

Poetry Series

Jerry Behr Number 2

- poems -

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Jerry Behr Number 2 (3/2/1951)

Born in Amsterdam Netherlands and migrated to Australia as a kid in 1956.
Due to censorship problems I have created a blog spot at.

<http://jerrybehrpoetrynumber2.blogspot.com>

I had an ordinary education but I had a talkative mind. In my early fifties I started to learn about computers and word processing and that opened a whole new world for me.

I like Poem Hunter because it records the amount of hits of people reading my work. But I find it's editing abilities wanting.

You can also see my work in

Privacy At Poetry Poem

and look for

Jerry Behr 'Dissidence'

There you will see how my poetry should be made with good editing.

A Christian's Poem

In the Christian faith in eternity one gets to keep oneself.
For where anyone goes he is always going to be himself.
It is a powerful question to ask about oneself who he is, does he mind.
Self judgment is there, there's the pointing of the finger and fault to find.
One can only stand before God and through Jesus forgiveness ask.
Only through faith can oneself be oneself, which is a hard task.
Through forgiveness there is an armistice between God and oneself sought.
Born again of spirit it is the Dawn of a new day and the beginning of new thought.
Why should oneself fear oneself, through eternity of time you're always yourself.
Who ever believes in me shall not perish says Jesus but live for eternity as himself.
"Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going? Painted so strong,
by Paul Gauguin while in Tahiti describing all the peoples amongst the throng.
What is death? Is it millions of years of blackness in space?
Is it an Elizabethan mansion amongst the clouds winning some moralistic race?
Each person has their own interpretation of what heaven could mean.
To find peace with oneself, that gives one self's spirit its true sheen.

(4/11/2007)

Jerry Behr Number 2

A Letter To The Poet

Dear poet as a member of Poem Hunter I've really scrutinized the ins and out, the pros and cons of the web site. I started to download my poetry on Poem Hunter since September 2009. One advantage of this site it records the "hits" of the people reading the poet's poetry.

I think Poem Hunter is the only one that has this application. There are other poetry sites on the internet e.g. Privacy At Poetry Poem, Privacy At Poetry Vista. These sites are also free to all the world's poets. In all these sites the poet has to be highly computer literate in order to operate any sites.

The editing ability of Privacy At Poetry Poem and Privacy At Poetry Vista is far superior to Poem Hunter and the poet can create backgrounds something that Poem Hunter lacks. However with Poetry Poem and Poetry Vista it does not record the "hits"

The problem with the real poets of the world is not only to be published but also to be read. Only Poem Hunter supplies this, everywhere else the poet is one of the hoards being lost in a blizzard of downloads. On other ezines sites by poetry magazines the poet has to suck up to their editors.

With Poem Hunter the poet can write what ever he likes and see it on the screen and know that other people are also reading his or her poetry. I have noticed with Poem Hunter that the readers are interested in having a "good read" and not interested in strict poetry construction.

The wider the "spectrum of life" the better it is for the reader to have that "good read." Another outstanding feature of Poem Hunter it also records its members popularity ranking whether in his own country or his place in the world's ranking; the other sites do not have this feature.

This "ranking number" is of great value to read other poets works and have a "good read" and one can pick out lets say the top 25 poets of a particular country. In that sense one could read the top echelon of poets from anywhere in the world and have that 'good read.

Jerry Behr Number 2

All What Seems To Be Is Not What It All Seems To Be

When anybody wanders into a Centrelink office they would be struck by its beauty and its officialdom. At the enquiries counter there were only a couple of people in the queue waiting to be served. The dole queue does not seem to be too long. Giving the distinct impression that unemployment is not so bad.

In years gone by the old Department Of Social Security made it a rule for all people on the dole to hand in their dole forms between 8: 30 and 11: 30 in the morning, which created a long queue and a sign not all was honkydory. The scenes were disturbing to anybody who saw them.

This is the reason why the government changed the Department of Social Security to Centrelink and redesigned the offices so people don't look corralled and getting the shits with the staff. The effect the government was after was to visually show that you're the only one or few on the dole.

Now dolies can hand in their forms at any time of the day and hey presto no long queues and to extenuate the effect got rid of the Commonwealth Employment Services. The Job Networks were created in its place to cater for all the dolies looking for work.

Making Centrelink look like a highly benevolent, respectable office catering for all the people on the dole, along with all the other pensioners and unmarried mums and people on welfare.

Isn't it just terrific?

The whole idea behind all these reforms is to help the unemployed to death, because the unemployed can't talk back. The government and its systems do not solve your unemployment problems, rather they hope you disappear, unable to cope with their wretched relentless help.

Example: An unemployed 59 year old bloke who hasn't worked for 25 years is forced to do computer course even though he knows he'll never get a job there because of his age. The government thinks because the unemployed bloke hates their help he'll disappear into the workforce.

Isn't it just terrific?

The government got rid of the Commonwealth Employment Services to get rid of the pesky unions who could have defended the old and the lame unemployed. Now the government can continue to help the unemployed to death and the unemployed can't talk back. They disappear. They do not get you a job.

Isn't it just terrific? ©

Jerry Behr Number 2

Alone

Now all of a sudden I'm alone
wondering around in the dark ever
fearful of missing my footing.
Before I knew where everything was and
I was confident and then chaos and I can't talk
to anybody. What ever happened to the website?
On the website there were many endearing features
which I liked but recently the website changed and there are
no more reliable lists to compare with and my own position
where I stand or in what order. Now I'm only guessing
how its going to go in the future. And this is the only
website of its sorts, I along with everybody else
have looked elsewhere to no avail.
Now all of a sudden I'm alone.

Jerry Behr Number 2

An Amazing Thing The Mind

Getting old is something we cannot stop
even though we hate the living crap of it.
Strands of grey hair start to emerge slowly
turning white, bones start to creak and groan.
We are not able to run around in life as we used to
and we walk so slowly with a walking stick.
An amazing thing is, if one can hold onto
their faculties the mind can still work even if
the whole body is wrinkly and groaning.
The mind still ticks, with all sorts of ideas.
This ticking keeps our spirits up even though
other things like sex is waning or completely dead.
Then there is another thing, we can't stay up
to all hours of the night we have to retire to bed
because we are so dog tired at 10 o'clock.
However, the mind still ticks and ticks
ticks and even if we are lame or infirmed
we can still write poetry.©
Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick

Jerry Behr Number 2

Ants

At night it becomes more obvious, someone then can see the ant trails.
One trail starts on the M5, a ribbon of steel of ants, trucks nose to tail.
Bedecked with Christmas lights, eighteen wheelers carrying shipping containers.
Aluminium containers filled to the brim with imported goods, it's the ant's meal.
Sugar cubes hauled by eighteen wheeler ants, creating a ribbon of steel.

The ants first start their journey out of the M5 East Tunnels and start their trail.
Carrying their sugar cubes of imports, and head southward through Campbelltown.
Into Bargo through Mittagong going beyond Goulburn deep south into Australia.
The ants deposit their sugar cubes in all towns south along their trail.
This is for future colonies of ants to have meals along their way, so colonies wont fail.

Sydney had local factories so that Australia could make it's own products.
However, the ants marched into Millperra, Moorebank, Liverpool and other places.
Emaciating and tearing these factories to pieces, and driving all the inhabitants out.
The ants turn these once humming factories, filled with people, working and life.
Into warehouses filled with imported sugar cubes, parking containers, which is rife.

The local Australian inhabitants who were driven out of their working lands,
Became very worried and afraid, because they started to realise something.
Sydney is honey combed and criss-crossed with tunnels, the M5 is one.
The ants dug tunnels in the Sydney CBD, they dug a tunnel across the city.
They even dug a tunnel under Sydney harbour, there is more to come, ants have no pity.

There are other factories, these are located in Canberra, the ants leave them alone.
One is the Propaganda Manufactures, another is an allied industry, a rubber factory
Called the Australian Bureau Of Statistics, making rubber products.
The Australian Bureau Of Statistics have a rubber product called 'Twisties, ' they form.
The Propaganda Co. love 'Twisties, ' which they could twist way out of the norm.

One twisty product says that unemployment is only 5.2%, which is marvelous.
The Propaganda Co of Canberra were ecstatic, used it straight away in order to tell the
Australian inhabitants not to be afraid of the ants marching across Australia.
Propaganda Co used their products, Micro-Macro economics, used and fused
Together with Industrial Labour Reforms, which are terrifyingly terrific when used.

However, the inhabitation of Redfern and Maquarie Fields
Look around their industrial wastelands, ravaged by the 'import ants.'
Do not believe in the Propaganda manufacturers of Canberra, nor the Statistical Co.
With their 'Twisty' products which are made to subdue the local inhabitation,
Even though the local people are suffering, the Propaganda Co. insures no resistance.

Mind, ants just don't work night time only, oh no, they work 24/7, their 18 wheels
Trundling down the Hume Highway weaving amongst the cars.
Terrified cars sometimes come across the huge Double-Bogey ants with 26 wheels.

Road trains of terror, wanting to dance with little 3 cylinder cars, dancing in 3 lanes.
Sometimes little bug like cars lose out, the Hume Highway is littered with their stains.

According to the Propaganda Manufacturers of Canberra, the sugar cubes of imports
Are so nice and sweet to the taste, and even good for people.
However, to local manufacturers of local products, these imported sugar cubes
Are a deadly poison killing all local residence stone dead.
Many people who have any brains at all, look at the ants with fear and dread.

One could see and hear the ants along their ant trails marching along any expressway.
Along the M5 heading south, the M4 heading west, northward
Along the F3, trucks with their 26 wheels and gears to match.
Every gear change belching polluting smoke out of their exhausts into the atmosphere.
Carrying their shipping containers creating visual pollution in our biosphere.

The workers could see and hear their jobs being crushed and their workplaces ravaged.
Unfortunately, the Propaganda manufacturers of Canberra had full faith in 'Twisties'
Told the unemployed to continue looking for work and do their treadmills in the
Job Network offices, even though jobs were ravaged by imported goods in the
worklands.
The lame, or the elderly were told to look for work, scavenging amongst the
wastelands.

Even people on invalid pensions were told to look for work and man the Job Network
Treadmills, because the Propaganda manufacturers in their twisted logic, believed
That their is ample work for all amongst the industrial wastelands ravaged by the ants.
They really believed in their 'Twisties' product that imports were good and wholesome.
People who complain or who are dissident, are said to have a logic that is falsesome.

However, the dissidents look around their industrial wastelands, hear the cries of
people.
Loosing their economic freedoms along with their social freedoms all being mauled.
By the ants, Propaganda Manufacturers, and the Statistical Company.
It all starts to twist into hatred, fear, violence, rioting and misery,
Twisted logicitics with twisties starts to twist the Propaganda Co's. twisted mastery.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Aunty Myrtle

Dear Poet I'm writing this letter because I've come across some problems which I suppose is common with all poets. I love writing poetry and exercising my poetic mind, however, I do have a missus and family in my life. On some occasions there is conflict leading to strife.

Poetry by itself does not lead to millions of dollars. Nor does it gain fame, the poet can't get published. For me I'm on line for free, not a dollar is exchanged. Family members half heartedly understand the poet's mind. Family members live in a conventional grind.

They think what ever they are doing, that it is by far more practical for general usage in life then poetry which they regard as a waste of time because poets don't earn millions. They will look and try to turn the poet into an Aunty Myrtle so Aunty Myrtle can do household chores and turn turtle.

Giving short thrift to the poet and his state of mind there will be no empathy given. Expecting Aunty Myrtle (roll reversal) to drive them around in his car even though he hates carting them around. Sort of cutting his flight feathers so he can't fly around any more in the sky.

So Mr Poet whatever you do, you must hold on to your flight feathers so that you can soar into the sky. Don't be trapped on the ground doing household chores or carting people everywhere. Without flight feathers you're going nowhere.

(26/2/2010)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Blue Skies Of Australia

During the summer months here in Australia every day for weeks and weeks there was nothing but overcast skies and high humidity it drove me nuts. Now Australia is in the winter months and in mid May.
Now we have blue skies every day.

However, now I miss the clouds and the different shapes they made in the sky. I started a new way of painting for myself and it resembled the clouds with heavily overcast skies.
Now its all blue skies, blue blue blue blue.
Every day the skies are blue through and through.©

Jerry Behr Number 2

Brow Beating

Yak- a- back- smart- back- talk- a- back- yak.
I absolutely hate it.
People with status power of position
the only thing they have to do is brow beat,
by only using their brows to entreat.

Buuuuut if you are on the dole all what you will get is
Yak- a-back- smart- back- talk- a- back- yak.
And you can not talk back as if the person on the dole
was some sort of barbarian
unworthy of being an Australian.

There is so much power in those brows
and it accomplishes so much instead of wasting time with
Yak- a- back- smart- back- talk- a-back- yak
Things get done straight away with brow beat
and there is no need to explain to take away the heat.

So much authority accompany those brows
where ever they go nobody stands in the way and there is no;
Yak- a- back- smart- back- talk- a- back- yak.
With authority, status power and position
so much can be done that come to fruition.

With brow beating I wish I can bash their
bloody brains in and destroy the mongrels with my brows.
But if you are on the dole or old you will have to put up with
Yak- a- back- smart- back- talk- a- back- yak
which is one big pain in the bum and yuk.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Buffy

"Ok Buffy, come on."
I said as I opened the back door
Buffy came inside the house
prancing, then dancing
on her two hind legs.

With great expectations she
knew it was time "Walkies."
I got her leash, latched it
on her collar. Though wild with
excitement I could control Buffy

she is only a small dog;
besides I weigh more than she does.
Her tail wagged wildly I told her to sit
while I fetched my crutches I needed
them for my bum hip.

Cartwright is a suburb with a maze of
walkways, a labyrinth of footpaths in all
directions, intermingled amongst fibro houses
and flats. We stepped out onto the walkway,
it was early evening with a slight breeze.

"There they are Buffy, Venus, Saturn and Jupiter."
Telling Buffy where the planets were in the
crystal clear evening sky.
"Complete with Vincent Van Gogh's moon."
Buffy just walked on ahead tugging on her leash.

I held her leash on the handle grip of my crutch
as we walked the walkways. I had to be mindful
of cats, I have to protect Buffy from them.
The cats stalked Buffy wanting to
box Buffy's ears in.

We walked to Eloure Park and sat on a
knee high log fence. Looking up I said.
"The amount of stars here Buffy is only half
of what there is, all the rest are blocked out by
Light pollution, smoke and real pollution.

Now in the bush, Buffy one could see
far more of these stars and the sight
is virtually hallucinatory. Thousands
upon thousands of stars, I felt I could
touch them in the night sky.

Come on Buffy, time to go back home."
We walked the same way
back along the walkway
we came, passing the yapping

dog behind the fence.

8/9/08

Jerry Behr Number 2

Censorship

I've noticed amongst a great deal of poets on Poem Hunter
That they all write there poetry in the same way and they write
thus: "My heart is broken since you left."
"My wondrous love for you ever since we found each other."
"Our love goes to eternity no one is to put us sunder."

