



**The Poet's Guide to
the Lunatics
Have Taken over
the
Asylum**

Peter the Celt

Why I write My Poem? I am Spartacus the Soul man, a Pagan's prayer I must protest natural addiction.

**You're all mad, these are the facts the lunatics have taken over the Asylum
America bad company, self interest, Mind play Elitist Attitudes, Fear, lost love the
Ego's last stand.**

**Fear once more, the air that I breathe, the end of time, hare brained, full of it
Revelation- the End of the World, Oh little kitten of ignorant beginnings, more
revelation the chains of love. Don't drink the water a recipe for apathy, exercise is good
for you, to Cancer-don't be a chancer, pour some sugar on it, bad medicine, no Joy.
Lime rich, Mister Sun, the path to joyfulness, beautiful eyes.**

**The Tabloid Press the Corporate Mouthpiece is it beyond redemption? Subtle mind
control, crying wolf, imaginary fears, tall tales, depression, self doubt, nothing to say,
definition bullshit, a seedier Media.**

**C.N.N, negative people, A Mediocre Mind, what you selling? Imagination? Certainly
Not News, fact or friction, old news has been, vanity press, nobody's listening, A
Weedier Media.**

**The British styles the BBC in memory of the truth, majestic old ruin what's your
Purpose? Global Warming, a New World odour, Crimes against Humanity? Pictures of
You Capturing the Moment the Politician in a Moon-Light Serenade with Whiskey,
wannabe Moon Beam. [I thought it funny]. My prophecy the Tree of life (in death) be
hitched. The Power of Advertising no charge, the dead shall rise, my profit see. An anal
analogy, are you offended? Suck it Up Free Energy.**

**Mmm.... More Globalism who's really pulling the strings not a pigeon fancier Wise
words (spoken in jest). Why are the Rich so stupid? Reflected bliss, mind trick, hot
water Fate's time the judge.**

**Oh Playful Muse Judge Not Lest..... Greedy Bastard. There was a Time..... Whatever,
enchanted eyes. Merry Christmas Santa is dead. Love, heal the world.**

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1 Why I write

Why I write it's my delight
To put my fancies into flight,
And who knows maybe get insight
To give my Sentences more bite.

Why I rhyme to make it chime
And hopefully your memory prime,
With a melody so sublime
You'd want to read it another time.

2 My Poem

Some people say, "Don't rhyme
It really is a waste of time,
It restricts your thoughts sublime
And actually is a crime."

And others say, "Now Peter
Shouldn't this be in a meter?
It makes the piece much neater
And makes the flow more fleeter"

But I say, "You've got some gall
On deaf ears your advice will fall,
Yes it appears you've hit a wall
It's my Poem after all."

3 I am Spartacus

All this talk of Popularism I see on the News
It seems to be from People with slightly different views,
They say its Nationalistic well that's the term they use
Which to put it mildly it's not a term I'd choose.

To me it transcends Nationalism it goes right to the core
And that is the discrepancy between the Rich and Poor,
Then of course Authority with greedy corruption galore
To be honest that's about it I don't think there's much more.

Popularism basically is a collective wave of malcontent
That surfaces occasionally when life's burden get too prevalent,
It's not about Politics it's more against the Establishment
And it grows in strength through the power of disillusionment.

So it's more of an internal thing each Nation has its own
It's a drive for true equality from resentment sown,
Against the Established order when their cover's blown
It can actually break a Nation when it's fully grown.

4 The Soul Man

Do you see Colour
Do you see Creed,
Want the picture fuller?
We're all God's Seed.

We're all the same
We all can see
It's just mortal shame
That defines 'me.'

So ditch that Steeple
And leave those Pews,
We're all God's People
Go spread the news.

Don't be Elitist
It's not God's plan,
It's just defeatist
To a Soul Man.

5 A Pagan's Prayer

Great Mistress Mother Earth
Emanate your rejuvenating energy,
For like the Wheat in the Field
I still have to grow.

Grant unto me your wisdom
So I might know understanding,
And find my harmony
In everything I do.

6 I must Protest

Paid Agitators from tin pot Dictators
With a Liberal sprinkling of Democracy haters,
Irrational Debaters, Blind Commentators
Experience of life came from flawed Educators.

To some they are Traitors reality Slaters
Spotty faced Kids who need a kick in the taters,
Spoilt Manipulators and Adult Impersonators
Just passing their time until they become Waiters.

To me though they're Shakers, scared Demonstrators
Under the influence of fear Propagators,
Or Pontificators, proud Instigators
Of true equality though sad Imitators.

7 Natural Addiction

You are my reason it is you gives me life
A natural high to give me strength through my strife,
An explosion of Senses with elation that's rife
I am glad of the day when I made you my Wife.

8 You're all Mad

So this is Aquarius we're in another Age
Can you make the leap and let History turn a Page,
Or will you fall to madness and be controlled by rage
Blinded in your hatred with ignorance centre stage.

The World is cracking up and so is the Mind
Those of you of a Material vent will soon be left behind,
I'm afraid it's all been fated it's all been designed
It's Natural Evolution with Spiritual Growth intertwined.

The Earth though will survive it's just being reformed
A new World will come to be once it's been transformed,
The old Age of Pisces wrinkled and deformed
Is being broken down and purification is being performed.

9 These are the Facts

You were led by Idiots who thought you were Fools
Not worthy of freedom just Corporate tools,
Your rights were neglected to Big Business Rules
They made your life hell those Satanic Ghouls.

Your National Debt has gone through the Roof
Doubled in 8 years if you want the truth,
From incompetent mismanagement with reality aloof
Wasteful greedy Morons if I was being uncouth.

Yet still they war-mongered though they couldn't afford
Disrupting other Countries for little reward,
Displacing Populations and sowing discord
Bringing shame to the Country over which they lord.

And still your Media fills you with lies
They know the big picture, there is no disguise,
So seriously now it's about time you got wise
Switch off the T.V. and bring on their demise.

10 The Lunatics have taken over the Asylum

They are mentally deranged
And from reality estranged,
Yet in Society they do really well.

So that says to me
This was meant to be,
That means this Place really is Hell.

To those in ignorance
This will lead your logic on a dance,
But to some it might just ring a Bell.

Demonic Possession
Causes mental obsession,
When you're under its Spell.

Here's what you will find
Hell's a state of mind,
It's not some far fiery Place.

A nasty Thought Form
That lives in a storm,
If you want to know its face.

Now Heaven is peace
So all doubt should cease,
For that is it at its base.

Anything more
And by that I mean war,
Means we have fallen from Grace.

So just look around
Has peace been found?
For all I can see is war.

I'm afraid those who lead
Like us to bleed,
And not just a drop but a pour.

Not only that
They like to get fat,
And corruption, you know the score.

They're not men of God
Don't be a daft sod,
They're Demons and nothing more.

11 America

Oh say can you see through the Media hype
Or do you still think in the stereotype,
Do you believe all you hear and take it as fact
Regardless of truth and without evidence backed.

America, America, your Media likes to lie
America, America, it's kissed the truth good bye,
America, America, do you ever question why
Or do you just go out to die.

You've been Hijacked by Bankers with profit their Prize
They've cut back your Wages it's time to get wise,
You rights are eroding you need to borrow to live
Whilst the Rich get fatter with all take and no give.

America, America you are a Corporate Slave
America, America a democratic grave,
America, America your People you enslave
With false ideals their blood you gave.

You're in debt to the Eyeballs yet still go to war
To protect your Dollar but really what for?
It's not worth a Cent now, a futile act
Yes we know your Secrets as they've all been hacked.

America, America you are a greedy State
America, America you rule by fear and hate,
America, America you now will not dictate
For you've had to abdicate.

Do you know that your power is close to an end
For the World now knows that you're not a friend,
I'm afraid that your Leaders were not up to the mark
Parasitical Vermin with incompetence stark.

