

Poetry Series

**Stanley Collymore**  
**- poems -**

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# Stanley Collymore()

# A Bloody Awful Night!

By Stanley Collymore

Slept fitfully during the night vacating my bed at times to go to the loo, an urgent necessity I must say as this recent bout of incontinence I've been irritatingly having remorselessly continues to have its sway. The aforesaid activity now finally done and me back in bed instead of my quickly falling asleep again and getting some much needed rest that my physically and mentally traumatized body could well do with I annoyingly lay wide awake desperately yearning in my disturbed state to mercifully fall asleep, but does that happen? Not on your nelly as my aching joints begin to constantly and cruelly play up something awesome and so the entire bloody mess of what's unjustly and painfully happening to me relentlessly goes on. And after all that who given the excruciating agony of such awful physical and psychological distress would seriously and involuntarily, let alone willingly, want to be so comprised as I was in all this?

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17 March 2017.

## Author's Comments:

This poem wasn't written with any intellectual or academic pursuit in mind or because it was intended as a means of conveying any inspirational or instructive message to anybody. It most certainly wasn't I can assure you! The motive behind it, if you can call it that, is that it was born of a situation where I was totally pissed off due to a lack of sleep and no matter how much or how hard I tried to remedy that state of affairs there was no respite to it. So with those frustrating thoughts running fervently and inescapably through my mind I

usefully employed the time to pen this poem. So here it is and you're perfectly at liberty to make of it what you will!

Stanley Collymore

# A British Slut, Yes! But Naturally So Or Socially Conditioned To Be?

By Stanley Collymore

Why would any sensible person, let alone a highly intelligent one like me, ever want to set up home with a lascivious one-night stand like you eager as a buzzing bee to eagerly garner what nectar she possibly can from the human equivalent of whatever available flower that aforesaid busy bee is after and eventually manages to deceitfully secure? Authentic love is considerably more than just dropping your knickers, whether casually or calculatingly inborn, impulsively having a shag while also possibly in the bargain unintentionally or even deliberately conceiving a bastard bairn whose real paternity, because of the surfeit of shags that you've compulsively, freely and rather inveterately been involved in, that even the slapper mother in you couldn't without the scrutiny and scientific analysis of DNA technology say with any real confidence who the actual father is expect me - because I was at a loose end then, felt like a screw, and perfunctorily had one with you - to now as an apparently steadfast bulwark against your unsurprisingly assorted, economic and societal problems to unbelievably marry a rather common slut like you?

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13 October 2016.

### Author's Remarks:

There are a number of things in life that having observed them firsthand and most carefully as well as objectively analysed them all the better to understand how it was that they could have possibly come about in the first place, and unable to arrive at no logical justification for their presence I came to the rational conclusion that they should be totally detested.

Principally among these distinctly distasteful, obviously loathsome and utterly pernicious characteristics routinely and even obsessively displayed by these contemptible elements of certifiable lowlifes passing themselves off as purported constituents of humanity and what's more even seeing themselves too as entirely indispensable to the human race when there's absolutely and discernibly nothing whatsoever that's remotely humane or admirably human about them let alone that either does or could possibly support their ludicrous contention in respect of themselves has therefore and quite understandably in my case led me to list some of the major defects of these lowlifes and unapologetically outline them here.

Inured and most irritatingly consistent acts of mindboggling hypocrisy; deeply entrenched, episodic in character and rampantly employed double-standards, and manifestly woefully purblind instances of ongoing stupidity so apparent in themselves but all the same are very concomitant with blissfully indulged in their practices by all those concerned. And all three of which among other discernibly miscreant and even serious criminal acts of behaviour are now salient and fully accepted features of the British mainstream way of life.

One that's manifestly and self-servingly encouraged as well as avidly promoted by those who benefit the most from it; and significantly ironic as it undoubtedly is even idiotically embarked on by those who monkey-like ape in the most instinctive and toadying manner possible their perceived 'social betters' in their odious conduct but who themselves in this process are so brainless with it and systematically brainwashed overall that they don't even notice that they are the principal victims of as well as the constant losers in this perceptibly detrimental and top-down social transformation foisted upon them.

A social transformation which is evidently catastrophic; that has heralded and enforcedly ensured the virtual destruction of conventional marital family life in Britain and quite non-consensually replaced it with one that is now a gratuitous free for all environment of ever ready breeding and absolutely lacking in self-worth sluts willingly serviced by largely dim-witted, similarly inadequately educated, hedonistic and narcissistically high on their alleged 'machismo', more

fittingly the rank stupidity of these British morons and whose collective behaviour along with that obviously of those whom they habitually transiently service and then disappear off the scene leaving the dwindling band of decent elements within British society to pick up the financial tabs for the sick, sad and recurrent dysfunctional behaviour of these societal lowlifes and their 'fatherless' bastards, is the kind of nauseating conduct that in essence would make all self-respecting rabbits at best instinctively blush with severe embarrassment or more probably squirm in repugnant horror, if these British and allegedly human goings on were communicated to them.

Being part of a one-parent family although not the most ideal situation for any child to find itself in, and every empirical study which I've methodically read and such literature on my part is vast I assure you, and furthermore is amply supplemented with and firmly reinforced by extensive observational experience which I've both professionally and socially acquired over the years and altogether categorically show this to undoubtedly be the case, is not in itself an inescapably disastrous outcome that's just waiting to happen or for that matter an unavoidable one. And I'm specifically referring to those children who were both conceived and born in a quite conventional marital situation, or even likewise from a thoroughly and loving, responsible perspective an authentically heterosexual partnership relation but who because of the unfortunate death of one of their biological parents or the regrettable divorce or split up of them now find themselves in the generalized category of a one-parent family attendant with all the cumbersome baggage and unsavoury connotations that terminology societally carries.

But whichever way you look at it there's no getting away from the obvious fact that in the UK there is now a majority of kids who from birth and often into adult life never have the constructive influence of TWO parents or the worthwhile mentoring effect of responsible men in their lives. And this is every bit true in their dysfunctional homes as it is in the often dumbed down, and terminally sociologically, sink schools that they're obligatorily as part of a miserably failing so-called educational system dispatched to and where to put it most candidly the only disciplinary influence there, if any exists at all, is from WOMEN. So no male mentors in these kids lives and like a chicken raised by a duck because a hen's egg was placed in the clutch of a duck's eggs while that duck was in the breeding process that prospective chicken instinctively on being hatched grows up thinking it's a duck and acts accordingly.

Hence the preponderance of Queers, dominant Dykes, Paedophiles and the rest of this sick contingent that infect Britain and whose conduct is avidly promoted as 'normal' by those who are the ring leaders in this sickening perversity; but

who because they're principally from the privileged 'elites' - some elite - they are untouchable; and it's quite apparent to me and those I speak to in Britain when I'm there as well as here in Germany on this and other allied matters that your role as DPP, and not withstanding all the disingenuous and dishonest crap that you're mouthing, ALISON SAUNDERS, is to protect those who you clearly owe you job to, and in my honest opinion which you're wholly unsuited for, along with their likeminded privileged perverts. All the rest coming from you, the CPS and the rest of them is one hell of an elaborate deception. And it's not just the paedophile perverts but the many British war criminals as well. Start prosecuting them and I'll start to seriously consider what you have to say or actually do say!

Stanley Collymore

# A Cautionary Tale

By Stanley Collymore

Be very wary indeed of what you wish for  
with regard to others, especially if that  
wish has a malevolent edge to it. For  
Fate with poetic justice and even a  
hint of perversity can and often  
does cause that wish and its  
attendant consequences to  
unexpectedly rebound  
on the person making  
it, and with all the  
force majeure it  
can marshal!

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28 December 2009.

## Author's Remarks:

Although this specific poem was written long before the glaringly obvious irrelevant and to my mind disingenuous kaffuffle over Britain's exit or non-exit from the EU and which frankly has as much relevance to the rest of the world as paedophiles grooming their victims within the confines of the Westminster Bubble or the Lancashire town of Rochdale for that matter I nevertheless do honestly think it does have some relevance to what is presently, fixatedly and rather frenziedly almost to the point of farce going on in the United Kingdom. And sensible and intelligent individuals who're conscious of what I'm referring to and similarly observant of the said factors will themselves be also completely bewildered as I am by it all; a few of the said features I've decided to itemize here: delusional hubris, gross misinformation, the plethora of downright lies, Master Race nonsense, xenophobia and trumped up racism.

And affixed to all the aforementioned and absolutely ludicrously rampant and asinine nonsense is the idiotic belief that in the 21st Century Britain a Second Division to use a football analogy which many of you idiots out there are fully cognizant of can quite independently behave as though it were a Premiership League side and furthermore at the very top of that particular division, which to anyone who clearly isn't completely brain-dead, blind, utterly naive or totally off

their rocker, it isn't. For this perceptibly isn't the 19th or even the early 20th Century and Britain no longer rules the wave even by clinging on to the coattails of the United States as it routinely does and in case you morons living in your time warp are unaware of this established fact, the Empire is no more. That effectively means that in this unmistakable era of globalization Britain has to compete with other countries, some of which it once barbarically controlled and so from that position could and habitually did remorselessly exploit. That fortunately is no longer a viable option!

But what absolutely does get's me is that those who're perniciously and obsessively spearheading this so-called Brexit campaign and cynically using migration and race as the principal tools in their calculatedly insidious armoury of intentional deceit and manipulation, and consciously in the marked absence of providing any convincing or compelling information to substantially support their dastardly chicanery while at the same fervently brandishing their fictitious &quot;English/British&quot; pedigree as their genuine raison d'être for keeping migrants and refugees out - conveniently overlooking who it is that caused these refugees and migrants in the first place and why - is quite risible if the matter weren't so bloody serious.

For who are these quite redoubtable Brits and English to the core and who don't want migrants or refugees into the UK? Individuals whose British links and ancestry are as appropriately so as my Eskimo ones. And believe you me, I have no such links! So let me name a few of them and you can afterwards do your own homework on the rest of these odious, dishonest and essentially non-British scumbags. Michael Howard, Boris Johnson, Nigel Farage, Ian Duncan Smith whose Chinese looks distinctively show up in his physical features and unsurprisingly so for he does have Chinese ancestry. Then there are the plethora of Yids from all over the European mainland and Russia whose ancestors or else they themselves habitually fled to Britain from the multiple pogroms and not forgetting the little matter of Europe's holocaust committed against them and sought refuge in Britain. My word, how self-centredness, greed and arrogance do dull the memory of some people! And it's a safe bet that without the altruistic contribution by the relatives and ancestors of many of these vilified migrants specifically during World War II that none of these Zionist bastards would be alive today. Now they want to fasten the door on these migrants and refugees in the similar manner that the Nazis did to them! What a pity that Adolf Hitler and his Third Reich didn't realize their praiseworthy ambition before World War II ended! You know? The Final solution!

But these weren't the only loathsome scumbags that were let into Britain. The United States resorting to its pernicious blackmail - when has it ever stopped one

might well ask? - against a pretty destitute post-war Britain compelled Clement Attlee to let into the UK for settlement hundreds of thousands of Ukrainian and Polish Nazis and their families on the demented idea that as they were anti the USSR and had fought with the Germans during World War II they could be used as human fodder for the United States' own delusional designs of attacking and overthrowing the Soviet Union. That didn't happen of course and this scum remained in Britain and have proliferated in the process, comprising the core elements of many rightwing groups in the UK including the BNP and Pegida and who peculiarly go around claiming not just to be British but also especially Anglo-Saxon English defending their homeland - not Ukraine or even Poland but England can you believe it, from foreigners. And these, inexplicably as it seems, ladies and gentlemen of the jury (laugh) are the composite factions of mother-fucking, psychopathic and sociopathic loonies either directly involved with or leading the Brexit campaign. One really couldn't make stuff like that up.

Then there's the fabricated public fuss over the Queen's alleged views on the matter. I don't know about you but frankly I couldn't give a toss what she thinks far less will I allow her personal views to sway me in any way. The woman after all is a hereditary monarch who when last I checked is non-elected; and to disingenuous counter claims that the EU Commission is also unelected - yes it is, but those who sit on it are there by virtue of being appointed to their respective positions by the elected governments of the 28 member states of the European Union. Not ideal I freely admit but a marked improvement on what at present we have in situ in Buckingham Palace, have allowed for yonks and will carry on having if the cap-doffing, social climbing and subservient serfs across Britain have their way. And irrespective of whether one actually likes the EU Commission or not, and I personally don't as it's presently constituted, at least its members can therefore be replaced; not so her indoors at Buck House! So it's really a typical case of the Brexit loony pot, while quite fraudulently, completely dishonestly and discernibly corruptly vociferously and idiotically ranting on about accountability and their twisted version of democracy, calling the EU Commission kettle black!

Personally I don't really care how the Brexit vote goes, I shall utilize my vote as a UK citizen while you can do the same as a British subject. Doesn't it affect me then? No; and here's why! I've lived and worked in Germany for many years, paid my taxes and NIS there while continuing to do the same in the UK. My longstanding female partner is German - I thought in the circumstances I'd specifically mention her gender since I don't want that terminology, partner I'm referring to, to be in any way either confused or else equated with its general and usually non-heterosexual queer and dyke meaning in Britain. And just as significant as the two earlier reasons given, on my father's side of my family I

have legitimate German blood and therefore automatically through my blood line qualify, in addition to the other reasons cited, for German citizenship and thus the automatic right to travel freely throughout an EU physically devoid of Britain. And since I've absolutely no intention whatever of ever giving up my British citizenship, for stubborn reasons rather than any need to be identified with you lot, I shall frankly have the best of both worlds. So please do your worst Brexit numbskull and foreign originated morons, get Britain out of the EU and see who really cares? The Queen might be ecstatic as it'll undoubtedly ensure the delusional notion of the Divine Right to rule over you &quot;revolting&quot; peasants! But is that reason enough in the 21st Century?

Stanley Collymore

# A Chilling Audacity Triggered In The Nurturing Cauldron Of Intellectual Ineptitude

By Stanley Collymore

For those of you genuinely in love and whose chances of lovingly and successfully being able to freely live and mutually share your combined lives together in a constructively loving partnership or the sacred union of matrimony as you conscientiously hoped would be the case in your personal relationship, but in their place had these aspirations cruelly challenged, venomously impeded and gravely in danger of being dashed through the persistent bigotry and vilifying hatred of those whose utterly sickening and racist objections are based and focused entirely on nothing more than these opponents repellent and categorically perverse opposition to the noticeable difference in skin colour and racial origins of the parties involved. Advice: stick unyieldingly to your guns and original resolve; don't in any way let yourself be intimidated by narrow-minded coercion, and decisively in no given situation be either tempted to or actually submit to what clearly is orchestrated oppression and, consequently, apprehensively allow yourself to succumb to unjustified defeatism by throwing the towel in, and as a result let such odious people regrettably win!

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Author's Remarks:

It has always been a source of disdainful amusement to me to observe people who're evidently incapable through any mechanism, fair or foul that one can surmise about, of altering the situation they get so hot under the collar about but which in actuality isn't to any sensible or intelligent person a problem at all, since it is and has always been abundantly clear that the "problem" which is generating such angst in the minds of those who're obviously and even openly fanatically obsessed with it, that when looked at impartially isn't a problem at all other than in the sick minds of those who're preoccupied with it.

Race and one's skin colour are two such human and natural variants that promptly come to my mind. And why anybody other than a brain-dead imbecile or a purblind moron would really want to, let alone compulsively utilize their time, personal effort, energy and even their own economic resources with what's essentially the asinine preoccupation of something which they had absolutely nothing to do with, even in respect of themselves far less so other people, and significantly can't change however much they might fantasize about such an absurdity is frankly beyond me. Yet bizarrely there is no shortage of such people who thoughtlessly and in defiance of all sanity carry on regardless with their ingrained and pernicious acts of risible lunacy.

Stanley Collymore

# A Compulsive Liar, Thief And A Born Fantasist!

By Stanley Collymore

You came into the world on 1st February 1958; an inauspicious birth among one of three to a perennial drunken father and a similarly inebriate mother who would subsequently tragically die of cirrhosis of the liver. School, or more importantly your attendance there, was consequently and unsurprisingly given the particular family circumstances that from your earliest childhood existence you found yourself habitually growing up in, was never ever going to be a requisite necessity much less so a crucial priority either for your parents or you to give any acknowledgement to, so apparently and rather predictably, you were neither encouraged by your parents nor from your own perspective, assuming of course you even knew what that word meant, saw any pressing need to attend; so naturally you happily grasped that consensual opinion to heart and evidently you rarely went.