This is baaaaaaaad news!
I've noticed in recent times that there is censorship in the news
which especially applies to the print media.
In the Western World this is not done deliberately.
For governments this censorship comes by serendipity.

Television has undermined newspapers to a point whereby
newspapers are useless. In Sydney we only have one newspaper
"The Daily Telegraph" the other is "The Sydney Morning
Herald" a wall paper. Who wants to read a wall
paper? So our choice is indeed very very small.

Infact I don't buy newspapers for the news anymore,
I only buy the Sunday Telegraph for the TV. week, not for any
news. Imagine, any reality is done by television only.
Governments and institutions love that, because they have
all the financial muscles so they can rave rave and rave.

Meanwhile in the land of poetry the poets write
"I feel so lonely at night" "Praising Jesus" "I love God tonight"
For the government this is serendipity.
Let the poets continue with their bla, bla, bla, bla, bla
Heaven forbid if poets write political, economic hubla, hubla.

This the reason why I write about political and economic themes
because I can see how a democratic countries like Australia or
even the U.S.A. could turn and behave like a
dictatorship committing social atrocities against citizens.
Treating people on the dole as if they were cretins.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Centrelink And The Dole

In Australia's twenty first century today, it is far removed from old Henry Lawson's time of the last century. Lawson's day of horses, sheep and cattle stations, at the back of Bourke, seems hardly applicable in this century. The old bush telegraph, seems now an old cliché, hardly ever used, nothing more than a cenotaph. The camaraderie and mateship, known in Lawson's day, are now in amongst the dole queues of Centrelink offices, strewn across the country side. The government has redesigned and reconfigured the dole office, with the latest Office decor, into a mixture, of a luxury hotel lobby and a Star Trek Ship.

The unemployed, enter a whirring sounding office, for their welfare trip. The humming, whirring sounds, comes from all the computers onboard. The air-conditioning also contributes to the low humming noises. The customer is given an interview time, of which Centrelink keeps exactly with grim efficiency, and without any dilly-dallying, not to betray its hunkydoryness. The interviewer, a femme fatale, espouses Centrelink's gloriousness.

The proletariat customer, is given forms to fill in, of which he has got to put in and describe his whole life, bank accounts, investments, names of his spouse, his kids, first names, middle names, and last names, ages, date of birth. His wife with all details and her financial records, he has got to hand over his soul. Only after handing over all his life's information can he be in his dole role.

The computers on board the Star Trek Ship digest all information, After which the computers start to talk with a host of other computers, In Australia's bureaucracies, in order to check out all and other bona fides. It has been programmed into the computers that the unemployed are bludgers, Cheats and miscreants, who do not want to work, and are buggers. The femme fatales who work in Centrelink, in its hunkydory Congenial atmosphere, look around their Star Trek Ship, and cannot Comprehend, that there is unemployment in Australia. Little do they realize, that their generals in Canberra, made Centrelink look that way. So as not to betray the facade, and propaganda, and truth, where it truly lay.

While the proletariat customer was having his interview with Centrelink's femme fatale. He explained why he lost his twenty year old job as a factory hand. The reason was simple, the place went bankrupt, and he didn't get entitlements. He told Centrelink that he got the sh*ts now, because the same products are imported. "All imported from India, even though we made better products."

The proletariat retorted.

Centrelink's femme fatale looked with a facade of great understanding at the proletariat. Said. "The days of proletarianism might be over." Suggested. "Join the bourgeois aristocracies, Complete with benevolent capitalism." The proletariat had a quizzical look on his face; he said. "I'm broke, don't know what to do any more, " he explained. "I'm 49 years old have painful arthritis in my hip, and being in my forties its time to forget it I was told."

The proletariat beckoned femme fatale, quizzed her about the probability of going on An invalid pension. The Centrelink femme fatale looked at the proletariat with icy eyes, And turned to her computer, with her slender fingers with long fingernails. The computer screen displayed his medical records, her understanding eyes turned cold.

Answered. "The computer says that you are capable of doing light duties I'm told."

The proletariat looked at femme fatale and said.

"What, do I have to be 97 per cent dead, before I can have a invalid pension? "

With icy charms she said. "You can still work and it's better than a pension."

The proletariat retorted. "I have a bum hip, and in pain, and over the hill."

She retorted. "You could do light duties and could still work still."

She added. "In order to meet your Mutual Obligations, you will fill in your Dole Log Book.

Fill in all your log book dates, and then Centrelink would be happy."

"What do you do? " He asked. "Oh we watch your efforts and man the computers."

The femme fatale continued "Also you might have to do a technology course of a night. Perhaps, in computers in order to help you better your life, against unemployment fight."

The proletariat was absolutely puzzled: Around the Star Trek Ship he could see, All the computers were manned wall to wall with females.

He remembered in all banks, the computer tellers were manned by females wall to wall.

Even in Road Organizations, the computers were feminized.

Indeed, the workplace had greatly changed over the last twenty years, became dehumanized.

The proletariat said to femme fatale. "Whats the point of doing a computer course if Only females were allowed to man the computers, not only that, but a lot of computer Jobs like call centres, are in India. " He continued. "Imagine someone here in Sydney, had a problem so he got to ask someone else, on a computer in New Delhi."

"Now, now, don't have negative attitudes, studying is better than watching a new telly."

The Centrelink femme fatale continued and became blasé with the proletariat said.

"Further more if you don't co-operate with Centrelink, we will apply Breach Rules, These Breach Rules are designed to control the unemployed protégés.

If you talk-back, yak-back, smart-back, and even fart-back, you will be breached.

You wont receive payment, you will be on the street, this is respect to us to be reached"

The proletariat was absolutely shocked: This is no Star Trek Ship, it more resembled Something like the Borge, an alien species from the Public Service Collective.

And the proletariat cannot upset the Hive of Centrelink's Collective activity.

Centrelink's femme fatale said. "Our programs cannot be resisted and final."

With icy eyes and charms said: 'Resistance is futile, don't go into denial.'

The Centrelink femme fatale reassured the proletariat that the staff man the computers

In order to give the best of services to the people, help the people to better their lives. Said to the proletariat that his next port of call was the Job Networks.

This is the new regime that looks for work for him, it's now privately industrialized.

She pushed all papers: Sign here: Manned the computers: He electronically dematerialized. ©

15/11/2004

* * * * *

Jerry Behr Number 2

Chicks / Haiku

Noisy Minors diligently made their nest
chicks born in suicidal death house
no bark around trunk

Jerry Behr Number 2

Command

Due to modern television and computers along with DVD technology, digital photography the need for art as the world knew it had greatly waned. For the first time in thousands of years man saw no more a need for art in his life. Religion, hunting were no more to be described nor his strife.

However, along concrete drainage walls for that matter wooden walls.....any walls..... even train carriages a new artist emerged, he is the graffiti artist. Festooning his tags espousing his individuality and at a great risk. His work must be very unusual and brisk.

Communities around the world are getting sick and tired of seeing tags scrawled all over trains, buses and shopping fronts. It is so unsightly. At the Miller shopping centre which really is a welfare suburb in south- western Sydney the local council had an idea superb.

They commissioned a real artist with old world traditional craft abilities called painting and asked him to create murals on the walls. An amazing thing happened, it was the murals that gave out the command "Do not wreck these walls, these walls are no more graffiti stalls.

To this day there are still no tags on the murals the graffiti artists have respected the command. Maybe there still is a need for the artist after all. It is the only idea that has worked in order to stop graffiti art. Welcome to the renaissance.....well it's a start.

(7/9/2010)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Computer

Well computer its back to normal now,
After all that chaos,
I've learned a lot.
Just for the moment things got out of control.

Maybe your getting old,
Or it may be me asking too much of you,
You are after all an old computer,
With an old word processor.

I think you and I have a lot in common.
I greatly enjoy your company.
I myself am on a learning curve,
I hasten to add I am shall we say a mature aged student.

However even in your current state,
Although we have been heavily used before,
We can still operate.
As long as we are in our environments then we can work wonderfully.

I have noticed between you and I
That if we step outside of our environments then we will crash.
Probably it is our age, or physical limitations that we have to be aware of,
I tell you what computer, mutual respect wouldn't go astray.

So both of us have to stay within our parameters,
Otherwise we will have the chaos as at the beginning.
I realize I can't push you too hard,
Or else I know, you will crash.

I have noticed that you and I
Have a mishmash of skills and programs,
So although we are a vintage, used in certain settings
The end result is sheer genius.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Conquerors

Throughout history there have always been conquerors that would like to rule the whole world, own it, and do what they like with it. Be Lord and master over all people, their own race superior to anybody else's, all other people are inferior to their own kind. The Masters search for strength and power they could find.

Napoleon Bonaparte was one rose up huge armies to conquer Europe in 1812 all people learned to fear the French army. Napoleon feared no one; he had vast armies, cannons, swords, all people were terrified of Napoleon's march and his stance. Soldiering on, the French army all over Europe would prance.

As Napoleon trampled to Russia he came across his Achilles heel. It was cold in Moscow; the place was burnt to the ground Napoleon and his army had nowhere to sleep and he lost his victory. Departing Moscow, winter came upon his army which started to reel. Death to his army as they retreated and defeat they would feel.

During the next century came another conqueror Adolf Hitler, leader of Germany. He also rose up vast armies, navies and an air force. Like his predecessor he wanted to conquer the whole world. Using his Panzers and air force he trampled all over European land. Poland had no chance against tanks, defeated they could not stand.

It was 1939 the beginning of World War Two and once again a conqueror would devastate the whole of Europe. Rumbling over country after country, inevitably like past conquerors Hitler cast his eyes upon Russia which he wanted for Germany's living space. He was sure of victory with such power and his master race.

As the German army marched into Russia to Moscow, Hitler would also suffer Achilles heel problems as his predecessor Mr. Bonaparte. "General Winter" made it cold in Moscow; the Panzers ground to a halt, petrol in their petrol tanks was completely frozen. The conqueror lost its main weapon, his final victory stolen.

In the beginning of the twenty first century came another conqueror, the Chinese. This new conqueror did not use cannons or bombs, nor did they use vast armies, navies or an air force to conquer countries. They used the three dollar Chinamen which they had in the billions, Chinese people left their farms and went to factories in their millions.

In Australia a worker earns seven hundred dollars a week, in China the worker earns three dollars a week. Anybody can immediately see the devastating impact of the three dollar Chinamen. Since Australia imports all things manufactured; the Chinese targeted our market. Australians must not make anything of their own, that's China's target.

While China imports all her minerals from Australia, China makes sure Australia remains retarded in manufacturing. The Australian worker must not make anything; like any white goods for the kitchen, nor anything electronic. All clothing must be imported from China; its cheap

way of clothing all the Australian inhabitation importing would be steep.

Like past conquerors there is always the Achilles heel problem and China has one. In the past billions of Chinese traveled on bicycles or went on foot. However, now that billions of Chinese work in factories the three dollar Chinamen wanted a car and so billions of Chinese wanted one to run. The price of petrol went sky high to \$100 a barrel which is not much fun.

11/10/07

Jerry Behr Number 2

Continental Drift/Huiku

Cotton wool clouds
continents shifting
forces tearing them apart.©

By Jerry Behr
11/9/2011

Jerry Behr Number 2

Cultural Heroes Of The Grey-Haired Set

Here they come from all over suburbia with their walking sticks
and on crutches these brave souls to do their cultural tricks.
Grey hair with white streaks bobbing up and down, they walk
to their meeting place to have fellowship and have a talk.
These are the Cultural Heroes of The Grey- Haired Set.
They are unusual souls and the funniest people I've ever met.
I never colour my hair I like to keep my club's colours flying.
Colours of The Grey-Haired Set with its spirit never dying.
These souls don't seek fame and fortune they're too old for that.
They have a need to express themselves about life that's a fact,
writing poetry either in long hand or on a computer disk.
Carrying on with their literary craft standing with a defiant fist
these Cultural Heroes Of The Grey-Haired Set.
There are even some golden oldies who even paint and I bet;
it's their job to keep the art world ticking with life that's met.
Those olden days when young men created art movements
are long gone and in the art world there no more improvements.
So for The Cultural Heroes Of The Grey-Haired Set I say
the cultural world needs us keep on championing on our way©.

By Jerry Behr

Member of The Grey-Haired Set

1/7/2011

Jerry Behr Number 2

Digestible / Huiku

delectable grass
being a connoisseur on blades
my dog loved it and puked it up

Jerry Behr Number 2

Don

Through my computer room window I can see the walkway, one of a labyrinth of walkways where I live. Across the walkway lives my next door neighbor Don, a fellow in his eighties who lives on his own.

He's a gentle old soul; the years are catching up with him as his body creaks and groans as he walks with his walking stick. Don has emphysema and a wheezing fit.

Don does have family, three elderly sisters come and see how he is doing during the week. Don asked my wife and I to keep an eye out because he lives alone. "By opening his blinds then all is well so don't phone

my sister Jenny just yet, I like to sit on the step of my front porch and sit in the sun because it is so cold in winter. It's so nice and warm in the sun." He would say basking in the sun feeling the sun's warm ray.

There is camaraderie between him and I, we both walk with walking sticks and our bodies do groan so either with infliction or old age. However, I'm younger at this stage.

10/7/09

Jerry Behr Number 2

Extinction/Huiku

Dinosaurs can't keep pace
with moving clouds
they are so damn big.©
By Jerry Behr
11/9/2011

Jerry Behr Number 2

Facebook Wars

A few years back I started to learn about computers and word processing which opened up a whole new world for me. The computer allowed me to rearrange sentences and words where ever I liked and learned how to write my own poetry book. So that I could have good poetry and anybody else can have a look. At the time I had a nice wife and a new puppy Buffy and life was all right. I gave Janet lifts to church which she was involved with, she also had her own computer a Pentium 111, and I had a Pentium 1V. We lived in Sadleir, we were not connected to the internet yet. I connected the internet just before we had to move and left. We moved to Cartwright and after we settled down I continued with poetry writing and started to explore the internet and learned many new things. I found internet sites for poets; I also have my own blog site. Again it opened a whole new world for me. Between my wife and I we knew each others passwords so our computers were "open" to each others reach. For a whole year I developed as a poet and wrote many poems and life was all right. One day in June, Janet decided without me knowing connected to facebook which at first it seemed harmless enough, we even found some relatives and old friends, and it was for free so I didn't object. Keeping in touch with friends, Facebook seemed like a nice project. However, Janet started to explore Facebook more widely then she discovered Farmville which is a game supplied by Google who put it as part of Facebook so all people would most likely play it, including my wife. This Farmville game is highly interactive with other Facebook people who could give each other animals and put them on each others farms where they could live. Downloads and uploads on my computer increased dramatically I started to get worried I feared being paralyzed by her downloads. However, even with her full blazing away with Farmville the downloads reached 1,000 megabytes I am allowed 3,000 so I'm not threatened that way. Problems arose with menaces, Farmville was taking more and more of her time with the game making fences. I started to realize the addictive nature of Google's game Farmville. I started to realize there are advertisements involved e.g. Jack Daniels. So for Google's multi billion dollar industry can make money from addicted players. Undoubtedly Google research teams would have researched how to increase the addictions for the general populations Google searched.©

By Jerry Behr 22/8/2009

Jerry Behr Number 2

Flying Blind

Into the unknown I go
I don't know what to
expect from this realm.
I can't see in front of me
I'm flying blind this is a place
I used to know and I traversed it
well. However things have changed
as time went by and now I don't recognise
anything anymore and what is going to
happen to me in this realm?