America, America the People you elect
America, America they treat you with neglect,
America, America they're motives are suspect
And not worthy of respect.

12 Bad Company

They feed of death and misery
Production Charts are all they see,
Yet they call themselves a Company
Though their companionship is not for me.

They destitute without a care
To them in business all is fair,
They see profit everywhere
They're blind to poverty and despair.

They're Dinosaurs from long ago
Grasping hard in their last death throes,
With wealth their air though it's now their foe
For its running out as we all know.

You didn't know? Well it gets better yet
That's why they get us into debt,
To keep them breathing with interest set
Beyond payback, repayment never met.

They try to make us slaves to greed
By creating desires that we don't need,
Our finances they will gladly bleed
Just so long as they can feed.

But they're living on borrowed time
For we're wising up to their crime,
Their grasping ways with us don't chime
Buddy we won't spare that Dime.

13 Self Interest

It started off with good intention
Until Self-Interest got a mention,
For it created its own invention
To soak itself in greed retention.

It doesn't work for the Greater good
It's not programmed so never could,
It needs to feed and believes it should
So true equality will never bud.

Yes with Self-Interest you're The Man
But you are your only fan,
And I'm afraid your Logic's down the pan
For it was never in harmony's plan.

14 Mind Play

The constant stream of criticism
Ceaseless never ending,
The inability to compromise
Solid, never bending.

The whole spectrum of put down lines
Sapping self esteem,
Perfection never satisfied
Always find the seam.

No matter what I do it's never up to scratch.

The verbal manipulation
To keep me in my place,
The condescending punch-line
That knocks me on my face.

The feeling of inadequacy
That you do inspire,
The general air of worthlessness
My confidence expire.

You and emotional turmoil, the perfect match.

The frustration of endeavour
Tears into my Soul,
I turn into your obedience
My subservient role.

An extension of your well being
That is all I am,
Yet still I'll never leave you
I am just your Lamb.

As you often tell me you are quite a catch.

15 Elitist Attitudes

Elitist attitudes well what have you got
You think you are clever when really you're not,
Think you are special, you're not that hot
Just deluded by arrogance and I mean by a lot.

Elitist attitudes well what have you done
You created diversity where once there was none,
Caused inequality, well the bullet for the gun
Basically Hell with the false Perceptions you've won.

Elitist attitudes well what about now
It's time you wised up well if you know how,
Time to turn Humble and pick up the Plough
Recognise we're all special and let Pride take a bow.

16 Fear

When Darkness eats the shiny Disc
It's then I'll come to thee,
Just search amongst the Spectral Mist
For its there that I shall be.

The distant howling in the night
That chills your very Soul,
The stagnant smell, a nasal bite
Even that does take its toll.

Your surroundings now are ignorance
You see nothing but the dark,
Your Mind it cannot make much sense
There is nothing to spark.

All perceptions cloud with gloom
My habitat you'll find,
Now I truly come to bloom
As I take your peace of mind.

17 Lost Love

Where is the love, where did it go
I looked in my Heart but it didn't know,
I've looked to my Soul but no warming glow
Just emptiness no joy nor no woe.

I thought that I had it, it was in my Mind
Life was so cheerful, never cruel only kind,
But then oh so quickly it turned into a bind
Though as to why no answer I find.

18 The Ego's Last Stand

So Political Correctness then
Is it really based on care?
For I see it more as a stagnant Fart
Then a breath of fresh air.

It blusters on about inequality
Though won't deal with the core,
It's more to do with what you say
It's turned its back on Rich and Poor.

In fact since its came to be
The Rich have got much richer,
It cares not for the poverty
It only sees the little Picture.

Not only that though
It's actually fell to greed,
It's completely lost its path
Another Parasite we don't need.

And come to rational debate
It isn't on its list,
If you dare to disagree
You become a racist.

I think it's a mental illness
If you want to know the truth,
Sort of Tourettes without the swearing
And to logic too aloof.

Yes it likes to rant and rave
Like a spoilt tempestuous Child,
It will pick you up on trivial things
With insight truly mild.

So to finish off this piece
I would say it has had its Day,
It's actually in its death throes
Before it fizzles out and goes away.

19 Fear once More

To face your fear is the road to understanding
And to understand fear is not too demanding,
It's actually a spur for an adrenalin rush
To aid Flight of Fight when we were still in the Bush.

But as we evolved it came along too
We got paranoid Self Consciousness came through,
So a lot of our fears don't really exist
Just shadowy spectres enhanced by the Mist.

Now as for real fear it would depend on the case
For if you stand tall you might end up on your face,
Each situation is different so act accordingly
Experience will tell you what's meant to be.

20 The Air that I breathe

Nothing is for free no matter what they say
Oh it used to be until greed got in the way,
There is a hidden fee devised from devious play
One you might not see a heavy price to pay.

The air that you breathe, you think that it is free
Well this will make you seethe its poisoned you see,
With pollution in the weave your Lungs soon cease to be
Though the Polluters will not grieve they're into apathy.

So every breath you take brings you closer to demise
This news is not fake I'm just putting you wise,
It's a bad mistake to listen to their lies
But it's one you have to take so choice I'm afraid just dies.

21 The End of Time

The End of time
A Judgement on our crime,
Or just a Natural disaster
Encased in Volcanic Plaster,
Yellowstone rises.

22 Hare Brained

Fleeting memories of the forgotten past
Of Ancestors from long ago,
Leave impressions subtly cast
From the Universal flow.

Instinctive reflex guides my life
And keeps me out of harm,
Lessons learned from their previous strife
Warn me of alarm.

23 Full of it

Hypocritical Vermin in a Self Righteous Sermon
Putting the World to rights,
Arrogant delusion without the Religious illusion
That divides the World and incites.

Every things hype and stereotype
Their Minds have a shallow vent,
No understanding it's too demanding
To intelligence they misrepresent.

Reality aloof they can't handle the truth
Of the Poverty that's all around,
So they stick to blame to hide the shame
Of their incompetence that's easily found.

It's no recompense for without Common Sense
They only appeal to the Fools,
They're easy to see I'm sure you'll agree
For they only speak in Stools.

24 Revelation

So the Church of Laodicea didn't know God's Law
They thought that they were Rich when really they were Poor,
We're talking Avarice if you want to know the score
You see Material Desire closes Heaven's Door.

Also though with Avarice indifference comes to play
You seem to lose all interest if you can't make it pay,
When it comes to Hot or Cold neither has a say
So the Word of God falls into decay.

But if you lose this Avarice you become a man of note
For you attain purity and get a White Coat,
Your Gold is now Spiritual for Grace now gets your vote
Yes you see things differently when you lose the material dote.

25 The End of the World

They stand on Street Corners with their banners held high
It's the end of the World boy you're all going to die,
But just think for a moment maybe it's true
We're all going to die boy what are you going to do?

They stand in their Pulpits and talk of Heaven and Hell
They speak of a Second Coming and looking around it's just as well,
But just think for a moment maybe it's true
We're all going to be judged boy how are you going to do?

Others talk of Aquarius, the dawning of an age
When we forsake our greed and turn our back on rage,
But just thing for a moment maybe it's true
We're all going to wise up, well that's if we can pull through.

26 Oh Little Kitten

Oh that little Kitten
With him I'm not too smitten,
For on my bed he's shitten
And when I rebuked him I got bitten.

He's such a little pest
And to patience quite a test,
He never takes a rest
As for life he's got a zest.

Look for trouble he'll be there
Yes for it he has a flair,
Whether chewing my Teddy Bare
Or scratching my Armchair.

Though I guess he has my Heart
I think his cuteness plays a part,
Don't think he'll ever depart
No the bastards much too smart.

27 Of Ignorant Beginnings

On a hot July in 1963
That's when I came to be,
From the Umbilical Cord I was set free
To make my own reality.