Predictably from the very start of your puberty the seemingly enticing sexual world of adulthood, initially and curiously exposed by you then soon afterwards keenly accommodated on your part, rapidly ensnared your passions and at sixteen and with parental permission - clearly from their point of view one less mouth to feed and from yours the desperate aspiration of finally escaping a controlling and still consistently inebriated woman as a mother and an often drunk himself but even so submissive husband of hers as your biological father, and

when one added to this you going absolutely nowhere either in social developmental or even protected employment terms while ongoingly as you saw it and possibly forever so entrenched in a working class area terraced council house and what moreover was a demonstrably dysfunctional and also noticeably a debilitatingly oppressive home - my reflection on the situation not your own - you simply got married! For having queried the uncertain wisdom of politely putting up with more of the same that you already had or actually leaving home altogether your responsive decision was basically to earnestly choose the latter of these two options.

An alternative arrived at more from the impulse triggered by the desperation of your personal situation rather than any motivation of real love for the man who you married, since as you well knew when you decided to get involved with him that like your father and mother, even though he had the skilled knack of readily turning the charm on at any time that it suited him, he also was a heavy drinker and quite discernible to someone like you who had grown up in a household of drunkards an unmistakably in denial alcoholic; yet quite bizarrely you carried on your relationship with your then lover, married him and astonishingly and of your own free volition sedulously protected

him by maintaining  
your firm silence  
concerning his  
intensive and  
financially  
crippling  
drinking  
habits.

But worse was to come for as with your mother drink  
only brought out the worst in your husband and  
with his obsessive jealousy that any man who  
spoke to you no matter where or however  
trivially so, or even glanced admiringly  
at you either fancied you or you him  
and therefore beating the hell out  
of you when you got home was  
an appropriate solution and  
additionally a necessary deterrent to stopping you  
being attractive, if not physically at least then  
psychologically, to any man, your specific  
experiment of leaving the family home  
for one of your own clearly wasn't  
paying off as you'd hoped and  
had even become more of a  
terrible problem for you.

For in the interim you had become a mother  
thrice over: giving birth to two girls: Cathy  
and Tracey and the boy child that rather  
fixatedly your husband always wanted.

But even the significance of being a  
mother couldn't or didn't alleviate  
your parlous situation; for your  
son tragically died as a baby -  
a random cot death incident;  
however with his passing  
blamed firmly on you by  
his enraged father your  
husband's hedonistic  
binge drinking and  
periodic beatings  
of you suddenly

became nastier  
and a lot more  
unpleasant in  
their cruelty.

About this time you finally saw sense and considered having a divorce, itself made easier by the fact that your husband John seemingly wanted to get out of your marriage too. He'd in the meantime got himself a mistress who evidently craved much more than just being his bit on the side and in addition to that for him the irksome problem of all the accumulated HP debts that you and he had jointly run up coupled with child support for his two daughters and maintenance for you who wasn't working didn't the least bit rank favourably with what he generally considered to be a worthwhile or profitable way for him to be living, so he willingly consented to your starting divorce proceedings against him, knowing full well that by the time they in essence got underway he and his girlfriend, who apparently came from the north of England, would long and quite permanently have departed from the area of your marital residence that consisted of the absolutely charming and rather pleasant Berkshire town of Reading; making it quite unfeasible with his whereabouts distinctly unknown for him to be logically pursued by the courts in any resolute fashion for either for child support God forbid his ex wife's maintenance that he had no intention at all of ever of paying.

There are all sorts of mysterious reasons that baffle questioning minds as to why completely out of the blue things suddenly happen, and your accidentally meeting at a local bus stop Pauline, on account of a late bus that on its ultimate arrival would then

take both of you into Reading's  
town centre where somewhat  
coincidentally the two of you were independently  
heading, an unfamiliar man that as it happened  
lived just one hundred yards distance from  
where your home was but who previously  
you hadn't met, were unknown to each  
other and accordingly were what you  
would call archetypal strangers but  
all the same following that chance  
meeting between the two of you  
would fatefully, spectacularly  
and markedly constructively in every possible  
way change for the infinite better not only  
your patently muddled life Pauline and  
your gloomy outlook on it but equally  
the lives, potential and expectations  
of both your daughters: eight and  
four years old then, and which  
providentially for all three of  
you would turn out to be  
unquestionably one of  
life's truly amazing  
and unsurprisingly  
so unfathomable  
and distinctly  
mystifying  
omens!

Happily too for you the man you met that day Pauline  
and whom you got talking to afterwards on that late  
bus on your shared and reciprocally pleasurable  
journey towards Reading's town centre was  
by any criterion which you could possibly  
have devised a very exceptional person.  
Clearly a local himself he was deeply  
involved in a local community and  
communal extracurricular education  
programme that he'd altruistically, voluntarily  
and solely devised and besides was himself  
the coordinator of and that was expressly  
tailored for and perceptibly directed at

educationally deprived members of  
all ages over eleven years within  
Reading's broader community  
devoid of the benefit of any  
significant education or else if they were still  
of lawful school age had found themselves  
discriminatorily and immediately kicked  
out of their learning establishment on  
the basis of rather specious reasons  
for not having them there, and as  
assuredly as hell in those very  
prescriptive circumstances  
never ever likely to get  
any sort of education  
much less so minus  
a determined and  
committed try a  
practical one!

However, with amorous intentions noticeably on your part  
Pauline and quite obviously resulting from this chance  
encounter that you had with this stranger focusing  
intently in your head while simultaneously and  
calculatedly encouraged by your similarly  
actively cultivated, and themselves even  
having a degree of urgency all their  
own about them, expectations that  
quite rapidly and unimpeded coursed through  
your highly stimulated veins; a passionate  
assignation, more so than any uplifting  
educational agenda operating as the  
principal motivation behind your  
eager desire for pursuing this  
brand new and exploratory  
relationship, became your  
superseding focus and  
single-minded remit.

A promising association, as you very much saw it,  
quite manifestly in the physical mode and itself  
largely uninhibitedly complemented by - and  
as you plainly and grievously felt in your

ambitious and overtly outlined personal circumstances an exceptionally cruel and wholly gratuitous sex-starved, emotionally unsatisfied and, as well, a marital, sexually-constrained and completely insufferable situation -full-blooded, extravagantly indulged in and consummately unrestrained acts of truly licentious coitus. And having as agreed met up later on in Reading's town centre after your personal business there was out of the way you amicably had coffee together in one of the local restaurants - you said you weren't hungry so no need then for you to be fed - freely swapped phone numbers with each other and amidst the cheerful chatter expectantly waited while the stage was set for the next chapter of this evidently unforeseen but, all the same, gripping and fascinating saga.

Later that night you phoned your new friend, explained that the children were soundly tucked up in bed and therefore you were all alone; thus categorically through what you intentionally said during that specific conversation coupled with the explicit and accompanying well-rehearsed and quite purposeful, coquettishly enticed invitation that you proffered and which was instantly and likewise decidedly taken up and satisfactorily signalling that both of you were fervently conducive to the impending chance of fucking each other, decisively conferred the green light on the 1 July 1984 for the first sexual encounter ever within the confines of your marital home between you and the man you'd intentionally and somewhat deviously as pivotal events would

later show assigned to  
be your latest lover.

And in contrast and most profound in every way Pauline was the positive contribution that this new man you'd taken into your life brought not only into your own but also and distinctly so the separate and joint lives of your two children. Taking both girls, after careful consideration for their future, out of the sink school close to their home that they were unsurprisingly expectedly in, he constructively spoke to the then incumbent Headmaster and an ingenious acquaintance of his and had them both transferred from where they were being "schooled" for their envisaged devalued function in life to the absolutely first-rate English Martyrs Catholic Primary School with its truly exceptional teaching background, and from where Cathy: the senior of the two girls, would subsequently by virtue of adept preparation at English Martyrs and her passing the requisite entrance exams be promptly registered at and become a highly gifted pupil of the all girl, well-renowned and justifiably esteemed Kendrick School in Reading. A very apparent improbable prospect had she and Tracey been obliged to remain at the primary school where previous to them relocating to English Martyrs they had formerly been.

Furthermore, this thoroughly engaging man in your life Pauline had at the voluntary and consistent request of both your daughters, since their biological father had long ceased to play any role either meaningfully or financially in their two young lives, been asked to become their Dad and following detailed discussions that were had individually with them and collectively with

all three of you Pauline in favour of this particular outcome willingly acceded to do so. A terrifically gratifying realization for him since in his now constant dealings with Cathy and Tracey, a direct consequence of his steady and developing relationship with you their mother, his feelings for and his every day reactions with them had ever more taken on a purposely and very much appreciated and embraced by the girls fatherly aspect; so in the inclusive scheme of things he fully understood the girls' filial sentiments to which he fittingly and accordingly conferred the maximum respect.

A situation none the less that long before this collective decision, which relative to them formally assuming their new dad's name for themselves had either been consensually arrived at or agreed upon, both girls had outmanoeuvred and also pre-empted as was acknowledged by yourself Pauline. For Cathy and Tracey had of their own free volition unilaterally and determinedly taken their new dad's surname anyway, which they then routinely applied to all their schoolwork that in turn prompted their teachers and the school's admin - as the surname they were using didn't match the official one in their class register or the school's records - to politely request individually of the girls, you Pauline and their new father too what really was going on? Then fully satisfied after their detailed investigation that it was all initially the children's very own idea and purposive wish to be so

named and that no coercion or  
unwarranted dominance of  
them was involved at any  
time in Cathy or Tracey's  
independent decision,  
uninterruptedly and  
officially this time,  
let this definitive  
action by their  
pupils' own  
assertion to  
jubilantly  
carry on.

However, there was an unseen fly in the ointment. The children's new dad had with their explicit blessing, that of their biological father, who he'd earnestly, secretly and successfully tracked down but only for this one specific purpose alone as no one within the family honestly wanted anything further to do with him, and your express authorization too Pauline as your new man's locally accepted and generally acknowledged involved relationship partner, faithfully wanted to legally adopt the girls, drastically assuage and finally heal the sense of estrangement that they were agonizingly experiencing at being in limbo over the constancy of having a biological father who'd callously abandoned them and didn't care, and a surrogate one: immensely responsible, marvellously understanding and always there for them but whose personal rights regarding them as a father weren't just an unspecified matter but lawfully as well were disturbingly unclear; and thus in what through this altruistic measure he was assiduously trying to do was genuinely and amiably balance the progressive state of the

link, which apparently  
existed between him  
as your decided on  
loving companion  
Pauline and you.

For everyone who knew of it, including the outstanding  
and tremendously conscientious, local Labour Party  
councillor for your area, Jo Lovelock to whom not  
only your family but also its circumstances were  
especially well known, and who I see is now in  
2016 not only the leader of her party locally  
but also that of Reading Borough Council  
while continuing unsurprisingly to serve  
the electorate she represents and the general public  
too in the selfsame committed and conscionable  
manner she has always done and in that regard  
alone causes me to truly believe that she is  
intensely blessed to have been fashioned  
in the same unparalleled mould as her  
national Labour Party Leader Jeremy  
Corbyn, all readily and with sound  
justification Pauline congenially  
concluded and encouragingly  
commented on the genuine  
attachment which they'd  
perceptibly and equally  
receptively discerned  
and that intuitively  
was transparently  
present between  
your daughters,  
their dad, and  
your partner.

Life being what it is in Britain it seldom means that  
what's being sensibly desired or even necessarily  
required will always be allowed to happen. So  
conscientiously and responsibly as was his  
nature and in the given situation that you  
were all in relative to the prospective  
and important realization of your

daughters' adoption by him, your partner with a studied conviction that was pragmatically conceived undertook to fully discuss the issue in hand of your daughters hopeful adoption with a highly recommended and, as it conveniently happened, local firm of solicitors whose particular specialization was family matters.

However, the outcome of his in-depth discussion with them ended up leaving him in no doubt whatsoever and also devastated that his ambition to adopt Cathy and Tracey would be vigorously thwarted by the court system that was further compounded by a general, profoundly entrenched and a distinctly racially motivated mindset held by the magistrates and judges within the exclusively white run courts operation that having non-white and especially Black fathers, or even mothers of colour, adopting white children wasn't for them an ideal prospect in any circumstance, however emotionally or suitably attached these children and their likely substitute parents were to each other, and bearing in mind also the marked negative connotations in relation to the social fabric and constructive cohesion of the United Kingdom. So rather than fighting a battle that in all possibility couldn't absolutely be won, if at all, it would instead be much more rational and to circumvent all distressing or unwarranted anguish on the part of your daughters and yourself Pauline to knock that precise aspiration of adopting your

children decisively on the  
head; that after key talks  
with Cathy, Tracey and  
you, your partner quite  
plausibly, regrettably,  
But thoughtfully did.

But life has to go on and this harshly impeded  
expectation cruelly suffered by the children,  
disappointing though it was for them, only  
served to reinforce the already intense  
bond which freely and unreservedly  
existed between your partner and  
daughters that largely owing to  
their sterling and impressive  
resilience quickly and admirably bounced back  
from their own enforced disappointment and  
courageously embarked on the challenging  
but resourceful task of optimistically and  
confidently moving on in the interim  
with their youthful lives under the  
comprehensively guiding, and  
correspondingly subliminal,  
influential motivation, in  
relation to their mutual  
and daily interactions,  
inspired in them by  
your partner, their  
obvious mentor,  
and the person  
they joyfully  
prized and  
absolutely  
cheerfully  
declared  
as their  
ONLY  
father!

Motivated both by their father and also from within this  
twin-pronged assertive stance taken by Cathy and  
Tracey also began to reap other constructive

dividends and not least so as regards their mother Pauline. Previously not having throughout her life, and it was the same for the girls too, set foot outside her hometown Reading far less so the county of Berkshire that Reading is located within, now and thanks solely to her partner foreign paid for and additionally lengthy vacations spent in previously unaffordable and not used to holiday destinations in far away places cloaked in all year round tropical sunshine routinely in virtually every way for Pauline and her children, and very much so through the courtesy and generosity of her partner and the girls' father, became the order of the day.

And it was the same from Pauline's educational perspective. For having initially and resolutely declined her partner's casual but all the same purposeful suggestion that she might care to get involved in the extra-curricular educational project he had locally initiated, vigorously championed throughout its continuation and was transparently efficiently running, and besides with both Cathy and Tracey progressing by leaps and bounds educationally and in other respects to boot at their new school, Pauline not at all desirous of being left behind began to think there might be some valuable benefit after all in her acquiring a bona fide education too; and having for the first time and of her own volition raised the matter of improving her education with her partner's assistance, as a result of her deciding that was what she actually wanted to do keenly

revised her earlier  
decision and, by  
doing so, also  
changed her  
own mind.

Thrilled, very impressed and immensely encouraged all  
the more by her straightforward decision relative her  
positively upgrading her education, which in the  
interim her partner had propitiously but also  
guardedly out of his genuine concern not  
to inadvertently give her the distinctly  
mistaken notion that he was craftily  
putting any coercion on her to get  
the requisite decision which he  
wanted and consequently to preclude that, even  
after her previous and resolute refusal to be  
educationally implicated in what he was  
doing had secretly got in touch with a  
number of progressive and standard  
universities on her behalf, rather  
eloquently outlined to them her  
particular circumstances and  
considerable potential, the  
project he was involved  
in, and confidently outlined too that he  
could create a worthy student of her  
if any of them had a mind to have  
her; and in response delightedly  
had received from all of them  
their explicit agreement that  
were he in turn to deliver  
on what he'd promised,  
all of them would be  
ready to accept you  
Pauline on to an  
honours degree  
element as an  
adult student.

A year of devoted, intensive and comprehensive  
tutoring of you then Pauline by your partner

coupled with a reciprocal appreciation of  
and your own commitment to what he  
was conscientiously doing gainfully  
saw you through this demanding  
but all the same commendable  
endeavour you had willingly embarked upon,  
and following the conclusion of the formal  
UCAS clearing house procedure that all  
prospective university students must  
officially go through the aforesaid  
universities which your partner  
had formerly contacted plus  
a couple more of them had  
individually and officially  
proffered you a place at  
their establishment to  
begin the instigation  
of your undeniably  
life transforming  
undergraduate  
Uni-training.

