

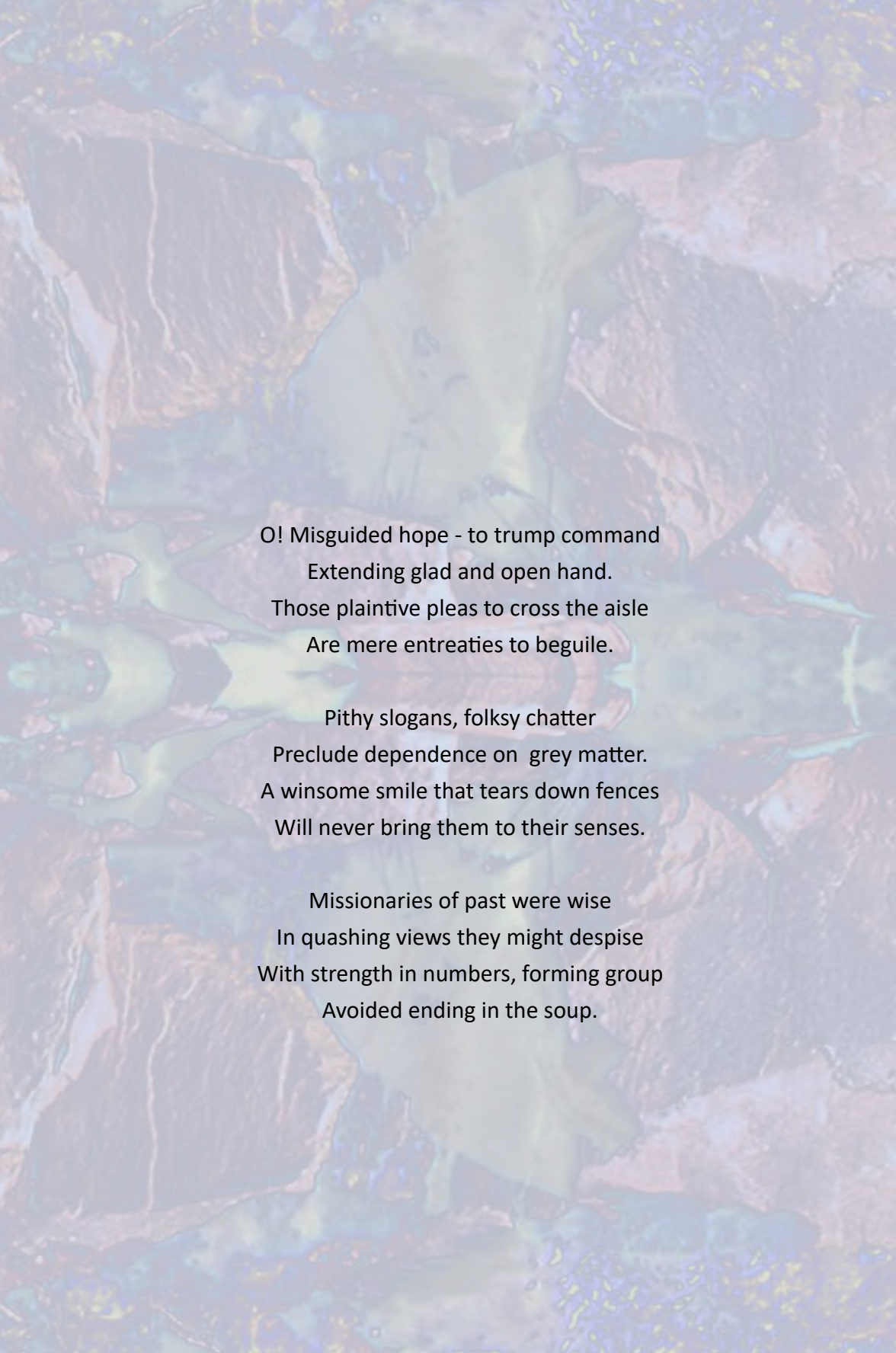


Crossing the Aisle

fL@ubert duck



RIP - the Trumpanemic 2016-2021



O! Misguided hope - to trump command
Extending glad and open hand.
Those plaintive pleas to cross the aisle
Are mere entreaties to beguile.

Pithy slogans, folksy chatter
Preclude dependence on grey matter.
A winsome smile that tears down fences
Will never bring them to their senses.

Missionaries of past were wise
In quashing views they might despise
With strength in numbers, forming group
Avoided ending in the soup.

Crossing the Aisle



It's often hard to reconcile
Benighted views across the aisle,
Where ignorance and bias reign
And common sense is just a pain.

Beyond the Pale they are outlandish.
Resisting all kind words you blandish.
They'll ventilate their feckless zeal
Dressed up as pride in *Getting-Real*.

The aisle divides the Wrongs from Rights
The bad from good, the darks from lights,
A defining chasm never bridged
Ensures resentments remain rigid.

Learned chat will not beguile
Those feckless fiends across the aisle
Embedded in conspiracy
They see only what rear mirrors see.

Exuded like a foul miasma
Bolshieness is in their plasma
Steeped in error, beyond question,
Just build a wall seems best suggestion.

Fresh embers of resentment stoke
By heaping all your scorn on 'woke'.
Effective way of raising hackles
Tossing red meat to the jackals.

The feckless set aflame by pundit
Sustain their causes through Go-Fund-It.
'It's All or Nothing!' Heed that cry!
Then offer them no fish to fry!

A halfway house is never found
On bone bestrewn, middle ground.
A compromise will nought allay
No merit rests in points half way,

Cancel Culture



Blocking access to the podium

Effectively reduces odium.

Thwarting others chance to lecture

Leaves their notions to conjecture.

Forestall all plangent, tiresome hectorin'

By simply commandeering lectern.

To keep your cool, side-step the fight!

Make sure their views don't come to light.

And dim the lights to spread manure.
O'er notions that you can't endure,
Don't waste time on benighted views.
Decry the taint of their fake news

Commandeer the bigger tent
Then, specialise in non-event.
Lest naysayers lace the crowd,
Ridicule them long and loud.

When dissent rears ugly head, just scoff,
Act sharply! Have it frog-marched off.
Be brisk in thwarting an invasion
Of those of differing persuasion.

