



Musings

Tam Fairlie

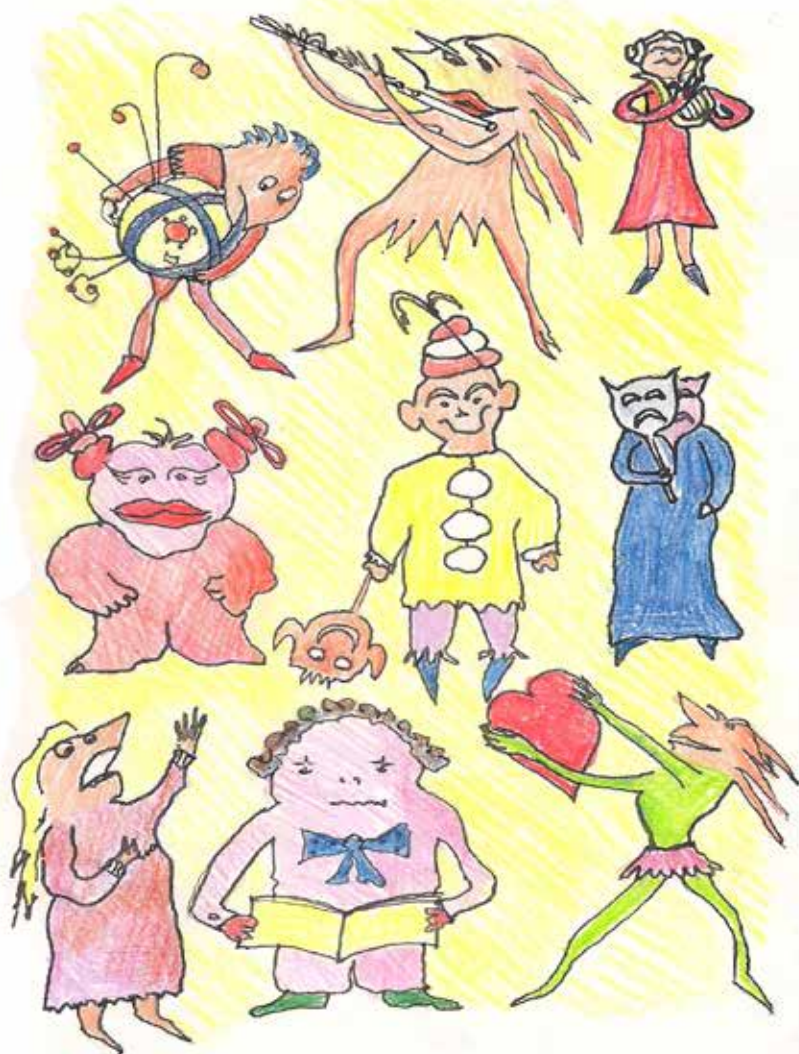
the fl@ubert duck series



Mavis and Alison

for

Fairwood Musings



The Nine Muses

The ancient Muses when apprised
 Appear a losing team
Rejected, scorned now, quite despised
 Reduced in self-esteem.

Resigned, alas! to failing light
 And sowing desert grounds
Out of mind and out of sight
They tread their fruitless rounds.

Listless, Terpsich', strums her lyre
 With aimless dreary tone.
Those limber legs once set afire
 Are now inert as stone.



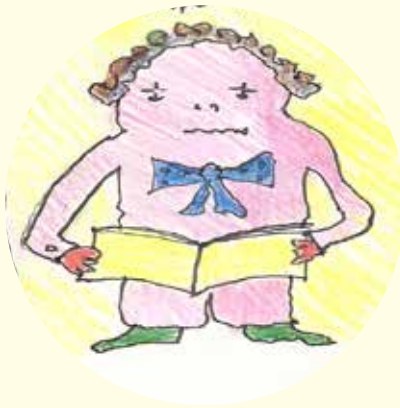


When Melo' dons her tragic mask,
And rails 'gainst frightful fate
In little kudos does she bask
As eyes around dilate.

If Thalia airs some ribald joke
Expecting gales of mirth
Rolling eyes and gagging throat
Reduce her sense of worth.



Poly' with her pensive look
And air of 'Nearer Unto Hymn'
Her fluting warbles come unstuck
Drowned out by modern din.



The audience just hit the trail
Left Calli' all alone
With her epic flights in terse detail
And mesmerizing drone.





The world now favours push and shove,
Explicitness holds sway.
Erato's poetry of love
Is derided as passé.

Urania, her orrery,
Are hopeless out of dates!
New Chaos Theory storery
And “G U T” berates.





Euterpe with her warbling flute,
Drives many to distraction
The modern mêlée leaves her mute
Quite dazed by world reaction.

With precise recall of history
Old Clio's voice drones on
Her message is a mystery
To heedless modern throng.



And so, we think, the time has come
To usher the New in
Sweep out the old that leave us numb
And embrace more Modern kin.

Let modern Muses change the chorus
Away their drear, archaic song!
Replacing those that tend to bore us
With relentless relevance all day long.

Relevant Prescient Inclusive Spectacular

Let's reinvigorate Muses' renown
But **what** is the content of our new vernacular . . .
These four hopeful adjectives searching a noun



Stupenda

The CineMuse



The Muse of modern cinema

Pushes to the fore

Preferring max to minema

And refuting 'less is more'.

With a tastes for the unnatural,
No decorum, just decor
She likes to stretch the factual.
In world that's drenched in gore.