But this social and quite promising upliftment on your part  
Pauline wasn't without its unwarranted and deprecatory  
impediments, with your father for one openly damning  
what you'd done and making it absolutely clear that  
no way should you be going to university; since as  
far as he was concerned a woman's place was in  
the home permanently caring for her husband and children,  
and with your pie in the sky and attendant irresponsible  
notions about achieving an education it was hardly  
surprising then that your former husband - your  
divorce by then had officially gone through -  
had left you for another woman. While in  
the meantime your neighbours on the  
council estate where you lived quite  
cruelly ridiculed your university  
aspirations, considering them  
from their own constrained  
and a discernible lack of  
their self-progression  
aspirations as you

vainly essaying  
to be socially  
above your  
particular  
station.

Even the bailiff who thankfully it did appear hadn't a clue regarding your impending university commencement else in all probability he would have got those who were employing him to sequester what meagre assets you had together with your university student's grant - this by the way was the epoch long before students' loans were ever conceived let alone inaugurated - to pay off some at least of the enormous HP debts that you and your former husband had quite improvidently run up, sporadically kept on calling at your house as was his stipulated remit no doubt although realistically expecting nowt financially from you, as he evidently and rather injudiciously still thought that you were still on DHS remittances as your solitary redoubt following your husband's abandonment of you and the children; and which was something that neither you Pauline nor your partner were the least predisposed to apprise him about!

Reading University just three miles distance from where you then lived Pauline readily accepted you for a place there but you politely turned down their offer after clarifying to your partner that you didn't want to give your detractors further ammunition, as it were, to fire in your direction as an apparent to them social turncoat with affected ideas socially that in their eyes were manifestly above your station and commensurately theirs too as it happened. Since several of them likewise single parent moms from the same council estate or

neighbouring ones were longstanding recipients completely on social security benefits of one kind or another that some of them covertly, and often out of necessity, supplemented with black market activities and hence didn't want you being pointed to by the snoops of the Social Security Department as some kind of a role model which they could all emulate while personally viewing them negatively. And for these basically convoluted reasons and also because you still had to live among these people Pauline you shrewdly steered clear of moving to the university in your hometown Reading and chose in its place to be an undergrad at the City of London University where, on a regular basis, you wouldn't be so visibly in their faces, as it were, but generally speaking would be diplomatically in the given and worrisome circumstances, be truly and consequently less provocatively, it was clear, in their way!

However it was an agreed decision that meant your partner would now be primarily responsible for looking after the children's welfare for example: getting them up in the morning, preparing their breakfast - no need for any packed lunches as they had their midday meals at school - meticulously but jovially supervising their preparation for school, after that taking them there and naturally fetching them for their return journey home when their school day was over; and in this overall process fulfilling every other expedient role in between that a loving and caring father instinctively, to the best of his ability, with the utmost sincerity that he's humanly capable, and also as someone who is always there and as a result intuitively does

for every dependent charge  
that rewardingly for him  
rests within the ambit  
of his devoted care.

And in the midst of all this you were neither overlooked  
nor ever forgotten Pauline; for while making sure that  
undisturbed you unfailingly had the maximum time  
possible allotted for your university studies your  
partner additionally, willingly offered, agreed,  
and with your receptive backing undertook  
to assist you in every way that he could  
academically and supportively, and  
from then on painstakingly and most diligently efficiently  
carried on helping out with your studies. Then to amply  
assist this accommodating strategy and process time-  
wise and also in terms of any required adjustment  
contingent on your daily travelling to and from  
London positively and practically made sure  
that on your return home, and in the most  
favourably relaxing circumstances and  
approving environment manageable,  
that a suitably cooked, nutritional  
and appetizing meal was always  
ready and waiting for you on  
the table, and appropriately  
as well that there were no  
household odd jobs still  
pending and logically  
waiting to be done.

A splendid option all round and made possible by your  
partner's welcomed innovations: like him for example  
moving in with you and the children although he'd  
rather judiciously decided to still keep his own  
place; a situation which per the Department  
of Health and Social Security's rules in  
situ would not only have specifically  
forbidden him from cohabiting with you in your home  
in view of your status as a recipient of social security  
benefits but also negatively and very significantly  
too affect your social security payments if these

said regulations were knowingly to the DHS contravened. However with your changed social and economic statuses now those of a full-time student at university and furthermore in receipt of a statutory Local Education Authority grant this transformed situation on your part of you no longer a &quot;National State Benefit Recipient Employee&quot; Pauline, that decisively established DHS constraining and besides all-encompassing prohibition predictably, understandably, most welcomingly and now rationally; no longer, neither for you Pauline nor your partner, had any officially permitted or come to that restricted authorization.

But just as leopards never change their spots with some human beings, and you're sadly one of them Pauline, old habits die hard; and with your partner now living almost full time with you and the children unspecified and vigilantly concealed incidents, shall we say, willing occasioned by you Pauline and that before and understandably didn't register with your partner because you made absolutely sure they were out of the way, entirely under the radar of his intimate observation or else given that you knew impeccably well that trusting you as he plainly did he wouldn't be acting in any distrustful fashion by looking out for them, as quite simply he wasn't the sort of person to do anything like that with no sound reason, none the less gradually and puzzlingly for him and particularly ill-starred for you unanticipated things now began to sink into his consciousness. Which however you wilfully and rather duplicitously in your deftly construed Siren scenario to his conspicuously

involuntary Jasonesque situation  
did everything in your power  
in these totally unexpected  
and potentially damaging  
circumstances for your  
relationship, to ensure  
that this likely threat  
to it, and especially  
from the viewpoint  
of the girls you'd  
extremely bewail,  
would not attain  
any real chance  
to ever prevail.

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1 February 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem and its associated articles were conceived and written in January 2016 for publication on the 1 February 2016 but were subsequently deliberately withheld by me for a number of salient reasons that really don't concern you but were and still are important to me. And both the poem and its accompanying articles, now published a year later and fittingly on the 1st February 2017, are specifically dedicated to Pauline Cassidy and her accomplices.

Usually I comment on the poems and other literary work I write and publish. I shan't this time however, as some things are beyond the pale and I most certainly do not only have my red lines over which I shan't under any circumstance gratuitously or otherwise cross - and frankly have never done so in the past - but also similarly and quite significantly I neither appreciate nor would I contemplate for a solitary moment living in the sewers of perceptible degeneracy which considerable numbers of other people seemingly and thoroughly enjoy experiencing and even relish in permanently doing! But you, whether you willingly choose to or not and totally with my utmost indifference, are completely at liberty to either dismissively ignore or else form your own opinion on that matter; and that too is of no significance to me.

For in this specific case I'm just the chronicler of this poem and these accompanying articles, fully cognizant of all the pertinent facts, and consequently am not the arbiter of your personal judgement; a position I've no aspirant desire

of undertaking or any intention whatsoever of ever aspiring to becoming.

Stanley Collymore

## A Core Issue

The Bible says that Eve, at the instigation of a wily snake, seduced Adam who she then persuaded to eat her apple and for his impertinence or altruistic gesture, depending on how you view the matter, the snake as indeed all of his descendants, were henceforth condemned to crawl on their bellies making them the first living creatures ever to be officially and disapprovingly slapped with a communal and ongoing ASBO.

A particularly harsh punishment, when carefully scrutinized, for bringing some much needed joie de vie into Adam's daily and evidently boring existence and without which presumably none of us would be here - at least not in the form we are - devoid of the selfless action of the snake. For without the snake's judicious intervention - having obviously first and quite naturally demonstrated to Eve what it was all about - Adam would still have been totally ignorant of the facts of life and what his manly duties entailed. A neglect that would have been catastrophic for human kind.

So let's hear it for the snake; and rather than condemn and even demonize him and his kind celebrate instead his entrepreneurial flair and sexual initiative in getting Eve to recognize the value of her apple, while simultaneously encouraging her fortitude in convincingly persuading Adam, although somewhat belatedly, to eat it.



# A Crucial Turning Point!

It wasn't my intention to fall in love with you or anyone else come to that, and although it might sound conceited or even disrespectful to mention it, it wasn't at all what I really had in mind; which was that I was quite happy with the way that my life has been and therefore saw no logical reason for changing things from the way they comfortably stood. But obviously I'd not factored into this emotive equation the incredible power of love or the unlikely possibility of meeting someone like you who'd successfully, positively and even significantly influence my prior and seemingly fixed opinion on matters of love and, as it looks, do so for good!

Stanley Collymore

# A Death Wish And Its Final Solution!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm here patiently waiting for a much desired coming from you but instead of you appearing I'm routinely left pessimistically wondering when, or even if you'll show up. A massive kick in the teeth is how I see it, clearly bearing in mind it need not be this way; and I'm explicitly referring to the inexplicable manner in which you're obviously and quite irresponsibly behaving. As I'm earnestly in favour of dying and have been for some considerable time now, and as you're well aware from the outset of this irreversible realization on my part have always with you God made my decision on this matter quite abundantly and openly clear.

So if you're the compassionate and forbearing God Almighty you deliberately pacify your believers into not only thinking but, on your part as well, claiming you are, what's the problem then that you are so visibly grappling with when it comes to me? Someone who is sick to death of being on this Earth, is additionally fed up to the back teeth with what on a daily basis I consistently observe is constantly going on everywhere around me; while at the same time absolutely appalled by the completely deceptive and mendacious double standards augmented by the unhampered hypocrisy which exemplifies the

currency that  
drives the  
unethical  
political  
system  
we alas are  
made to  
live  
in.

An inadequate state of affairs that unfavourably compels ordinary men and women, who in order to earn even a half-decent living straightaway find that they have no substitute but to unenthusiastically subjugate themselves to this insidious option of a take it or leave it requirement which they're intimidatingly given. And with me personally being the principled and unquestionably plain-speaking individual you indisputably know that I am in such circumstances, I'd rather be dead God than have to carry on living. So why then don't you just pull your fingers out of your Celestial Bottom God, and let's jointly, civilly get this death show that's crucial to me on the road?

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24 May 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Death is an inevitability of life that all of us, in one way or another, will eventually encounter whether we like the idea of it happening to us or not. So fretting needlessly about it or becoming wearisomely obsessed or depressed about it isn't going to make an iota of difference to that divine timetable, if one is religious, or the Nature inscribed one, if that person is not, that was calculatedly devised and consciously implemented in the case of each one of us, that began with our biological conception and thereafter instantaneously went into operation the very moment that each of us was born.

But because that prescription has been decreed for our individual life it doesn't automatically mean that we must slavishly concur with it or that life under any

circumstance is a far better situation to be in than death. I personally don't believe, not even for a solitary moment, that glib explanation of life and would like to believe as well that no right thinking, logical, sensible or intelligent person does either.

Stanley Collymore

# A Declaration Of Love

I've given you the present of life  
My darling child; now do me  
The honour of doing  
Something truly  
meaningful  
with it!

Stanley Collymore

# A Dyke's Sexual Preferences Over Heterosexuality? What An Absurd Insanity!

By Stanley Collymore

How could you be so churlish and insensitive towards me to act as you're doing now in relation to us having sex together and regularly as was customary between the two of us knowing perfectly well as you do that I'm exceedingly partial to sexual intercourse, which is an obsession with me when it relates to you, and as you've constantly known, and no less so from the very start of our mutually engaged in - both physically and emotionally- sexually reciprocal, turbulently hot blooded, no holds barred and a most thoroughly rewarding, carnal liaison?

You who from the very beginning of this sexual tryst that's been happening reciprocally between the two of us and entirely enlivened by what we were jointly embarked upon and joyfully experiencing; and what is more most stimulatingly and delightfully with your enthusiastic encouragement, unbridled and comprehensive furtherance physically as well as emotionally in relation to what we were cooperatively doing while additionally on your part you in your responsive excitement knowingly and appreciatively but also humorously dubbing me "Mr Semen", teasingly, in the process, saying that you seriously couldn't think of any better or more appropriate way for two entirely compos mentis, thoroughly sexually willing and distinctly heterosexual human beings to beyond all doubt permanently cement a searingly hot and ardent physical union as that which was obviously and naturally occurring in

analogous circumstances  
relating to you and me.

All that, then to now completely out of the blue and most irrationally after all the several years that you've been voluntarily and reassuringly telling me and matching your words with unstinting wantonness and wholly unrestrained lust that you've become a dedicated feminist and consequently in the process of this theoretically enlightened transformation earnestly feel that it's both incumbent on you, and also imperative too, that you switch to being a lesbian? No rational explanation that I can see for this, far less so any consultation or any deemed necessary with me, pertaining to this oversight it would seem - and at this juncture in your life of you being a mother and a wife - of you wanting to and furthermore patently desirous of turning into a bloody Dyke; a done and thoroughly dusted finalization on your egocentric part of a stringently unilateral situation which leaves me with an inconsolable broken heart, and that's supposed to be alright?

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14 February 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Doubtlessly there will be many who'll sanctimoniously and viciously say and even actually firmly believe that it's a woman's inalienable and God-given right as well as her undoubted privilege to have a complete and absolutely unchallenged say and control not only over her body but also her legitimately implemented sexual relations and I wholeheartedly agree and fully endorse that statement, although doing so on thoroughly objective and logical grounds rather than absolutely and wholly implausibly, for me, of ever jumping gratuitously on any populous or irrationally unthinking bandwagon which expediently and supportably fits into the self-serving agendas and self-centred ends of the vociferous fraternity of inured Queers and Dykes with their own individual and/or collective axes to grind.

That said, however, when that identical even though hypothetically aforementioned woman voluntarily, knowingly, enthusiastically and avidly enters

and subsequently wholeheartedly engages in what from the outset of that personal relationship was always intended to be and accordingly was energetically transformed into a reciprocally harmonious understanding of how they both seriously intended and keenly required for their shared association with each other to be, only for one half of that relationship to subjectively and without any foreknowledge to their partner of what they were contemplating, saw no requirement to acquaint their partner of what they were actually thinking far less so engage with them in any conversation or discussion over the matter now dividing them, but instead rather arbitrarily and unilaterally adopted a most determined and inflexible position over an issue with decidedly transforming consequences and even a profoundly detrimental character in relation to what had always previously and unquestionably been thought of and firmly acknowledged on both sides as an enduring and highly beneficial relationship.

Now this! Coming completely and most shockingly out of the blue and from someone who is a biological mother, always wanted to be, and most crucially within the conventional bounds - as it was self-confidently emphasized and quite unambiguously understood at the time - of a relationship founded entirely on the principles of heterosexuality. So why should treachery, for that's what it is, and particularly in such circumstances be rewarded with submissive indulgence?

Stanley Collymore

## A Fit Of Madness

Childhood, adolescence and the thrilling  
years of early adulthood were all quite  
excellent to me; then most baffling  
and somewhat bizarrely really, I  
just went and literally screwed  
all that up by optimistically  
getting involved in, of all  
things, the hazardous  
state of matrimony.

Stanley Collymore

# A Foreseen Tragedy

How can I ever convince you in words which  
you will clearly understand that I love you  
as deeply as any other red-blooded man  
possibly could, when you persist in  
doubting me the way you do?

WHY?

Never allowing me or the great store of love  
I have within me to ever meaningfully  
touch you, as I'd hope it would;  
or even get the chance  
to have a look in?

Stanley Collymore

## A Good Mix

My weaknesses are nullified  
by your strengths – yours  
by my appreciative  
understanding of  
what you're  
doing!

Stanley Collymore

# A Journey Of Discovery

Once we were total strangers; our individual existences entirely unknown to each other and our separate lives complete worlds apart; yet from that first encounter, not by any means the easiest of situations, has developed an interesting and mutually rich meeting of minds, which has gradually led to a harmonious serenade of reassurance between us and an exceptionally strong empathy of the heart.

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7 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# A Journey Of Unintended Consequences

By Stanley Collymore

It wasn't supposed to happen; a routine, by all accounts given the circumstances, quite ordinary day for me as I sat on a bus increasingly being crammed on route with passengers heading for a day's outing at a popular southern English seaside resort; while for my part it was business as usual as I was on my way to another journalistic assignment.

Then on one of its scheduled stops you boarded the bus accompanied by a young lad approximately 10 years old and who as the bus continued its journey concomitant with the telltale evidence of emotional bonding and obvious signs of unassuming motherly love and tactile though not in the least overbearing physical protection within the ambit of that mass of human souls standing around the both of you I realistically concluded that you were his mother.