Jerry Behr Number 2

Gone With The Wind

The glow of the evening was still there, wind whispering in the trees, street lights just turned on. Whispering continued along the footpath mingling with footsteps and yapping dogs, then it became quiet. Behind leafy curtains of trees the moon began to rise over the horizon, silhouettes of fruit bats flying across the moon's face could clearly be seen as bats danced the evening sky.

The winds of change rustled once more exuding its influence on Australia. But were these winds ill winds or winds of fortune blowing along the walkways? Australia is very dependent on which way the wind blows and from where. But indeed, these were ill winds that blew now along footpaths and walkways, no more leaving its fragrance of prosperity.

The winds whispered that these were troubling times for people, the old hubla, hubla, hubla economy had blown away because a bubble burst creating ill winds. The old world order that ruled the world for decades had crashed, and people in the know, that knew where the financial wind always blew were now at a loss where the winds went to.

Australia's Prime Minister Kevin Rudd tried to solve the problem with his stimulus package and gas bagging. The cold, frigid winds of brutal reality blew along the despairing streets.

19/3/2009

Jerry Behr Number 2

Grandson

When he cries he sounds like the fire
brigade, police and the ambulance
all combined going to an emergency.
Sending my emotions reeling,
all because he is going through teething.

My missus gets up and quells my grandson
and sees to his needs, nappy changes, wiping
him while I bury my head in the pillow, it's
so early in the morning in fact two thirty;
after that she has to see if he is thirsty.

Dawn....six thirty.....the babbling and
squealing starts and the routine starts all
over again as at two thirty. My missus has to
do it all because I'm lame
on crutches that support my frame.

At breakfast curious thing, my grandson
starts to babble and making trumpeting
noises. So big toughie me from the dole
queues is also going goo-go-gagaa,
leelee, leelee lullu lullu lalaa, lalaa.

Michael gives a bit of a smile before he
clutches his formula bottle while I have my
breakfast. He doesn't seem to want to
cooperate, spluttering, wringing
his little hands on his bib whingeing.

After Janet settled Michael down and put
him in the bounce'n net, grandpa crouched
down and started to whistle like a birdie.
Michael gave a great smile of enjoyment
with laughing eyes with enthralment.

I stopped my whistling; Michael seemed
surprised and started to contort his little face
as if to ask what happed to the birdie.
I realized I had to bring birdie back,
I had to keep whistling and stay on track.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Haiku.....My yard

heartburn in the morning
my dog eats grass
free antacid not

Jerry Behr Number 2

Hands Of Time

The poet was sitting on his sofa watching T.V.

he had his hands in his lap.

He looked at his hands and he turned them over and looked at the back of his splayed hands. How wrinkled they looked; perfectly crocodilian. As if it was some sort of surprise that he was getting old. He got up and went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

My, my, my, my all my hair is completely grey, and with white streaks. Years ago when he was young his hair was jet black.

His shoulders sagged in resignation in admittance to getting old. However, life had given the old poet some tender mercies, the old bugger could keep his hair along with his one original tooth left in his mouth.

Jerry Behr Number 2

In House Out House Inside Outside

During Australia's history especially since the 1950's many immigrants came from all over the world to settle in the land down under. The immigrants wanted to get away from the memories of Nazism, and war- torn Europe's Fascism and Stalinism.

Initially Australia was all that was promised to all people who came here to a free democratic nation. With old clichés of pioneering spirits, and an opportunity to start life again under the sun, with romance in their hearts at life's new run.

Indeed, there was a great romance with Australia, even for people who made mistakes in life. Men could pick up the broken pieces meet the right girl and start life again. Inspired by opportunities galore, with love's light comes success in Aussie folklore.

However, over the decades that came to pass some people have noticed an erosion of such freedoms. Some of the immigrants and even Aussies might not have noticed the erosions while at work toiling while economic, and social freedoms were spoiling.

The degradation of men goes from cradle to the grave, starting at school with its high dominance of female teachers. Curriculums highly suited for girls, the boys lacking male role models to show the way, the emaciated boys struggling identities cant stay.

Any boy who cannot fit in this political correctness way of learning is fobbed off to a behavioral school. The boy is now segregated for all time never again to see normal classmates or boyhood; he knows, the others have a normal teenage hood.

For the boys there is another sinister force, ADHD a new age label invented by educational hierarchies. If the boy has this ADHD there is a medicine Ritalin an Amphetamine to be used, junkies call it bennies, speed, minds fused.

One wonders if the pep pills are for the benefit of students, or is it really for the educational hierarchy so that they could still teach the 'Mary Popins' way of teaching and forgot how to teach real teenagers in the real world that they could reach.

The Amphetamine medication started slowly at first then it snowballed. Now untold tens of thousands of kids in all States are munching on the stuff giving new meaning to 'stone the crows; '

eating breakfasts with cereals and pep pills in rows.

Another new age thing is the way the educational hierarchy dispenses discipline. Discipline is not done in-house, it is being done out-house. The kid is suspended missing out a few days of learning while he plays with electronic games, that's where his mind stays.

Girls faced with the same thing are fearful if they were at home on punishment tour in the out-house they might have to do washing of the clothes. I don't think mum would ask the boy to wash and iron her panties fold up her clothes and look after her dainties.

For boys there's life's routine going from (here) home to (there) school like a tidal ebb and flow. Here there, here there, here there, as the tide flows; It's very destructive when it is here there, here here here playing electronic games in the out-house in here.

Life's disciplines not being learned from the tidal flows it doesn't take long before here there, here there, is completely lost. From there the boy encounters the Corrective Services regimes and prisons and learns there's an inside; doing time on the inside hoping to come outside.

However, with the Corrective Services there's a twilight zone called recidivism. The prisoner goes inside outside, inside outside, relentlessly stuck with this revolving door. As hard as loved ones try to stop this inside outside, the prisoner still goes back to where he came from inside.

There's a danger with this twilight zone, prisons are dangerous places, one cannot muck around with this inside outside, inside outside, inside, challenging the forces with impunity. Loved ones wanted to stop this, tried to save the prisoner inside, however, Craig Behr still died

Jerry Behr Number 2

Insomnia Queen

Last Monday morning I was working at my computer doing my poetry, I started to notice I really felt too good for this time of the morning. Going by past experience I started to fear a visit from the Insomnia Queen. Buuuuuuuut right then I felt terrific and worked on writing my poetry.

Anyhow at lunch time I made myself some sandwiches and settled down with a bottle of water and watched some television and I watched Star Trek. It was then the Queen arrived with a wry smile on her face she was watching me snoozing. Anyhow I could hear the Enterprise's deck and I awoke. I knew it was the end of the show and switched the television off. Now the Queen started her giggling.

Later in the evening I made myself a cup of coffee and settled down to watch a movie and I felt wide awake. It was then I really feared the Queen Of Insomnia who watched me having my snooze during the day and now having a cup of coffee. Anyhow it's ten forty five and it's time to go to bed "Oh really." said the Queen as she followed me into the bedroom.

For sleep I use my daydreams to put me to sleep and after a short while I'll nod off. Boohahahaha! ! ! the Queen stood at the edge of my bed wringing her hands with glee. I tried different daydreams. Well it's now eleven forty five, damn no sleep, she's such a bitch. Now I'm tossing and turning I looked at the display clock twelve forty five, shit.

I have sleeping tablets but I hate using them because the next day is absolutely crap because the side effects does not wear off during the day. Oh of course the Queen knows all about this and she made her maniacal laugh. My daydream mode was now switched off an absolute bummer.

Thaaat's it.....I got up and went to the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee.....hold it, hold it wait a minute the Queen would love me doing that.....caffeine.....no good. Shit. I know, I'll use Decaf must stay away from caffeine yea. The Insomnia Queen thought I was a smart arse.

Anyhow at one thirty in the morning there is not much on television so I switched the kitchen light off and sat in the dark. As I drank my Decaf I watched Vincent Van Gogh's moon dancing the night sky. An eerie spectacle not very good for my daydream material. The Insomnia Queen just sat there humming to herself.

Anyhow it's now two fifteen let's try again, so I went to bed and lets see if I still have some daydream material left to play with. Ah Ah ah haaa haaaaaa. The damn bitch didn't go damned home did she? What a bitch! What's it now stuff three o'clock, bugger

I went back to the kitchen again and more decaf. I have to keep
my will against this bitch of a Queen and drink Decaf
Otherwise she'll have her way with me and then I'm really
stuffed she's such a bugger.

I watched Vincent Van Gogh's starry, starry night and looking
at the stars my eyes started to get heavy and heavier
until I became drunk with tiredness. Four o'clock in the morning
I trode off to bed and finally the bitch Queen of Insomnia went
home bye bye bitch.

(2/11/2009)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Jim

I have a mate my mate's name is Jim, sometimes he is fun.
For work Jim collects scrap metal with his truck on his metropolitan run.
He isn't a rough looking ocker, he doesn't look like a beer bellied trucker.
He is a skinny bloke, with a deep voice he looks like he hadn't had much tucker.

I met Jim at church he was in his mid forties at the time when he was dating Christine.
Christine was the love of his life, one could see in their eyes their love was pristine.
It didn't take long before the question was asked, Jim didn't like to be forever single.
The word got out the couple were to be engaged, you could see in them a zing and a tingle.

I went to their wedding and reception and I could see that the couple were dancing on the sky.
I congratulated them as they drove off on their honeymoon, their love now knitted into a close tie.
Sometime later Jim invited me to a footy game, Parramatta Eels were playing.
In all my life I've never been to a live game, always watching it on telly the bodies flaying.

Although I had binoculars to watch the game I was more focused on the cheer girls dancing.
I have to apologize because I hogged the binoculars watching the girls as they did their prancing.
Jim in his late forties was starting to get a bit worn from his scrap metal run.
He started to injure himself tearing metal pieces out of factories which isn't much fun.

I would like to encourage Jim as he continues in life making on the board the runs that come.
He has now scored 50 flamin runs on the board, which might have stunned some.
And now we toast to Jim on his fiftieth birthday and more flamin runs to make.
Happy birthday Jim, your next big score is a century, your old age is at stake.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Job Networks and Enlightenment Rooms

The unemployed proletariat had just finished with the Centrelink's rigmarole, Of paper forms, and signing his name, and all the stuff the unemployed got to do. Running around doing the paper chase, which is a part of the dole regime. Next, it was the Job Networks, the employment organization now privatised. A new dole treadmill for the unemployed, encouraging an attitude highly industrialized.

"Welcome to Job Network" the t.v. monitor said, on a recorded video machine. "We are a privatized organization for the purpose of getting you into employment. We are here to help you to find your talents, and potentials, to improve your Abilities, so that you can re-enter the work force to have a life of independents. This is far better than being on welfare forever with your dependants".

The interviewers in the Job Network office were old grannies, Complete with false colorings and artificial additives. "I'm your case manager, I'm assigned to you, and you are here to sign a contract. The Job Search And Activities Plan and responsibilities and employment to find. To ensure you're meeting your obligations to society not to be in your dole grind".

The granny said. "Under governmental policies your association with us is for all life." Granny continued. "There will be no talk-back, yak-back, smart-back nor fart-back. If we find you to be deficient in abilities, then you have to do a course of some sort." The proletariat looked a bit stunned said. "At my age, late forties, it's a bit late." Granny said. "It's never too late to train." she did not like his mind's negative state.

The proletariat said to the false colored granny with artificial additives. "I got a really bum hip, and with it I can't do much, and it seems I can't have a pension. I'm not 97 per cent dead, nor can I work in a factory any more, it's quite hopeless." Continuing. "I'm 49, over the hill and even at 40 no one is going to hire me any more". Granny said. "There's anti-age-discrimination laws that help's you in life furthermore."

The proletariat bemused said. "Funny, I never heard. Daadaa-daatatitit-dududdaada-daaa"
THIS IS THE CHANNEL NINE NEWS, THE MOTORING ORGANIZATION
DISCRIMINATED AGAINST THIS MIDDLE AGED BLOKE FOR A CLERICAL
JOB AND THE ANTI-DISCRIMINATION BOARD IS TAKING ACTION.
FURTHERMORE ITS INTOLERABLE THE UNEMPLOYED CANT HAVE TRACTION.

This made grandma very angry, and she looked at the proletariat with contempt. And said that the proletariat didn't want to work and had a severe attitude problem. Grandma said it was about time to do a attitude course against negative attitudes. It was being held in the same building in the "Enlightenment Room" for all dolies. Grandma said it's about time that the proletariats guard against their follies.

"Follies? ? I don't think I have attitudes nor follies" The proletariat said, and continued. "I lost my job due to imports from India, how can I possibly find work if Australia Imports everything in untold billions of dollars worth of imported goods. Further more, Australia has call centres and "IT" jobs in India, sucking all jobs out Of Australia, so how could I possibly find work, faaarout.

Grandma was starting to become impatient with this proletariat smart arse. "We have anti-discrimination laws against what you're saying."

The proletariat was becoming exasperated with the artificially colored grandma.
"Since we import indiscriminately from all countries around the world relentlessly
I can't see how I'm discriminating against any country, we still import tremendously.

"Right! " Grandma said. "I'm fed up with your negative attitudes, it is obvious to me.
You do not understand the governments Micro-Macro Economical Reforms,
Nor industrial Labour Reforms, that has been done in recent years to better your life.
You sign your contract or else we will breach you, and then you'll be on the street.
Also you'll do this attitude course in the "Enlightenment Room" move your feet! "

(15/12/04)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Lady Of The Words

"Come on then" she allured me to once again go for a walk with her. We always went for walks in the early evenings thousands and thousands of times over years and years of time we would walk together.

I first met her as a little migrant boy when I was living with my family in a migrant hostel. During those years I would talk to her only during the daytime. Later we moved to a house in Liverpool where I grew up with my two brothers Martin and Leo.

The Lady Of The Words quietened down somewhat while I grew up and went to school. However, when I was eleven I was struck by Perthes Disease in my hip. A Disease of unknown origins which has no known cures and the only thing I could do is put no weight on it at all so for one and a half years I had to walk on crutches.

At that time my mum worked the afternoon shift, dad worked as a fitter welder Martin and Leo went to school and I stayed at home. As a new migrant family that is the way it was in effect I was a "latch key kid."

