really not worth it.  
While Vita is Brevis, this Arse is way long.

## ***The Perfect Pet***



I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
A baby Camelopedon will do!  
With large, round, soulful eyes  
And a heart that's oversized.  
The web-site states they come in green and blue.

I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
A cheerful little soulmate would be fine  
With dainty cloven hooves  
That knows all the latest moves  
Yet ensures that jealous friends will toe my line.

I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
It need not be the smartest on the site.  
With iridescent teeth  
That belie steeled soul beneath  
Who knows how to deploy a loving bite.

I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
Endowed with massive personality  
Who's aligned with all my thoughts  
Or at least can join the dots  
And able to distinguish 'frenemy'.

I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
And I want it *NOW* before they're out of stock,  
With a large and ample breast  
I can nuzzle, safely nest  
And indulge a taste for cheery baby talk.

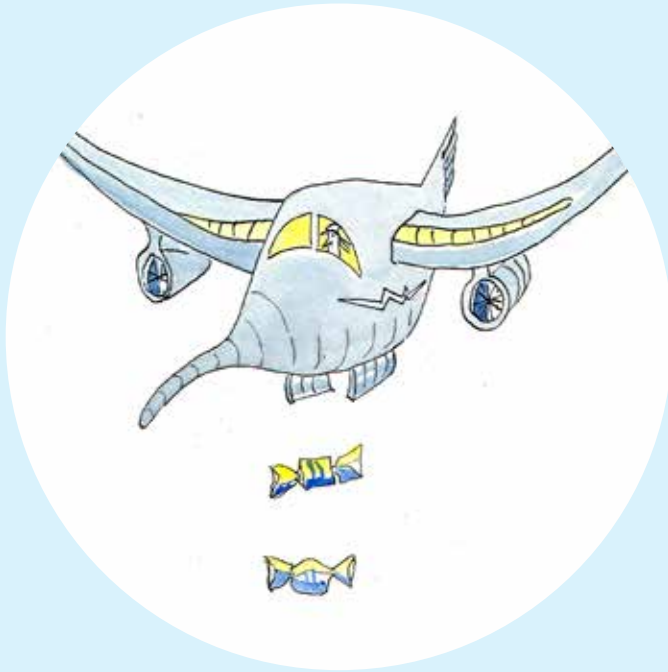
I want a Camelopedon for Christmas!  
The website gives a choice of thirty three  
With a smooth-as-satin hump  
And a dainty Size 4 rump  
Genetically adapted just for me!

## ***Truth Bombs & Face Palms***

In contrast to the yester-fogey  
Trendies focus on emoji,  
With keyboard antics they devise  
To joined-up thinking minimize.  
By capturing a simple shape  
With jaunty eyes and mouth agape  
Their mensa minds are full applied  
To needless nuance cast aside.

But dotty eyes and vapid smile  
This *old hat* long went out of style.  
We need new symbols to define,  
Gamut emotions mal/benign  
Those seeking punch above their weight  
To fan the frothy flames of hate  
Require new constructs dark, subliminal  
To help disguise the crass and criminal.

But puppies, clown or crazy cat  
Provide sparse insight where it's at.  
Is the mythic unicorn  
Suggestive both of pure and porn.?  
And what connotes the aubergine?  
There's some debate what it might mean.  
For message varies from proud farmer  
To smiling freak in auber-armour.



Who benefits from seas a-roil  
And setting others blood aboil?  
They prance into the spotlight's glare  
Yet seem to lead us fast nowhere.  
When seeking to get sharp reaction  
Their imageries demand redaction.  
When those who gloat o'er brash 'truth bomb.'  
Are greeted by a pained face palm.

## ***The Purity Craze***



The modern surfer must endure  
Smug, self-promoting smarty-pants  
Prescribing nourishment that's pure,  
Yet laced with many rabid rants.

Pronouncements that are taken viral  
Those glutens, carbs, should make you wince,  
Induce the spirits downwards spiral.  
Abstain! Enshrine your innocence!

Now saturates have lost all cred  
And carb-free is new kosher.  
Your'e safer being unwashed, 'unbread',  
Best starve than risk exposure.

In tiny tallies righteous wallow  
Decrying others' folly.  
But obsessing on what not to swallow  
Induces melancholy.

Once the purity of soul  
Stood guard 'gainst Satan's wily whims  
But now it's food that must be whole  
Uniting all in righteous hymns.



## ***Gilets Jaunes***

When frustrations cut you to the bone  
It's time to don your *gilet jaune*.  
But check you cupboard, sure you've got  
An extra change of sans culottes.

You judge a rebel by his shoes  
So freshen up your *pieds nus*.  
Such uniforms are very cool  
*A ce qu'il faut pour rejoindre la foule.*

And don't forget your *allumettes*  
To join like minds in fiery fêtes.  
Take bottled fuel to help things burn  
When random cars you overturn.

Bring some rope to scale *fanales*  
With placard couched in phrase banal.  
Upload your cell with handy map  
To post the carnage on WhatsApp.





Grab a cobble, then run wild,  
Abandon all to inner child.  
But pack a pillow when day's done.  
Incarceration! *c'est le fun!*

P.S.

Though you emulate berzerkers  
Bear in mind you're downtrod workers.

## ***Disgruntled***

In politics, so bathed in anodyne,  
Some widen eyes and stare in blank surprise  
With furrowed brow they're likely to opine  
'It's our own country we don't recognise!'

Bemoaning loss of pride in nation state  
Those certainties that drove the brave to war  
A fabled past when all shared single fate,  
And viewed their noxious neighbour from afar.

Once song and costume served a merry dance  
Like '*cocktail hour*' or '*hava-cuppa tea*',  
Such institutions lent sense of romance,  
And underscored one's nationality.

They encouraged patriots to take up arms  
And wreak wild havoc on the alien  
Rooting out those suspect foreign charms  
And stiffening resolve, us versus them.



But now, alas! this common bond is lost  
The common will and populist rejects it,  
Unanchored in this sea and tempest tossed,  
The nervous, salt of earth cast round for exit

## ***The Never-Endum***

Wizened Time in role paternal  
Shepherds souls through life's great trials.  
He focussed thoughts of life eternal  
Through creeds set out in many styles.

Now upstart science sleuths uncover  
*Matter* is conjoined with *Time*  
And claim that in *space-time* we hover.  
Which engenders spirits less sublime.

Their quirky, quarky world of quantum  
Confabulating clever ends  
Describes Time's strange behaviour wanton,  
In terms that no one comprehends.

For not a rolling stream eternal  
On ordained passage to the sea,  
But grisly coiled-up past infernal  
Lurks out there to haunt you and me.

Can we be sure who's really winning?  
Or progress crowns emergent trend?  
Is this the end of a beginning?  
Or just a project with NO end?



Divisive science gaining traction,  
Sparks are flying, tempers flare  
It undermines self-satisfaction,  
Of those who into abyss stare.

And so, all join in fractious chorus  
Questioning the reverend,  
With such eternity *within* us  
Is this the start of Never-End?





*Yours Truly,*

*Fl@ubert Duck*