Fortuitously as the bus continued its journey recurrently it seemed acting as an ongoing repository for yet more people coming on board at each stop that it made this onwards thrust of human beings inextricably swept you and your son to a vantage location where you were both now standing next to me.

Secretly, I'd watched you from the moment you boarded

the bus and was deeply impressed by everything about you that I observed; now I acted much more boldly and was delightfully heartened by the fact that as you became intentionally sensitive to this you equally displayed reassuring signs of a reciprocal interest in me, evoking an enjoyably mutual chemistry which even in the public surroundings of that overcrowded bus was astonishingly perceptible between the two of us. The die had been cast; our souls had become one with expectations enlivened, while a new vista smilingly beckoned us both with the thrilling prospect of falling in love at first sight!

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5 September 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# A Modern Heterosexual Woman Strikes Back!

By Stanley Collymore

How could you have been so remiss, not even trying to kiss me when quite evidently I'd expectantly, secretly, yes desperately too, and rather earnestly, I don't for second mind admitting, wanted you to? Alright, I readily confess I do privately understand that you were scrupulously behaving like the consummate and honourable gentleman which you recognizably are and charmingly wanted to communicate to me that you were. But even so, you certainly, I believe, could not have been unaware from my evident body language when I was alone with you, how desperately keen I was for you to do well, what a red-blooded man juxtaposed with an equally hormonally-excited woman in his company and fortunately for her together with him in the right circumstances, which we demonstrably were, is universally envisioned to do.

So your chivalrous circumspection regarding me was wholly unnecessary, you see. For I'm most explicitly a modern, vibrant and deeply passionate woman in totality - not one of those patently metropolitan, genderless and characterless British clones for females - and accordingly, someone who therefore clearly understands and fully accepts her gender role and its associated sexuality, is as a result completely and most unapologetically at ease with both of them, and accordingly I'll have no compunction or any reservations whatever given half the chance of doing so, I voluntarily confess, to pleurably expressing and absolutely utilizing them, if I can, with the right man, who in this instance just happens to be you! So having freely, unaffectedly and forthrightly outlined my personal and undiluted sexual remit to you, what are you now, prospective paramour of mine prepared

to do about it this time?

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14 September 2017.

#### Author's Comments:

From metropolitan London right across the entire United Kingdom the troubling scourge of genderless Dykeism and Queerism calamitously blights the highly endangered landscape of normal heterosexual sexuality in every conceivable way.

A bane that societally not only in the body politic, governance and the various law and order apparatuses of our country universally among them but is also perniciously and progressively with its concertedly deployed, ruthlessly utilized and as well proselytizing mantra egregiously contaminating the UK's school environment and accordingly the minds of millions of effectively trapped, exceedingly vulnerable and unquestionably discernibly impressionable British school children.

But, for all that, this superficially successful but all the same spurious system of determinedly and damagingly coercive indoctrination that unsurprisingly, despite its noxious nature, rather incredibly, inescapably fails to register with the plethora of unthinking, mindless and Reality-TV aficionados of this sort of thing within British society, and is similarly permitted to go on unchallenged even by customarily sentient and intelligent parents of these same endangered children, fearful of voicing their logical concerns about the way in which Britain is unhappily developing societally in case they're viciously or dismissively rounded upon and fraudulently in this populously contrived and scrupulously engineered environment of hostile intolerance virulently denounced as homophobic, is to say the least a monumental travesty of everything that is either sane or commonsensical.

For how idiotic can these morons get? As that overused word strictly and etymologically means absolutely nothing and shouldn't even exist. For the genesis of its two salient parts: homo and phobia, both of them of Latin and Greek origin, and with identical meanings in both these languages, are distinctly from an etymological, erudite and learned perspective unambiguously clear; with homo representing humanity or basically mankind and phobia unarguably an "irrational fear". So how is it conceivable then for anybody acknowledging himself or herself be a human being to then rather ridiculously accuse another human being of, in essence, sexually entertaining and

furthermore intentionally proselytizing "an irrational fear" of someone of their own species, namely another human being? That would equally be as ridiculous as some similar idiots accusing a Black person of being Blackphobic or a white individual as Whitephobic because either of these two given examples dared to criticize the sexually deviant conduct of members of their own specific race.

It just doesn't add up or carries any logical discernment as regards anyone with a functioning brain in his or her head, and what's more is totally bereft of all common sense. But that said, who could ever realistically accuse these proselytizing Dykes and Queers of ever possessing any such thing? And while it's undoubtedly an uphill battle for all genuine heterosexuals out there, of the two natural, conventional and now much disparaged genders, across the length and breadth of Britain, all I shall say is keep your cool, stick to either your religious or moral principles on this specific and its related issues, in the full knowledge that like an obnoxious and all pervasive stench from a malfunctioning sewerage works it'll unproductively go away. For who ever heard of two Dykes, whatever powerful positions they societally hold, or two Queers, for that matter, ever likely through their joint sexual deviances physically adding in numerical terms to the human race and its arithmetical progression? And on that note M'lord I rest my case.

A most sincere and an appreciatively commendable tribute, this article and poem of the same name, to my female, of course, German Partner and all the preceding and heterosexual ladies globally who've been in my life at one time or another.

Stanley Collymore

# A New Awakening

Like the golden sun rays soothingly  
Caressing the dew-dropped flowers to  
Life at sunrise you too have calmly  
Awaken me from my slumber  
Of disquiet to reassuringly  
Herald a new dawn in  
My dormant life.

Stanley Collymore

# A New Year's Prayer

By Stanley Collymore

Almighty God as a new year dawns and the present one marches inexorably on to its close and inevitably into the permanent archives of the past closely accompanied by the revered or otherwise best forgotten memories of events that once, either profoundly for some or perfunctorily for others, affected our respective lives during their current reign, we respectfully beseech your divine intercession as we hope and pray communally, both nationally and globally, that we can and will mutually agree to work assiduously and cooperatively to ensure a much better future; comprising one that is more just, equitable and realistically offers a much fairer chance of individual success, the attainment of greater prosperity, and the reality of personal empowerment to everyone of us.

And that in terms of the detrimental forces of disunity and negativity that for far too long have seriously impaired our judgements and blighted our lives considerably, we'll learn to earnestly do our very best to effectively set about jettisoning and dispensing with them until we've removed their menacing evil from our psyche and, collectively as the human race, ceaselessly persevere to make quite sure that within our midst no traces of their earlier presence or any suggestion that they once existed will

either be recognized,  
allowed to carry  
on or remain.  
Amen!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 December 2013.

Observation:

Laziness, cowardice and a nurtured indifference that is itself spawned by fear, whether real, imagined or contrived, that the individual might be personally disadvantaged were he or she to challenge or depart from the official and accepted narrative of how they should behave or go about doing things and then often and conveniently using that conclusion to avoid having to stand up and be seriously counted on moral, social, political, economic or religious issues is a blinkered approach which can and does impact negatively and even disastrously on the lives of people globally or those in one's country.

And clearly knowing this to be the case yet still carry on, adamantly refusing to do anything to constructively alleviate some or all of these needlessly imposed afflictions, is an attitude that is beyond the pale; constituting in my opinion the personification of selfishness as well as the most egregious, odious and the worst kind of human betrayal there is! The remedy for which is, of course, in our individual hands.

Stanley Collymore

# A Personal Tribute To The Welsh Diva Empress Her Majesty Shirley Bassey!

By Stanley Collymore

Actually I shouldn't be as dismayed as I am nor come to that ought any other sensible, intelligent and clearly rational person either, as things presently stand, but all the same we're nevertheless evidently concerned by the rather ludicrous, risible and patently vainglorious procession of what we're told, and then ad nauseum persistently reminded of as though we're retarded children, are outstandingly and essentially in societal terms state of the art celebrity figures by a closely knit, decidedly subjective coterie, and collectively, a self-appointed and in every respect an unrepresentative consortium of utterly self-serving and absolutely unreliable carpet bagging shakers and movers.

Persons: generally businessmen or women who obviously have their financial and other personal vested interests to carefully consider and safeguard, but who even so don't mind at all proceeding with their monetary endeavours without the least regard that what they're habitually, fraudulently, avariciously and self-centredly flogging is nothing more than the crass utilization of minimal talent, if any to begin with in the preliminary situation, encapsulated in media streams of concerted and distinctly propagandistic fiction that is then adroitly packaged as an exclusive brand for the systematically hedonistic gratification of a primarily uncultured following.

Very much a current trend unfortunately but reflectively it wasn't always so, as I well know! For there was a time when genuine talent like yours our Empress Shirley

could be readily discerned, warmly embraced in a mutually exciting and pleasurable environment of realistic and justifiable expectations while being proficiently, encouragingly and fittingly honed in the cauldron of artistic brilliance; and accounts for why, plus the outstandingly proud Welsh tradition of melodious singing that you've been nurtured in, you're unquestionably the matchless Welsh, Diva Empress, we all of us everlastingly respect and genuinely love, your Most Gracious and regal Majesty; the unparalleled and the expressively peerless  
Ms Shirley Bassey!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 May 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# A Proud Corbyn Fan And My Retort To The Fetid Stench Of British Politics!

By Stanley Collymore

Theresa May cynically sat on her closet Dyke ass straddling the fence of studied indecision claiming when she bothered to say anything vaguely of significance, which wasn't often or much, that she was in Camp Remain relative that is to the EU Referendum campaign. Jeremy Corbyn meanwhile voluntarily toured the United Kingdom robustly taking in extensive areas of the country, and in doing so openly and quite honestly gave to those whom he met and amicably spoke with his frank evaluation of the benefits and demerits of the European Union.

Suggesting in his refreshingly candid and immensely enlightening discourse with them that with much needed sensible and constructive reforms the clearly deleterious status of the European Union could be formally, revolutionarily and significantly beneficially moulded into something far more positively tangible and enduring than what it basically is, namely an economic operation - by thoughtfully becoming in addition a genuinely democratic and to its multiple and diverse populations a creditably accountable political institution.

Now no one remotely deemed to be either an intelligent or impartial person with even the mildest awareness of how the European Union currently functions could seriously

or impartially in any of  
the aforementioned  
circumstances find  
any fault with what Jeremy  
Corbyn had honourably done; for in  
terms of any acts of prevarication,  
misrepresentation, fabrication,  
the falsification of facts or  
any evidence of outright  
or even disingenuous  
lying by him, there  
is evidently none!

But of course if you're mentally as well as  
physiologically someone who not only  
intrinsically belongs to a throng of  
demented troglodytes and  
accordingly behave like  
what you actually are:  
a proselytizing Nazi-Zionist, Yid  
Queer like Peter Mandelson,  
a facile, lacking in self-worth  
and overcompensating for  
that by being an inveterate  
psychopath of the odious  
calibre of Alastair Campbell;  
a testosterone driven salacious Dyke like  
Angela Eagle conjoined with inured and  
menopausal paedophiles like Tessa  
Jewell, Margaret Beckett, Patricia  
Hewitt, Margaret Hodge and  
Harriet Harman among a  
loathsome consortium of other white low  
life scum and all of them in addition  
barbaric war criminals and quite  
contemptible mass murderers,  
it's scarcely surprising then  
that these evidently tenebrous  
blood sucking vampires are  
shit scared of and therefore  
can't stand the dazzling  
illumination, political

as well as otherwise,  
which is morally as  
well as physically  
illustrated by our  
Jeremy Corbyn.

© more

8 August 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

It's an undeniable fact that's glaring obvious and moreover one that ought to be urgently and satisfactorily addressed for the salutary benefit of Britain and all those who reside in it but which, however, is either conveniently overlooked in the vain hope it'll become dormant or otherwise simply disappear of its own accord; brainlessly dismissed as a leftist and intentionally detrimentally construed conspiracy theory to harm the good name of the United Kingdom; asininely accepted as the transformational birth pangs of a vibrantly new but wholly unorthodox society; or just as idiotically unthinkingly dismissed as just the fertile figment of other peoples' fanciful imaginings.

The stark reality though, regardless of what illusory or diversionary spin is put on it by an inured coterie of debauched spin doctors of the odious calibre of the likes of Alastair Campbell, Britain is nevertheless a decadently sick society, analogous in real life terms to a terminally ill cancer patient on life support, and the incredibly preposterous thing is that the powers that be are either too narcissistically wrapped up in their graspingly avaricious, gaudy and licentious way of life: Queerism, Dykeism and Paedophilia among these specific aspects of it that need to be mentioned, to really bother about anyone else other than themselves, or else are too dense in both intellectual and basic commonsensical terms and thus in every regard possible wholly incapable of even running the proverbial bath!

And it's these lowlife and utterly contemptible specimens of so-called humanity in deleterious cahoots with verminous, perniciously evil and rapaciously blood-sucking vampires like lecherous octogenarian and arch-Zionist Rupert Murdoch assiduously accompanied by similarly vile octogenarian and massive tax evaders David and Frederick Barclay who between them, but unfortunately from the objective and genuinely professional perspective of the Fourth Estate, control huge chunks of the British media and consequently like the intransigent, noxious and repulsive stewards that they are gleefully oversee, while at the same time avidly and commercially promoting in the most manipulatively espousal fashion

among the untutored and cap-doffing to their alleged social betters in Britain sycophantic masses the rampant degeneracy that's now characteristic of the United Kingdom.

An onerous and absolutely debilitating decadence that is undeniably every bit as harmful societally as it is pervasively and consequently is unremorsefully no respecter of persons whether they're old or young. The kind of dastardly and sickeningly stomach-churning situation abhorred by ordinary decent folk but thoroughly beloved and enthusiastically embraced by the Labtory interlopers inside the British Parliamentary Labour Party, their likeminded and repulsive so-called party grandees - in short a bunch of old farts who ought long for all the harm they've consistently done over the years to have been pushing up daisies in some vandalized cemetery - and in actual effect the whole array of antediluvian slime balls liberally ensconced within the privileged confines of both the main and also the fringe UK political parties.

And this as I'm pretty sure you're all well aware my fellow Corbynistas is the stark reality that our principled, morally unimpeachable and almost saintly leader Jeremy Corbyn, nevertheless unwarrantedly, implausibly, incessantly and fraudulently under attack by an unbridled posse of culpably debased and pathologically lying detractors and antagonists with their own sick agenda to fulfil has to confront. Pointless hurdles unquestionably for him to surmount but well within the full grasp and capability of our Jeremy - an absolutely amazing and unique man! For as sure as the threatening and disturbing darkness of night is eventually eclipsed by the dazzling brightness of the rising dawn our political, social and economic doom will likewise be obliterated by Jeremy Corbyn!

Stanley Collymore

# A Puzzling Dilemma

Is it really possible for a year to have started off as badly as this one and, more to the point, should it have done? Had anyone said to me prior to its onset that this is how it would be I would have upbraided them for being paranoid. Yet everything I do regardless of the meticulous care I expend and the scrupulous precautions I take to avoid foreseeable and even improbable problems which may occur, I always end up having to confront one calamitous situation after another; why so? I wish I knew, for at least I could then realistically hope to convince the morons involved, as I've done with myself, that I'm not going mad!

Stanley Collymore

# A Rainbow In The Sky

I want to paint a massive and quite picturesque rainbow  
in the sky not as a warning sign of any inclement  
weather to come or the after effects of such,  
but simply as a personal expression of  
my enduring love for you and a  
prominently visible and tangible  
sign both to yourself and the  
rest of the world of just  
how vitally important  
you are and will  
continue to be  
in my life.

Stanley Collymore

## A Rare Kind Of Love

It's quite possible, I know, to love more than once and do so in many different ways; but my love for you is unique and grows stronger by the day. For it's fashioned from the very best of other loves: a rare kind – whether in the dispensing or the actual receiving of it – that occurs only once in one's life time.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 December 1997.

Stanley Collymore

# A Real Winner

To fail having done your best isn't  
something to be ashamed of at  
all – however, to win just by  
relying on your natural  
ability alone is not  
the hallmark of  
any genuine  
success.