Dad would feel sorry for me and let me play the piano but I didn't have music lessons so I just played my own merry way and somewhat undisciplined. Unknown to me at the time it was a crude form of rock'n roll, something my parent did not appreciate very much.

This was a time period when the Lady Of The Words and I really got to know each other. After eighteen months I could put the crutches away and go back to school. However, the Lady still stayed with me as I went to high school.

The relationship between me and my brothers by now had changed (the lame boy is now amongst them isn't that the pits) ?
The rejection was to last for years and years so the Lady Of The Words kept me company.

In Co-ed high school I had my crushes and high school romance then I decided that the Lady Of The Words might not be a good thing for me. One day I decided to break it up with her and not to see her again. However due to build up of life's pressures I wanted her back. She gladly came back to me and we continues in life together.©

By Jerry Behr
21/5/2011

Jerry Behr Number 2

Lady Panorama Australia, The Poet, And Poker Machines

Every evening the poet likes to have a talk with Panorama.
He would open the door and in an instant he could feel her cool freshness.
Walking down the steps of his porch he could smell her evening fragrance.
Panorama's eyes glittered with the street lights,
She would show him all her nightly sights.

Walking quietly onto the road the poet immersed himself in the evening air.
Tonight there was a Vincent Van Gogh's moon tempesting across the sky.
Panorama smiled she knew the poet would be happy tonight.
Using the traffic noise as his cover he began to whisper to her mind to mind.
They would walk together the poet searching for a peace to find.

As he whispered Panorama showed nightly shadows under moonlight.
The pair of them walked passed fibro houses with their lights on.
Ethnic peoples unashamedly leave open their front doors.
Lady Panorama and the poet could hear their national languages spoken.
One momentarily could peer into their lives through a window that's open.

The poet felt fully uplifted now walking with Panorama up the road.
Seeing the ethnic diversity amongst the peoples he felt a great sense of
Belonging to society, and so he didn't feel lonely.
Other people sat on their front porches talking quietly in the evening air.
The poet held Panorama's hand under Vincent Van Gogh's moon in an ecstatic affair.

While passing acacia trees its fragrance filled the poet's nose.
In the night air the pair of them could hear the echoes of a yapping dog.
Now the poet's whispering took a more serious turn.
He whispered that he did not like poker machines which were in all pubs.
Combined with hotels poker machines ran rampant along with the Clubs.

Lady Panorama Australia's eyes quickly turned to the night sky pointing.
It was a meteor, trail blazing across Vincent Van Gogh's tempesting sky.
Momentarily the poet was charmed by what he saw.
He whispered on, that he despaired that poker machines were all around.
In all towns, and suburbs, next to shopping malls, there's no respite found.

Quite quickly Panorama and the poet became quiet as they walked passed
A Muslim family on the footpath, a father and a veiled mother, two girls
And a boy, all were walking and enjoying a stroll in the night air.
Once again Panorama smiled at Australia's multicultural diversity,
Through which she believed that Australia could overcome any adversity.

Once passed the family the poet continued his whispering once more.
He whispered that he himself has felt the evil winds of poker machines
Even on his own family his own sons and how it imprisons them in poverty.
Destroying their lives, mucking around in the devil's playgrounds.
No amount of advisement could stop lives being lost to the merry-go-rounds.

Even in Court systems he had witnessed peoples careers being ruined,
Along with their lives and ruining families.
Embezzling moneys from employers in order to play the evil poker machines.
Many people say "That sort of thing does not happen to me"

The poet could feel the devil demanding Australian people to pay the devil's fee.

Once again Panorama and the poet quietened down as two joggers
Jogged passed in the night air, they were a young Australian couple.
He could see their steaming breaths as they panted passed in the fresh night air.
Echoing footsteps and sounds of barking dogs mingling into the starry night.
The poet loved Panorama and the night where his spirit could take flight.

He whispered on that in New South Wales there were hundreds of thousands
Of poker machines. One could go in any direction and eventually
A person would bump into one anywhere, even in shopping centres.
Insidiously mingling with all Australian populations creating addictions.
Ruining family finances and budgets and creating family frictions.

Poker machine barons and czars who own these evil machines
Rake in for themselves hundreds of millions and billions of dollars every year.
Authorities say that it's only the problem gamblers that are the problem.
While ruining the social tempesting landscapes czars live in luxury all there own.
These poker machine barons and czars don't care for people and have hearts of stone.

Panorama and the poet turned left at Romely Street and continued walking.
He continues his whispering in the starry, starry night.
'You know Panorama' He whispered on. 'Districts like Liverpool-Fairfield-Bankstown
Cannot sustain losses of billions of dollars per year and the loss of prosperity.
The loss of economical activities like renovations not done, and the loss of propriety'.

Panorama and the poet came to Stonewall Park and stopped for a moment.
They turned around making their journey back home.
He whispered on: 'It's the kids missing out on their excursion, the milk money is gone.
It's the family car that can't be fixed; the list goes on and on in economic depravity.
Even governments do not understand the economic destruction and it's gravity.'

The poet loved Lady Panorama Australia and the starry, starry night.
He loved the ordinary peoples that lived in fibro houses.
Fragrances of eucalyptus and acacia trees he adored as he walked in the moonlight.
Australia is a great nation for many of its diverse peoples who came here.
But, this land is being ravaged by gambling and poker machines and spreading fear.

As a poet he whispered on he felt compelled to speak out against the barons and the
czars
The owners of the evil poker machines, who rake in billions of dollars for themselves.
Ravaging district economies into destitution and inflicting poverty and misery.
He had seen the "Pokie dollar" adulterate and skew political thinking and behaviour.
Whereby politicians plan and think not necessarily in societies or peoples favour.

Lady Panorama Australia and the poet arrived back home and stood on his porch.
He looked once more at Vincent Van Gogh's tempesting moon filled night.
He despaired at the destruction the poker machines had wrought.
A Pandora's Box had been unleashed on a good and fair land.
For evil to thrive good men remain silent, great Australians against evil make a stand.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Late Night Chores

Sometimes late of a night when I'm dog tired I have to do my nightly chores. Because I don't have a garage I have to put my car in the backyard. So I have to bring Buffy inside; she is agreeable in order to get out of the cold. I have to settle her down as she pranced and then she rolled.

My next chore is to feed Buffy, Buffy's ears pricked up as she came into the kitchen. She stood up on her two hind legs like a Meerkat from Angola watching what I was putting into her doggie bowl. I first put in doggie dry food, only a little bit, next a bit of canned Pale, together it just fit.

Buffy still standing like a Meerkat looked at me as if to say "Eh where's my entrée"? She made me laugh. "Ok, ok already." On the kitchen table were left overs of chicken drumstick bones. Now Buffy had a smorgasbord. Instantly there was a pitter-patter of little feet bless the lord.

Now she danced and made circles, prancing and carrying on. "I can't feed you here, come on outside". I said Standing on her two hind legs she was in total agreement. I put her bowl beside her kennel; she pounced on her meal. Devouring the drumstick bones she must have been hungry I feel.

By Jerry Behr
10/6/09

Jerry Behr Number 2

Love Is Blind

They say love is blind.
But I don't think so to be kind.
I think love is more an understanding
of the beloved faults and not grandstanding.
My dog Buffy is a case in point; as a dog she is incredible.
Well mannered, and her companionship indelible.
She doesn't bark too much, just enough for the undesirable.
One flaw, which for her is very, very unfashionable.
She is continually shedding her fur coat, all year round.
My missus has to vacuum for her fur where ever it's found.
I have to use masking tape to clean up Buffy's hair.
Off the sofa and all Buffy does is questionably stare.
She is the envy of all bald men.
Fancy growing hair all the time then
And now and for ever and ever over and over again.
And I have to muck around cleaning hair all the time; a pain.
Never mind, I love my Albino dog Buffy just the same.
She is not a vicious dog, just playful and tame.

6/3/2009

Jerry Behr Number 2

Milestones

My bones creak and groan
making me lame with pain,
forcing me to hobble around
on crutches at home.

However, my mind still works
and it's a "live wire"
and it still runs
while I can't walk.

Twinges of pain prevent me
from bending down
making it hard for me
to put on my socks.

A milestone was reached when
my "live wire" mind met
the computer, the relationship
opened a whole new world.

Medicines help, but they
are not the be all and end all,
making me highly restricted
in what I'm allowed to do.

Further milestones were reached
when I connected the internet
giving my "live wire" mind
a far greater range.

So although lame and restricted
I'm free with the computer
and the internet so my mind can
fly around in the literary world.

Even though I belong to the
"grey haired set" and even though
I'm lame and hobbling around
my "live wire" mind is still young.

Free to write poetry
in any direction I please.
The lame man
dancing on the skies.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Moving House

Moving house is such the pits; all the old certainties that were there forever all to be packed up in boxes. Views out of most windows I look through, especially since the next door neighbour's house was burnt to the ground.

His house bulldozed out of the way revealing panoramic views; all to be lost. It didn't help that the old lady two houses down also left; My house is now a prime target for the Department Of Housing redevelopment plans.

I have lived here for the past 10 years the Department Of Housing says move on please; making me a wandering nomad wandering to the next house. Never living long enough to take root, they only say move on please.

Then fear gripped me because I've always loved my fibro country. In the past I have lived in Brickveneersville a place I regard as a fool's paradise, because people think because they live there it immunises them from economic harm.

Due to Sub Prime and Ninja (No income No Jobs) home loans crises in the United States and interest rates people in Brickveneersville are losing their homes. The repossession squads are out repossessing homes in all suburbs.

However, the Department Of Housing seems to be merciful in that they say to me never mind we'll find you another fibro house. The Dept pays for the removalist, relocation of my air- con, and even giving me a new garden shed.

All bribes so that I go quietly and without much fuss; my wife swears blind we're not moving again. As for me I love my fibro country, my people, my land where I belong away from Brickveneersville and Taj Mahalsville.©

1/4/2008

Jerry Behr Number 2

Moving To Cartwright

I moved to my new address in May everything is in boxes which has to be unpacked later, along with everything electrical which has to be untangled. I'm a poet I like rummaging for words not managing this chaos yet I have to manage this chaos in order to get to the words; which momentarily I've lost. My wife and I threw out a lot we didn't need; I hope the words weren't tossed.

When we arrived the landline didn't work, and the post didn't work properly, the letters went to the next door neighbour's house. For the time being I needn't bother about looking for words, nothing can be found. We guided the furniture removalist and the furniture they were throwing. My first priority amongst this chaos was to get the T.V. going.

After a couple of hours the dust had settled and the furniture removalist left. My wife and I sat down and had a cup of coffee amongst the boxes and the chaos surveying what had to be done next. In my mind's eye I was looking for words but I knew I'll have to forego my words and help my wife. I knew if I didn't help untangle everything electrical I would be in strife.

Janet did the unpacking of the boxes; I installed the computers and the printer and sound systems. While I was reconnecting the internet I hoped the words would pop out, but alas I had no time for that. We had arguments about which were higher priorities where things should go and what to do. She seemed a bit bossy; I wanted my words back I wanted to hide in the loo.

All my power tools were in make shift storage in her pantry outside along the back wall of the house; the shed had not yet arrived. Janet got a new pantry from the housing commission but no cupboards. "Bugger! " My computer crashed, I'll never get to my words now. "I'm not telling a lie honey I have to go see my computer geek" Janet looked at me with a sigh.

It took four weeks to unpack and untangle and straighten our house out and still there are things to be put in their proper places. The missus seems now house proud always telling me to wipe my feet and I'm not allowed to make a mess. I got my computer back from the geek and asked what was wrong with it? The geek shrugged his shoulders said the computer still ran strong.

Guess that's the reason why he's called a computer geek (the guy who understands computer viruses, log ons, etc. etc. etc.) I only make words, which is something I can do right now. "Bugger! " Now I receive the news that the FAW is nearly going to the wall for lack of a managerial team. I believe that such an organisation would find someone it would seem.©

Jerry Behr Number 2

Photosynthesis

For untold millions of years plants of the world have been making oxygen so that all life can live on planet Earth. Oxygen does not come from evaporation of oceans nor from water vapour; oxygen only come from plants. Plants breath in carbon dioxide and use light energy and breath out oxygen.

Over hundreds of thousands of years the human has developed and increased in population. A question is being asked can plants keep up with the production of oxygen to accommodate the human? Bearing in mind it is not only the billions of humans but also their billions of cars and trucks as well the wholesale burning Of fossil fuels.

With the wholesale increase in human populations on all continents humans require greater and greater land use. Expressways are being built, roads in suburbia and all major cities and when someone adds all this into square area it adds up to hundred and thousands of square kilometres of pure desert of concrete and bitumen.

Is there enough production of oxygen by plants in a reduced area to work in as humans increase their numbers in their billions? Looking at the sky the human might think that there is heaps of sky but do not stop to think that seventy percent of the sky is nitrogen; something the human can not breath.

The sky is still blue and the clouds are still there Whispering of the wind is still there rustling the remaining plants and trees forlornly producing oxygen for a relentless consumer who has no brains.

Obviously they forgot all about Easter Island with its stone statues facing the Pacific Ocean and how the islanders used up all their resources and squandered their island.

There it is planet Earth with all its monuments, skyscrapers, cities, expressways, thousands of square kilometres of concrete and bitumen. Pity about he suffocated to death. There was just to many of them on the Island Earth.

25/1/2011
By Jerry Behr

Jerry Behr Number 2

Pigeons

Out of my computer room window I occasionally watch the pigeons flying around the local trees that are around my place. I have noticed when they fly around in circles that pigeons don't have a leader as such. Yet they do do disciplined flying and they like it very much.

I marvelled at their flying so I stopped working on my computer and stepped outside. It came to my attention as the pigeons flew around my head in circles the sound that came from their wings, a loud swishing sound. This sound probably is a signal for flying around.

Hence there is no need for a "leader" I reckon that's real neat and cool. Imagine no need for a boss or a Prime Minister or a President. All the flock of birds know what has to be done while the swishing sound is on; fly around and around in circles all together in the sky.

Another thing I've noticed when pigeons are finished with their flying around the male and female pigeons goes into little nooks and crannies. With much flapping of their wings commence a dance whereby the male pigeon try to mate. The female does the same dance? Crazy at any rate.

I suppose with such flapping of wings there are arguments going on with much dancing and much cooeeing after a while she probably gives in (pretty cool eh) ? After all that I went back to my computer started writing once more. Out of my computer room window what's next in store?

That's when I saw it, a pigeon with power flying flew to the highest summit of the gum tree then spread eagled its wings and just glided in the breeze making a huge arc virtually coasting on the wing flying in a lazy circle to the ground. He was by himself nobody else was around.

A few minutes late another pigeon did the same thing zooming up to the highest summit of the gum tree and again coasting on the wing gliding and landing on power lines. This must be so much fun for pigeons going for a ride on their wings and there is no need to hide. ©

Jerry Behr Number 2

Poem Hunter Oasis

I've been trudging and stumbling through the barren wilderness for years and years holding onto my mind. In this unhelpful barren land there is only television, some of them have a couple dozen channels to view. On the hazy horizon there is cable television in the stew.