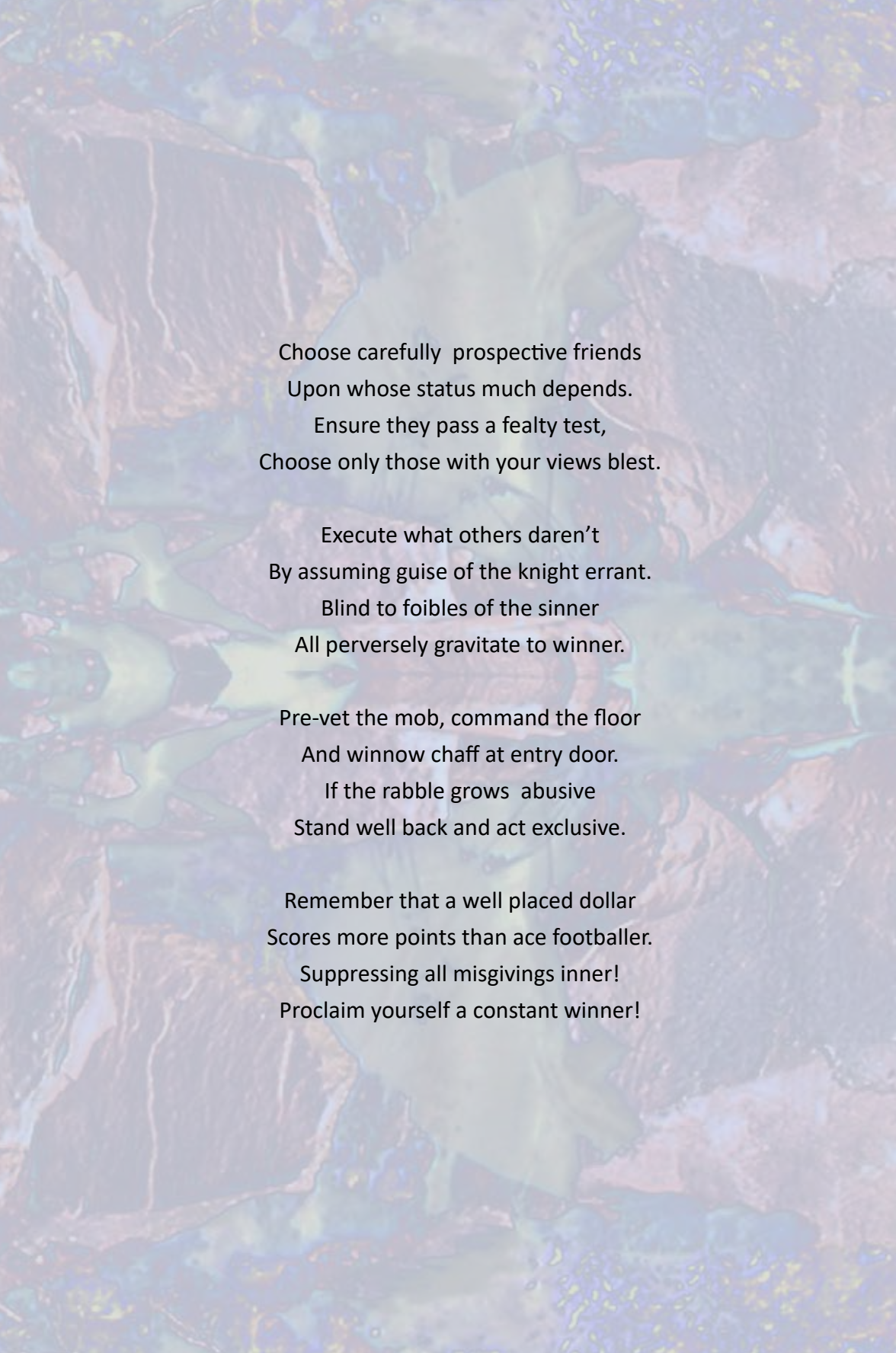
It's not your role to educate
So don't attempt to join debate.
It's often fatal to engage,
Your role here is to harness rage.

Appeals to public psyche chaste
Just squanders Time! with none to waste!
To keep your coterie in thrall
The empty chair will say it all.

Winning



When society is out of joint
Assess your rivals point by point.
Reserve your place in upper drawer.
Be sure it's *you* that's keeps the score.



Choose carefully prospective friends
Upon whose status much depends.
Ensure they pass a fealty test,
Choose only those with your views blest.

Execute what others daren't
By assuming guise of the knight errant.
Blind to foibles of the sinner
All perversely gravitate to winner.