Stanley Collymore

# A Seduction Deftly Devised. Coition Ardently Sustained And Expertly Delivered!

By Stanley Collymore

I really had to hand it to you, you know, when quite surprisingly to me but nevertheless very courageously for you and most charmingly too, remarkably elegant and of your own free volition you confidently walked out on to the intimately laid out and nearly packed dance floor that appealingly graced the rather exclusive, Tunisian, holiday hotel which we were both at the same time fortunately guests at and persuasively announced quite seductively that you'd made your way to where you then were in order to specifically dance with me. All this notwithstanding the fact that we hadn't met before and essentially in every conceivable way therefore, were complete strangers to each other one could honestly say. Clearly then a most deliberate but all the same an absolutely innovative decision on your part that instantly and imaginatively set in action the requisite situation not only for what was our initial introduction to each other but also stably laid down a substantial foundation for what before long would pleasurably and mutually become an ongoing and a distinctly ardent physical assignation; but similarly too a thoroughly thrilling and a manifestly unforgettable cerebral experience for myself and also you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 December 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

For the enterprising group of European continental holidaymakers - circa 1 December 2006-March 2007 - who against the exhilarating environment of a

very enlivening and thoroughly pleasurable Tunisian vacation made our several respective, and most definitely my own, an immensely enjoyable and an entirely unforgettable occasion; and in this energizing process set a welcome precedent for subsequent Tunisian assignments.

To you all have a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, a splendid commemorative and, of course, a fabulously ongoing and a strictly heterosexual (what else?) 10th Anniversary Celebration Year!

Stanley Collymore

# A Sensible Solution To The Perennial Conundrum Of Pointless Coition That's Then Confused With Love!

By Stanley Collymore

I always knew, and actually from the very first moment that I saw you, that you were unquestionably that special one for me. How did I know that with such convincing surety? Quite simple actually; and this is how! My maternal Grandmother: a very astute, highly intelligent, thoroughly loving in the absolute traditional sense and total meaning of that word and an accomplishedly worldly wise and pragmatic lady, knowingly and most prescient-mindedly when I entered my puberty years had from a very well informed perspective on her part, and as both of us heartily in response to her remarks, undoubtedly and convincingly impressed upon me, impulsively convulsed into tears of laughter that if my heart, my head and my penis were of the same conjointly agreed accord in matters of personal romance I should unhesitatingly but even so sagaciously take the chance or given opportunity to investigate the genuine possibility of getting involved with that person. However, under no circumstance if these three crucial entities: my penis, my heart and my head, the latter through the faculty of my brain, weren't in faultless sync with each other I ought realistically to cautiously refrain from assuming it was suitable let alone clever taking into my personal life that female as a lover far less so as a wife!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 March 2017.

Authors Remarks:

My eternal and gracious thanks to you Gran for being the principal and instrumentally influential mentor, confidante, enduring friend, consoler in times

of personal stress or difficulties in my life and the consummate advisor you have accordingly always been to me. Someone who has always and willingly been there for me and specifically whenever I needed you most and who I not only knew I could dependably count on you but just as assuredly would never let me down. And just a few of the millions of just reasons that I profoundly and most enthusiastically love you.

All this intellectually and sensibly complemented by admirable advice from you that has always stood me in good stead. As hypocrisy and double standards so commonplace nowadays have never been your thing nor the sorts of things you would ever have any truck with; nor are they mine having always had the excellent teacher in you to guide me and that you have at all times been to sensibly and objectively outline what these cancerous and malignant evils are all about.

So thank you Gran for massively assisting in making my life what it is having had it vastly enriched by all you've done for me, and thus enabling me to be the confident and self-assured person, both professionally and personally in my private life, that through your sterling efforts, love and devotion I have gratefully become. And significantly too my German Partner who has reciprocally become that 'Special One'.

Stanley Collymore

# A Spectacular Choice

The Cardinals have spoken, their voices giving election to a new Pope on whose shoulders the responsibility: spiritually and ethically, of global Roman Catholicism firmly rests. And amid the celebrations, and my own congratulations, to the marked departure from the Eurocentric manner in which most previous Pontiffs were routinely elected, I say with deep pride and unabashed admiration, in relation to the papal elevation of this humble, most worthy and Jesuit Argentinian: "God bless and counsel you Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergogli; " now, of course, Your Holiness Pope Francis the First.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 March 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# A Trenchant Statement Of Intent!

By Stanley Collymore

I know who and what I am and likewise what I've always aspired to be, and although there have been occasions in my life when unforeseen or even conspiratorial circumstances have cruelly and unfairly conspired against me to forestall my deliberately planned and profoundly cherished endeavours and the accomplishments which I'd anticipatorily sought to realize; I've always in response to these unwarrantable actions approached such challenges with an open mind, and have never once allowed them to cloud my judgement or in any way, come to that, interfere in, much less threaten the manner in which I've personally sought to live my life. And consequently I shall never allow anyone or anything: corporations, politicians, jobsworth employees - private or state sector - the state's Orwellian apparatuses or individuals, for that matter, to ever change that!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 November 2014.

Remarks:

The contents of this poem constitute a solemn and irreversible pledge to myself!

Stanley Collymore

# A Truly Inspirational Partnership

The two major and arguably the most important ingredients in a relationship between two people regardless of whether it's a romantic or platonic affair are mutual respect for each other and trust. Without them that relationship is analogous to a car in motion but without it having either a steering wheel or brakes to regulate its advance or reversal and with the inevitable result in such circumstances of a catastrophic crash occurring.

That however is not the least likelihood in your case as respect for yourself and others isn't just complimented with deep love for those whom you value but is also self-evident and inspiring too, creating the ideal partnership between us that is a joy to observe and a pleasure to have.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 December 2010.

Stanley Collymore

# A Truly Remarkable And Exemplary Lady!

By Stanley Collymore

Unfounded perceptions can and do invariably lead to all sorts of assumptions which are then taken for granted; some of them highly fanciful, others thankfully real. But for the acutely perceptive among us the character exemplified by the person being perceived is undeniably crucial in the decisive analysis that one as a common rule tends to settle for.

And you Leanne, by every determining factor conceivable, are unquestionably peerless in every regard. The absolute epitome of exquisite femininity, principled disposition, altruistic caring, selfless compassion and a steadfast devotion to your favoured career nursing combined!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 April 2015.

## Author's Remarks:

This poem was immeasurably inspired by and written specifically for Mrs Leanne Carter: Cardiology Specialist Nurse, Rapid Access Chest Pain Clinic, Department of Cardiology, East Surrey Hospital, Surrey, England.

The National Health Service – fondly and generally known nationally throughout the United Kingdom as the NHS – is in my honest opinion the best invention that Britain has or could possibly ever have conceived and achieved; and what's more is a monumental, inspiring and lasting legacy to the forethought as well as the sheer and compassionate genius of those who not only conceived the principle of

the NHS but also markedly brought that exceptional concept into fruition, nurtured it and ably assisted it in every aspect of its growth and development.

Currently staffed, as it always has been since its inception, by some of the most selfless, utterly committed work-wise, totally dedicated and additionally the most exceptionally compassionate group of consummately professional human beings imaginable working individually and collectively to provide the best care possible and that one could ever wish for across a wide-ranging spectra of medical, nursing and vitally important allied and ancillary services from cleaners, porters and volunteers to the ambulance crews and top-notch technical specialists in their respective fields of expertise, the NHS is, and will forever, both solidly and unerasably, be engraved in my psyche both as a former practitioner within it as well as a trusting and grateful patient of the multiplicity of indispensable services that it offers.

And accordingly I'd very much like to extend my sincerest thanks and fulsome gratitude to all those, past as well as present participants, who've been and are still constructively involved with the NHS, as well as the several millions of sensible supporters who passionately subscribe to, and equally so, support the NHS to which we all unexaggeratedly owe so very much; will continue I earnestly hope to be in its debt; and without which we'd be so much the poorer in so many respects both nationally and as human beings.

So thank you NHS from the bottom of my heart and for being there when you're most needed! And in the strikingly consoling and profoundly inspirational words embodied in the emphatically emblematic and famous song of Edith Piaf: "Non, je ne regrette rien!" – for that's precisely how I feel about the reality of us actually having such a prized asset in our armoury of health care as the NHS is and, of course, knowing that that reality passionately and committedly coupled with my own personal and unabashed sentiments towards our NHS are nothing less than enduring! An NHS that long after each of us and subsequent generations have shuffled off our respective mortal coils will nevertheless aspirationally and forever continue to meaningfully exist!

Stanley Collymore

# A Ubiquitous St. Valentine's Declaration Of Perpetual Love!

By Stanley Collymore

From a personal perspective I don't know you at all even though I've run into you a number of times, albeit briefly so and always distinctly in a formal situation that essentially, both disappointingly and rather problematically for me, precludes any meaningful or social intercourse between the two of us. Clearly not an ideal state of affairs for me or one that I would have wished for I readily admit, and furthermore a situation that most uncomfortably sits quite contrary to what I've expectantly and earnestly wished it might otherwise have been. For both physically and amorously, and completely beyond doubt, the intensely remarkable and prevailing emotional stimuli which you liberally and overpoweringly generate inside me have, on my part, indubitably most consciously, and with a gratifyingly consummate abandonment, warmly thrown wide open the portals of my heart.

So on this St. Valentine's Day now positively emboldened by and additionally fortified with the historical licence of and customary practice afforded to would be lovers in speaking either openly or anonymously, but nevertheless freely, about the profound emotions

they've previously closeted but  
all the same amorously and  
for some time carried  
inside, as so many not unlike  
myself recurrently do; and therefore  
fully committed this time to utilizing  
what for me are appropriately and  
will hopefully also successfully  
prove to be a transformative  
state of affairs in my life  
this St. Valentine; it's my resolute  
intention to boldly, truthfully,  
unhesitatingly but with the  
utmost humility as well seize  
with both hands this wondrous  
opportunity to earnestly express  
my deepest feelings towards  
you as I explicitly let you  
know with unqualified  
confidence how very  
much I do actually  
love and totally  
adore you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 February 2015.

#### Author's Remarks

Actually knowing that you're in love and having that love fully reciprocated is one of several astonishing things possible in one's life; itself fortified with the excellent and truly self-satisfying feeling of encountering this remarkable experience and mutually sharing it with that valued individual in your life. However, to unrealistically or worst still rather delusionally persuade one's self that a tangible or even a consequential love relationship is in the prospect of happening or actually does exist when no such thing is in vogue or remotely possible is altogether a wholly different issue which a competent, professionally qualified and considerably experienced psychiatrist is far more fittingly suited to deal with.

So at this St. Valentine's time that like all previous ones, and completely depending on your own and, dare I say, decidedly subjective personal

perspective is characterized as infamous and consequently highly irrelevant, or else as noteworthy and therefore must be consummately treasured in every possible way, I wish you all the very best and hope that you truthfully manage to work out for yourself which is the more commonsensical or appropriate of these two contradictory alternatives in your case. But either way that you have a wonderfully pleasurable time while doing so.

Stanley Collymore

# A Veritable Human Gem At Just Four Years Old!

By Stanley Collymore

□

Exceedingly young in age for behaviour like this one  
would have thought, just four years old to be exact,  
but already well-versed in the social graces and  
disciplined art of refinement commensurate  
with the cherished aspirations of all truly  
civilized and caring communities and  
absolutely resoundingly too in your  
very principled action young lady  
demonstrably putting to noticeable shame significant  
numbers of people, by far considerably older than  
you who is distinctly of Asian extraction, not  
only residing in but also, in addition, self-  
righteously and cheerfully regarding  
themselves as irrefutably rightfully  
and furthermore exclusively too  
belonging to Britain; entirely  
nothing like you and others  
whom they derisively see  
and regard as foreigners  
and strangers in acerbic  
language they awfully  
utilize to keenly but  
implausibly malign  
in those fallacious  
contentions used  
by them to none the less contend and as  
they see it that you're unquestionably  
surplus to requirements, who have  
constantly implanted yourselves  
in what they acerbically claim  
are plainly minority-ridden  
or to boot immigrant and  
consequently ingrained  
delinquency teeming  
and unsurprisingly  
too contemptible,  
enthusiastically

in sponging off  
them, peculiar  
communities.

This notwithstanding how recently or previously  
non-existent their own dubious and far from  
advantageous association with the United  
Kingdom is or has been. Even so their  
ill-conceived, hubristic, narcissistic  
and gratuitous arrogance coupled  
with their transparently fixated, deeply ingrained  
insolence and totally aggressive malevolence  
don't stop the likes of them from decrying  
your natural and lawful presence to be  
in your birth country where clearly  
in wedded conditions you were  
conceived and born, entirely  
dissimilar from the distinct  
circumstances pertaining  
as it happens to the vast  
majority of them and  
where in person I had personally observed this  
incident of your amiable and instinctive act  
of altruism - into believing, these clearly  
despicable and lowlife charlatans, that  
they're fundamentally better in every  
respect than anyone like you - who  
though indeed young is none the  
less already a veritable human  
Gem - that neither looks nor  
decides to behave like them.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 January 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem was inspired by a four year old Asian girl of Indian extraction and a total stranger to me as was her father who were both waiting in a queue that I was at the head of in a well-known take-away establishment waiting to be served at the same moment my purchased transaction was in the process of coming to its conclusion. I had just paid for the items that I'd ordered and was about to

receive my receipt for them from the sales assistant who'd served me when in the process of him doing so the receipt accidentally slipped from his hand - an occurrence that he immediately apologized to me for which was pleasantly very nice of him but in actual fact there was absolutely no need at all for him to do so, since what had happened was really no one's fault and simply just one of those things - and landed on the floor on my side of the counter that separated us.

Both the sales assistant and myself fully cognizant of what had happened and also where precisely the receipt had landed and I motioned to him that I'd pick it up just as soon as I'd safely and quite securely replaced my debit card, which I had used for that particular transaction, back into my shoulder bag that was now opened and also on the counter. However, before I could do so I felt a gentle tap on my leg and on glancing to where it had come from became aware of this smartly dressed and also beaming with a most enchanting smile young girl of Asian extraction who'd in the process of her own volition and quite unbeknown to me at the time had picked up the said receipt and was now presenting it to me with the words: "You dropped your receipt and I thought I'd pick it up for you." Immensely charmed by what she's voluntarily and altruistically done I instinctively thanked her with the words: "Thank you young lady; that was most kind and very thoughtful of you." She smiled engagingly and returned to her father.

I then thanked him although it was entirely his daughter's doing; but that said such behaviour from one so very young had to be derived from somewhere, and not emerge purely from thin air, as every intelligent and conscionable person in Britain well knows that such unselfish behaviour even from supposedly mature adults is extremely rare and very akin to trying to getting blood out of a stone; and so I warmly and genuinely and thanked that little girl's dad too for being the kind of father that he obviously was. And with my own thoughts on the contemporary Britain that I routinely observe when I'm there I was buoyed up with hope for its future, although not from those who delude themselves that they alone are exclusively Britons and no one else has any right to that supposedly on their part exceptionalist distinction. So thank you again young lady, and here's to the future and significantly too the kind of civilized, diverse, compassionate and thoroughly principled Britain that you and others like you, regardless of their race or background, represent.

Stanley Collymore

# A Walk On The Seamier Side Of Christmas

By Stanley Collymore

Don't talk to me about Christmas, Santa Claus or his reindeer as I've had enough of the hypocrisy that surrounds them every year; for I'm one of the long-term unemployed who's destitute and full of despair, as it's quite obvious to me from what I've observed that nobody really cares. Worst still and adding insult to the injury of the misery already cruelly and needlessly inflicted on me that I'm left saddled with and hard as I try am unable to circumvent, the local council, like it said it would, went to court, and readily getting the latter's support in the form of an eviction order, promptly and unceremoniously kicked me out of the door of my childhood home, because I could no longer afford to pay my rent.

Social Security who I then turned to weren't much good either as regards helping me out of this terrible mess that unforeseen circumstances had landed me in, telling me rather arrogantly and insensitively that the rooms in my former home were actually far in excess of my personal needs; rules they went on to say they couldn't ignore or relax, as to do so would seriously compromise as well as contravene the official guidelines and stipulated requirements expressly laid down in the government's own legislated bedroom tax.

So as I had two bedrooms in my designated council flat and lived there all on my own, so there was no disputing that fact; it wasn't only fair to

the taxpayer but also on the public purse  
as well that the shortfall in the state's  
contribution to my rent, caused by the  
imposition of the statutory rent-cap that  
Social Security felt compelled to impose  
on my previous home, should in those  
given circumstances, they logically  
argued, be my sole responsibility and  
therefore paid for by me alone; if,  
that is, I still wanted to carry  
on living in what was,  
after all, my home.