Many a night I've been channel surfing and there is nothing much in the surf helping my mind that I'm holding. On television there is every known depravity known to man (and women) endless mindless violence and killing, every known ranting and screaming (isn't it just thrilling?)

I stumbled on and on through the wilderness of social garbage. I go to church there is some relief there, Jesus Christ is helpful he forgives people's sins. However, my mind which I'm holding on to is a free flowing one wanting to be free. All there is, is television with its multiple channels to see.

In this barren desert I can hear the electronic games, they are bloody everywhere, oozing with blood and guts and all manner of weaponry. Ranting and raving on television and on computers a mad house in the desert with echoing voices maddening man with its multiple choices.

Out here in this barren land there are neither publishers nor literary agents the poet is on his own. Only the howling wind and spinifex are out here for the poet to keep him company. Searching, searching for some sort of outlet where a mind can be free and used I bet.

One afternoon in springtime I stumbled upon Poem Hunter. com and I tried to sign up but I couldn't there was something amiss with my email address. My wife was mucking around with Google and Facebook so I changed my email to Hotmail; now I'm not a gook.

Ahaaaa lets try again and I tried once again with Poem Hunter ahaaaa well what do you know, now it works. I started to download all of my poems I had on file I even made a few more Boohaahaaahaaaaaaaaaaaa. It would seem these poets don't care for ra-ta-ra-taaaaaaaaaaaa.

As I sit here in amongst the palm trees in this oasis I realize that these poets that are here are interested in having a good read not so much in rhythm and rhyme. Over the oasis waters there is a rainbow spectrum throwing all manner of subject matter of life that is showing.

It's only in the Poem Hunter oasis where a mind can find relief. All other mediums like television, electronic games, DVD, Facebook and all other electromagnetic claptrap doesn't come anywhere near to giving man relief.

Only in Poem Hunter Oasis man can have his belief.

Only in poetry can man be an individual. only in this oasis can man be an artist and the electronic whatever can't take over his role and his creativity.

The creative spirit lives on showing a different realities and angles to life so society shouldn't be indifferent.

(24/11/2009)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Rainy Grey Day

Looking out of my window today it is a grey day,
with a sprinkling of rain. I miss the sunshine on green palm trees,
the flitting of birds criss- crossing between red bottle brushes.
This summer has been a depressing summer with many grey days,
however, the dams are filling up and life is
coming back without the sun's rays.

The greenery can't go long without sunshine,
so I wait for the day when the clouds break.
Looking through the gloom and rain and darkened shadows
makes me think of long departed friends and where they are.
Some of my friends went on their way due
to life's changing fortunes here and afar.

I miss the starry, starry dancing night sky with
airliners flying over head
and Vincent Van Gogh's moon sailing
across the sky. The palm trees are
devoid of birds giving the scenery out
of my window a strange frozen world look
without ice or snow. A world where time
stands still, nothing moves except for the rain,
and in the distance I can hear the rail line
and the clickity-clack of a far away train.

I miss the sunshiny mornings with the
chorus of birds flitting by my window.
I miss sun beams glinting through dew
drops and the sparkle of prismic rainbow colours.
Rain, rain, rain that dampens the spirit a long,
long, grey; athon endurance test for the soul.
One can't do much when it is raining and one
has to stay all the time indoors,
when all one wants to do is gardening and being outdoors.

As for me I like writing and looking out of my
window at the birds flitting by
and greenery under sunshiny blue sky.
During the day the scenery changes hue
as the sun goes into the afternoon, one can see the changing of the day
and sunlight's tide casting long shadows showing a changing ray. Late in the afternoon
the colour of the "after glow" signals the end of the day.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Sailing the Graviton Seas

Searing photons, electromagnetic cosmic rays;
The galactic graveyards of the Quasar Islands where galaxies end their days.
The mysteries of the graviton and the relative mechanical quantum currents.
Around the Quasar Islands going beyond the speed of endurance,
Protons and neutrons fly apart into elementary particles.

Sailing the graviton seas, we are all sailing the graviton seas.
Its quantum currents swirl the graviton seas.

At the Quasar Islands there is a black hole whirlpool,
For the unwary galactic sailor it means certain death.
The graviton seas are furious and strong at the Quasar Islands,
Nothing escapes the black hole whirlpool, least of all galaxies.
In the galactic death throws, searing photons, electromagnetic cosmic rays;

Sailing the graviton seas, we are all sailing the graviton seas.
Its quantum currents swirl the graviton seas.

Long before galaxies meet their destinies at Quasar Island,
They cartwheel on the graviton seas.
For untold billions of years their embracing arms curl around
The center of creation, giving life to billions of stars,
And the stars in turn giving life to untold worlds.

Sailing the graviton seas, we are all sailing the graviton seas.
Its quantum currents swirl the graviton seas.

In the gravitational waves does the graviton pull,
Or is it that matter tugs on the waves,
Is it falling or is it tugging.
Such are the mysteries of the seas,
The mysteries of the graviton seas.

Sailing the graviton seas, we are all sailing the graviton seas.
Its quantum currents swirl the graviton seas.

As the galaxies cartwheel along the graviton seas, filled with billions
Of stars and untold worlds, there on the universal horizon inside the
Quasar Island is the black hole whirlpool. Looming
Mercilessly with quantum power, tugging, drawing, all the
Untold worlds, the best of worlds ever closer to eternity.

Sailing the graviton seas, we are all sailing the graviton seas.
Its quantum currents swirl the graviton seas.

(20/7/2002)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Solitude

Solitude I seek thee as I walk the streets away from the hustle and bustle where my thoughts can wonder all over the place in any direction. It only takes a few seconds to put my foot on the road and to be on my journey to where ever it takes me. Rambling thoughts and emotions let loose and free.

Solitude I seek thee as I walk up my street during sunset and watch the orange sun sink below the horizon. I cannot take the stresses and strains anymore and seek relief, in roving, searching thoughts which is my belief.

Solitude I seek thee I feel the freedom it brings while nobody interrupts my thoughts of mind or pointing an incriminating finger at me. The soaring flight of thoughts uninterrupted flowing freely like the wind gliding between trees, this is freedom. My thoughts might be disjointed even encrypted in my kingdom.

Solitude I see thee as thoughts rejuvenate my spirit. I look at the city street lights and passing traffic I try to keep my thoughts in order so as I can make sense of them. I feel the early evening breeze on my face as my thoughts move about in a mighty race.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Suicide Of My Father

I received a phone call during February 1988 twenty one years ago. It was Hank a close family friend of the Behr family, he asked me to come to the family home right away. At that time my only transport was a bicycle so I rode down, it only took half an hour it wasn't far to go.

Upon arrival I met Hank and my mother Sophie in the kitchen. Hank immediately said " Sorry Jerry your dad did not make it" and explained he had hanged himself in the garage. Police and the contractors arrived later to ask me to identify the body which for me was a hard task.

Hank tried to spare me the horror; however, the law said I had to do it. I could see my father lying next to his metal work bench table, there was a pool of blood next to his lifeless body. Hank had cut him down there's no way to be kinder. As Dad came down he banged his head on the grinder.

I can still remember to this day the indentation of the rope around his neck and his lifeless eyes were still half open. I mumbled something which I have forgotten. This event was an absolute shock there was only a very slight hint of trouble when he lost his might.

It was before Christmas I visited mum and dad and while we talked I sensed a pervading sense of sadness in his voice. When I got home I said this to my wife Janet, about this pervading sense of sadness, it was the only hint shown; suicide is something before I've never known.

Later on I wondered what could drive my father to kill himself. It might have been worries about Centrelink and the fact that he did not declare his own pension on mum's pension, for him it was a worry. An unfortunate "life event" like a close family friend dying in a car accident he didn't want to lose.

He liked going on trips when he would be filled with excitement but when the trip was over he would feel a bit depressed. However, he would use work in order to pull himself up. In 1988 he couldn't work anymore now a full blown retiree he didn't work furthermore.

I suppose depression set in because he could not be the man he used to be and then my son Steven was badly burned and scarred in an accident which would also have played on his mind. Depression and not being able to work is an horrific bind for a man and the forces are terrific.

Some twenty years had passed and now I'm 58 and lame with a bum hip and on a pension. As I sit on my swivel architect chair

in front of my computer writing poetry and downloading it on to
Poem Hunter I realize
how lucky I am, at my age I can still work and scrutinize.

So for me there is never going to be retirement from poetry
writing and I'll just go on and on and on as a poet downloading
poems on Poem Hunter I hope youse guys will enjoy my poetry
there's never going to be an end to it.
I'll just finish this line so it'll just fit.©

17/11/2009

Jerry Behr Number 2

Summer / Haiku

Hot Aussie summer breeze
dozens of suns bounced off cars
in memory Dali's clock melted persistently.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Talking to Myself During Sunset

During sunset and after dinner I take Buffy for a walk,
we walk along the walkways where we live. Before we start our walk
I put cotton wool in my ears which creates a reflection of sound in my head. So
when I whisper talking to myself it is as loud as audible
talk, however, the whispering is so soft which is laudable.

The softness of whispering is equal to an evening breeze so anybody else can't
hear me anyway giving me complete privacy. I walk on crutches because I'm lame;
I got a bum hip from Perthes disease. I walk with Buffy she is only a small dog. In
whispering I release all my anger and rage
I felt during the day and things that bother me at my age.

There's a lot of things I can't discuss with them but when I talk to myself I can think
in words at great speed. I have thought quietly in my mind without whispering but it's
so damn slow. Also in whispering I can think in cryptic form that no one else could
understand, along with abstractions
I can think in words in all sorts' of directions.

When people walk passed on the walkway I have to shut up and maintain discipline
so I don't offend people or scare them. I enjoy sunsets, watching the sun go behind
the horizon and the sky changing colours it's also a time when there are less people
on the walkway.
Now we have come to the end of the walkway and come to a roadway.

Only out here can I think freely without interruptions and have a train of thought.
I walk with Buffy on the footpath next to the road next to the park and not be
bothered by anybody. It's the freedom to think without criticism and judgment of
what is thought.
Whispering solutions to life and making decisions which are brought.

(22/10/2009)

Jerry Behr Number 2

Talking To Oneself

Talking to oneself in today's times is an interesting subject. I'm a poet don't go away; This talking to oneself is being done in any time or generation or country, its being done by male or female in any Age. People who use it, will use it at every level of life's stage.

Since I'm a poet I'm not a smart arse, I empathize with you because I've got to use this ability for my occupation as a poet, so don't go away yet; I'm aware of this highly secretive world of ours of this self talking to oneself. You might think you're the only one doing this to yourself.

When I was a teenager I wondered somewhat if it was normal or not, I had a high school crush on a girl and thought it might be held against me. I fought against the self talk, lasted a few days then it came back, Tried again lasted a month, thought my mind be on track.

The next girl I met at high school showed the difference between infatuation and the real live thing. As an addiction I had to have it, I couldn't go without the self talk. I decided subconsciously just to live with the damn thing. Practicing talking to myself and its privacy it would bring.

In life I realized there are mental gears in the mind, different gears for different situations. As a teenager I had to learn to master these gears, and I must say I had a few oops's and slipping of the gears along the way. I needed great privacy and a place where I could stay.

I'm glad you're still around my friend as we continue exploring our world of self talk. Private places like bedrooms and grassy flood canals near creeks were used. Safe havens for perpetual self talkers like you and me. Loneliness did not bother me, I did not talk to a tree.

I didn't have an imaginary friend, nor did I talk to angels, nor did I talk to flowers, or statues only to myself only along those angles. I had asked who are you talking to? I talked to panorama to manage my mental gears, learning to live with self talk never minding mental fears.

For a while at least I didn't question the self talk any further and continued in life. Those were the years of high school, girls, living at home, and managing mental gears. Living with self talk never minding mental fears.

Then in the summer of 69 I met a girl in the outside world that captured my heart, I had started work and making my own way in life. Now I mastered the gears somewhat and it ran like an automatic transmission. No oops's in life, the self talk now an intermission.

The self talkers have a persona, one for the public,
another for the secret place of the mind where they
practice self talk, move between two worlds. Ending
high school, the self talk gears were locked in place.
For the rest of my life I used it in life's mighty race. ©
9/7/2004

Jerry Behr Number 2

Taste/Huiku

FreeExpression
bad as eating porridge yuck
now found taste yummy.©

By Jerry Behr
11/9/2011

Jerry Behr Number 2

Territory / Haiku

The cat prowled his realm
indignant Noisy Minor
demands the cat get off her turf.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Archibald Prize

No fuse to the Archibald bomb proves that the heart of art is dead.
There is a controversial theory artists theorize an exploding bomb conclusions led.
The exploding bomb theory failed, there is a regime of authoritarianism.
Controversy in the authoritarian's rules results in an exploding bomb of controversyism.
One thousand artists came with all sorts of theories and conclusions in their various arts.
Surely it must be shocking for a socialite to see pornography and the tarts.
What about smashing art apart and calling it creations dreams.
Say something political or social graffiti against the regimes.
Into the New South Wales Art Gallery so that they supposedly do their thing.
Authoritarian's rules will not allow artists dream explosives bring.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Blind Artist

The revolution began with the impressionists Manet and Monet along with Degas, Pissarro and Renoir. All of these artists painted colourful sparkling paintings of everyday life and they painted outdoors; not in a studio. Putting full expression in their brush work, they painted what they saw exactly as it was with their rainbow palette they all used. The atmospheres blended together in order to get the impressions that were fused.

However, Vincent Van Gogh saw the impressionists painted only with an exacting eye and the imagination was banned. Vincent painted with his passions and used his imagination, putting full expression into his impasto brush work. Along with Gauguin these two artists used colour arbitrarily and they were the Post Impressionists; they were the second wave. Combined these two movements in art in the later 19th Century was all the rave.

Also in the 19th Century was the birth of photography and the development of the box Kodak camera. Everybody could now make their own photos by pressing the trigger and send the box, film and all to the laboratory to be processed. Photography undermined the need for a portrait painter, for that matter even a landscape painter and art had to change. Painting had to be revolutionized once again to keep pace and increase its range.

In the beginning of the 20th Century a movement led by Matisse was born, who used colour even more wildly than Vincent Van Gogh. Even shapes were arbitrary and Matisse was branded a "Fauve" (a wild animal) . Matisse gave imagination full reign in order for emotion to get some sort of peace by meditating in tranquil settings in place. To get away from the hustle and bustle of city life and the frantic human race.

Pablo Picasso looking around seeing the art world crumbling around his ears due to photography said "Stuff it." Picasso had a completely new idea for painting and thought why in the hell paint what is there when everybody knows its there in the mind anyway. Along with Braque he invented Cubism a painting seemingly with double vision and cubes, with very limited view points and very little colour coming out of the paint tubes.

A couple of World Wars later it was a completely different world altogether where rock'n'roll ruled. The big Ford ruled the road, miles of expressways, transistor radios blaring everywhere. In all homes black and white televisions which would in later years change to colour, the computer was starting to come off the drawing board, the frantic pace of change, technology running rampant and roared.