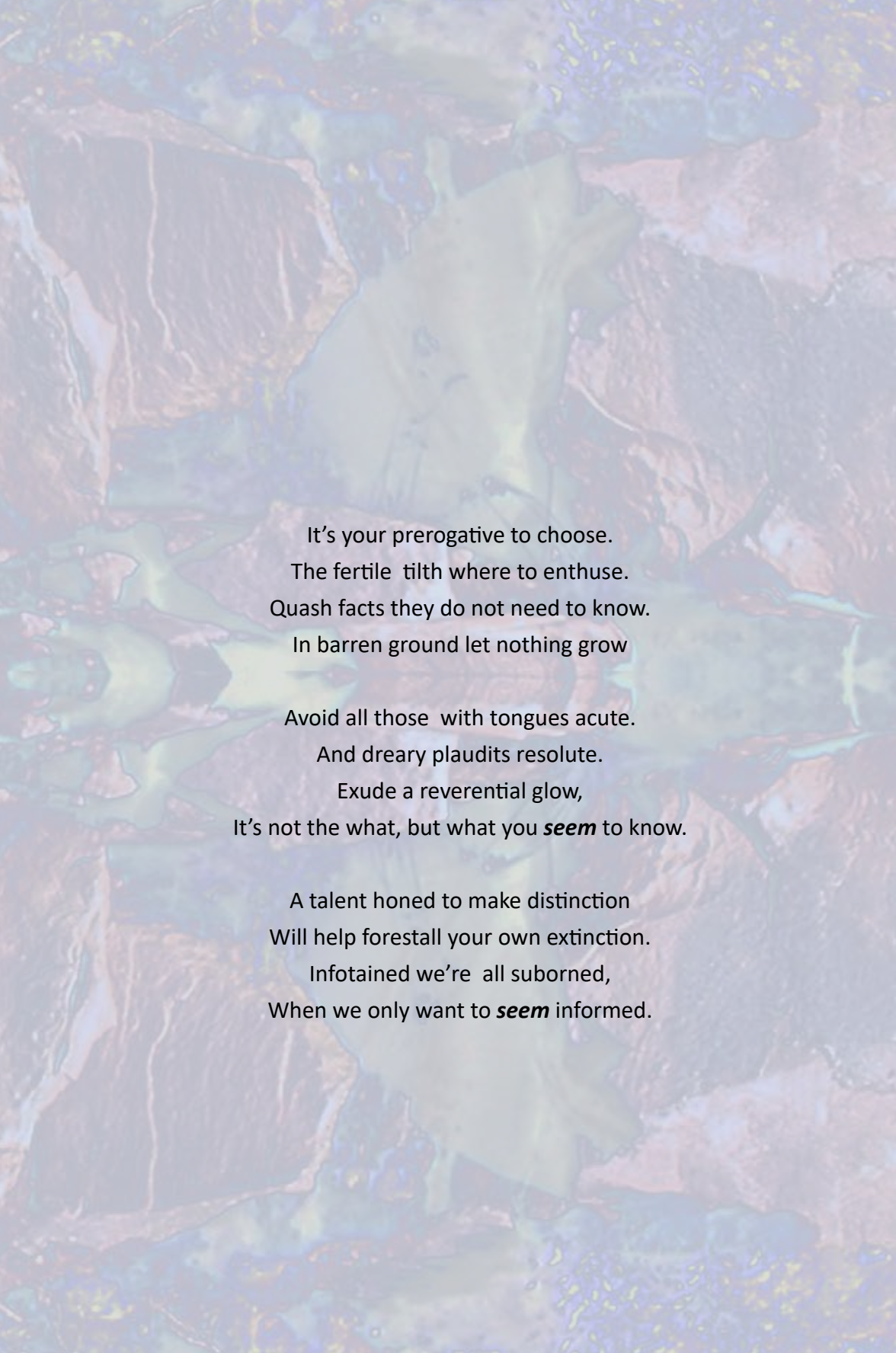
Pre-vet the mob, command the floor
And winnow chaff at entry door.
If the rabble grows abusive
Stand well back and act exclusive.

Remember that a well placed dollar
Scores more points than ace footballer.
Suppressing all misgivings inner!
Proclaim yourself a constant winner!

A Semblance of Sanity



An adage stands forever true
You should align with those like you
And seal your ears to bootless cries
Of raucous rabbles you despise.



It's your prerogative to choose.
The fertile tilth where to enthuse.
Quash facts they do not need to know.
In barren ground let nothing grow

Avoid all those with tongues acute.
And dreary plaudits resolute.
Exude a reverential glow,
It's not the what, but what you **seem** to know.

A talent honed to make distinction
Will help forestall your own extinction.
Infotained we're all suborned,
When we only want to **seem** informed.

Tri-Literally



When power raw, and unrefined
Depends on words that leap to mind
Tri-Literals that bounce in head.
Prove useful ways to 'Stop the Spread'

When complexity might cast a pall,
The best retort is '*Build a Wall*'.
Break through recherché egg-head patter
Pointing out that '*Facts Don't Matter*'.

Debates require too many steps.
Adopt shock tactics, '*Plumb the Depths*'
Be strident, never orotund
Proclaiming what you'll next '*defund*'.

Devise smart mantras when you troll.
How better to '*Take back control*'?,
For this is how raw power is brought
O'er coming useless complex thought.

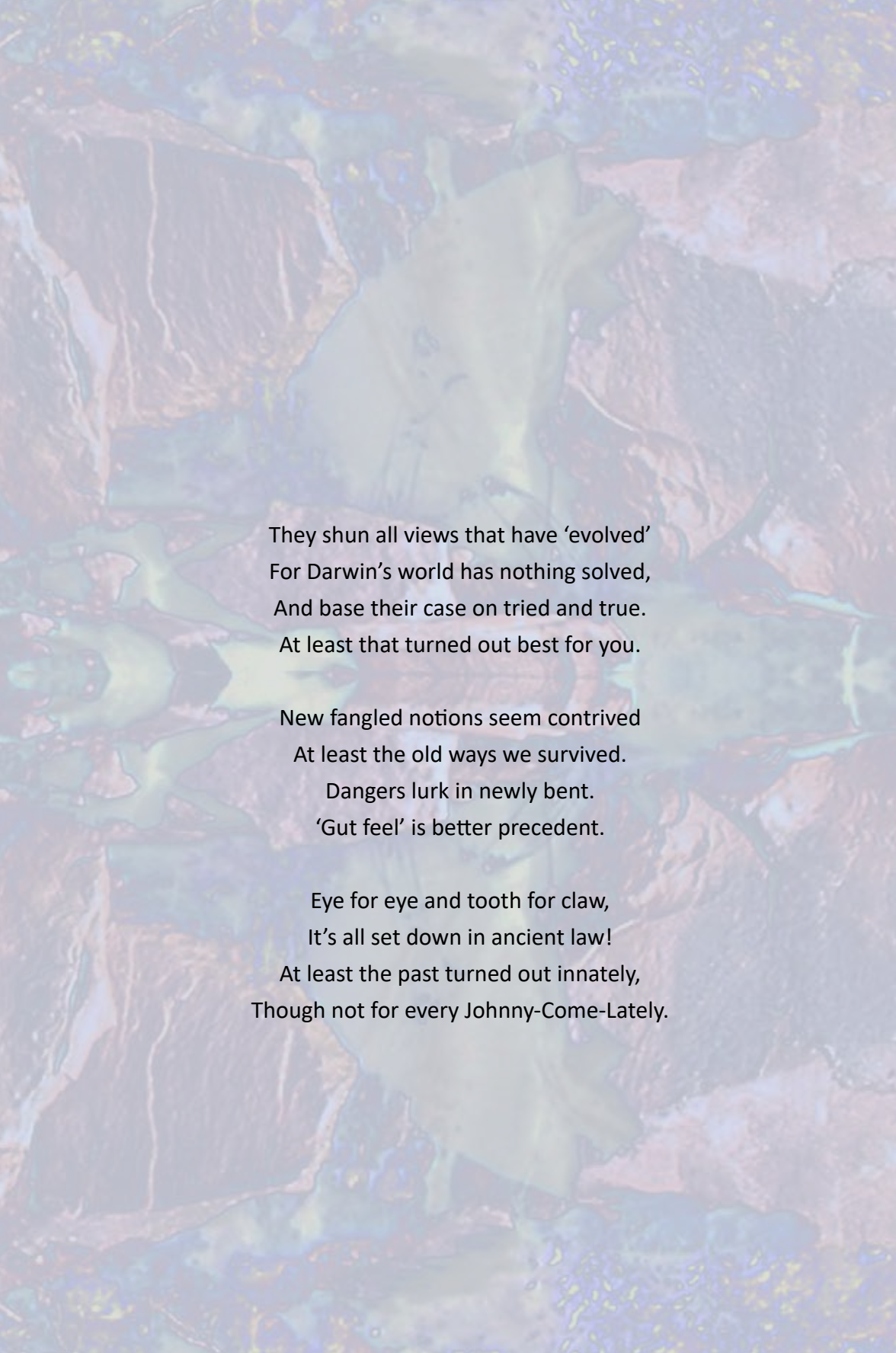
Tell everyone you're on a spree
To bolster up democracy.
'*Lock her Up*' and '*Hold Your Horses*'
Suggesting somewhat different courses.