An impossible task as you've rightly guessed  
and the worst of all states to find myself in:  
explicitly, an involuntary and ongoing  
homelessness. So please save your  
breath about Christmas and do  
give up on the bogus piety,  
as I don't think I need  
to remind you I've  
more pressing  
priorities!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 December 2013.

#### Critique:

This poem wasn't written by me with any profound directives in mind as to how any of you should conscientiously or otherwise, independently or collectively, live your individual life. Notwithstanding that though its purpose is to point out that Christmas isn't about singling out and concentrating exclusively on one specific day in each year and no other; and once that day passes into oblivion everyone can just revert to carrying on as before as though the actuality of Christmas and what it genuinely represents never happened at all, until that is the next one arrives and the customary charade ceremoniously removed from its closeted mothball is allowed to temporarily gain momentum again.

A flawed Christian, as indeed I am, I'm nonetheless fully cognisant of what Christmas is and has from its inception been really all about; and although I'm not or have I ever been a member of the Salvation Army which I wholeheartedly respect and financially support on a regular basis, I do so principally because it's

my honest opinion that it's the only organization I know of which credibly and fully lives up to its moral, social and religious obligations as it altruistically implements, doing so at times in seemingly impossible circumstances, the unadulterated doctrine of Christmas together with its universal message of comradeship, compassion, benevolence and love to all mankind as it was intended to and should be practised by each and everyone of us; and not just around or only on the 25th December of each year, but consistently and cooperatively throughout the entire year.

And as a positive reminder of this and for their sterling and sometimes unappreciated work carried out 24/7 and 365 days of every year, I humbly dedicate this poem to the Salvation Army.

Stanley Collymore

# A Woman Like No Other!

By Stanley Collymore

You came into my life with the vibrant and compellingly winning force of a major tropical hurricane yet also with the tender, empathetically soothing and the refreshingly comforting embrace of a Barbadian Trade Winds' breeze blown directly and uninterruptedly onshore on to the island from across the azure blue, turquoise green and spotlessly white-tinged waters of the Atlantic Ocean, thoroughly livening up my keen senses with your entirely stunning, beautiful and completely irresistibly sensuousness which immediately and without any duress perfectly captivated as well as enjoyably and most enduringly also perfectly sustained my spirited and wholehearted fascination with you.

And what else, given those propitious and absolutely irresistible circumstances, could I realistically do other than to willingly fall head over heels in love with you and in addition with you my truly gorgeous and mesmeric German Princess pleasurable and positively making this adorable amorous transformation an undoubtedly veritable success beyond question. And as we look forward to and earnestly prepare to celebrate another glorious Weihnachten let me decisively, tenderly and proudly reiterate that I still passionately do love and am also in love with you and very much care about you; and if

that's at all possible even a  
lot more this time round  
than I have previously,  
assuredly, ever done!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 November 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

As a still practising Christian whose personal approach to the religion I voluntarily choose to follow has been decidedly a very pragmatic one all along, Christmas even with its many and currently unrecognizable features as well as for me patently unappealing characteristics that have in every mindboggling sense emerged and furthermore firmly established themselves as the "norm" in the decades that have followed my birth is notwithstanding the aforementioned a pivotal religious, social, cultural and familial event for me, and the likelihood is that it'll indefinitely carry on being so; and not in the least too because of the tremendously important, highly instructive moral and profoundly ingrained religious values so crucially indispensable to my personal and professional lives but which are also genuinely and enduringly embedded in the general character as well as the overriding concepts of Christianity itself.

Therefore to have someone so immensely valuable to me voluntarily and consensually in my life who shares and just as passionately but also intelligently and objectively believes in these same fundamental values and moreover earnestly and freely incorporates them into her own life means a great deal to me both as an undertaking of solid commitment on her part as well as the true optimization of the admirable and adorable personification of who and what she is as a truthfully exceptional woman and a most extraordinary human being; and furthermore as someone I immensely love, cherish enormously, deeply respect and hugely admire!

And while this highly and devotedly appreciative of her poem is symbolic of the spontaneity that characterizes the nature and uniqueness of the close, personal relationship we obviously and spectacularly have and empathetically share with each other, it's by no means however the culmination of everything that constitutes the embodiment of our lives either individually or together.

For just as it encapsulates the representation of my ongoing love for you my Darling it's also an optimistic and enduring declaration, and specifically at this Christmastide, of what you do, have always done, and will continue to mean to

me!

Stanley Collymore

# A Woman Yes! But My Gender Is Irrelevant To Who Or What I Am.

By Stanley Collymore

Don't try taking me for granted as you obviously contemplate doing and I'm fully aware is your secret intention. Yes, I readily agree that you have a number of interesting and even innovative things that you want to say and do and which if suitably and wholly implemented by those whom you're very much endeavouring to impress and convince do take them onboard will doubtlessly make you a very important and self-satisfied man. But lest you should conveniently forget I'm not only a woman but also a person in my own right and neither an adjunct of your life nor for that matter some suitable concubine of yours that at your behest you can manipulate at will to do your specific bidding at that precise moment in time. So please, do credit me with the intelligence that I have and a mind of my own to make the relevant decisions that of necessity I appropriately regard as fit about what matters I as relevant at the time of my doing so, and if you're in any real doubt about them, then do question me intelligently, and painstakingly if you so wish, about any of them, and not haughtily and patronizingly take to presuming that by being a man you're therefore much more knowledgeable of what's best and accordingly know everything and in contrast by being a woman I should always obediently be a completely unthinking, and idiotic underling.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 December 2016.

Author's Remarks:

This poem is specifically written for and dedicated to all of the female students at whatever level of their academic studies that I've taught them and collectively over a period of several years of teaching them.

It's also for the several female members of my biological family, close feminine friends, my former girlfriends and lovers who understandably still mean a lot to me and several of whom now happily married and with families of their own still mutually keep in touch; and all of whom individually and collectively have helped to reciprocally shape the respective life that we each of us individually have forged for ourselves.

And furthermore for anyone else who can empathize with this poem and has benefited from it in any way.

Stanley Collymore

# Adam Klug A Congenital And Utterly Purblind Moron!

By Stanley Collymore

Klug in German means clever and I should know because I'm fluent in the language and that said there's nothing clever about one Adam Klug self-appointed spokesperson for Momentum and endowed with a brain, questionable by some including me, that would easily fit into a gnat's backside assuming, of course, that any principled or decently-inclined gnat would ever allow something like that to happen and therefore is highly unlikely in the circumstances. And why is Adam Klug such a pillock? Genetically motivated reasons account for some of his congenital disabilities but in addition it's a perverse work of repellent art which this Dummkopf assiduously labours on. For here we have a prized prick, no matter what definitive box of lowlife encompassing pillocks, prats, imbeciles, raw assholes, sewer rats, verminous scumbags, or plain purblind morons that you justly might tick, and even then may perhaps very well come up with further, and justifiably apposite terminologies which adequately complement, fully sustain and furthermore entirely irredeemably as it also happens, preserves the given status quo that does comprise the quite odious Adam Klug.

This utterly slimy and disgusting slug who self-servingly wants with his control freakism and compulsive self-publicizing, treacherous Judas Iscariot thirty pieces of silver sell-out mindset – seriously how much did you negotiate for Adam to these debased and repellent, rightwing, pernicious and completely perfidious death cult multinational corporations and the Military

Industrial Complex – coupled with his Trojan Horse,  
I doubt very much if this ingrained pillock even  
knows the symbolism of this, entryism agenda  
foolishly attempting to exclude the ordinary,  
bona fide and unquestionably courageous Labour Party members  
and supporters who having weathered the murderous in more  
ways than one Nazi, Tory-Zionist and execrably rapacious  
years of utterly self-centred and hubristic party pimps  
forcefully coming under the heading of the likes of  
mass murderers Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and  
Alastair Campbell: individually or combined  
the visible embodiment of everything that  
is Evil I call them, now colluding with  
the likes of Tom Watson, no friend  
of Jeremy Corbyn I swear to you  
but rather is a very treacherous  
backstabber and underhand  
conspiratorial, nasty piece  
of West Midlands shit,  
now quite incredibly  
finding themselves  
the reckless urge  
of idiotic Adam  
Klug's purge!

And this under the ludicrous, lying and dishonest pretext that they're  
entryists who supposedly want to take over the Labour Party – like  
Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and the other vile Labtories did? –  
which incidentally has all along been justifiably their party  
and it's mother fuckers like brain-dead Adam Klug that  
are the interlopers and who want to return Labour in  
their sick minds to the good old days under Tony  
Blair. So treacherous MPs and insidious back-  
stabbers of the party's hugely democratically  
elected leader Jeremy Corbyn must not,  
according to Adam Klug as he pours  
his heart and demented thoughts out to  
the very media hell-bent on having Jeremy Corbyn crucified  
and illicitly ousted – regime change is what these purblind  
cunts are brilliant at whether abroad or here at home –  
while the average run of the mill supportive Labour  
member and supporter must either conform to

Adam Klug's dictates or else be kicked out  
of the Labour Party and debarred from  
all constituency or HQ deliberations  
and decision making; and simply  
remain voting fodder. Parallel in its rank stupidity to if the  
Black Civil Rights Movement joined forces with the Ku  
Klux Klan and other white supremacist groups in the  
United States; purportedly doing so they asininely  
contend with the intention of improving the civic  
liberties and human rights of Black Americans  
and to affect this it was incumbent on them  
and an absolute too to root out all Blacks  
that didn't submissively go along with  
what they were self-centredly doing.  
Doesn't make sense at all to any  
intelligent or sensible person;  
but then I'm positive you'll  
quickly find that thought  
controller Adam Klug  
isn't, by any stretch  
of the imagination,  
ever likely to be  
amongst them!

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9 December 2015.

Stanley Collymore

## Admired And Desired

I want you, even desperately need you, but  
find myself unable to adequately express  
in words how much I actually do, let alone  
manifest the overwhelming degree of the  
intensity of my personal feelings for  
you; because the fluidity of our common  
language, the polished art of seduction and  
the steely resolve of its imposition constantly  
desert me whenever you come into view –  
so instead I'll give you this simple poem,  
in the earnest hope that the sentiments  
expressed therein will suffice to  
compellingly convince you of  
just how much I really love  
and desire you my Dear!

Stanley Collymore

# Advice To All Bankers

By Stanley Collymore

It's our money that quite voluntarily we entrust you with  
to safely and prudently look after as well as sagaciously  
invest on our personal behalf in the expectation that  
you will judiciously do all these things, entirely  
cognisant at the same time of both the natural  
as well as the possible unforeseen variables  
which can and do occasionally occur as  
spoilors of these laudable enterprises  
we willingly subscribe to, and  
which individually as well  
as jointly we hope to  
benefit from.

However, despite all you sanctimonious rhetoric and  
grandstanding and the holier than thou attitudes  
you pompously strut around with pretending to  
be entirely above reproach when evidently  
you're not, we who're your clients are  
none the less decidedly far from  
impressed or convinced either by your verbose  
and obfuscating remarks or your calculated  
actions. So why don't you clean up your  
act, start behaving like normal human  
beings and not the plundering pirates  
you clearly are yet try so hard to  
convince us that you aren't?

Ethical conduct doesn't come easy for those who've  
never been exposed to it or have been taught that  
it doesn't matter I know, but all the same  
without it we would all be condemned  
to a cut-throat existence where the  
baser instincts of mankind would  
always prevail. But is that what you really  
want if it also meant that you were then  
to recurrently find yourselves equally  
helpless as we are with you on the

receiving end of those much  
stronger and nastier  
than you are?

Stanley Collymore

# All Glory To Patriotic Martin Mcguinness The Redoubtable Che Guevarra Of Ireland!

By Stanley Collymore

You were from the outset of your social and political life a man of sterling qualities and outstanding integrity Martin McGuinness forced as you undoubtedly were into the savage and unremitting crucible of fire and the epidemic dishonesty of the British generally and the English most specifically and, what is more, was remorselessly conducted by them in their combined barbarity against the courageous, long suffering, subjugated and genuine Irish men, women and their children. And although the mountainous odds in these inured abusers favour were always massively against Eire together with all the undeniably patriotic Irish men, women and their offspring both at home and in the wider Irish Diaspora globally.

Who as in the past had openly and democratically done in a free and fair election expressing their earnest and still ongoing desire for a United Eire and Irish nation, that quite adoringly impassioned dream and and matching aspiration assuredly will always live on eternally rooted in the deeply emboldened hearts and the conscionable minds of all successive generations of courageous, committed, truly nation-loving and indubitably patriotic Irish man, woman and their children as admirably it must and will consistently do; and due in no short measure to irrefutably loyal and genuinely committed Irish citizens like yourself Martin

McGuinness and the heroic  
and selfless part that you  
and of course Sinn Fein  
have massively played  
and carry on doing in  
every aspect of this!

So hail then I openly and proudly say to you Martin  
McGuinness, Sinn Fein and the IRA! completely  
convinced as evidently I and every other right  
thinking and knowledgeable person knows  
and intensely wishes for, that those who  
selflessly fight and willingly die for  
their national integrity conjoined  
with the united sovereignty of  
Ireland and its people's right to choose  
and unconstrained determine their  
own destiny will inevitably one  
day successfully achieve their  
ambition by appropriately  
acquiring and proudly  
upholding their way.

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22 March 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Firstly, I wish to express my deepest and sincerest regrets and sadness at the death of Martin McGuinness a truly great man, courageous in his actions, inspirational to all genuinely political democratic aspirants and a highly principled individual who gave no quarters and expected none and who, in my honest and unapologetic opinion, unsurprisingly and also non-ostentatiously convincingly developed into a markedly consummate and a most outstandingly accomplished statesman.

Secondly to convey at this grieving time for them my heartfelt condolences and best wishes to Martin's widow and his family members, close friends and associates and, of course the members and supporters of Sinn Fein for your irreparable loss. But if it's any consolation to you to say to you as well that you weren't alone in your justifiable love for, respect of and total admiration also of Martin.

And that this poem I'm now publishing and which was instantaneously conceived and written the very moment I learnt of Martin's death on the 21st March 2017 is a personal tribute from me, my German female Partner and my family to a fantastically remarkable man together with being as well a noble statesman in the true context of that terminology. Someone whose untimely death is deeply regretted but will all the more because of who Martin McGuinness was and the exceptional legacy that he has achieved during his lifetime and has left for us will focus our thoughts and fond remembrances of him on the massive loss we've all both individually and collectively suffered.

So God continue to bless you Martin as He takes you to his and now your own celestial home, while we who remain here on Earth until our individual time comes to depart it in permanent fashion will until we meet up with you again earnestly cherish and enduringly remember you for the superb, conscionable and implacably fair and honest Gentleman that you were and for us will always remain! Farewell friend and political mentor, until we meet again.

Stanley Collymore

# Alles Gute Zum Geburtstag Am 14. Dezember 2015 Erika!

By Stanley Collymore

You're truly an amazing and quite outstanding person Erika, richly and abundantly endowed with a superb brain and thoughtful imagination that are themselves buttressed by a natural and uncommon aptitude for discerning and inspirational altruism which you liberally dispense; employing this so naturally and unpretentiously that those who either personally and usually at firsthand observe this exceptional discernment or else munificently find themselves as quite deserving and most gratefully so the chosen recipients of your debonair kindness have all along and from the very start, without question and similarly too with the utmost commendation on their part, instinctively recognized and fully accepted with a noble grace and the rightful dignity that it thoroughly deserves, what you've always freely, cheerfully and willingly been doing; and in return have chosen to inestimably intersperse this with a reciprocal love and the greatest of affection by them for someone whom they readily cherish, hold in the highest regard and perceptively see as the hallowed beneficiary of an undeniably Christian, friendly, thoroughly welcoming and prodigiously giving heart.

Compliments galore and in actuality many more justifiably forthcoming and of which you're not only absolutely and indisputably deserving but also when examined either independently or collectively are themselves, to say the very least, quite compellingly awe-inspiring! And set against your phenomenally impressive background "Mein deutsches Liebchen" as

well as our longstanding relationship and reliable friendship Erika are the quite obvious and indisputably well-founded reasons affectionately expressed here and to send to you on your special day my deep and sincerest greetings; and additionally wish you good luck, continued excellent health and furthermore exhort you, as well, to extravagantly make the most of your big day by specially having a superbly exciting, personalized however entirely fun-packed, incomparable, truly out of this world, excellent and a memorable birthday!

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11 December 2015.