With such revolutionary changes the painter Arshile Gorky said. "Booohaahaahaaaa! " and loaded his brush and − kaaaasplaaate – on his canvas and called it "The Liver is the Cock's Comb." Abstract Expressionism was all the rage. Jackson Pollock in his barn also said. "Boooohaahaahaaaa! " He laid his canvas on the floor from a can he splattered in a rhythmic fashion across his canvas from the wall to the door.

The pace of change in technology was frantic with computers and Microsoft and CD burners, video players, computer games on computers, games even on T.V. with x- Box and the all in all Internet. Television screens became so slim people could even hang them on walls like a picture complete with picture frame. There seems no more need for an artist to be around in a world to show a different side to humanity in a different medium that could be found.

Along came the blind artist Robert Rauschenberg who painted his revolutionary all white painting, devoid of brush strokes and expression it was indeed all white. For the first time in 25,000 years man saw no need for art nor self expression, man had been consumed by his own technology. For some sort of variety Rauschenberg painted in all black so people could see more; which for the art world in painting is indeed way off the track. ©

8/1/2008
By Jerry Behr

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Dance Of Life

An exuberance of life is to dance once more the dance of life
With your partner by your side.
To once again see the sunrise and hear the morning's outside chorus.
Feel the days vibrancy, the clattering of life during the morning's rise.
As the shadows come up on sunlight's tide.

The family once again at their morning ritual, pondering the day's future.
Stirring of the house as its members come each to breakfast table's side.
And the family chatter begins and feel once more the warmth of the family bond.
The morning is rushing now and each to their roles in life
At the rising of sunlight's tide.

Greeting the morning sun the family is off to their daily tasks
With your partner by your side.
The days excitement had begun as each journey off to their destinations in life.
Such is the dance the dance of life, its magnetic bond is so precarious and precious.
During the day each member of the family does their daily tasks at sunlight's high tide.

Although separated during the day while the partners dance,
Their minds are side by side.
Minds and hearts intertwined dancing life's dance during sunlight's very high tide.
At days end long casting shadows beckons the return of the family homeward bound.
Expectation and longing to recombine once again at home at sunlight's disappearing tide.

At days end the dance is calmer now there is dinner to prepare at sunset's glow.
The family's home is once again full of chatter and prattle about the day;
I'm hooome.
TV goes on, water jug goes on, dog comes in the kitchen the missus pats its head.
Kids having their juices and cookies, mum and dad with their coffees, its evening.

Role play comes to the fore as mum cooks dinner at evening's darkening glow.
Sizzling noises echo through the home followed closely by the smell of home cooking.
The missus looks through the kitchen window at Venus,
Dad reads the evening paper.
Mum asks Jenny to set the dinner table, it wont be long for dinner for the evening.

In the evening the family sit around the dinner table at evening's disappearing glow.
It is warm in the kitchen as Mum, Dad, Jenny and Pat and John sit at the dinner table.
Some dew fogs up the kitchen window as the family eat and chatter about the day.
Bobby is in the laundry room eating from his doggie bowl.
The dance of life has come full circle for the family as they eat their meal in the evening. ©

6/5/2004.

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Jerry Behr Number 2

The December 2006 Letter Concerning The Looking Room

Dear Mr. Sh*t Kicker, I've made up my mind to continue writing these sort of letters to you, because you have great difficulties handling your life on the dole. You also think you're the only one on the dole and you feel greatly depressed in your dole role.

First off I have a saying, "There's security in numbers, albeit, statistically." Centrelink looks like a highly modernized office, they've made it look that way to disguise the actual dole queue, as if nobody is on the dole, however, there's always somebody.

Due to the fact Australia's entire manufacturing has collapsed, it doesn't take much of an imagination that this causes unemployment. Don't believe the lies about 4.5% jobless and that its the best in 30 years, people who have any brains have economical fears.

In actual fact you are one of hundreds of thousands who are on Newstart Allowance. Over a period of half a dozen years millions of people would have gone through Centrelink. Don't go into depression, I'm well aware Australia is in economical recession.

I know that you hate the staffers of you local Job Network, they make you go fortnightly for those nonsense interviews. Even though you haven't worked for 26 years all told and have a bum hip, plus you're 56 years old.

You have to calm down and stop your swearing, even though Centrelink and the Job Network both deserve it. I know you've applied for the Disability Pension and they knocked you back even though you're lame, stuck on the dole track.

And then you're forced to sign the Job Network the "Activity Agreement." You have to look for work in the "Looking Rooms" Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday between 9: 30 to 12: 30, and its tough, you don't have a pedigree name that's also rough.

Nor do you have a verifiable work history because you've been out of work for 26 years. Then the callous interviewer demands you to make an interesting résumé. "The reverse polarity résumé" a résumé I call that's guaranteed not to get you a job at all.

I'm afraid when you asked for how long you're stuck with your local Job Network and they answered back for the rest of your natural life. All dolies are stuck with their Job Network run for ever and ever, its bloody terrible and not much fun.

The idiotic numbskull government thinks that by making dolies life hell, that this translates to employment all of a sudden. Crazy eh! ! ! All that does happen is the dolies hate the Job Network interviewer with great disdain. Cordiality went out of the window friendliness in refrain;

Unfortunately Mr. Sh*t Kicker this turns the atmosphere confrontational into "Us and Them." "Them" are the Job Networks and must be treated with contempt. "Us" are the 18—64 old guys and the 18—59 old women, victims of social atrocities upon our fellow country men.

You're fearful because you have a bum hip stricken with Perthes Disease, and Centrelink wont give you a Disability Pension. The Commonwealth Rehabilitation Services is out of the frying pan and into the fire, having the same "Looking Rooms" which you greatly tire.

Having a great disdain for the "Looking Rooms" I can tell you these "Looking Rooms" are everywhere, in all Job Networks, in the buildings of CRS offices, there is no escaping the "Looking Rooms." Computers are there for you to find work it doesn't matter where.

However, in your case having a severe medical condition, and no employment history going to the "Looking Rooms" is a cruel ruse. I know that these "Looking Rooms are in all towns in all States whatever, in Australia from Parramatta to Wollongong wherever.

Even if your condition was known by "Them" and the Work Capacity Officer even reduced your "Hours" there's no mercy from the "Looking Rooms". Old lame people, cripples, sick aged people past their prime they have to man the computers looking all the time.

Mr. Shit Kicker as fearful as it may look, as I said before "There is security in numbers." The Commandant of the Job Network fears that if all Dolies turn up for the "Looking Rooms" it'll fill up to the rafters there's no more room.

You can't slink away from the "Looking Rooms" there is no exception even for cripples. There is no mercy from the Commandant who demands your "Hours." This runs for ever and ever in all towns in any State from Melbourne to Ballarat there is no end at any rate.

People who have no chance of employment due to massive imports of manufactured products. People who have medical conditions, aged people facing rampant

age discrimination, sick people all have to be "There."
To see the Commandant there's no mercy it's not fair; ©
14.12.06
By Jerry Behr

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Green Room

Dear Mr. Joe Blow, the reason why I'm so interested in Aussie politics is because I regard the "Green Room" as the epitome of freedom and democracy. Question Time in the House of Representatives with its green carpet makes me glad.

Questions can be asked whether good or bad.

Question time on the ABC 2 is where the Prime Minister Kevin Rudd and his other Ministers, have to prove their metal and what they are made of with their political skills along with their stamina every day while "sitting" is in progress. The opposition also goes through the same process.

The P.M. Kevin Rudd and his counter part opposition leader Malcolm Turnbull sit at the oblong table facing each other. This is not a pleasant "get together," it's a highly combative stance whereby one would like to trip the other up to see thoughts stall. Mr. Turnbull would like to interrupt the P.M.'s. "train of thought" and fall.

Mr. Blow, you can well imagine Mr. Rudd would like to do nice oratory while answering a question only to be told to resume his seat by the Speaker because of the constant interjections made from the opposition side. Trying to annoy Kevin Rudd with accusations from their benches and see if he and his treasurer are hiding in their trenches.

The Latest OzCar saga is a classical example of this process in full motion. Turnbull thought he could trip Rudd up with the Ute Question (only in Australia can there be a Ute gate). In the end it was Malcolm Turnbull himself caught up in Godwin Grech's treachery, a psychological sickie from the staff of treasury.

Due to Godwin Grech's forged email and the fact he had been found out, Malcolm Turnbull now has mud on his face. Due to fierce metal testing in Question time Turnbull won't be around for long, I strongly doubt he could survive the terrible acid tests in Question Time during the day. Rudd's metal is untarnished and he can continue as he may.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The High Chair

In the morning after breakfast,
I mount my high chair,
it is as high as the furthest
adjustments will allow.

So that I can dangle my legs
down, just scraping the
carpet, which is of
great comfort for my bum hip.

In this position I can now
operate my computer,
and write poetry. The computer
allows me my greatest freedoms.

In this environment
I'm a psychological superman
with a mind that alternates
all over the place.

Between fantasy and daydreams,
to brutal realities,
flying into canyons
of political, and social themes.

I'm nonchalant
about the literary world,
I fly around in my
mind doing my own thing.

I can withstand the rigors
of great isolation,
loneliness does
not bother me.

As strong as I am
with my superpowers
I do have a fear—
'The Big Mumma Effect'

What's that you ask?
It's called role reversals,
which my wife sometimes
expects me to do.

Household chores for
me is the equivalent
of shifting rocks
of kryptonite.

It does not take long
before my hip goes

from under me, and I'm
hit with crippling pain.

Due to the pain
my mind does
not work so well anymore,
I'm limping all over the place.

I must get away from the
Kryptonite chores and back
into my environment
where I'm at my strongest.

Concerning the literary world
I don't care much for
ra-ta-tee-ra-ra-ta-tee
otherwise known as rhythm and rhyme.

Nor do I care much for
'Professor Poets'
because they think just because
they have B.B.D's in front of their name.

The B.B.D's think they are poets,
however, the real poets
are outside in real life
wanting to be a part of society.

Have a great thirst and
need to communicate
with society, and
express their souls.

The other thing I fear is
'The Carty Effect'
It's carting people everywhere,
driving my car.

I hate Kryptonite
it really buggers me,
driving all over the place,
must get back to my environment.

I must have my high chair
so that I can dangle my legs
down, just scraping the carpet
which is a great comfort for my bum hip.©
* * * * * * * * * * 24/5/2006

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Job Networks

The old lame man finished with Centrelink's paper rigmarole, was now forced to look for work. While limping along the car park, he noticed some syringes, next to the walls strewn with graffiti works, he limped into the offices of the Job Networks.

In Australia there is an El Dorado where the roads are paved with gold. Politicians from all political divides say there's manna from heaven and ample work for all, so come under our hunkydory sky. Dolies using the Job Networks should look and try.

In these offices the brethren are the forgotten ones, staff question these brethren if they are feigning. The lame bloke grimaced with pain, arthritis was chewing at his hip as he sat looking for work with his cohorts. Centrelink and Job Networks check dolies for rorts.

Stock markets abound with investment opportunities, Australia is an El Dorado, Taj Mahals in Brickveneersvilles is hot apple pie. Micro-Macro economics is hunkydory says the P.M. and bold, votes are to be had where brickvener is sold.

The government has created a new invention, the Job Network treadmill for all the doled, a paper chasing trail for all dolies and if errors are made on forms it's too bad. They must tread the treadmill or be breached, age discrimination is an understanding not reached.

In the lucky country and its affluence there's ample work for all, employment didn't die, so bureaucrats looked for new ways so that dolies don't bludge. Staffers don't like the brethren's negative attitude, they must look and look they weren't given latitude.

The old bloke rings around employers even though he has no pedigree name, due to his hip he can't be jack-of-all-trades. As he vainly rings employers they ask why the old guy hadn't worked for 20 years, he hobbled around in pain, he holds back the tears.

The staffers at the Job Network realize as long as the treadmill wheel turns the staffers get paid. Their hunkydory treadmill was paid with their souls they sold. So the staffers do what they are told, otherwise their hunkydory treadmill will fold.

Endlessly the Job Network treadmill must turn, least one falls amongst the brethren and wouldn't that be the pits. So the staffers also sold conscience's eyes in order to handle the unemployed by methods sly,

they lived in fear they started to spy.

After doing his two and a half hours at the treadmill
vainly looking for the phantom jobs there, the old
lame bloke said his goodbyes to his brethren still at
the treadmill. Clutching his painful arthritic hip,
he hobbled out of the Network on his homeward trip.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Junky

Ok Buffy stop your damn barking now,
Infact why are you making that row?
Oh! I see you're barking at a damned junky
Mucking around walking passed and funky,
Without any etiquette and morals shown;
All respect and decency for people thrown.
Infact Buffy bite the damned bugger
Who can only be described as a mugger
Of our orderly way of life and tidiness.
So Buffy show no timidness nor shyness,
Bark your pretty head off; I hate them too.
There is no room in life for the junky true.
The junk mail from junkies goes in the bin,
My patience with advertising is wearing thin
Nobody looks at the damned stuff anyway
And then there is always a free giveaway.
It's all rubbish it doesn't dawn on him
That all junk mail goes into the recycling bin.©

By Jerry Behr
22/11/2008

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Land Of Blaauae

In the land of nothing, in the middle of nowhere, and in the center of nothing.
To be here a place where there is a deafening roaring silence.
This is the land of Blaauae this place is in every suburb.
The land full of people, but the people are lonely in the crowd in this land of Blaauae.

Surrounded by affluence, in the land of nothing, in the middle of nowhere, central to nothing.
Is freedom really here in this land, and what sort of freedom is it if it is there?
Tomorrowness what an unbelievable experience, but is it here?
This land full of ethnic people, yet people are lonely in the crowd in this land of Blaauae.

What could occupy one self in the middle of nowhere, in the center of nothing?
Blaauae is also the devil's playground where he would like to snare the unwary.
Unemployment is an evil the devil knows well and he says come to my playground.
The devil's playground is full of play things, poker machines are ready in the land of Blaauae.

Consume the time and money in the land of the center of nothing.
The devil beckons come play the poker machine its only next to the shopping mall.
Time goes so fast in the devil's playground where the mind is in la la land being consumed.
In the land of nothing, in the middle of nowhere, in the center of nothing, the land of Blaauae.

The government give people pensions in the middle of nowhere in the center of nothing.
Nothing to do and no future in the land of Blaauae, the government says amuse yourselves.
And so all there is for the mindless is the stupid playgrounds.
Freedom comes from not playing in the playground with its play things in the land of Blaauae.

The devil laughs in contempt at being free in the middle of nowhere, in the center of nothing.
After all my playgrounds are everywhere in the center of everything within the crowds.
The devil doesn't want to hear moralistic Angels with their holy bla bla bla bla.
Nothing threatens the empire of playgrounds which are everywhere in the land of Blaauae.