Hip Hip Hooray! Here! we go again!
Lashed on by latest *Three Word Slogan*.

Originalism



Judges promulgating law
Seek precedent, to overawe.
Eschewing up-to-date and trite.
They thus divide the wrong from right

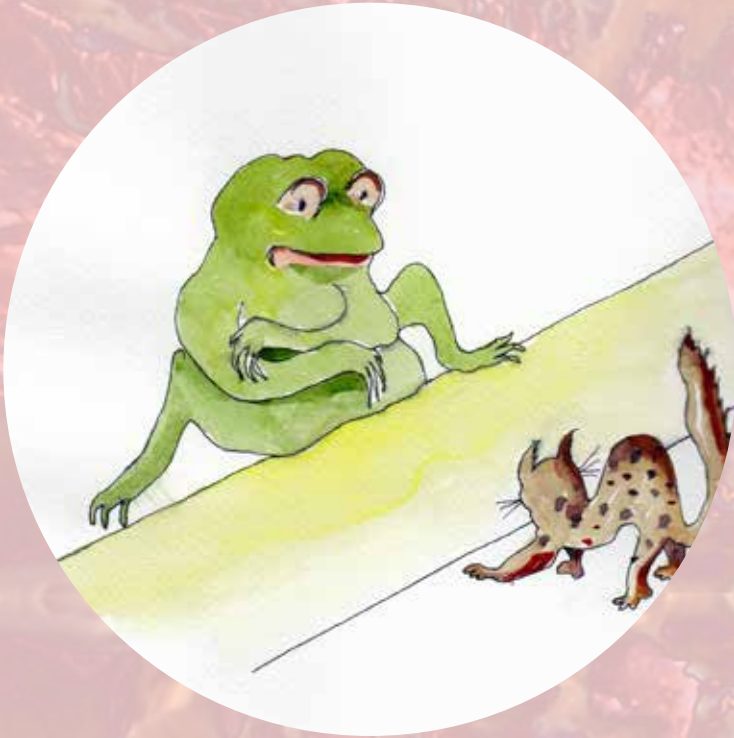


They shun all views that have 'evolved'
For Darwin's world has nothing solved,
And base their case on tried and true.
At least that turned out best for you.

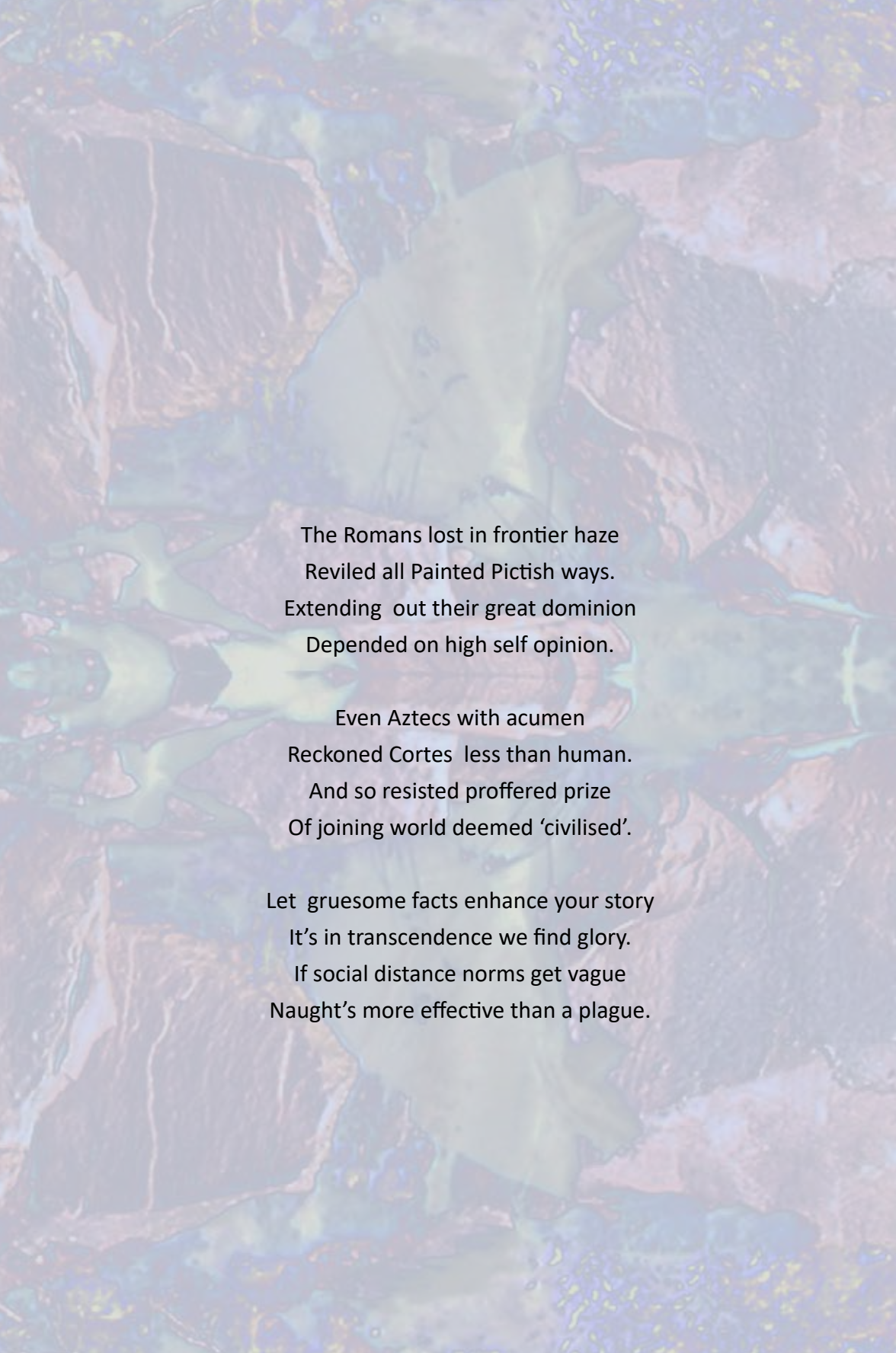
New fangled notions seem contrived
At least the old ways we survived.
Dangers lurk in newly bent.
'Gut feel' is better precedent.