Meine persönlichen Gefühle:

Für einem ganz besonderen Menschen in meinem Leben. Und gegen Ihre phänomenal beeindruckenden Hintergrund mein deutsches Liebchen sowie unsere langjährigen und vertrauensvollen Freundschaft Erika sind die fraglos fundierte Gründe hier zum Ausdruck, Ihnen an Ihrem speziellen Tag zu senden meine herzlichsten Grüsse und zusätzlich wünschen Ihnen viel Glück gesetzt, weiterhin bester Gesundheit und darüber hinaus ermahne euch als auch zu aufwendig das Beste aus Ihrem Tag zu machen, indem er eine herrlich aufregend, erlebnisreichen und unvergesslichen Geburtstag!

Schliesslich meine Gedanken sind mit Ihnen, wie sie schon immer im Laufe der Jahre, seit ich dich kennenlernte. Und ich wünsche Ihnen natürlich auch viele weitere Geburtstage in der Zukunft. Geniessen Sie Ihrem Geburtstag am 14. Dezember 2015 Erika!

Stanley Collymore

# Alone But Not Lonely

I much prefer my own company; it's a matter of personal choice, for I like the peace of mind that it evidently affords me. The chance to hear myself think and not have to listen endlessly and uninterestedly to the garrulous garbage of blithering idiots. So why then, under these well-known circumstances, don't you respect my preferred privacy and sensibly leave me permanently alone?

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7 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Altruism: Difficult To Implement I Know But Worth Trying All The Same!

By Stanley Collymore

Please forgive me but I'm not in any way trying to put a damper on your good deeds, question, undermine or minimize in any sense your act of altruism to me nor am I being ungrateful for, or in the least unappreciative of what, of your own free will, you've most kindly done. But try to understand when I say that the kind of conduct which you've so graciously, quite magnificently and voluntarily extended towards me is by far removed from what I've customarily been used to or, for that matter, could logically or realistically have ever expected from those I habitually come across on an everyday basis, are frequently and for my lack of a more appropriate expression are daily around me. However despite all that and without any kind of narcissistic fuss or hubristic trumpet-blowing fanfare on your part, your perceptible kindness to me a total stranger to you in every possible way, has none the less been quietly, together with the utmost of care and compassion, no concessions claimed for any of your actions, or anything at all required or awaited in return; carried out with what's visibly from your heart a most superlative and the ultimate act of altruism: you gave me the chance to physically live life again!

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26 October 2016.

### Author's Remarks:

When I was five years old during one of her customary mentoring sessions with me my esteemed familial as well as categorically so within her own community maternal Grandmother lovingly - from birth I was always her specific favourite - told me that to become financially rich through one's honest endeavours was neither a sin nor something that I should ever consciously derive any shame about or for that matter have anyone make me feel that way. However, she quickly added that I shouldn't obsess about money or other materialistic things or possessions, since I had brought none of them into this world with me and it was an absolute certainty that when I eventually left this existence which was temporarily granted to me by the Almighty God I wouldn't be able either to take any of these things, including those I'd acquired honestly, with me.

These sensible, practicable, encouraging as well as inspirational &quot;commandments&quot; of hers have unquestionably and desirably stood me in good stead throughout my life and additionally have also formed the basis on which I've always endeavoured to live it difficult as it undoubtedly is at times to do so, but even then I do my honest best not to depart from the core elements of them, for they are the fundamentals aspects not only of my upbringing but also how I essentially and continuously want to think, live my life and conduct myself in my dealings with others.

But living in what's politically referred to as the west I absolutely know all too well from very personal experiences as well as everyday observances just how extremely difficult a task that can be and especially so in an environment consumed with greed and where money-grabbing machinations are the order of the day and an obsessive way of life. And acquiring wealth at any cost and regardless of who it actually rightfully belongs to, the disastrous impact, or come to that the traumatic effects that such brutish and covetous behaviour can and does have on those who are savagely affected and are enforcedly compelled to put up with what's being done to them, are activities of mindboggling travesties of justice that are mindlessly and contemptuously inflicted by the already rich, privileged and the utterly delusional, in their sick minds, superior elements they conclude of humanity. All the more fool them since they're nothing of the kind but are instead distinctly lowlife scum, white trash and detritus elements of whatever barbaric species that they actually belong to.

So in grateful appreciation for what she's taught me as well as all the several mentors I likewise had throughout my childhood, youth and into manhood, an enormous &quot;thank you&quot; from me. And in addition to the loving dedication of this poem to all of you it also goes in that same vein to my German Partner, her family and our many close friends; politically to Jeremy Corbyn,

John McDonnell and Diane Abbott; to you my regular readers; as well as the millions of conscionable people out there, and the truly unsound heroes I think all doing your level best to make this world a safer and better place.

And in the actual words of my Gran and which will forever stay burnished in my mind as long as I draw human breath: &quot;Whatever you do in life Stanley always try to make this world a far better place than how it was when you first entered it! &quot;

I sincerely hope that you can and will do too!

Stanley Collymore

# Always And Unashamedly Aim For Personal Excellence!

By Stanley Collymore

Lift your eyes inspirationally towards the stars and always remember who you are and where you came from. Measure your capabilities and successes not through the flatteries that you receive from others - however good-intentioned or otherwise these might be - but on the definitive scale and how extensive is the reach of your genuine achievements, derived as a natural consequence from your own personal endeavours and the dedicated hard work you've put into them. And as you sensibly carry on doing so, permit no one to either belittle or scurrilously negate what you've outstandingly done - and fully recognized that you had to - because you decidedly chose not to and, furthermore, resolutely refused to countenance, let alone would ever settle for the mundanity of perceived societal conformity

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 June 2014.

Commendation:

A common thread throughout my teaching career and that I assiduously sought to instil in all my students, wherever they were, has been this invaluable mantra derived from and inculcated in me by my own English Master - Mr Kenneth G. Doughlin - a fundamental educational mentor to me and an icon to all my peers that attended the same grammar school that I did, and whose wisdom I in turn employed within my own teaching career in relation to my own students:

"It's your life and you alone must be the ultimate arbiter of what exactly you do with it! "

Unsurprising therefore this poem is unreservedly dedicated to all those: secondary school pupils, undergraduate and postgraduate university students; those participating in adult or extracurricular educational studies, and the numerous others that over a period of several years I've either taught or lectured to; with particular reference and singular recognition to those in Hannover, Hamburg, Darmstadt and Laatzen Volkshochschule in Germany; the International School in Denmark; the Alexandra Girls Grammar School in Barbados; and of course educational institutions in England.

The good, bad and the indifferent among you - as I teasingly referred to you - but who I always knew would successfully morph into the resplendent and remarkable butterflies that delightedly, I'm quite happy to say, you've amazingly become.

So thank you all: my past and present charges, for the inspirational challenges individually and collectively, as well as in your own inimitable ways, that you've helped to instil in my teaching career enabling it to be the thoroughly rewarding success it has always been; and in my grateful appreciation too that so many of you freely and continually keep regularly in touch to personally update me on how you're getting on in your everyday lives and also genuinely enquire about my own wellbeing.

Stanley Collymore

# Always There

I don't know if we shall  
ever meet again, but  
rest assured I  
shall always  
be with  
you!

Stanley Collymore

## An Analysis On Being Used

You lied to me in order to have me make love to you when it wasn't at all necessary for you to do so, as in my case you must have known that you were pushing at an open door; such was the intensity of the feelings which I had for you. Besides, what I wanted for us was much more than just an ephemeral or unemotional extravaganza of carnal expectations and lustful realization. However, your intentions, effusively characterized by your unseemly behaviour, were obviously intentionally different in their character and purpose from my own.

Stanley Collymore

# An Approved Of Killing That Will Lead To A Spate Of Similarly Just Murders!

By Stanley Collymore

Murder I was told from my earliest childhood was a sacrosanct existence rendered by the judicious decision of the Almighty God to every individual person: child, woman and man, and a state of being that should definitely in normal circumstances unfalteringly stand unless revoked through requisite acts of indisputable pragmatism or implacable retribution spurred on by God's will. And in you specific case, Ian McNicol and obviously that of a delusional lowlife, white trash, white supremacist, Nazi Zionist and a dismally pathetically poor excuse for and purported specimen of humanity that you unmistakably are, along with your entire family and the coterie of likeminded moronic, nepotistic and cronyism inept cretins you surround yourself with are demonstrable factors that only partially account for why all of you must die! Murder most just; and which in any assertive manner that the rest of us at best are able to accomplish should rapidly and resolutely be fulfilled, starting of course with you Ian McNicol and in the long run the overdue cleansing of the Labour Party's and inexorably Britain's manifestly corrupt political, societal and nauseating Augean stable.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
26 August 2016.

Author's Remarks:

So in hubristic and narcissistic fashion coupled with a determinedly egotistical and delusional air of pomposity so very characteristic of your customary self-indulgent, hopelessly and ineptly out of touch and manifest unawareness of anything even remotely connected to reality let alone probity Ian McNicol you haughtily and pretentiously declare in the elaborate Wikipedia presentation of yourself that you have a black belt in karate.

Oh bully for you! But as I and others see it a fat lot of good that'll do you - we don't personally think - against someone immensely skilled in the use of and moreover expertly wielding a glisteningly razor-sharp machete and industriously intent on lacerating and massively crippling strategic areas of your torso, and who then after this excruciatingly painful and toying humiliation, both physically and mentally for you, proceeds to clinically and exultantly decapitate your head from the rest of what's left of your still intact body.

Or alternatively utilize an IED to blow you to smithereens; a car packed with deadly explosives to tail yours, run you off the road irrespective of what security detail you have and is itself mechanically equipped with a remote contraption that allows your killer(s) to be safely thrown from their vehicle but allowing at the same time the said vehicle they've vacated and now totally and remotely controlled by them to lock on to yours and in the subsequent automated crash and massive conflagration blow you Ian McNicol and those with you to Kingdom come!

We have too in an age of brilliant and readily applied technology Ian where private drones bought commercially or technically and independently constructed are now commonplace and these too can be fitted with extremely lethal devices that can be promptly released from the air on to the targets home, most fittingly at night time when those condemned to die are unsuspectingly and comfortably tucked up in their beds. After all if commercial firms like Amazon can deliver, as they're planning to, deliveries to customers' homes by drones why not a killer's prescription, or more appropriately eradication delivery, as well?

Likewise the target's workplace and even their venues of recreation can and will become totally unsafe locations for them. And although the singular term of target is used here, essentially it definitively applies as well to that targeted individual's close family members too, likeminded colleagues and their friends both individually and collectively. For in every instance of a target figure, which evidently includes you Ian McNicol, other lowlife scum like Tom Watson, Shabama Mahmood, Ellie Reeves, Glenis Willmott, Margaret Beckett and Keith Vaz to name but just a few of them, a thorough and routinely updated register of your daily routines and those of your close family members are meticulously

maintained as they're also in the frame for extermination. For at any given time it's known precisely where you and these family members of yours, whether together or independently in your cases, can advantageously be found and appropriately dealt with. And apropos with all that there's the additional factor and blessedly from our perspective but for you a looming and worrisome headache unknown feature of the lone wolf assassin.

So essentially both your individual and collective Achilles heels, in relation to all of you lowlife scum are well known to your potential killers whether it's for the disposal of you in the aforementioned described manner or by other technical means which I've scrupulously and astutely withheld; as no good general discloses all of his own military options or those relayed to him by others Old Boy! And besides my briefers having confidentially disclosed these alternative options to me have also kindly asked me not to report on them and accordingly as I always do, I honourably - what other method is there old chap? - keep my promises. And anyway those involved are reliable, trustworthy, longstanding and impeccable sources to whom I have unhesitatingly and categorically given my promise to fully adhere to that non-disclosure pact.

In conclusion, and from a personal perspective and a question that I repeatedly ask myself, if decent people like John F. Kennedy, his brother Robert; Dr. Martin Luther King; Steve Biko; Malcolm X; Olaf Palme - who is he I hear you morons out there and your supporters asking yourselves? Well he was the Prime Minister of Sweden who stood up against apartheid when you slime balls and your white western governments were all in favour of it and as in Britain's case specifically massively profiting from it too; and against this backdrop Olaf Palme courageously went against the tide of white racist exceptionalism and gave sanctuary to Oliver Tambo the head of South Africa's African National Congress (ANC) to live in and operate from Sweden; and to more easily facilitate this granted Oliver Tambo a Swedish passport and citizenship as well.

Additionally Olaf Palme was a staunch supporter of the Palestinian cause and there's no doubt that these two principled stances by him led to his assassination at the hands of Yidland's Mossad, the British MI6 and apartheid South Africa's security forces working in tandem with each other at the behest of their respective governments that didn't want to see apartheid eliminated in South Africa or for justice to be meted out to the Palestinians either. The latter still an ongoing source of shame and barbarity for successive UK regimes and the Nazi Zionists linked to and closely associated with all those in the Labour Party's NEC and England's Appeals Court judiciary, of the odious, corrupt and public office malfeasance ilk of Blairite Beatson, Macur and Sales, that run Britain on behalf of the Zionist lobbies, the multinational corporations, the military Industrial complex

and massive tax evaders and money launderers like the Yid scum Sainsbury family, Michael Foster and their supporting cast among the four billionaires that own the British Corporate media and exemplified in the form of the Barclay brothers who own the Daily Telegraph and Rupert Murdoch who owns and controls most of it including the misnomer named Sky News.

But equally heroically among all those who conscientiously and courageously stood up for justice and equality for Blacks when she could so easily have settled for being just another apartheid and quite comfortably off and simply by virtue of their skin colour alone white South African like so many, in fact the overwhelming majority of whites in South Africa were, but admirably and most fearlessly did the complete opposite and unashamedly showed her solidarity with the oppressed indigenous Black population of the country of which she was also a citizen, the quite steadfast and utterly remarkable RUTH FIRST. White as I earlier said she was also Jewish and an ANC member and anti-apartheid activist who was brutally murdered by the apartheid regime in a bomb attack evilly perpetrated against her for who she was and what she conscientiously stood for. And I wholeheartedly suggest that you Google her story and that of her husband Jo Slovo, white like her and similarly a trusted stalwart in the ANC.

And my question to all of you out there as it has always been and will remain, if these people and many others like them across the globe who honestly and courageously and with enormous danger and sacrifices to themselves and their family members, Ruth First was a mother of two young children, can be gratuitously murdered for trying to make this world we all belong to a better place as it isn't nor should it and its natural resources be the sole preserve for the privileged few, why in God's name should mass murderers and war criminals along with being perpetrators of crimes against humanity: human filth like Tony Blair, Gordon Brown their likeminded cabinets that they assembled; Neil Kinnock, wife Glenys and village idiot son Stephen; Alastair Campbell, Peter Mandelson, the plethora of odious, warmongering and self-serving Dykes, Queers and immunity granted Paedophiles; the scum on Labour's NEC led by Ian Nicol and the corrupt bastards that pollute the British judiciary and all the rest of this detritus element of so-called humanity be allowed to live?

Why? I ask again! Or any of their close family members and bearing in mind the countless millions of lives of innocent civilian women, children and men that they've sadistically and uncaringly eliminated from this earth the better to deprive them of their natural resources and indigenous wealth. As my Mum has always pointed out to me killing an adult poisonous scorpion but sparing its young is utter foolishness; for young or baby scorpions in the fullness of time and left unmolested grow up into fully fledged and similarly dangerous scorpions.

And no one was more pleased than my German Partner and me when back at home in Germany and after our sojourn in Barbados through our watertight secure system of communication we were informed that Ian McNicol is to be killed with others including his family members and NEC chums to follow.

And you're free to copy this Scotland Yard and the UK security services, as I'm sure you've already done. But anyway you've got my permission to do so, and therefore can't later say that I the messenger am I'm withholding information from you or even quite ludicrously commissioning murder (smile) . But the way I see it most people are born with healthy arms and if at sometime during your life you're diagnosed with a medical condition that effectively says that one of your arms is gangrenous and thus a real threat to your life if it's not amputated no sensible person would say it's my arm, I've had it from birth and it should stay; and on that basis alone I don't want it amputated. Well that's their choice I suppose. However when it comes to vote rigging as Ian McNicol and his chums at the NEC are assiduously doing against Jeremy Corbyn and creating facts on the ground that aren't meant to be rightfully there and in simple turns fucking up my country for the even greater benefit of the privileged few then I do think that I have a right and a duty to act, and will do! Ian McNicol MUST die and I wholeheartedly subscribe to that and make no secret of how I feel about that, and anything I can do to facilitate this I will unhesitatingly do. He's not alone in that regard but like al-Qaida Britain and the USA's creation and de facto YOURS and NOT mine or those connected with me, once said: 'You have the watches but we have the time! ' Appropriately analyzed I would say.