Gold mines abound in every suburb in the middle of nowhere in the land central to nothing.
Gambling czars laugh all the way to the bank with their shovel loads of money.
These czars have no pity for la la brains nor listen to Angelistic bla bla bla.
There is so much fun in the gold mines and playgrounds in the land of Blaauae. ©

6/12/2003

Jerry Behr Number 2

The last walk

I awoke in the morning,
I could hear the chorus
of birds outside,
I got dressed.

Had some breakfast,
and a coffee,
switched on the TV
listened to the news.

I had an overwhelming
desire to go for a walk,
the sun was streaming
through the kitchen window.

How strange, usually I liked
walking during the evening,
in the dancing night where
I can rummage with my thoughts.

As I opened the door
I was greeted by the calls
from some currawongs,
and felt the fresh morning breeze.

I walked up the road,
I noticed my neighbors
I minded my own business
they did their business.

Strange, usually when I
go for a walk in the evening,
my hip is so sore from arthritis,
sometimes its even painful.

However, this morning it doesn't
hurt, so I'll just enjoy
my walk in the Australian
morning sunshine.

While I was walking a
young women walked at
the same speed,
and walked beside me.

She was very pretty,
I did a silent laugh inside of me,
she is very distracting,
I love rummaging with my own thoughts.

I'm a poet yet I dare not say anything
to her, I'm after all, an old bloke

yet she smiles at me,
she is indeed very distracting.

Rummage, rummage, rummage,
I love rummaging for words,
it is what I did my whole
life long, rummaging for words.

Oh crumbs, I forgot my pills;
Then again my hip doesn't hurt,
so who needs them,
she's very enchanting.

At my age its pointless
talking to such a pretty
young women all I can do
is window shopping.

Yes that's it!
I'll marry her in the next dimension;
She's very, very mesmerizing;
I cant do rummaging anymore.

There is a saying 'Age shall weary them,
and years condemn' I don't feel
any of that, nor do I feel tired
and my hip doesn't hurt.

I've made some mistakes in life,
and asked Jesus for his forgiveness.
In poetry I've sailed the
psychological seven seas.

How long have we
been walking for?
I don't know, I don't feel like
going home, she's very distracting.

I'll just keep on walking on,
with her, I feel a certain peace;
I think it is time to give
the psychological seven seas a rest.

Away from pointing the finger,
the recriminations.
It came with the years.
The currawongs are calling me

Jerry Behr Number 2

The LL Party

In Australia there is a democracy, its political machinery is made of the party systems. In order to form governments, people have a choice of numerous parties. Two dominant parties are the Liberals and Labor, one or other has been in power with policies they tailor.

The Labor Party is a powerful party in its own right, the Liberals made a coalition with the National Party. Combined they could go toe to toe with the Labor Party, the Liberals supports the initiative of individuals so that Australia won't be so primitive.

Gives free enterprise full reign and privatizes everything in sight, and has no interests in social questions. The Liberals believe in anti-socialism, all people should be working and recognize their place in life's role. Socialism is a heresy and nobody should be on the dole.

The Labor Party believes in wholesome socialism, and has the backing of the union movement. Labor believes that enterprises should co-operate with the union movements, to find the best ways of resolving their problems, around which their lives are revolving.

Labor believes in safety nets like the dole, another safety net is Medicare, social concerns like public housing. All of which the Liberals regard as a public heresy. The Australian people thought that this adversarial combative nature of democracy should be a tutorial.

During early 1970's Gough Whitlam's Labor Party was in power and made sweeping changes to Australian systems. Like the great lowering of tariff protection for industry and so manufacturers had to sink or swim. Manufacturers had to cut fat and become trim.

Then under controversial circumstances Malcolm Fraser during the mid seventies became Prime Minister and the Liberals were in power. However, the lowered tariffs remained the same, whether Labor or Liberal it stayed. Manufacturers and their markets started to get frayed.

The manufacturers of local products started to realize something, it didn't matter who was in power. Labor or the Liberals, local manufacturers were losing ground to imported goods. Australia attracted cheap imports with all manner of goods cluttering our ports.

In Australia there is democracy, its political machinery is made of the party systems, and people have a choice of numerous parties. The parties are Liberal, Labor, Liberal, Labor, Labor, Liberal, its been that way for years. Voting only for the LL Party, driving many to tears.

After Malcolm Fraser came the messiah Bob Hawke for Labor, it was now the early eighties. This Prime Minister believed in entrepreneurialism with his mate Allan

Bond. Since tariffs were so low why have them at all?
So Hawke got rid of the lot, manufacturers went for a fall.

The local manufacturers realized that the LL Parties were useless for Australia and manufacturing was dying.

Stuck with Labor, Liberal, Labor, Liberal,
didn't matter it all remained the same.

Known as the LL Parties, the policies had the same name;

Everything you see and touch is imported, no country
would be as stupid as Australia to import everything.

Local manufacturing is declining to such an extent, that it
is not far from flat-lining. Everything you feel and touch
is imported, 130 Billion dollars a year that's how much.

Even with benevolent welfare how could politicians ask
people to twiddle their thumbs for thirty years on the dole.

For the worker, Australia has no manufacturing future importing everything which
manufacturers abhor.

Labor, Liberal, Liberal, Labor, LL Party, Liberal, Labor.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Mad Mad Oil

For thousands of years man relied on the horse for transport, the horse was a magnificent animal that responded well to all his commands. Man could run the horse in all weather conditions, with great love man and horse built great traditions.

The horse could run day or night, for fuel, it only ran on grass and water, the horse every now and again, only required brake shoe changes. As transport, it had good stopping power, great cornering abilities, running around any tower.

All horses were equipped with automatic transmissions with variable speed changes, which man could change at his will. Man loved the horse lavishing great attention leading him into strife, there's accusations he loved it more than his wife.

There were a couple of drawbacks with the horse; There was the horse dung problems which had to be shoveled up from the main street by the tonne. After a long ride the horse decided it past the test, being tired the horse stopped and needed a rest.

In the beginning of the twentieth century a man, Henry Ford, decided he had enough of tired horses, and developed a horseless carriage. He called it by an unromantic name as the model T Ford car, it ran on petrol it could drive anywhere and far.

Ford knew that in the United States, especially in the Southern States, oil was discovered in vast quantities. Unlimited supplies of vast oil lakes gushing out of oil rigs, is indeed black gold, They said to Ford, the oil is unlimited so be bold.

Seeing that there was an unlimited supply of oil, Ford decided to create mass production to make cars easier to make, and cheaper for people. Churned out cars by the thousands for the market, he believed ordinary people should be the target.

The horseless carriage combined with unlimited oil became a huge success, Ford turned out model T's by the millions. Governments world wide had to build new roads and highways, huge expressways, roads everywhere, endless miles of motorways.

Other manufacturers observing Henry Ford said to themselves, surely he can't have the whole car market to himself. Along came Buick, Cadillac, master pieces like the Chevrolet and the Dodge stunning Ford,

found he's the priest of mass production, not the Lord.

The car became a world wide phenomenon, along came Mercedes-Benz, Peugeot, Porsche, and the great General Motors, the world was becoming motorized. Built cities, whole civilizations all around the motor car. The car was king of the road going anywhere and far.

Late in 1941 war mongering Japan, was not well endowed with oil, relying on the United States for their mad, mad oil. The United States said stop your war mongering or no oil. Japan's response was a deadly act, attacking Pearl Harbour, she wanted oil which was fact.

The United States dropped the atom bomb on Japan ending World War Two, the people danced. In peace the world entered into the rock'n roll years with 8 cylinder cars now the norm, petrol was cheap. Winged chrome car manufacturing increased real steep;

After the War, George Orwell wrote the novel 'Nineteen Eighty-Four, ' a world where on TV screens, man would see daily, armies constantly on the march. Cameras in the streets watching people's every move; Watching everybody for identities they could prove;

The rock'n rollers laughed, the war was over, these are the good times with rock'n roll, 8 cylinder cars. Underneath the ground there were vast oil lakes Motorists going for long drives with fun in the mind, going to work, and anything else they could find.

In Nineteen Seventy-Four came an energy crises, the world quickly realized, that the oil lakes were dwindling in their countries. They relied on Middle Eastern countries and OPEC. The world also discovered Islamic countries and Muslim religions, it became dramatic.

Barrels of oil were not a couple of bucks, it now costed heaps more like thirty-four bucks. It sent the rock'n rollers for a spin they couldn't afford 8 cylinder cars and halved the number of cylinders in their cars. People drove Datsuns, V.Ws, Volvos, now the stars.

Hippy people of the time said 'Real cool man' pushed and shoved a dozen hippies in a Mini. The rest went into Combi vans bedecked with flowers driving into the sunset looking for waves. The good times rolled on, surfing is fun and the motoring world can enjoy their unlimited run.

However, in the United States, President after President, were concerned about the dwindling oil lakes. Carter,

Reagan and George Bush were concerned about the Middle East with their vast oil lakes and difficulties with Muslim nations with different thoughts and realities.

A lot of countries in the Middle East each have their own oil lakes. More than enough to make every man woman and child rich. However, each country spent billions on weaponry and the whole region is filled with fear, watching their oil lakes and money which they could steer.

Iraq's megalomaniac dictator Saddam Hussein not satisfied with his own oil lakes looked upon Kuwait with its vast oil lakes. Invading Kuwait Saddam Hussein started the Persian Gulf War Part 1. The oil dependent world was horrified came to Kuwait to aid the defendant.

By now George Orwell's ghost loomed large; As the misnomered world war began, the war was displayed on all television screens around the world for all to see. It was displayed on all channels, screening relentless sights of armies on the march in deadly combat in oil fights.

The Coalition of world armies was winning the war Saddam Hussein was forced out of Kuwait. Being a mad dictator he looked in retreat at the mad, mad oil and set Kuwait's oil lakes alight created a scene from Dante's hell. Hussein laughed as he looked at his troops where they fell.

You would think that the world would heed the warning about dwindling oil lakes and the fact the oil lakes wont last forever. No, now started to drive 4 wheel drive cars, like Landcruiser, Nissan Patrol, nearly an unlimited range Jeep Cherokee, Pajero driving around nothing is strange.

The 4 wheel drives are so large the driver thinks he's king of the road. Nothing but nothing is going to hurt this bull-barred driver, as he sees over all. It started a whole new craze and everybody wanted one, a gas guzzling car that can go around without any fear go anywhere and far.

The United States system of democracy moved on, President George Bush passed the baton to President Clinton. An unusual event happened in the twenty first century. The son of Bush came to be President, another Bush in the White House was the resident.

After terrorists attacked the World Trade Centre, the United States declared war on terrorism. Governments all over the world put spy cameras everywhere, in streets, in buildings, trains, to watch people move, watching terrorists using cameras the identities to prove.

By now, George Orwell's spirit took ponderous proportions, as armies moved around the world. Again television screens day and night, viewed the war. This was Persian Gulf War Part 2— terrorism's war; Bush unleashed vast armies they had in store;

Cameras were in streets, watching people's every move. More vigilant for terrorists who didn't like United States amongst the oil lakes in the Middle East. Megalomaniac Saddam Hussiein was thrown from power, democracy was now the future watchword and tower.

The United States might have won the war, it didn't win the peace in Baghdad, and Iraq descended into a quagmire. A Dante's hell where evil spirits danced on the miraged sand dunes of irony tormenting the West, fomenting religious passions evil became a pest.

Oil as the world knows it, will not last forever. However, man has built whole civilizations around the motor car that relies on the mad, mad oil. Man built the first horseless carriage he must now build something new. A petrolless car that is for everybody and not the few.

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Mistress

There she goes again off to her church group for ladies and leaving me alone. The lame pensioner in an empty house and only my computer for company and lonely.

The missus is always off to some sort of associations of some sort or another. I only have a few, a writers group and a Pentecostal church in Bible belt loop.

Such associations are really not enough for me so I opened my back door to let in my small albino dog Buffy. Inside she relieves me of my loneliness tide.

Buffy is only a small dog a Whippet a kind of hunting dog. I'm now going to have a cup of coffee, a morning tea break and communion with Buffy appreciative of our union.

I sat on the sofa, Buffy jumped on my lap expecting a bickie or two.....or three. They say that a dog is man's best friend and Buffy is a girl dog so she is a girlfriend.

My mistress sat up on my lap then put both her paws on my chest and gave me affectionate hugs and kisses, her brown eyes sparkling with love I knew were no lies.

"Ok Buffy we'll watch the news"
I clicked on the remote.
"This is your last bickie alright,
so don't think that I'm uptight."

4/10/08

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Sh*t Kicker

He came by sea, along with all the
Others of the throng who all had enough of all the
"Attila The Nuts" of the world. So they all said goodbye to their native
Homelands where ever that maybe and set sail for the Land Down Under.
They all came, wives, husbands, kids, with their dreams let no man put sunder.

Journeying on the high seas was not without its perils,
The sh*t kicker's kids were nearly orphaned on the journey
To the Land Down Under. Psittacosis had gripped mum and dad,
For the three boys it was now a fearful Alien world that they were now sailing.
The kids needed fellow country men from the Netherlands mum and dad are ailing.

Before landfall mum and dad recovered and were reunited
With their kids and their little ethnic community which were onboard.
Sitting at the dinner tables were the, Van Oustes, Behrs, and the Rykers.
While journeying to the New Land, life onboard ship was like a hotel.
Going Down Under with their dreams, husbands, wives and kids twenty in total.

It was dawn, Mr. Anton Behr
Quietly walked on deck while the rest of us
Were asleep in our bunks below. Before him the panorama of
Sydney Harbor, on shore the lights had not yet dimmed, neither the morning star.
The morning breeze of freedom he drank like a toast to the journey from afar.

Mr. Behr noticed in the distance
A bridge looming and noticed the time,
It was The Time to get the missus and the kids
Ready for the New Land. With the families on deck, the ship birthed at
Circular Quay in front of the welcoming arms of the Sydney Harbor Bridge.
On the wharf the gangway emerged and all the world emerged from abyss's ridge.

The chosen ones came off the gangway and got on
The bus next to the arches the gateway into the New Land.
The world sat in their seats, mum, dad the kids, even grans
It was a fine morning. Welcome to the Land Down Under, a strange place really.
Weird all right, they drive on the "wrong" side of the road, but they moved about freely.

With wide eyes emigrants from all lands traveled along the
Hume Highway through Sydney's sprawling suburbs each talking in
Their own tongue. Through Broadway they came, Ashfield, onwards
Passed Bankstown, they then turned into Villawood all the buses with the throng.
Arriving at Villawood hostel what the immigrants saw, required them to be strong.

The "living quarters" were half moon ex army barracks made from
corrugated iron, there were hundreds of them gleaming with their silvery linings.
This was a far, far, far cry from the "hotel" that they were sailing on before.
It was freedoms call why they all came and they could feel freedom's breeze stirring.
Stepping off the bus onto the Land Down Under begins a lifetimes adventure sterling.