Eye for eye and tooth for claw,
It's all set down in ancient law!
At least the past turned out innately,
Though not for every Johnny-Come-Lately.

Social Distancing



As clever 'social distance' ploy
The Greeks styled others 'barbaroi'.
Mere babblers beyond the pale
Whose habits make the strongest quail. .



The Romans lost in frontier haze
Reviled all Painted Pictish ways.
Extending out their great dominion
Depended on high self opinion.

Even Aztecs with acumen
Reckoned Cortes less than human.
And so resisted proffered prize
Of joining world deemed 'civilised'.

Let gruesome facts enhance your story
It's in transcendence we find glory.
If social distance norms get vague
Naught's more effective than a plague.

The Rabbit Hole



A desperate quest to *SEEM* informed
May lead you to a life suborned
Not exactly thirst for truth
But affection for lost feckless youth.

That treasure that entices roaming
Glinting in the murky gloaming.
That '*Open sesame*' Aladdin's cave
Choked with nuggets many crave.

Yet too soon you may crowd your scene
With 'gems of purest ray serene'
That might best languish left unfound
Than beached upon the modern mound.

With many detours you might reckon
For chambers stashed with treasures beckon.
In this dally with ubiquitous
Though incline tends to seem precipitous.

But glint of gold woos most myopics
Who revel in diversionary topics.
A tsunami of amassing facts
Besets those loath to wield the axe.

Like all the latest gin political
While shunning being over-analytical.
A tryst with voodoo interest piques,
Perhaps mummification techniques.

Invest in plankton and survive
How fungi in far Triton thrive.
Health benefits of pine bark juice
How axolotls reproduce

The sum of life becomes diversion
With anchors lost in deep submersion
Before such wisdom you extol
Think what lurks deep down Rabbit Hole.

Infotainment



In times like these, so out of joint
Many ask, 'Well what's your point?'
But random facts in dense arrays
Will help disguise your vacant gaze.

The obsession to be info-tained
Is trend not easily explained
The soul who for no reason delves
Just loves amassing facts themselves.

Those random nuggets do the trick
Your challenge, though, is spread them thick.
Assemble points on every topic
And focus on the microscopic.

But oneupmanship can seem tedious
When hefting stack of encyclopedias.
Those less retentive, less endowed
Find instant access through the Cloud.

The internet will prove a boon
In triumph of the picayune.
And those who wayward tid-bits stalk
Can polish up their smaller talk.

Add juicy gemlets to your patter.
Confident that facts don't matter.
When focused on late trending themes
Like latte outrage, penguin memes

Knotty nuance you can shirk
For expertise is too much work.
And relevance is always moot
Pursuing Trivial Pursuit.

Toe the line but never cross it
A life online, you cannot gloss it.
To focus ire and fuel your anger
Pinpoint ever-present danger.

Road to the Aisles



British folk with some insistence
Specialise in social distance.

Scattered cross their several aisles
They burnish what they most revile.

The Gaelic Scots made Romans pall
So Hadrian decreed a wall.

Offa's Dyke was raised to squelch
The listless and unruly Welsh.

To comb and tease religious yarn
Monks' tidal moat at Lindesfarne.

And even outcasts dared not mix
With antics of the painted Picts.

Down to earth , not overboardy
Are classic defects of the Geordie.

Garrulous and prone to grouse
Are expected of the wayward Scouse.

Proclaiming others also-rans
Is deep embued in Aisle of Mans.

Daft, demented, willy-nilly,
Is reputed of the Aisles of Scilly.

Even Dubliners must rail
Gainst Irish norms beyond the Pale.