When I was born my slate was clean
From memories of what I had previously seen,
And people that I once had been
Which looking back I thought quite mean.

It seemed I had to start again
New situations but the same old pain,
To torrid heartache along with its drain
A life of ignorance in a World insane.

28 More Revelation

Revelations believe it or not is just one Catastrophe
Though broke up into many parts to make it hard to see,
The first four Vials and Trumpets let that be your key
It's saying that a third of the World will fall to misery.

It will be heralded by an earthquake unheard by Man before
Not a normal one though as there's just a little more,
Its effects will blacken the Sun something you can't ignore
As it sounds like volcanic ash and I mean quite a pour.

Now the Stars that fell from Heaven an answer's easily found
It's actually the Air Planes, the ones not on the ground,
I'm afraid that Volcanic ash muffles the engine sound
For it just clogs the Engine and makes it Earthly bound.

Suspected Casualties, I wouldn't like to guess
They say a few Thousand but that I will address,
There'd be that many in the air so I'd say more than less
We could be talking Millions but don't tell the Main Stream Press.

29 The Chains of Love

The Chains of Love are stronger than death
They transcend even your very breath.
You see when time becomes life's thief
They manifest themselves as grief.

30 Don't Drink the Water

Here's something to tell you though it might not be to taste
Your Water is being poisoned by a Toxic Waste,
A by-product of Aluminium that's the source been traced
And to 'improve dental hygiene' the reason it was placed.

Now this tainted Water can happen naturally
It sort of gives the Water a sedative quality,
It's alright in small doses in that we all agree
But too heavy with the hand and you get apathy.

Not only that and though I fear to cause alarm
But drink too much Fluoride and it will do you harm,
Seriously o'd on it and you will buy the Farm
Check it out on the internet unless you like enforced calm.

Some say it has a good side it's very good for Teeth
And cite that as a reason when they throw on you a Wreath,
With that I will not argue though here's my real beef
There are more efficient ways loosing White Sugar being chief.

Finally on Water we have the Bottled kind
So if you want a replacement this is what you find,
A PH level of 7.5 so the Blood Level's realigned
Just get one that fits the bill now you're no longer blind.

31 Recipe for Apathy

To make a docile Nation
Hi jack communication,
Gear for isolation
And misguided Education.

Then increase administration
And with it regulation,
Through harsh legislation
That makes it more dictation.

Then step up militarisation
And enforce fake vaccination,
Promote fluoridation
We're on passive medication.

32 Exercise is Good for You

Exercise is good for you
And not just your Body but mental too,
It helps to get the Oxygen through
To refresh the System and renew.

On Diet too that point needs chewed
For Refined Sugar can change the Body's mood,
And as it's in all processed food
Dump it and not in the sense that's crude.

Now I'm not saying that this is a cure
It's more prevention for here's the score,
Too Acidic a Body opens an unhealthy door
So change that environment it will exist no more.

Also Exercise Oxygenates the Brain
And takes you out of lethargic pain,
It keeps you grounded and your focus sane
So you can cope with life's stressful drain.

Yes come to Oxygen don't save your breath
For efficient Lungs could be Ill health's death,
So a good brisk Walk to burn off stress
And a healthy Mind is a good redress.

33 To Cancer-Don't be a Chancer

Let's take the case of Cancer whose cure is pretty cheap
Though from the big Drug Companies you will not hear a peep,
I guess they know the Secret but it's one they'd like to keep
But first some understanding, here's where it gets deep.

Now Cancer actually needs an Acidic environment to survive
It cannot live in Alkaline as it's like the Grim Reaper's Scythe,
In it, it cannot feed and so it cannot thrive
Yes I'm afraid in Alkaline it quickly takes a dive.

In an Acidic body though Cancer gets more efficient
For Acidity in the Cells makes them Oxygen deficient,
They say that a loss of 35% should be sufficient
For Cancer to develop and actually get proficient.

So to counteract this condition you need to change your lifestyle
It's basically Food and Exercise to get rid of all the bile,
Keep away from Acidic Foods for your Body they will rile
And don't forget to Exercise, perhaps just run a Mile.

Anyway before I go to help you back in sync
Baking Soda and Lemon juice makes the ideal drink,
It's an effective Remedy though pretty hard to sink
But its 10,000 more effective so from it do not shrink

34 Pour Some Sugar on it

You're tampering with our Food supply
Just to keep your profits high,
How many of us will have to die
Before you'll admit it's not a lie.

Refined Sugar is to your taste
An unnatural high that goes to your waist,
In everything it now does baste
To find addiction that's well encased.

This Sugar though is your time's Thief
For not only does it rot your Teeth,
The rest of you could come to grief
For it rots the Body underneath.

Then of course what else do you put in
To preserve the Food though cull my kin,
The whole processing system should go in the bin
For it does more damage than just a double chin.

35 Bad Medicine

With cures that are ineffectual too many lives get lost
But they will not change them until recovery of the cost,
Backed by State intervention freedom of choice gets tossed
And with the Media beside them all transgressions are glossed.

There are better alternatives that they hide through deceit
The first one of which is actually the Food that we eat,
Riddled with Toxins to make it taste sweet
From big Corporations with a Profit Sheet.

Yes with bad Diet it's surprising what you find
Refined Sugar is a real bind,
It messes with your Body and also your Mind
It also aids Cancer to which most of you are blind.

So that's Food and Medicine, the State and the Press
Just a few more that I need to address,
The first one's the Arms Dealers who create all the stress
For to sell their wares the World must be in a mess.

Then there's Fossil Energy which we really don't need
For with modern Technology the Earth doesn't need to bleed,
You can get free energy though that point they will not cede
For it interferes with their sad pathetic greed.

Though all big Corporations are pretty much the same
They like to cut corners for profit's their game,
They keep their Staff Paupers for they have no shame
And with the Media to back them up the Workers get the blame.

And finally the Bankers who get us in debt
Individually and Countries they feed of our sweat,
With worthless Paper Money and it gets better yet
If you go elsewhere they see it as a threat.

The Money though is worthless as I said before
They have nothing to back it up for they have Gold no more,
Even the Gold they stole from the Countries after the War
Just for 'safe keeping', I guess they're pretty sore

None of them are remedies yet you think they lead the way
Though the only thing they do, do is lead us into decay,
It's getting to that stage when we can only hope and pray
For some sort of Natural Catastrophe so they will have their Day.

36 No Joy

There she is my love light divine
A kiss from her lips must be the sweetest of Wine,
The Light from her smile a Heavenly shine
When I see her I tingle from my Heart to my Spine.

Her silken long Hair soft sheened in Gold
As it catches the Sun a joy to behold,
Swept by the Breeze just gently cajoled
A Goddess incarnate what pleasure untold.

I see her often but before her I'm meek
No offer of courtship I'm too shy to speak,
Though she has the joy that which I seek
I suffer in silence as my courage's too weak.

37 Lime Rich

There once was a man called Lime Rick
Who was forever on a Citrus kick
Lemon and Lime
He'd eat all the time
And more often than not he was sick

I remember I once said to him
"Surely you can't be that dim
That fruit you devour
It's really too sour
It ends up round a toilet rim"

He answered, "That Fruit is sublime
And it keeps my health at its prime
Look into it."
I did and it hit
For now I drink Lager and Lime

38 Mister Sun

Oh Mister Sun come out to play
I missed you so much Yesterday,
Those naughty Clouds were there to stay
Mister Wind did not blow them away.

They brought with them that nasty Rain
That covered me and gave me pain,
And they were so bad a drain
I don't want it to happen again.

Those darkened twisted Clouds of wrath
That threw out Anger in their path,
That covered me in a torrid bath
With a mental anguished aftermath.

So Mister Sun please do it right
I want to feel your warming light,
To comfort me, take away my fright
For without you it's just like Night.