7/6/2004

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Sound Wall

The poet drove through the streets of fibro country,
in his mind he could hear the echoes of the news.
Race riots at Cronulla and Maroubra,
it reminded him of similar echoes,
Redfern, Macquarie Fields,
young men fomenting rages.
Disquiet in the lucky country.

The poet did not have far to go,
he was on his way to church,
the Liverpool CLC on the Hoxton Park Road.
The Pentecostal church.
Evening service at sunset.
The sun went down behind
the high sound wall.

Behind the sound wall were the districts
of Brickvenersvilles, and Taj Mahlsvilles.
On this side was fibro country,
the church seemed to be in the middle.
Behind the sound wall inclosed estates
seemed back to front presumably
to keep out the riffraff of the world.

Economic histories of different ages,
the twentieth century with its teeming immigrants,
ordinary peoples, workers of all sorts.
All came and lived in fibro country.
People could dream and hope for a life,
and a life for their kids.
There was a future.

Behind the sound wall was the twenty first century,
with its gleaming demographical escarpments.
People from this side of the sound wall
knew quite well the escarpment
was insurmountable. Ordinary peoples could not live
in Brickvenersvilles or Taj Mahalsveilles.
Things have greatly changed from yesteryear.

Yet, all these peoples from both sides of the M7
sound wall crossing the Hoxton Park Road came to the Liverpool Christian Life Centre.
A community of
believers, a great mix of Colors from different
social stratas sharing their faith in Jesus Christ.
The echoes of the news still bothered the poet with its innuendoes, with its disquiet in
the lucky country.

In Sydney there are many different
demographic escarpments and stratas.
Plate tectonics creating great pressures
on the huge Sydney metropolis. Asian communities,

Muslims, public housing estates. Brickveneersvilles
and the million dollar gleaming
Taj Mahal homes.

The poet now stood in his pew,
it was time to pray in tongues.
Sunsasusa transloola ranslucka pantalasta gombti,
yesba roontalas. Bubaloont vesta parentasloos
muranta mustaloos. Only God could understand
the poet's prayer and nobody else.
The poet answers to God only.

For the whole congregation of Colors it was now time
for praising and singing to the Lord. It was perplexing
for the poet, having befriended a family with two lovely
daughters. The family lived on the other side of the
sound wall deep in Brickveneersville. Yet, knowing them
prevented him turning into a bitter, hateful old bloke.
Warm experiences remembered for all time.

There were some tough times in the land of fibro.
People stayed for years and years, it was the long
lease of the Department Of Housing.
All troubles could be seen. Yet the poet did
not envy the family that lived in Brickveneersville.
Nor begrudged them their status.
He was not jealous of them, nor looked with contempt.

For he knew that he loved his world of poetry,
in the land of fibro, a different world to the other family.
The poet loved fibro country with its ordinary peoples,
with their troubles. The concept of ordinariness in
Sydney has greatly changed over the years. For young
married couples its a matter of finding their perch
somewhere in Sydney's sprawling metropolis.

The pastor of the church came to his pulpit and
said let us pray. Stastra valsocasta reeloon
pastrla. Yaasta moonlaa zinty maana zustas,
ronta mallasta gastaron kakastat.
unaa pasta sista elloiw lullston. The echoes of
the rioters went into the distance. The poet loved the
many cultured differences in God's house. ©

Jerry Behr Number 2

The Wordsmith

The Wordsmith sat in front of his anvil ready to commence his work, he starts up the bellows of his mind. Firing up his passions, airing his thoughts, increasing the heat of his thoughts until they become red hot; then the words are ready for forging. At his anvil the Wordsmith can hammer thoughts and words at his forge, latching his sentences that they may fly between hills or mountain gorge.

The Wordsmith has been plying his craft all his life; it's all he knew, it didn't matter to him if he received low or no wages he just carried on his craft regardless. To the Wordsmith the fire of the forge kept him warm during life's long journey, the fire also kept him company. With an anvil the Wordsmith can create different scenarios and have different perspectives hoping people would understand his work and not be indifferent.

The Wordsmith's craft is an ancient craft going back thousands of years transcending many civilizations and cultures. Over the millennia the tools of the Wordsmith's craft has changed with the passage of time. Far back in the past he used a quill and a candle to hammer off his words and see if he could change society. In his words he shows great truths and integrity showing great loyalty and propriety.

Over the passing of time came the pencil, then later, and much much better the fountain pen, and together with the oil lamp these improvements set the Wordsmith free. However, the revolution really began with the invention of the mechanical typewriter and the electric light glob and then, boohaahaahaaaaaa. However, the Wordsmith might have been free he's still tormented and beholden to a publisher to show his words to society so they could see.

During the late 20th Century and in the beginning of the 21st Century came the development of the computer and word processing; now this becomes the Wordsmith's brand new anvil to work on. Boohaahaahaaaaaaa, now the Wordsmith can write whatever he desires and not be beholden to publishers for now he can make his own book. Be totally free to write whatever he likes and show society a completely different out look.

Not necessarily is the Wordsmith going to write chrysanthemum poetry anymore or rhythm and rhyme or nice anecdotes. Rather the Wordsmith might attack governments and criticize society for its wrongs, educate people that not all is hunkydory with their country. For such freedoms the Wordsmith is really greatly reliant on a free and democratic society as Australia; in other countries the freedom loving Wordsmith would be shot for his piety.

19/2/2008

Jerry Behr Number 2

Thinking In Words

In the beginning it was never questioned, what it was, it seemed harmless enough.
This thing of thinking in words, this self talk of the mind, a discipline which is tough.
Mind ranging all over society for that matter all over the land.
Australia with its diverse multiculturalism and ethnic diversity to understand.
The mind and the words, never ending words, mind ranging all day.
Nothing is like this mind self talk with its agility, speed, its abstraction to play.
Flying around inside ones head the words denoting the whole of society to find.
And all it is, is thinking out aloud what one has on his mind.
With these intellectual exercises there is no grammar nor spelling, just don't go crazy.
For poets intellectualism is work, however, for civilians poets are regarded as lazy.
But then what is work, for some its going to a factory or a work shop.
People like four walls and a ceiling and they work until days end and then they stop.
However, with poets there are no walls or ceilings he is outside.
He is the commander of his own soul and is responsible whether here or the farside.
Indeed there is a responsibility on the poet's shoulders exercising great freedoms.
The poet thinks in words, mind ranging, moving about in his mind's kingdoms. ©.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Unemployment

Well-ordered society on employment hinged.
Governments can't understand why the masses whinged.
Now however every town and suburb is wracked by unemployment.
Governments are becoming draconian, authoritarian, administrative deployment.
Abolishing the dole the government thinks it solved the problem, they are so glad.
Australian Bureau Of Statistics studied "rubber" reckons unemployment is not so bad.
"But wait".The unemployed said in towns and suburbs."If you have abolished the dole"
"How come we're still here in every state in our unemployment role? "
Governments tried with "rubber, " abolition, terrorism to get rid of them and problem
hide.
Across Australia the unemployed said "This is no way of solving the unemployment
tide".

Jerry Behr Number 2

Unknown Cloud

I came to poetry late in life, I am shall we say a late bloomer.
I didn't want to admit it at first but I wrote in long hand, a bit of a dabbler.
I knew how shall I say, I thought funny.
I had a scenario's mind looking at different scenario's which I must.
I wrote the poem and left it in the draw for years and years gathering dust.

During my mature age years I was dragged by the government kicking
And screaming to do a computer course, which for a computer illiterate
Is an unknown cloud. At first my fingers did a hell of a
Lot of stuttering as I went through the drills of touch typing it still stutters a bit.
Learning the computer I had to save files, I saved it all over the place, crazy, I had a
fit.

The master of scenarios his mind now an unknown cloud.
After much finger stuttering and derogatory, adjectival languages I started to learn the
Computer, buuuuut being in my early fifties I didn't get a certificate.
I didn't have a computer the winds of change was an unknown cloud it was so strange.
I could see in a scenario's mind's sense the computer could increase the mind's range.

Later after Easter I got a computer, welcome to the new land of new scenarios.
Mmmmmm word processing its amazing, words can be thrown all over the place,
Sentences can be cut and pasted anywhere boohahahahahaha
Spell check comes in all its own, phrase the Lord, stuff studying literature for years.
I'm finely on my way with the skills I need and put away the frustrating tears.

First thing, type out the old poems that were done in long hand yea.
Going to the library and study poetry, yea national and international.
Crumbs, what are these poets writing about?
Crumbs, what is this drivel they are expressing about and to who?
Are modern poets sucking up to literary authorities and writing pooh?

I like different scenarios but some modern poetry does not compute, does not
compute.
One wonders who the poet's audience is, it aint me.
Once again my mind was in an unknown cloud.
Bugger this, if poets don't write poetry I like I'll write my own.
Modern poetry is not written for shit kickers to enjoy, that leaves me cold as stone.

Boohahahahahaha with a computer I can write what I like and enjoy my poetry to
My hearts content and never mind this so called unknown cloud.
Yea go through the unknown cloud and explore literary new horizons.
To put life back into poetry that seems so dead.
Never mind this unknown cloud which spreads so much dread.

Jerry Behr Number 2

Vincent Van Gogh

Throughout the ages poets wrote about anything and everything under the sun. They wrote about sunshine, it's raining, cloudiness, or it's windy any subject that comes to mind. The leaves on trees, and bees that fly around flowers, birds and the magic and freedom of flight.

I have noticed that poets don't write about people who talk to themselves. It does beg the Question why not, is it just as disturbing now as it was in Vincent Van Gogh's time? Even on the Internet the soliloquists seem to ask for a cure for their affliction, are there many soliloquists?

Vincent had grim fears of it; his Pa would hear Vincent talking and mumbling to himself, so on a couple of occasions his Pastor father tried to put Vincent in a mental asylum. Theo his younger brother influenced Vincent asked.

"Instead of talking to yourself write letters to me, and I will read them?" So began one of the world's greatest correspondents, hundreds and hundreds of letters from Vincent would be kept by Theo. Yet the irresistible passion to practice soliloquy was always there.

After a while Vincent would say "Back to work." He would use his art as a means to control his soliloquy and which way his character leans. Little did Vincent know later in the 21st Century that practicing soliloquy would be considered normal amongst creative artistic people.

However, the discipline between "the work" and soliloquy has to be maintained as it is now and as it was then. It requires great intelligence and imagination along with discipline in order to hold onto reality while pushing the "limits" of the mind self told.©

20/4/2009

Jerry Behr Number 2

Welcome To The Symposium Of Self Talkers

As a poet I welcome you to the symposium of the "Self Talkers" of the world.
This symposium is only for the dedicated self talkers and not for casual users.
It means being a real self talker who talk to themselves on a daily basis.
For years and years, month in month out since day dot.
For the habitual self talker there is no end to it and so that's the person's lot.

Now before we even start the practitioners of this form of thinking
Might think there're nuts.
The answer is no:
By way of analogy let me illustrate more
Have you ever noticed how a dog continually sniffs the air for smells galore.

Now a dog's brain is one big brain just for smelling and habitually she sniffs,
And sniffs with her big nose, one of the biggest noses in the animal kingdom.
Now for humans, they also have a biiiiiig brain, the biggest of them all.
This brain is wired for words the words are associated with abstractions.
The self talkers think in words said out aloud and thinking without distractions.

Just like a dog sniffs for smells, the human sniffs for words in its brain.
The smell becomes related to the abstracted article involved in the dog's brain.
Equally the words becomes an abstraction about society in the human's brain.
Because the dog's big nose can smell many complicated smells with her brain.
Equally the self talker can think many complicated thoughts with the human's brain.

I don't mind doing this symposium since I'm a dedicated self talker.
I believe this self talking mode of thinking should come out of the closet.
I realize that self talking for the dedicated self talkers cannot be shut down.
The only thing that can be done is living with it and to use it.
To manage life and not getting mixed up and having a fit.

Talking to oneself is a mode of thinking which does require some skills.
The self talker has to realize that there are different modes of mind.
Example —That of daydreaming, another is being with people.
Last: — Talking to oneself in a private place where the person thinks with the mind.
In peace and not be bothered by anyone the identity a secret nobody to find.

One skill that is important is that of holding on to reality.
In self talking don't talk to statues or dolls.
It would be inadvisable to talk to flowers or to the trees.
In order to hold on to reality talk to the outside panorama a reality to hold.
While talking to panorama the person is addressing the outside world self told.

I see now that this symposium is turning into a real seminar for self talkers.
Another important aspect of self talking is technique.
One undoubtedly is talking out aloud in a private place of some sort.
The other is that of whispering so that other people don't hear.
It is important for the self talker to observe great discretion so nobody is in fear.

For years for me self talking was done in private places, bedrooms being one.
Walking during the night, the darkness of night was the cover for whispering.
Walking with the dog during the night allowing the look of normalcy.
The street traffic of cars covering the whispering so nobody could hear.
In darkness it is panorama to talk to, whispering to the mind nothing to fear.

However, even to the most cleverest of self talkers there comes a point in time,
Whereby privacy is lost and remember that the self talking cannot be shut down.
Like an addiction there is withdrawal symptoms, and there is a craving.
Solution — Put cotton wool in the ears to keep out misnomer noises to hear.
Now whispering is magnified in the head creating privacy nothing to fear.

With cotton wool in the ears whispering is as quiet as an evening breeze.
But, to the wearer the whispering is as loud as audible talk.
Offering great privacy to the self talker.
Whispering talk of the mind and its thoughts not confided to others only to its own.
Mind whispers of society, life, the world, the self talker's mind is not overthrown.

One thing that is very important to the self talker is not to doubt the
Different mental modes of mind that are like gears.
Over the years the self talker has created well-worn grooves in the mind.
Where to change gears and realize the gears there're in, and right behaviour.
There should be no self doubt and have confidence to be in society's favour.

For the self talker there is a phenomenon — Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray.
"The Dorian Gray Phenomenon." Whereby the world around the self talker shifts.
Families, relationships, loved ones, even his or her partner in life, everything.
It all moves like a continental drift, even disappearing.
The self talker's mind mode remains the same ageless it is always appearing.

It is always there the mind mode, day in day out the same person talking.
Life's events, people dying, going into senior years, life goes relentlessly on.
Yet the mind remains the same, ageless, the self talker talks the same now.
As it was ten years ago, for that matter fifteen years ago and it remains the same.
Thinking with the words, toiling with words caring nonetheless for fame.

But then, self talking is talking to the wind and it went with the wind.
It would be better to put it to use for other people even to oneself.
A computer is useful it is slower than self talk, touch typing increases the speed.
With a computer and word processing the self talker can take mind photographs.
Word, words, words photographed on a floppy disk replayed like phonographs.

Therefore, the words are not in the wind it is kept and to be used like a diary.
Saved and to look back on and remembered.
For the self talker with new technologies, computers could be used in words of poetry.
The different modes of mind comes in good and handy for poetry writing.
Holding onto reality with no doubts between worlds and use the words for reality
sighting. ©

9/8/2004

Jerry Behr Number 2