Infernos in grand scenery
Warm a callused heart
Explosions and obscenery
All play a vital part.

Depicted with precision
And dismembered, a sure bet.
Another winning vision
When strewn across the set.

Aliens and poltergeists
Cacophonate the din
Atomic blasts and jewelry heists
Are seamlessly wove in.

"Quick find a girl for Hercules
For Queen Vic love illicit
Old Drac may need to be re-Vamped
To make him more explicit."

But there are some behind the scenes
When wading through this glug.
Who can't quite fathom what it means -
And like to pull the plug.

Ooh-lala

The Fashion Muse



Muse, guru of the Fashion Caste
Steers ultimate appeal
O'erleaping all frontiers of Taste.
With e'er increasing zeal.

She roams the catwalks of the world
With strut or pounce or mince
“In yer face” her charms are hurled
Gross malaise to evince.

With zips and furbelows and such
She sashays cross world stage
Promoting lives in Fashion’s touch
Caprice is all the rage.

If not willful or extreme enough
Condescending is her stare
When overlaying has-been stuff
With revealing underwear.

Transparent and diaphanous
With clumping shoes on ground
It all belies a laugh on us
Despite her frown profound.

Her piercings help to muffle speech
Chains hamper every part
And distance her from common reach -
Whose plights pierce not her heart.

Galactica

The NetMuse



To Interface this Muse aspires
Designing Life's most perfect tool
While trailing cords and links and wires
No purpose, it's so cool!

For it matters not what content be
In world festooned in nets and wires
With 'Network Continuity'
A dense Eden she inspires.

A Babel holding boundless choice
The storage quickly mounts
But her there's no dissenting voice.
It's hard disk size that counts

With cryptic passwords stashed away
Lest nefarious trolls abuse it.
Ensuring that beyond the fray
No one will ever use it.

With bleary eye she labours long
Without consulting me and you
As to the purpose of her song
On what exactly SHOULD she do?

Consumpsa

La Muse de la Gourmet



The intake of food was once geared to nutrition
When threat of austerity focussed the mind,
Epicurean now is the food of volition
And sustenance banished to those in bread line.

The Muse de la Gourmet finds her role expanding
With appetite honed, palate hyper-refined
But cutting and chopping are much too demanding
She prefers her tastes bottled, of preprepared kind.

A 'Taste of the Sumatra', or 'Piquance of Pyrenees'
'Dash of Tashkent' mixed with 'Antarctic Snow'
'Kiev Jambalaya' chock full of guarantees.
Far ranging the up-to-date palate must go.

The distant exotic lends superiority
In quest for fine nuance she never need hedge
One tends to assume from her air of authority
That she and her teeth are at *the* leading edge.

Inunda

The Media Muse



Delving and sleuthing with efforts loquacious
The Muse of the Media opens your eyes
Her Hunger for Happening is wholly voracious
Relentless her Gathering Gloom exercise.

Appraising the nadirs of chattering classes
She revels in squalor and sickness and slime
And doles it out neat to the ravening masses
Their impotent anger makes her feel sublime.

Massaged by her violence, and guilt by the gallon
She scales every dunghill, and wades every bog.
You too can have poison awash in your salon
Till your last jolly fibre succumbs to the sog.

Crassula

the Musa Materialis



Most puissant of all of the latter day Muses
She presides with aplomb o'er glittering court
From abundance of gifts she constantly chooses.
All that's around her out there to be bought.

More tasty by far than roast hummingbird's tongue
Consumed with the pinkest champagne
Ah! Life's superfluities, wandering among
It's just indecision that causes her pain.

Laden with plastic she'll charge like a bull
And push to the front of the line
Her purse is quite empty, but cupboards quite full
Consumption's a race against time.

Some question her whole-hearted taste for refulgence
It even occasions a frown
While many are left craving least of indulgence
Awaiting for some trickle-down.

Pompona

The Art-bitrator



The old tradition-weary Muses
Now subsumed 'neath firm control
Who o'er their fading gloire effuses
This Art-bitrator for the Whole.

Her 'Mission Statement' is 'Arts Lover'
With gilded scissors, ribbon parts
"Throw ope' the doors! Let's preen each other
In latest palace for the Arts!"

In other hand she holds a balance
To measure cases down on luck.
Respecting only self-reliance
She must weed out the lamer duck.

With building plans her mind is swarming
Re-employing 'resting' bods.
There's ne'er a sight quite so heartwarming . . .
As girls in tutus shifting hods.

Massiva

The PhysioMuse



The Physio-Muse offers much to be reckoned
In gracious, galumptious, gelatinous curves
Rarely you find her at rest for a second
Her sheer omnipresence may rattle some nerves.

But achieving perfection demands application
She nurtures her muscle tone, broadness of beam
Through hours of bending and bouncing oblation.
With medics and trainers, all part of her team.

They fill her with serums and heart felt advice
Ensuring she's kept in the fold
She charts her strict regimen, tough and precise,
And chooses to never grow old.

Deriding thos egg-heads, less toned and much fatter,
She scorns almost everything studied in books
She seeks subjugation of mind under matter,
What's important is all about looks.

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The Ninth Muse



The Ninth is a Muse that is shrouded in Mystery
Her shape indistinct for the common to view
She breaks from her shell at great turnings in history
With transformative visions, inspiring anew.

A mysterious Muse, perhaps most influential
A Muse of beginnings, rebirth and new starts,
She may help us aspire to our fuller potential
Releasing what dwells in the depths of our hearts.





Yours Truly,

Flaubert Duck