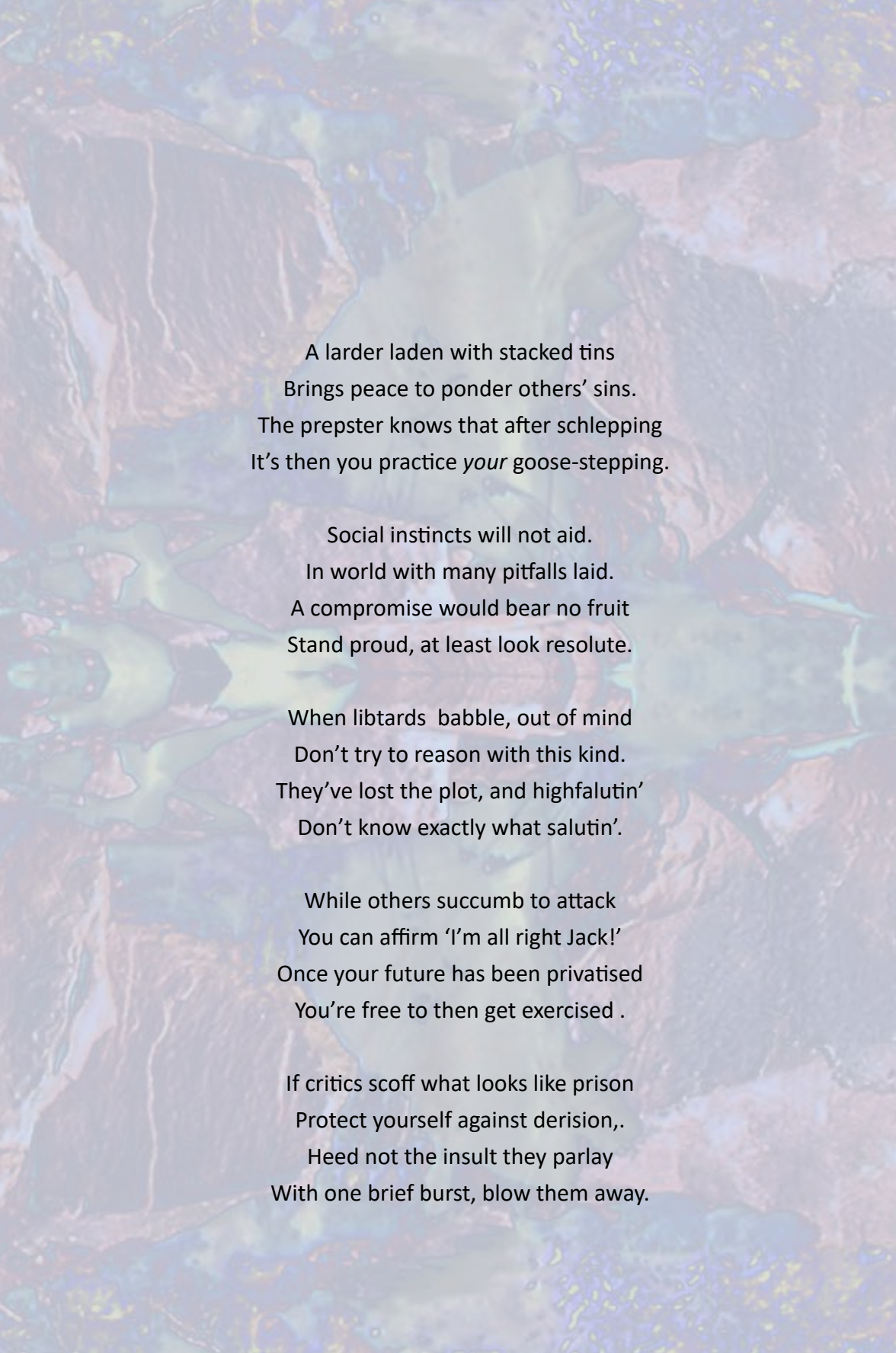
It oft incurs embarrassed smiles
The rancorous breadths of British Aisles.

Prepping



When those around you start goose-stepping
The time has come to do some prepping
To prepare for day when they break free
You'll need heavy artillery .

So waste no time on weak petitions!
Amass a stockpile of munitions.
With four strong walls, and windows barred
Protect your stash and stand your guard!



A larder laden with stacked tins
Brings peace to ponder others' sins.
The prepster knows that after schlepping
It's then you practice *your* goose-stepping.

Social instincts will not aid.
In world with many pitfalls laid.
A compromise would bear no fruit
Stand proud, at least look resolute.

When libtards babble, out of mind
Don't try to reason with this kind.
They've lost the plot, and highfalutin'
Don't know exactly what salutin'.

While others succumb to attack
You can affirm 'I'm all right Jack!'
Once your future has been privatised
You're free to then get exercised .

If critics scoff what looks like prison
Protect yourself against derision.,
Heed not the insult they parlay
With one brief burst, blow them away.

You'll See It When You Believe It!



As outlandishness becomes the norm
You should prepare for *Coming Storm*.
No wonder politics seems scatty
In world in thrall of Illuminati!

When mission is to '*stop the steal*'
You can't waste time by getting real.
Join brave crusade to *Save the Children*
'Gainst vampyr pizzaphiles that killed 'em.

And how better to attract offstandish
Than shower them with views outlandish.
Probe all the pales of the far-fetched
With hyperbole that's sharp and kvetched.

Stir umbrage in a listless throng.
Fed drops doled out by Q Anon
With righteous slander and insult
Just style your enemies a 'cult'.

Primed with poisons, stoked to spew
Indignation helps you jump the queue.
Where gross grotesqueries transpire
Pathetic libtards shift the ire.

Pinpoint where all base instincts lurk
And tumble experts in the murk
Those, to whom celebrity is due
Have long since learned to join the Q.

Defer to time-transcending POTUS
Enthroned upon his flagrant lotus.
Apply yourself to nuanced gleaning
His every gesture fraught with meaning.