39 The Path to Joyfulness

Spread a little joy as you travel on your way
A friendly smile with happy Eyes might just make some-ones Day,
A kind word straight from the Heart with no Ego play
Spread a little positivity that hopefully might stay.

The World today just looking round is really in a mess
Greedy People rule the roost and their incompetence brings on stress,
You're not really in the position for a full redress
But a positive mental attitude will make its impact less.

So take the path to joyfulness let love back in your Heart
See yourself in the big picture and take an active part,
Changing your Self to change the world is a move that's smart
And a friendly Smile and kindly word is only just the start.

40 Beautiful Eyes

Hey you with the Eyes that soothe my Soul
That give me joy in a sweet cajole,
That tease my senses to ecstatic goal
And leaves me breathless under their control.

Yes you with the Eyes of the bright Blue Sky
You light Creation as you as you pass me by,
A thought of you brings a heartfelt sigh
Accompanied by a "My oh my"

41 The Tabloid Press

You have no news
Only others views,
The ones that give you pay.

A failed Writer
A hate Inciter,
On your Bosses say.

No investigation
Just condemnation,
That's the game you play.

With fictitious Stories
To ignite furies,
The truth doesn't get in your way.

42 The Corporate Mouthpiece

The Corporate Media what a joke
They must think that we are simple Folk,
The lies they tell it's just as well
That People aren't buying the things they sell.

The Corporate Media what a laugh
They really do not have the Staff,
They cannot Write and with no insight
It's basically just a Corporate recite.

The Corporate Media has had its Day
Without our trust it's in decay,
The hate they spread has left many dead
But justice soon will raise its Head.

43 Is it?

Is it mental illness when your brother you would kill
Because in your own delusion you think it was your Father's will?
In fact to think to do this a place in Heaven you would fill
Is it mental illness, well it certainly fits the bill.

Is it mental illness when we all march out to war
To come face to face with the 'enemy' and then give them what for,
Then Ten Years later they're our friends and we're no longer sore
Is it mental illness, on that I'll say no more.

Is it mental illness when you fight for others Gold
That never in a Million Years would you have a chance to hold,
And knowing that you'd take the risk with reckless actions bold
Is it mental illness or are you being controlled.

44 Beyond Redemption?

Look into the future, well if you can
And tell me what will happen to Man,
Will he wise up and follow God's plan
Or will he continue and go down the pan.

Will he be able to temptation suppress
Or is it too strong for him to redress,
Perhaps in his arrogance he won't think to address
But carry on blindly unaware of his mess,

Who can say as the future's not clear
Well it is but I don't want to spread fear,
I'll just say that his actions don't endear
And to those that are foolish I'll shed no tear.

45 Subtle Mind Control

Let me do that for you it will save a lot of hassle
Don't you worry for you see I'm programmed to be your Vassal,
I'll take away the drudgery and save you from the stress
Yes when I am serving you, you really will do less.

You don't need to make trivial decisions I can do that too
So you can concentrate on the things that pleases you,
I'm here to guide you through and take away your strife
Yes with me about you will have a better life.

Now I've served you well with wisdom that is free
I hope by now you've realised that you can put your trust in me,
I only have your interests remember that point well
So seriously take on board all I have to tell.

46 Crying Wolf

You invent situations to generate fear
Then they become reality when you interfere,
You put lives in danger and here's the worst smear
Should we meet our death you wouldn't shed a tear.

You must protect your Family that's what you'll say
Though it gets pretty difficult with our Limbs blown away,
You created this with the devious games you play
But now we're wising up you'll soon have had your Day.

The days of rule by fear are coming to an end
Your emotional mind-play we now can transcend,
You might get the few who to it will blend
But Day by Day their number fall as truth will ascend.

47 Imaginary Fears

Sitting here bored to tears
My Mind drifts onto imaginary fears,
A strange topic but as old age nears
I tend to find that it often rears.

When I die what comes to pass?
You see I never was one much for Mass,
I much preferred my drinking glass
Not filled with Wine but with Draught Bass.

And talk of God I'm not too sure
I'll only know when I open death's door,
For all I know it might be nothing more
Than a strong desire to give a lying Priest what for.

Reincarnation too, how does that equate?
To have a new life designed by fate,
Don't care for that much any rate
I've been legless so often I would come back a Snake.

48 Tall Tales

About four years ago I was cutting the Trench
With a ground-working company called Gordon and French,
The works was demanding and to some quite a wrench
But it kept me in shape and saved buying a bench.

The wages were low but the craic made up pace
With like minded People who lived life like a race,
We worked across Country though never left a trace
For we backfilled behind us then a concrete base.

It was round about Derby where the Pick was at work
That the giant O'Shea went totally berserk,
He picked up a Hammer and with a sharp jerk
Launched into a Policeman and some blood did spurt.

Before I could constrain him the damage was done
So he took to his Heels and went on the run,
The last that I heard was he now was a Nun
Who found contemplation and thought it was fun.

49 Depression

It was a time of desolation
My Mind was in a rut,
A restless stagnation
Through which I could not cut.

I just felt devastation
Right down to my gut,
And feelings of elation
I had no place to put.

No time for contemplation
To that my Mind was shut,
I was stuck in condemnation
Of which I had a glut.

Just mental aggravation
That took away my strut,
I lost all appreciation
In life's joke I was the butt.

50 Self Doubt

It's just ifs and buts now in my life
I'm afraid that my dithering causes me strife,
Come to decision Self Doubt is rife
And believe me that thing is a sharpened Knife.

I'll ramble on without much to say
Just trivial obstacles I put in my way,
It really is draining with Self Doubt in play
My Mind cannot focus and falls into decay.

It's a powerful force that I cannot resist
It pesters me and will not desist,
I try to contain it but it will persist
In negative thought waves its quick to enlist.

51 Nothing to say

Nothing to say, nothing to say
Though wrapped up in your special way,
Sure eloquence comes out to play
But it's all meaningless at the end of the Day.

No real insight, no real insight
No breath of wisdom no ray of light,
No Higher Truths to aid in your fight
Come to Enlightenment you're really not bright.

Its Ego promotion
With no depth of notion,
No forward motion
Just self devotion.

52 Definition

Definition divides us
And stereotyping derides us,
They take the human out humanity.

It's just our Pride that chides us
That thing that lurks inside us,
That tells us we're the only ones meant to be.

You see with definition
It works on the condition,
That we all look and think the same.

It's not a good decision
In fact it brings derision,
To any one that has got half a Brain.

53 Bullshit

Delusional illusion
Wrapped up for confusion,
with articulate collusion
To negate transfusion.

An inane profusion
With all sense exclusion,
And Ego inclusion
Well that's my conclusion.

54 A Seedier Media

Sitting here
Drinking beer,
Not really in the best of cheer.

Watching news
Distorted views,
Can see it for a blatant ruse.

Media lies
No surprise,
They now don't bother with disguise.

What a joke
I could choke,
But not with beer down my Throat.

Know its face
A disgrace,
Manipulation at its base.

Know the score
Psychological war,
They play on fear and nothing more.

Know the truth
It's not aloof,
It's just groundless slurs with no proof.

55 CNN
Failed hack Writers
Race hate igniters,
Who don't let truth block their way.

Selective news
To uphold their views,
They have no impartial say.

Not worthy of respect
For in arrogance they reject,
The population's point of view.

And then wonder why
Their viewing figures die,
As people hunt sources new.

They're not the Press
For they try to suppress,
Facts of the most hideous type.

They have no real substance
To knowledge enhance,
They only deal with hype.

A disgrace to the trade
A fictitious tirade,
With no evidence to support them.

Yet they think we believe
As they still try to deceive,
And innocents they condemn.

Give them no say
That is the way,
Show them for what they are.

They're not hunters of truth
That's too aloof,
They're just liars that have gone too far.

56 Negative People

Negative people create negative waves
That engulf your Spirit and Self-Doubt engraves,
That saps your verve and depression paves
To peace of mind they are but Knaves.

The negative waves come mainly from Pride
Though behind Sloth and Envy it might sometimes hide,
It is actually a Virus a mental chide
Of negative energy that can't be defied.

So next time you're sitting there tired and drained
Wishing from company that you had abstained,
Remember this well so it might be contained
You have been infected emotionally stained.

57 A Mediocre Mind

In the realms of mediocrity
My Mind has set its place,
No thought of creative integrity
It dare not show its face.

Hered into conformity
Though with a changing base,
Some say that's how it should be
Though I think not the case.

You see my Mind it drifts on restlessly
I mean almost at a race,
And it carries on regardlessly
Fleeting shadows it will chase.

Devoid of its creativity
In balance there's no trace,
Just constant negativity
And at such a pace.

58 What You Selling?

I had a Phone call yesterday
Well basically it was a Phone Survey,
The man asked if it would be okay
Then what I said next made his day.

“I suppose I could but what’s in it for me
For I know myself your Company,
Sells Mailing Lists with profit key
That’s how they make their money see.

Each loaded question no joy brings
I just get badgered by people selling things,
Not only that but this bit stings
I get plagued by other survey rings.

Now surely I should have remuneration
As you’re selling off my information,
So your bosses might go on vacation
Leaving my phone hot with solicitation.”

Well what I said it made his day
He hadn’t heard it put that way,
He knew he couldn’t make it pay
So he wished me luck, no more to say.

59 Imagination

Imagination, what an act,
It creates an image that becomes a fact,
It need not be a truth exact
As belief in it keeps it intact.

Yes Imagination is the key
It’s your Eyesight mentally,
It affects your perceptions see
To whatever thing you imagined it to be.

It’s actually your Creative force
So if not channelled can go off course,
It’s symbolised by the Horse
I hope you enjoyed that mild discourse.

60 Certainly Not News (CNN)

Corporate mouthpiece
Emotional play,
Reporters are Actors
Told what to say.

Aloof from reality
Intellectually void,
No real news value
Lies are employed.

Yesterday's People
Not worth respect,
Outlived their purpose
Truth is suspect.

No one believes them
Except ignorant fools,
Who swallow it wholesale
Satanic tools.

61 Fact or Friction

Pop a gander at this propaganda
That they call the News,
A truth meander encased in slander
To uphold nefarious views.

Inciting clashes from the emotional Masses
With lies so blatantly set,
Yes reason trashes and reality bashes
From this Corporate pet.

62 Old News

The Corporate Press is in a mess
It appears they've got a lot of stress,
In truth they choke they've become a joke
They're only believed by simple Folk.

Failed hack Writers hate inciters
Who actually think they are Truth Fighters,
Deluded shrills with mental ills
Who lie and cheat just to pay the Bills.

They take a chance and play on ignorance
Or lead your logic on a dance,
With trivial pursuit at their root
I'm afraid real news has got the boot.

And with facts new of an alternative view
They get cut off before they get through,
"A technical hitch just a minor glitch,"
With an inane smile from a lying bitch.

But I'm afraid they're done they've had their fun
Their ratings now are on a downward run,
Their Goose is cooked they're now overlooked
At Press Conferences they're no longer booked.

63 Has Been

Your logic and reality
Are somewhat out of sync,
You labour on banality
You've lost the power to think.

You're just a brainless Liar
Who has had his day,
You're words don't have a buyer
About time you went away.

64 Vanity Press

Now for a very small fee
You'll get so much publicity,
Your name goes in print
And you'll make a mint,
They'll all want your Poetry.

We know you're a good Poet
And soon all the World will know it,
So not being funny
Give us your Money,
And the Seed of your fame we will sow it.

65 Nobody's Listening

Nobody's listening
Nobody cares,
Those silly baby tantrums
And soulless despairs.

The misguided energy
That you can't control,
Don't point it at me
It's just an own goal.

66 A Weedier Media

Lies and half truths masquerading as fact
Put into place to keep our fears intact,
Though seeding mistrust, not evidence backed
For 'Security Reasons' they've had to redact.

Seriously though they don't even try and disguise
They think we're too stupid to see through their lies,
It's now that blatant though so let's put them wise
Through each sordid action a little trust dies.

The Media they use is a total disgrace
They might call it Main Stream but that's not the case,
Their viewing levels are falling and I mean at fair pace
For with all this new technology they've lost their place.

Sure they still get People to champion their fear
But it gets less and less with each and every Year,
They know their time is over and that we won't shed a tear
For when they have gone it will be peaceful round here.

67 The British Styles

You see with British lingo your logic it could mar
As it's there in such diversity it depends just where you are,
Take a Pint of Beer some would say a Brew
But there's Bevy, Snifter and Heavy and others quite a few.

Then there is the Cigarette or some might say a Fag
So if you ask for one you will not get a shag,
That they call a bum though it's not the Hobo kind
Yes it is confusing and can be quite a bind.

Then there are different Languages, Irish, Welsh and Scot
But also there is Cornish so quite a vibrant pot,
Also with their Dialects you'll find them hard to understand
For though they speak in English it can be quite a demand.

Yes a complicated place for it has History
In fact to most the English their neighbours are a mystery,
They can't understand them themselves so what chance have you got
And if it's just through Television I'd say not a lot.

68 The B.B.C.

The B.B.C. with their Licence Fee
I'm afraid they've lost touch with reality,
With the advent of new Technology
Very soon they'll cease to be.

Evolution should be the key
Move with the times or drown in the Sea,
People would rather chuck out the T.V.
Then pay useless Morons to take the pee.

People now are getting wise
They see right through their blatant lies,
They know the truth that they try to disguise
So all that's left is to advertise.

The British Broadcasting Company charges you money to watch T.V. and the best part about it is it doesn't actually have to be their channels you are watching.

69 In Memory Of

You created a Monster which you cannot contain
You teach him to kill and then expect him to abstain,
I'm afraid future planning is not in your brain
Yes you in your madness have driven him insane.

He comes back to Society a Fish out of place
And cannot adapt which is usually the case,
His temper is short with a highly trained base
God help the 'enemy' should they come face to face.

In memory of Rod Morgan, a man I had the good fortune of knowing. He came out of the army and could not adapt back into civilian life ending up doing Door-Work and Taxi Driving whilst waiting for 'new work' to turn up. The man died charging a Machine Gun Post in the Bosnian Conflict and would have got the V.C. but they don't give Medals to Mercenaries.

70 The Truth

You may try and ignore me but I won't go away
You may deplore and abhor me and mock what I say,
You may kill my Messengers I know how you play
But you're wasting your time I get stronger each Day.

You cannot contain me I'm stronger than you
Your lies are just worthless as I'll still get through,
I will be there to disrupt what you do
And to show everyone what really is true.

71 Majestic Old Ruin

Majestic old Ruin from times long ago
Scarred by the memories of war and of woe,
Ten Thousand tears although not on show
Just a bitter reminder from winter's cold blow.

The memory of feasting in your once Great Hall
Held captive forever by time and stone Wall,
The times of great living but also your fall
When you tumbled from grace to a Cannon Ball.

When I stood within you part of me cried
For the Souls of the Thousands that lived and that died,
Fighting brutal oppression with its greedy chide
It was your suffering that gave me my Pride.

72 What's your Purpose?

When your needs are just desires and your purpose not manifest
Your Mind gets bored and restless and goes looking for a quest,
It's the inner drive for purpose you could say that it's its zest
It's what keeps it primed and performing at its best.

Sometimes though this purpose is not what you'd call right
Yet it seems to fit when you look at it with first sight,
Though you look a little deeper and see it's not that bright
You cannot actually grow from it as it's devoid of light.

Now this purpose I did mention might be a Career
With financial incentive to help it to endear,
So to compensate a purpose to materialism you'll steer
To keep you in great comfort until your final Year.