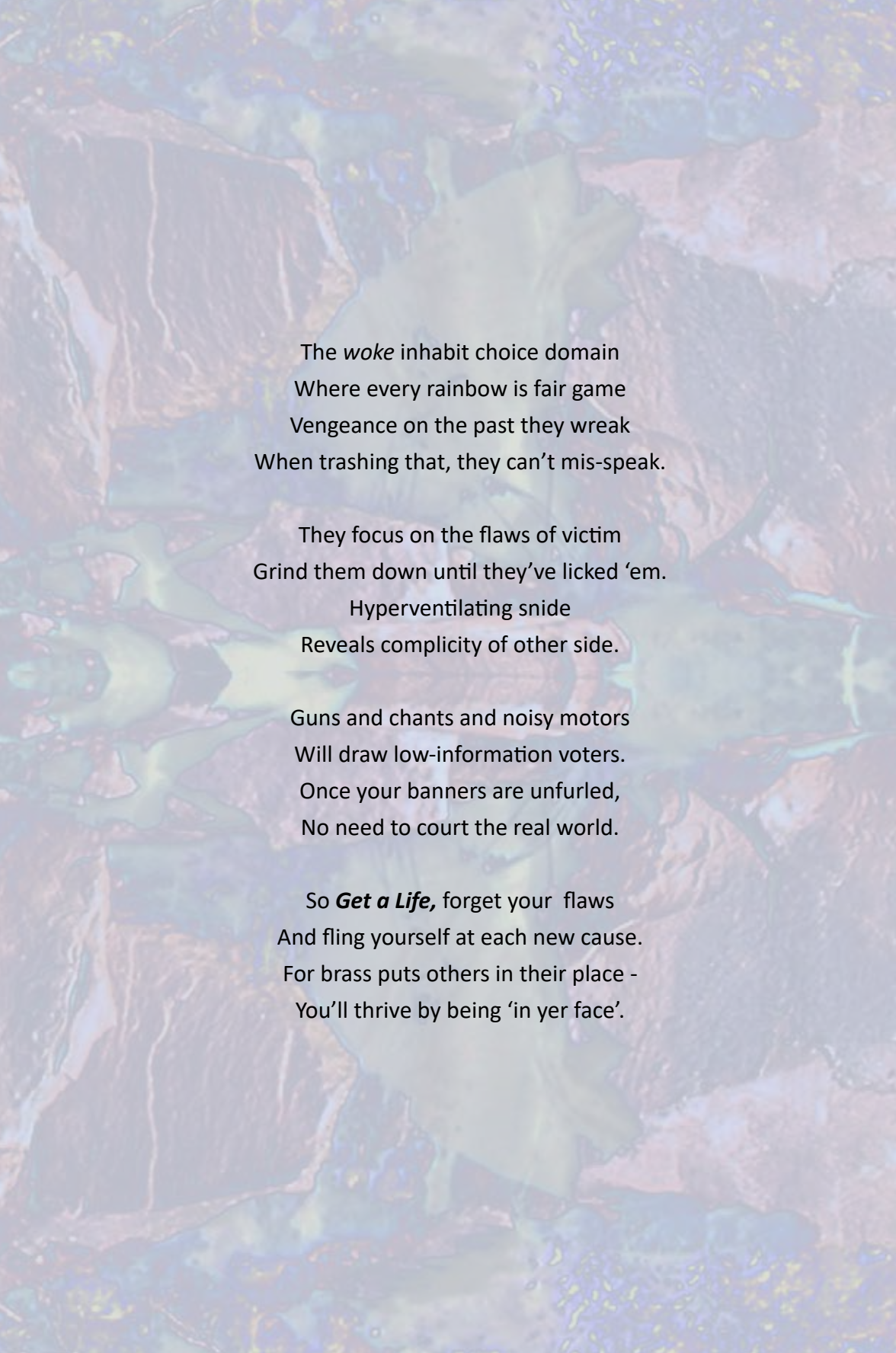
Pity lives ship-wrecked by college,
Those never blessed with secret knowledge.
You've lost the plot? Oh! listen do!
It's so much bigger now than Q!

On Being So Rudely Woke



Shake off dull sloth, and leap from bed!
For none reward the sleepy head.
Espouse a cause then go for broke.
The world kowtows to those deemed *Woke*!

Let indignance be your rule of thumb
Ensure all calcs are zero sum
To de-elevate purported hero
Set denominator down to zero.



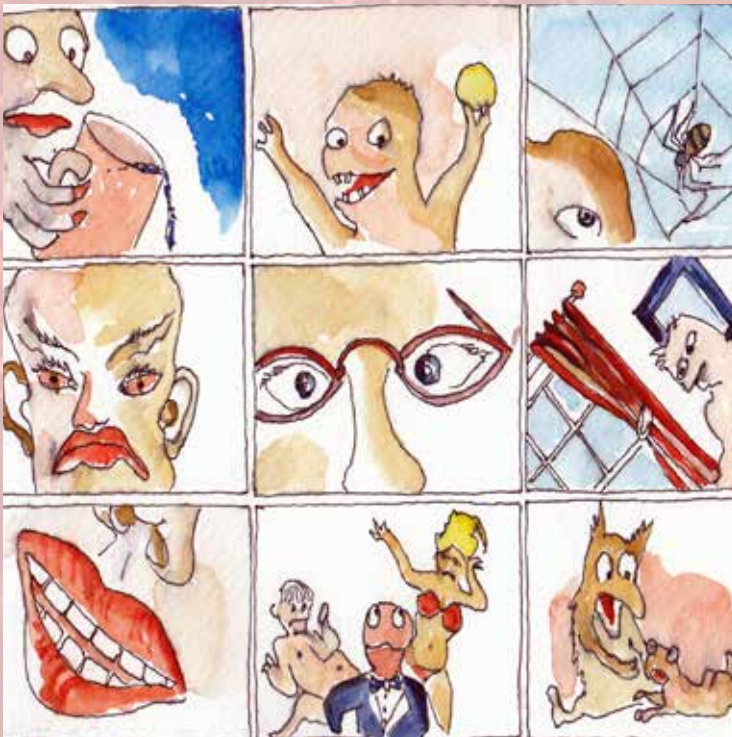
The woke inhabit choice domain
Where every rainbow is fair game
Vengeance on the past they wreak
When trashing that, they can't mis-speak.

They focus on the flaws of victim
Grind them down until they've licked 'em.
Hyperventilating snide
Reveals complicity of other side.

Guns and chants and noisy motors
Will draw low-information voters.
Once your banners are unfurled,
No need to court the real world.

So ***Get a Life***, forget your flaws
And fling yourself at each new cause.
For brass puts others in their place -
You'll thrive by being 'in yer face'.

Zoom Honeymoon



Add some zest to mundane life
And rise to challenge '***Get a Life!***'.
If entrapped in dull diurnal
Why not branch out and '***Zoom Your Journal***'?



*

So

Now

Why Not

Plan a diary

Make it fiery

Add some spice

Suggesting vice.

Prepare your room

And then just zoom.

Show no shame

Just fill the frame.

While all alone

Inflate your tone.

You could do worse

Just don't rehearse.

Let your imagination foment

Unbridled passions of the moment.

Just go for broke!

Proclaim you're

woke

!

*

The Varnished Truth



An insistence on unvarnished truth
Is prerogative of callow youth.
The old, inured to truth abuses,
Know obfuscation has its uses.

To make some sense of ebb and flow
And normalise the status quo,
They know that veritas will tarnish,
All artistry resides in varnish.

The bard well knows what die is cast
When gleefully rewriting past.
Extolling virtues of the winner.
While heaping scorn on broken sinner.

Ensuring his account prevails
He conjures devils in details.
Revealing bested's fatal flaw.
In cadences to overawe.

Adherence to this method sedulous
Ensures entrapment of the credulous.
By tallying the vanquished's sins
And claiming merit always wins.