Although not every-one you would call an Avarist
In fact to quite a few it's not high upon their list,
They're looking for fulfilment so to a higher serving they'll enlist
They'll work for the greater good you could say they're Spiritually kissed.

Now this greater good though even that might have a flaw
For their Perceptions sometimes don't quite make the core,
It will manifest as Country eliteness nothing more
That will blind you to the fact that you're breaking God's Law.

Not though just with Country, with Creed I think you'll find
It seems to have an eliteness regarding its own kind,
So everyone is equal, they don't have that as a bind
So they'll never, ever, ever find their peace of mind.

Now the essence of being is the purpose that you serve
It is this that gives your life meaning, intention and verve,
Pick the right purpose and from it just don't swerve
For with the confidence it brings you won't be short of nerve.

73 Global Warning

When we're harvesting fruit in December
And the leaf still remains on the Tree,
It's a time that it's well to remember
That the Seasons will soon cease to be.

The Ice Caps are melting and shrinking
As an Ocean evolves from a Sea,
And yet still the Water we're drinking
Is poisoned and not fluoride free.

I look at the greed of our Leaders
And curse their stupidity,
They've turned into callous bleeders
And lost their humanity.

Our Animals are close to extinction
From the Rhino right down to the Bee,
For in profit there is no distinction
And profit is all that they see.

They poison the Food that we're eating
They do it genetically,
They even resort to cheating
And sell it through trickery.

Oh how I despair of their actions
They risk life so needlessly,
They care not for our reactions
Nor for our poor misery.

They manipulate and rig the Elections
And call it Democracy,
We only have their selections
And Media complicity.

They're schooled in deceit and corruption
And think its Authority,
Hell bent on World destruction
To keep their autonomy.

I drink to the death of our Slavery
And a toast to our true liberty,
And I hope that we all find our bravery
And move forward in unity,

74 A New World Odour

They think they are Elite
World Domination is their goal,
They're well schooled in deceit
For they sold their Soul.

They wanted a Global Currency
But that Goose is truly cooked,
For People want real Money see
Something they overlooked.

Their power's now diminished
In fact Arrest Warrants are out on some,
Very soon they will be finished
And a New Kingdom will come.

The Age of Aquarius is now in force
Looking round it's just as well,
You see Pisces now has run its course
It's just left a Fishy smell.

75 Crimes against Humanity

A Man died today but you didn't care
You didn't know the circumstances that brought on his despair,
The situations around him that drove him to his death
The last act of desperation which led to his final breath.

You didn't want to know for with him you had done
You'd sent him off to fight and the war was now won,
The Nightmares though continued for war is truly hell
Though you didn't have them for your life ran very well.

You didn't have the mood swings the violent Anger bursts
The craving for the Alcohol to appease the unnatural thirsts,
The feelings of resentment, betrayal and of loss
Too many negative emotions but you didn't give a toss.

"A land fit for heroes," that was what you said
"These people are your enemies," you truly messed his Head,
He gave you everything to ease your greedy spite
Though you didn't return the favour to aid him in his plight.

You left him on his own to deal with all the stress
With inadequate therapy and no financial redress,
The city streets became his home he had nowhere to go
To ponder on his actions and work out the real foe.

I charge you with crimes against humanity
And by that I mean to everyone, 'friend' and 'enemy,'
Here is a fact but from it you'll try to hide
YOU are the one that caused his suicide.

76 Pictures of You

Feel so good when I think of you
An inner warmth that shines on through,
That paints a Picture, a vibrant hue
Of vivid colours though none are Blue.

I feel so lifted when I hear your name
My conscious shifted away from pain,
In joy I've drifted no blame or shame
I'm truly gifted, life no more a strain.

I feel elation when you're by my side
No frustration my world is opened wide,
From your dedication I will never hide
You're my medication to the cold outside.

77 Capturing the Moment

The warming Sun gently soothes my face
I close my Eyes and go to another place,
A place where thought has no trace
In the loving arms of light's embrace.

I feel its heat and it warms my Soul
As I lie back and let it take control,
It regenerates me in sweet cajole
I feel that I am truly whole.

The cooling wind gently brushes my brow
And all my senses take a bow,
To the singing bird on majestic bough
What better moment then is now?

78 The Politician

I think he has a conscience but you never can tell
He sticks to petty dogma and thinks that all goes well,
He does not seem to realise he's condemned us to hell
For to outdated concepts he's still under the spell.

Time has moved on but he still equates the State
He'll talk of Global Economy but cannot lose his hate,
He forgets the inequality but hopes it will abate
And prays to God the people are prepared to wait.

Power has deluded him but it's just a dud
For he has not got the power to do the things he should,
Though I have my doubts that if he could he would
For he's seems more concerned with spilling others' blood.

And this petty power to him it is his life
He craves the recognition and does not mind the strife,
He hopes though that history won't put in the knife
For actions he has undertaken to improve his Wife.

I suppose he is quite devious to achieve his goals
And would think nothing of rigging Election Polls,
But in this New Age there are plenty of moles
That are more than willing to bury him in their holes

79 In a Moon-Light Serenade

Mellow the Moon-Light that transforms my being
Bringing in clarity in all I am seeing,
Breaking self image and all passion freeing
Lifting me up into vibrant well-being.

Give me your power so I am all glowing
Build up my Senses so I am all knowing,
Give me your strength and never stop flowing
Come bide in me and help me in growing.

You are the Music that sedates my Ears
You are the comfort that dries all my tears,
You are the tonic that placates my fears
And brings forth the radiance that my heart endears.

80 With Whiskey

I look into the Mirror but I am not there
Just some withered reflection with a vacant stare,
I found no solace there's no one to care
Since I lost my lady I found despair.

Sure I hit the Bottle I thought it was right
I needed some comfort to help sleep at night,
To ease my pain and lessen my plight
But it did no good I lost the fight.

I stood there just looking with nothing to say
My once youthfulness had fell to decay,
I'm afraid with the Whiskey there was a high price to pay
It took my complexion and threw it away

81 Wannabe

You sit there and criticise with abjection
What is it with you does it give an erection?
I've seen your work, a close inspection
And believe me now it's a poor selection.

Your work does not flow and I mean no way
It splutters like a man on 60 a day,
When it comes to judgement you have no say
So tell me now then is Envy at play?

Your talent exists only in your Mind
To read your material is really a grind,
But I won't say that for here's what you'll find
A true Poet is never unkind.

In fact to call you a Poet an utter disgrace
For to this Art Form you just debase,
With inane trivia you like to embrace
No natural talent just a tutored replace.

You're probably reading this but it will not hit
With your delusion not even a bit,
No on your conscience this will not sit
But what do I care you're full of....

82 Moon Beam

I stood there spell bound and watched her at play
Such grace and elegance in an enchanted sway,
I stood in silence I had nothing to say
Her beauty beguiled me and blew me away.

Oh such perfection encased in a dress
As she danced in the Moonlight with such finesse,
She was a goddess and I could not process
How such pure perfection got Earthly access.

She disappeared when the Clouds took her light
Took in a moment by a Thief in the Night,
I felt so empty when she was gone from my sight
My elation was ended and joy put to flight.

83 [I thought it funny]

I thought it funny
when you fell and hurt yourself,
Guess I was wrong then.

84 My Prophecy

When Rivers run dry
Neath poisoned Sky,
And an Ocean evolves from a Sea.

When realities lie
And trust says goodbye,
The World will be brought to one Knee.

When Millions die
From profit too high,
For a greedy fat Company.

The Earth Mother will sigh
And the end will be nigh,
And that is my prophecy.

85 The Tree of Life (in Death)

The Winter Wind softly brushed my Face
And left behind its bitter chill,
But to my Mind it could not erase
The grief that held me still.

My thoughts were tortured like the sleeping Tree's
Contorted Branches in its search for light,
I needed hope but in this chilling freeze
It just seemed like a losing fight.

The nakedness devoid of Leaf
Evoked the emptiness of my life,
For all I'd left was just a wreath
And memories of my Wife.

86 Be Hitched (to the tune of Bewitched)

Daisy

Come to mind games she plays me,
Seriously drives me crazy
But what is there else to do?

Suzy

Oh she's a little floozy,
Especially when she's boozy
It's bad what she puts me through.

Lotte

I think she's a little dotty,
Think that she's lost the plot she
Thinks that I love her too.

And me

Stressed as much as I can be,
Stuck here without a plan B
So why don't you tell me who.

87 The Power of Advertising

The power of Advertising is much misunderstood
In fact everybody out there thinks that it's no good,
They'll say it only works on people with no mind
Who have no power of reason and so they follow blind.

They of course are different on them it has no hold
It's a waste of Money trying to get them in the fold,
So that's one of its powers, one that's often missed
Yes its greatest power is the fact it doesn't exist.

Now adverts of the old type were pretty crude
They basically played on envy adorned by pictures lewd,
At the time they served their purpose but that soon dissolved
For people got discerning and so the Ads evolved.

They got a lot more subtle and imaginative in their telling
In fact it got to be that you weren't sure what was selling,
They also got Symbolic as the Logo came to the fore
And with its partner the Slogan they couldn't ask for more.

Yes a Symbol in an Advert is an excellent carrier
It's understood by all for it transcends the language barrier,
Not only that though it registers quite deep
For the subconscious deals in Symbols so the memory will keep.

In hand with the Slogan it drives the message home
For the Slogan is a catch phrase that you take on as your own,
It enters your vocabulary and comes into modern use
So Adverts have no power? Now whose being obtuse.

88 No Charge

I could charge you with treason to both the People and the State
Also maybe warmongering and inciting Racial hate,
I could charge you with corruption and with evidence a weight
And incompetent disruption yes these things will not abate.

I could charge you with many things, much too much to list
It would take too many Hours and still with things being missed,
A waste of time anyway so from it I will desist
You will have to judge yourself though Fate it will assist.

89 The Dead Shall Rise (well their voting cards)

I am the People there are Millions of me
And I'm getting pissed off with Authority,
Greed and incompetence is all that I see
I mean surely to God this is not meant to be.

It seems that our Leaders hold power through fear
And to war mongering they take to with cheer,
Should we lose our life though they won't shed a tear
But they will toast our bravery with Champagne not Beer.

They give us some bullshit on democracy
But come to Elections vote rigging is key,
They'll stoop that low that from death we're now free
For we now can still vote is that immortality?

Yes they are a disgrace to evil they steer
Self seeking Vermin they're not wanted here,
I take my solace that their end is near
No more false power nor arrogant sneer.

90 My Profit see

Don't talk to me of empathy
Nor Christian vows of Poverty,
I'm afraid they just raise apathy
And might effect my profit see.

No talk like that's just jealousy
And also Sloth mixed liberally,
Before injecting Self Pity
No really now it's not for me.

91 An Anal Analogy

Now when you're talking shit
The fan it will not hit,
No, belief there's not a bit
For we know you're full of it.

Yes talking out your bum
You may as well be dumb,
Because by rule of thumb
In truth there's not a crumb.

So let's get fundamental
I'm not sentimental,
My insights transcendental
And it won't be soft and gentle.

92 Are you Offended?

Do you find my words offensive
Even though you know them true,
Is that why you got defensive
And turned the air real Blue.

You might think you're being clever
But that's really not the case,
For it will not be an endeavour
To put you in your place.

You see you have a blockage
Of the emotional kind,
And this makes for a stoppage
Of true growth for your Mind.

So though you think you're winning
I can assure you that you're not,
For all your concepts they want binning
As they're from a mental clot.

Have you the understanding
To cope with that insight,
Or is it too demanding
As you're really not that bright.

93 Suck it up (buttercup)

Stamp your foot
Stamp your foot,
Then suck it up
Buttercup.

You believed the hype
The stereotype,
And petty snipe
Encased in tripe.

You fell for lies
No surprise,
You weren't that wise
To break the disguise.

But now it's done
Common sense has won,
And the corruption spun
Will soon be undone.

The truth now speaks
To he who seeks,
So forget your shrieks
Try Wiki-leaks.

94 Free Energy (Apply Within)

All this Global Warming well what it seems to me
We wouldn't have the problem if our energy was free,
Think about that statement because it was meant to be
We can power the world with natural energy.

Tesla had the answer but greed got in the way
It wasn't from him though that I'd better say,
It came from his Sponsor who called it a Day
For finding it couldn't be metered he couldn't make it pay.

Then they took his records after he had died
It was the F.B.I. that I can confide,
They probably still have them to ask I've never tried
But if you want free energy let that be your guide.

95 Mmm.... More

Mindless meanderings misunderstanding motivational messages manufacturing meaningless
meta-physical musings masquerading as mindful masterpieces mesmerising many (mostly
maladjusted miscreants mouthing mumbo jumbo materially manacled and murmuring
misguided mantras mistaking mundane for majesty.)

Miserable mortals murdering mindfulness mistaking monitory madness as merit medals for
monumental momentous modernisation of mythological meanings, (major misinterpretations
misleading many.)

Machiavellian Magnates magnifying mere mediocrity into major malcontent manipulating
melodramatic mania marketing misconstrued moralising modified to maximise mandatory
malevolent management through malicious malodorous middlemen (mentally misshapen
midgets medicated on mainstream manure) magically mutated from a meagre morsel of
meditated martyrdom into marauding missionaries (minus memorable monetary
manifestations) masterfully mendacious

96 Globalisation

Globalisation so what's that about?
We all become one now that I do doubt,
We'll never become one whilst there's an elite
Educated in greed and schooled in deceit.

To be truly one we must be one Soul
Race, Creed or country don't have a role,
Oh they exist but they're not divisive
None are elite with outcome decisive.

You see Globalism comes from within
It's a state of mind from where you begin,
It's a oneness with Nature if you want the truth
Though with greed in your heart that's perhaps too aloof.

To be truly Global all greed must go
So Poverty no one should know,
Rich and Poor should have no place
And we cannot move on until that is the case.

Any attempt would just lead to war
For each Country's interest comes to the fore,
And with Technology today we must be wits bereft
For by the time we have finished there'd be nothing left.

97 Who's Really Pulling the Strings?

You don't need a backbone as a Puppet
For someone else pulls the strings,
You don't need to think as a Muppet
Just mime what your song-master sings.

Sure you might lose self-awareness
Not a heavy price to pay,
Just turn your back on fairness
And hope that your conscience goes away.

And who cares if you are not respected
You probably never were anyway,
For it's something that's easily neglected
When Alcohol comes into play.

Oh you will be so well rewarded
If materialism is your goal,
And by the Devil you will be applauded
As you say good bye to your Soul.

98 Not a Pigeon Fancier

As I sit back and watch the World go by
I feel the breath of Nature's sigh,
Caress my Face and I tell no lie
I could stay right here until the Day I die.

I watch a Pigeon take to the air
And laugh a little from my Garden Chair,
I look for beauty but it's not there
It seems it wasn't designed with flair.

But still it holds my fascination
As I ponder was it Natural Selection,
For it seems man made in its creation
To the vibrant Robin just an imitation.

99 Wise Words (Spoken in Jest)

The treasured words now dimmed with Age
Were but a whisper on the Page,
The insight of a wizened Sage
Whose understanding I could not engage.

For many Years I held it dear
Though to me its meaning was unclear,
I hoped one day it might appear
And I could lose its dark Veneer.

But the answer would not bestow
So from its wisdom I could not grow,
If you have it please let me know
It read 'never eat that yellow snow.'

100 Why are the Rich so Stupid?

As I ponder on life I think to myself
Why do the stupid have all the wealth?
I know that they're devious and got it through stealth
But the reason they're stupid is it affects their health.