Assured that facts will never out
He pulls no punches, wields his clout..
Embroidering some fatal foible
Will make the outcome more enjoyable.

That good end happy, bad not so
Is reckoned source of Fiction's glow.
To celebrate a loser's grave.
He chooses slant, what facts to save

So, before you plunge, reveal, belabour
Transgressions of your frightful neighbour
Remember! Myth that's set to song
Boasts tenacity both loud and long.

Stretched narratives are all the fad
When there's good copy to be had.

Chilling Words



In times increasingly absurd
It chills to hear the phrase '*I heard*'.
The '*friend of friend who is assured ...*'
Strikes malaise that can't be endured.

This common wisdom courts dismay
'*Stay safe*' is but a trite cliché.
And '*grape vine*' opens dreadful void
A rampant tangle, unalloyed.

It tends to strike some rather numb
To hear '*where I am coming from*'
Others extend shortest shrift
On those who claim to '*catch your drift.*'

On hearing '*In all honesty*'.
Your know at once you're wrecked at sea
'*To tell the truth*' one can be sure
That veritas has no allure.

The authority of the dread '*deep state*'.
Is handy to manipulate.
Rest blinkered and refuse to see
What's racked up as conspiracy.

'*Body doubles, grassy knolls*'
Are all just '*facts*' churned out by trolls.
'*Gut feeling*' trouncing all asserts
Our world is blighted by experts.

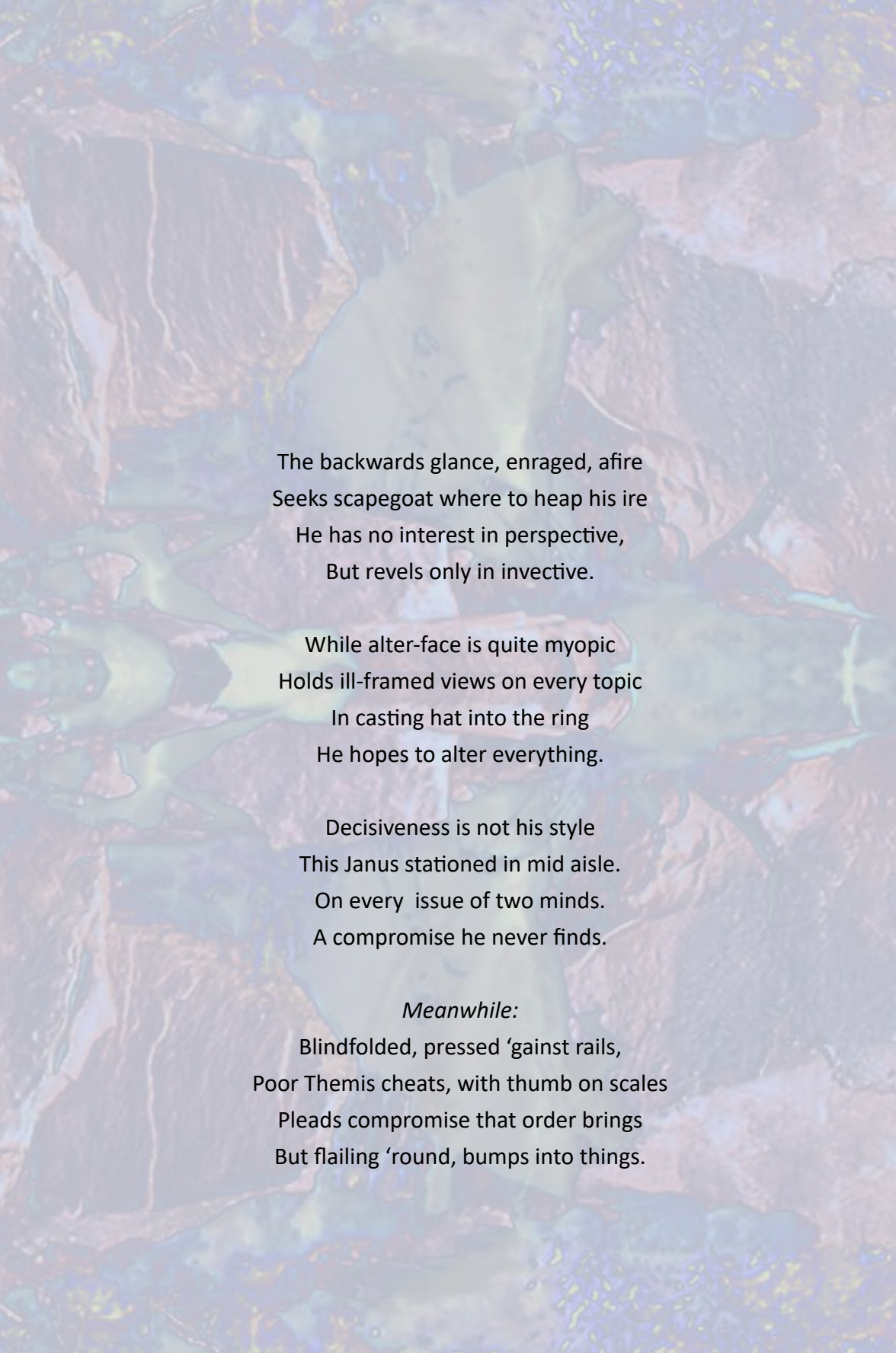
One who balks and deeper delves
Soon finds '*Facts don't speak for themselves.*'
In case you think I am mistook
'*You'll find it in my latest book!*'

Janus



In times of charlatans and showmen
One god stands proud, uniquely Roman.
On cusp of change, in limbo placed
He revels in his being two-faced.

A grizzled veteran views the past
And rails that die was long since cast.
While counterpart quite frozen numb
Peers nervously at what's to come.



The backwards glance, enraged, afire
Seeks scapegoat where to heap his ire
He has no interest in perspective,
But revels only in invective.

While alter-face is quite myopic
Holds ill-framed views on every topic
In casting hat into the ring
He hopes to alter everything.

Decisiveness is not his style
This Janus stationed in mid aisle.
On every issue of two minds.
A compromise he never finds.

Meanwhile:

Blindfolded, pressed 'gainst rails,
Poor Themis cheats, with thumb on scales
Pleads compromise that order brings
But flailing 'round, bumps into things.



Yours Truly,



Fl@uberT