Wealth you see it comes from desire
Avarice is their thing and it's just like fire,
Keep feeding it and it will get higher
Tainting the Soul, its funeral Pyre.

Yet they think they are clever so here's the frustration
They equate intelligence with wealth creation,
When in point of fact it's actually stagnation
For to purpose in life it has no dedication.

Most things created for the good of mankind
Were done by people who were not Avarice blind,
With the likes of Tesla here's what you'll find
His only motive was removal of bind.

Not just him though there's more to the case
Most innovative inventions had no profit base,
It's generally with modification that greed shows its face
For with creative thought it has no place.

Now these innovations were given free
Put into place for humanity,
They just get ignored when avarice is key
It has no interest, no profit you see.

So Avarice then is holding us back
It's distorting our growth for its motives slack,
The sooner we realise and get back on track
The sooner we find that peace of mind that we seem to lack

101 Reflected Bliss

When you look into my eyes you won't see Blue
Neither Green too I have no Envy I'm with you,
You will see your Self as Love Light sparkles through
Then you'll know my love for you always is true.

102 Mind Trick

Do Dreams reflect reality
Or is reality just a Dream?
For I've come to the conclusion
That things aren't as they seem,

Some Dreams feel like reality
You can feel and taste and think,
I remember having one Dream
That I could actually taste a Drink.

Other Dreams I've had too
When it seemed I was awake,
I was aware of my surroundings
And knew they were not fake.

I was actually fully conscious
Yet knew it was a Dream,
Which left me in confusion
Yes things aren't as they seem.

So next time that you're standing
With the Wind upon your Face,
Is that true reality
Or are you in another Place.

103 Hot Water

There's nowt like the feel of hot Water
To tease off the blood from the slaughter,
Of some fat greedy pig
Who was after a dig,
Well I didn't know it was his Daughter.

No hot Water can take away pain
And make you feel better again,
Every time I get hit
For coming out with shit,
It tends to remove the stain.

And hot Water I generally fall in
For with Alcohol I tend to sin,
A bottle of Jack
And my confidence back
I throw all thought of Morals in the bin.

104 Fate's Time

Time can be a tool, a weapon of Fate
If you mess with Karma it can accelerate,
By that I mean you age at a faster rate
If you don't believe me look at your Heads of State.

Yes premature ageing should you go off track
And it doesn't take too long for youthfulness to lack,
You may call it stress and use Logic that is slack
But however that you wrap it up you won't get it back.

It can happen very quickly, I mean almost overnight
Waking up to a grey Hair can be a real fright,
When you lose your time to Money it can give a nasty bite
You go against your purpose and all that's left is Night.

105 The Judge

Gin sodden Vermin
In Flea bitten Ermine,
Your time has long since done.

Enforcing the Law
Rotten to the core,
Upheld by the Gun.

Scant understanding
Of life too demanding,
For Privileged time's all you see.

You have no insight
Of the Peoples' fight,
To combat austerity.

You think you are wise
That I despise,
Arrogant deluded Snob.

On Judgement Day
What will you say,
"I just was doing my job."

106 Oh Playful Muse

Do not forsake me playful muse
Come to me and life infuse,
Give me insight to enthuse
Wrapped in satire to amuse.

Come to me for you're my spark
Enlighten me in these times dark,
Give me strength when things get stark
So I can bite as well as bark.

107 Judge Not Lest.....

Don't judge me by my Kind
Judge me by my kindness,
Don't judge me by my Mind
Judge me by my Mindfulness.

Don't judge me when you're blind
For I see through your blindness,
Don't judge me whilst unkind
For I too have unkindness.

Actually don't judge me
It's really not your place,
And with the Spiritual Law I see
Your judgement is next Case.

108 Greedy Bastard?

If Materialism is your goal
And you're prepared to give your Soul,
You might excel in the role
Though will you really still be whole.

Could you sacrifice your humanity?
For come to progress that is key,
You have to lose all empathy
And function independently.

Could you cope with all that guilt?
Because I'm afraid to say it is in built,
Your peace of mind it can quickly tilt
And it's not a thing that you can jilt.

Well if you can good luck to you
Though don't expect others to feel that way too,
If you think you're superior you don't have a clue
You're just a greedy Bastard through and through.

109 There was a Time.....

Darkness covered a land already bleak
Yes it was a time when truth dare not speak,
A time of fear-mongering and petty deceit
Where the Winners were those that could lie and cheat.

It was a time of great wars that left many dead
That displaced Populations that had lost their Homestead,
That brought Fire from the Sky that filled them with dread
Yet they were the Terrorists, well that's what was said.

It was a time when Money was the ultimate goal
It seemed to have took on a more god-like role,
To them that took worship they wanted control
Leaving many to survive with a Begging Bowl.

It was a time when we tolerated Poverty
And turned our back on humanity,
Self seeking Leaders, they held the key
They showed no example of empathy.

To them life was business, Profit and Loss
As they lined their pockets from a Corporate Boss,
They still took their Wages as our life lost its gloss
Despicable Vermin that could not give a toss.

There will be a time when people said "No
Enough of this bullshit it's time you should go,
You're just greedy Bastards with intellect slow
Parasitical Gob-Shites who we don't want to know.

110 Whatever!

The Depths of Sorrow inspire me
To pen these flights of misery,
I'm not sure if its Poetry
Or just random bouts of Self Pity.

These tortured thoughts that leave my Pen
Take me back to a time of when,
My life was empty and I had no yen
To venture out of this woeful Den.

I was trapped inside a Mental Cage
And would frequently erupt into fits of rage,
No future hope was in that age
Just restlessness held Centre Stage.

Apathy became my curse
Indifference too it could be worse,
My attention span was just too terse
That I couldn't be bothered to finish this verse.

111 Enchanted Eyes

Enchanted Eyes that captivate
Pacify and elevate, Soothe my Soul and fear placate
Content my Spirit liberate.

Shine on me and ease my pain
Take away my mortal stain,
Let me feel a God again
And never may that feeling wane.

112 Merry Christmas Santa is Dead

John O' Conner (48) of Silverfield, West Midlands was up before Burton Magistrates Court for Breach of the Peace and being Drunk and Disorderly at Halmestone's Convenience Store on the 23rd December. He told Reporters

Had a bottle of Jack
That put me on my back,
And I lost both sense and reason.

Left me in a spin
And then the ultimate sin,
I threw up, that's never pleasing.

Called out to God
Usually my rod,
But with Christmas now in Season.

He just left me there
In the Public glare,
Forgive me I'm just teasing.

Working for the store in the role of Santa Claus he caused great stress to the customers especially the Children who had come to see him. Customer Claire Simpson (16) who was there with her Son Jake (1) said.

WTF OMG the man was out his head
LOL LOL I thought that he was dead,
PMSL when I saw him on the floor
Really made my Xmas and when that puke did pour.

Her Son Jake too traumatised by the event was unable to speak and just looked at us with a blank expression.

O' Conner was fined £500 and ordered to pay all Court costs.

We at the Burton Daily Journal believe that this man has abused his privilege as Santa's representative on Earth and though it is not our place to question the penalty received we believe that it was not strong enough as a deterrent.

113 Love

Now you can find me now you are free
Just look more deeply I'm in all that you see,
Not only that I'm in all that can be
Just think of Love and there will be me.

114 Heal the World

The Hospitals overflow
As poisoned Plants we grow,
With false Seeds that we sow
Manured with a Chemical throw.

Our Waters are polluted
That cannot be disputed,
It's just Chemicals diluted
For profit our health is looted.

And see the air we take
It may cause us a Head ache,
Fossil Fuel a grave mistake
With Carbon in its wake.

I'm afraid that Man in his role
Has let greed in and lost control,
He sold himself then sold his Soul
Yes come to life he had an own goal.