However in marked contrast I say: 'Long live Jeremy Corbin and an equitable Britain both shaped and run by him! '

Stanley Collymore

# An Echo Chamber For The Powerful!

By Stanley Collymore

You call yourselves journalists but that's not how  
I see you as and therefore don't agree with you  
in the least since the term glorified and  
overpaid stenographers more readily come to  
mind and is most apt description, I feel, of the vast  
majority of you who work for these western,  
mega-corporate outlets or their likeminded  
doctrinal and amalgamated state-owned  
brothers-in-arms' organisations like  
the BBC – sycophantic purveyors  
of wilful misinformation as well  
as a cataclysmic array of  
half-truths liberally interspersed with downright lies  
and malicious fabrications which are assiduously,  
perniciously and persistently reworked to  
convey a narrative that suits the dictated  
agendas of those who imperiously  
yank your chains of compliant  
subservience attendant with  
their comprehensive and  
unrelenting control of  
your avaricious  
purse strings.

Get a life for God's sake! Try and remember, if your minds  
aren't addled or permanently contaminated by ravenous  
greed or irreversibly tarnished by collective stupidity,  
what the Fourth Estate is actually all about, then go  
out and get as far away as possible from the  
cosy comfort of your office armchairs  
and courageously do the job you're  
supposed to and that discerning  
members of the public expect  
you to. Not unconscionably languish in the stinking  
sewer of ostentatious dissemblance compounded  
by the cynical betrayal of those whom you  
routinely con while painstakingly

pretending to be what you  
patently aren't. For I am also a journalist  
and it absolutely disgusts me how you  
behave, and all the more reason  
therefore for me and other real  
journalists like myself who  
feel like I do to candidly  
speak out and act to  
put and end to  
this insane  
farce.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# An Enduring And A Most Reassuring Love

By Stanley Collymore

I recall most vividly the very first time I met you Margaret; the warm and empathetic smile you spontaneously gave me coupled with the reciprocal chemistry which had instantaneously and of its own accord magically, it seemed and also excitingly, developed between the two of us without any fuss whatsoever or any of that contrived stuff that potentially new lovers customarily at the outset of their relationship readily indulge in. But in our respective case consisted of just two strangers immensely pleased to be pleasurably afforded the interesting opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with each other, and to thoroughly facilitate this process, without the merest semblance of or the probability of there being any vacillation or implausible dilly-dallying, unhesitatingly taking to the summoning dance floor there to welcomingly express on both our part the extremely appreciable and stirring approval of two mutually delighted hearts.

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20 December 2016.

Author's Remarks:

For Margaret of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire. The years have flow by inevitably but our first love with its enchanting memories remain constant. Indebted thanks to you!

Stanley Collymore

# An Exceptional Lady!

By Stanley Collymore

The term friend and the expression neighbourliness are perpetually and rather inappropriately, in my opinion, overused and even cynically abused with the primary intention of achieving any number of specific and self-serving ends by those who're insensitively and most calculatingly using them. However, and most appreciatively so, not in your case Marguerita; since in every imaginable, customary and naturally expected way you're unquestionably the classic embodiment of innumerable civilized virtues, which are themselves, and transparently on your part, intrinsically consolidated with the on a daily basis, and altruistic interpretation of what those two previously mentioned key and august human characteristics essentially denote and also, in point of fact, represent.

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19 December 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

This poem was inspired by and is specifically dedicated in grateful thanks to Marguerita; a longstanding personal friend and a thoroughly exemplary neighbour. Thank you Marguerita for the several years of your excellent friendship and altruistic good neighbourliness.

And with my deepest appreciation too for all that you've excellent done, as usual, over these several years, have a blessed and Merry Christmas with its attendant New Year celebrations.

Stanley Collymore

# An Explicitly Assured Commitment To Kill!

By Stanley Collymore

I've every right to a life of my own and furthermore to unimpeded go about my lawful activities like anyone else, whether you approve of my doing so or not. It's a stance to which I'm firmly committed to and for which I make no apologies whatsoever to anyone; and that, most categorically, includes racist nerds like you.

For if your idea of reality is to asininely and deliberately choose to live in a virtual time warp from where you ludicrously seek to re-create the very worst aspects of an erstwhile real-life epoch when neither you nor anyone else, for that matter, among the rest of us actually lived or could have realistically done so, and which all sensible people currently living would not only resolutely eschew but also discernibly hate to see resurrected in the 21st Century; then the most charitable thing that I can possibly say about you is that you're a pretty odious and irredeemable pillock.

And were you to ever conspire to detrimentally cross my path, then proceed to gratuitously and loquaciously spew out your vile and illogical hatred of me - never mind the calculated restraint shown on my part in the face of your protracted and virulent provocations towards me, but not withstanding that

maliciously become emboldened  
to physically direct your racist and  
bizarrely white supremacist crap at me -  
considering that anyone with objective  
eyes can readily see what a particularly  
poor specimen, in every regard, that  
you really are of the human race;  
then let me immediately disabuse  
you of your congenital folly  
and to forthrightly, forcefully  
and unambiguously make it  
absolutely clear to you that  
I shan't hesitate, given  
the aforementioned  
circumstances, to  
unashamedly and  
unrepentantly  
kill you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 June 2014.

Author's remarks:

This poem is dedicated to Michael Adebolajo and Michael Adebowale in thankful appreciation for your demonstrable courage, so explicitly shown, combined with your committed determination not to bend the knee in abject genuflexion to the pernicious demands of racist imperialism and western neo-colonialist thuggery.

For my part, it's a timely warning too to all the abysmally pathetic, congenitally inbred and racist morons who, lemming-like, commute on the Number 23 Metrobus Service that operates between Crawley and Worthing in West Sussex, England and back. A state of affairs that Metrobus would do well to promptly acquaint itself with, properly and impartially investigate on the spot, and then uncompromisingly stamp out unless it wants to make it into the headlines for all the wrong reasons.

Elaborating further on this particular loathsome and exceptionalist, white Caucasian theme, Yasmin Alibhai-Brown is more than capable enough of defending herself and doesn't need any help from me in that regard. But if Michael Fabricant, the Conservative MP for Lichfield, feels he has the right to freedom of expression, however odious or idiotic his views are, a stance I

wholeheartedly support in his and everyone else's case, why then does he spoil that impartial approach by gratuitously threatening unproved violence to someone who wasn't in any kind of altercation with him or even a discussion come to that - as Yasmin Alibhai-Brown quite evidently wasn't - but whose spoken opinions he nevertheless self-centredly, rather stupidly and Colonel Blimpishly disapproved of?

Stanley Collymore

# An Infinite Love Eternally Fortified In Spite Of Your Tragic And Untimely Death!

By Stanley Collymore

From the very first moment that I saw you I instantly became aware of the tremendous impact you were having on me and which, as I gradually got to know you, I insightfully realized was the commencement of my love for you; then as I suitably wrestled with that welcoming thought it too quickly dawned on me that you for your part were evincing reciprocal emotions for me. Delightedly, I encouraged these; and buttressed by my growing feeling for you, which you fully endorsed with you sympathetic motivation, I energizingly pressed on. Two individuals in love with each other and, moreover, most cheerfully and constructively prepared to dauntlessly explore the very enthralling and most exhilarating possibility of physically, in addition to emotionally being dedicated friends and amorously committed lovers.

At the time both of us were young students enrolled at the same university college and most propitiously had discovered, as it happened, that we were also on the identical course of study that eventually on our individual and, of course, successful graduation would fittingly enable us to joyfully, eagerly and constructively embark on our carefully chosen careers as dedicated graduate teachers; fully aware in our doing so of the multiple and challenging exciting responsibilities

which that prospective achievement  
on our part would entail for both  
of us as we accordingly set out  
on a brand new start as part  
of the expected and fully  
acknowledged gamut  
of the continuum of  
our still decidedly  
in progress but  
exciting even  
so personal  
journey.

At last together romantically while simultaneously  
and happily sharing the same study course that  
would enable us to earnestly and properly  
explore, adjust whenever this was  
necessary, and most crucially  
all through this academic process be that better  
informed to scrutinizingly probe, precisely  
complement, and also consolidate our  
thoughtfully arrived at conjectural  
theories, now through detailed  
and scrupulous examination  
adeptly transformed into  
obviously irrefutable  
conclusions, was  
champion for  
us entirely.

Absolutely inspirational and thoughtfully satisfying in  
every possible way yet so uncomplicatedly engaged  
in without any fuss; pleurably and naturally  
welcomed, warmly embraced and actively  
encouraged by family members and  
friends alike whose instinctive  
trust in our individual and reciprocal choice  
of each other as prospective spouse and  
life long partner to each other were  
appropriately matched by their profound, most  
generous and heartfelt wishes that markedly  
were unreservedly, plainly, altruistically

and comprehensively, fully manifest  
in the process, merged with their  
supportive allegiance to our  
future, well-being and, of  
course, our mutually  
shared happiness.

Happy as two courting blackbirds willingly ensconced  
in a Clammy Cherry tree and, accordingly, in our  
very own fortunate and convivial environment  
thoroughly composed and entirely carefree  
in our promising and positively at home  
situation as any two self-assured and,  
metaphorically speaking, ardently attached love  
birds deeply and devotedly in love with each  
other could possibly be, we congratulated  
each other on our shared good fortune;  
none the less never forgetting in our  
united celebration and privileged observance our  
grateful thanks and profound appreciation to  
God Almighty for graciously allowing us  
to have and equally pleurably enjoy  
together this incredibly privileged  
and fairly unique relationship  
that together we had rather  
fortuitously managed  
to chance upon.

Our individual honours degree successfully completed  
and our respective job interviews likewise finalized,  
all that now remained before we commonly and  
expectantly embarked on our particularized,  
promising and encouragingly rewarding  
teaching careers was our enormously  
anticipated, joyously planned and  
personally pledged to be unforgettable  
graduation ceremony and celebration; the wonderful  
encapsulation of everything, both productive and  
enduringly transformative in our lives, that had  
happily and thankfully transpired during our  
course of study, our truly delightful times  
together and, of course, the impending

expectations we reciprocally had not only on account of us for the very last time departing our learning institution and understandably reflectively musing on them but also, as we confidently and with the maximum of self-assurance and vigour, were about to boldly venture into the future.

Deeply in love, as evidently we were, we were all the same equally quite matured and highly responsible enough to know that marriage, home-building and having children did not normally or, at the very least, shouldn't sensibly happen accidentally or even purposely of their own accord, but on the contrary had to be both astutely, assiduously and positively worked on if developing these objectives were ultimately to be fruitfully achieved. And those were the salient criteria that we most carefully imbued and determinedly tasked ourselves would be our personal and reciprocal benchmark and that unwaveringly from which we would never ever permit ourselves to consciously depart!

But unknowingly and quite disastrously for us the omens would and did ignobly conspire to ruin our brand new start; for having purposely and mutually decided to accept teaching positions at different schools, a situation freely motivated by neither of us wishing to metaphorically as it were get under the other's feet professionally at the very beginning of our teaching careers, that's exactly what we went on and rather consensually did. An altruistic move but despite that, as subsequently

happened, one with very  
unforeseen and dire  
consequences.

For with my highly capable first aid training which was  
markedly complemented by a vast amount of personal  
experience that those who were present and actively  
involved with my fiancée during that time in the  
school's gymnasium where she was working  
in her dual capacity as a P.E. teacher didn't,  
of course, possess; I was explicably but  
deeply regrettably not there to save  
her life when ironically from a previously medically  
undiagnosed and, as a result, an unconscious of  
physical illness: namely epilepsy, triggered a  
severe epileptic seizure which caused her  
limp tongue to block the conduit to her  
oesophagus. A state of affairs that in  
trained and knowledgeable hands  
would've been easily rectified  
and thus have saved her life;  
but in its place, and in the  
visible absence of such  
skilled assistance my  
treasured fiancée  
most unhappily  
choked and  
unluckily  
died.

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30 November 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

Lorna was 23 years old when she died and like the both of us was in her second year of teaching when that happened. A brilliant scholar, she was also a prolific and very talented poetess and from her school's report an excellent teacher as well.

Sorely missed, deeply loved and forever remembered!



# An Unfair Victim Of Others' Accursed Austerity Blues!

By Stanley Collymore

I didn't ask to be born and don't remember being asked  
my opinion as to whether or not I really wanted to be  
here; but I am! And having arrived and with this  
earthly dwelling, how long for is still unclear,  
involuntarily my home, I've none the less  
done everything which was required of  
me and rather factually, even if I do  
say so myself, a darn sight more  
than many who've positively  
ended up much better off  
economically than me!

Now those aren't emotions from a heart that's eaten  
up by anger, bitterness or callous jealousy, just a  
natural concern that in this climate of severe  
belt-tightening and relentless austerity it's  
usually conscientious and hardworking  
persons like me who're left to carry  
the can while suffering the harsh  
consequences of unbecoming poverty, which  
certainly can't be right in a society whose  
government and our elected MPs while  
not practising what they preach yet  
talk incessantly of us being in it  
together and falsely insinuate  
it's all about fairness and  
their warped notion of  
alleged impartiality  
and the equality  
of opportunity.

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12 March 2016

Author's Thoughts:

The good and hardworking people of Reading Berkshire have been hit with

swingeing austerity cuts that will affect their entire community and these are undoubtedly very perverse and unnecessary penalties that will affect some of the most vulnerable people in this extraordinarily outstanding cosmopolitan Berkshire community and not least so those with disabilities who have been marshalling their forces to protest against these Tory Nazi calamities being callously imposed on them.

Of course they aren't the only ones across the United Kingdom who these exceedingly privileged Tory Gestapo headed by the ruthlessly ambitious George Osborne and, as he enthusiastically aspires to being and Boris Johnson permitting, the succeeding Fuehrer to David Cameron of the Fourth Reich except that this time it isn't located in Germany but instead is very much implanted within Britain, have adversely and rather uncaringly affected in this way, and even a cursory check of what is going on will clearly show that it's the less well off conjoined with the evidently disadvantaged and not the well heeled, who continue to do rather nicely thank you, that are being concertedly targeted by these incompetently privileged, unashamedly self-serving, thoroughly narcissistic, graspingly hubristic and discernibly egocentric detrital elements of humanity.

And how do they manage this? Quite easily as it happens, by playing on the fabricated and wilfully induced fears instigated by them and which they ensure continue to beset significant numbers of the brain-dead and easily manipulated oiks within our societies. People, who invariably can't think for themselves, jump on any bandwagon that rather disingenuously and outright lying they're told by these same privileged prats is in their best interests. And principally among their targets and victims are migrants and refugees who are on their way to Britain, these British numbskulls are told, to scrounge off the UK and take their local jobs. Never mind that it would be contradictory to do two completely opposite things at the same time but when you're devoid of basic commonsense you'll believe anything and even overlook in the process what has caused the refugee and migrant crises in the first place.

The utterly heart-rending tragedy being that ordinary decent, enormously hardworking and deserving people across the length and breadth of Britain are being sucked into this quagmire of deception when they really shouldn't be as it has absolutely nothing to do with them and is not of their making or choosing. Meanwhile, the well-heeled continue to be exempt from these swingeing austerity measures. An utterly maddening situation being, and as I perceive it, is that if the imbecilic camp followers and supporters of these Tory Nazis and their accomplices were the only ones being affected I wouldn't care one jot as they're principally to blame as well; but they clearly aren't thus leaving the decent and

praiseworthy residents of Reading and others like them across the United Kingdom to bear the full brunt of these evil travesties being inflicted on them. And how sickening that every Tory MP within Berkshire and where Reading is located fervently voted for these debilitating cuts to be introduced against the most vulnerable in the UK while it was the Labour MP who did the honourable thing and voted against them.

Stanley Collymore

# An Unsurpassed Lady!

There are women who inspire and those that are loathsome; ladies who are cultured: all graceful and winsome. But there're bitches, too, one can easily despise with greed in their hearts and hate in their eyes. A mass of femininity then - all shapes and of every colour; likeable and adorable or simply great horrors. Among them are mothers, aunties, sisters - other relations without end; or women as lovers and even as friends.

But is the latter really possible a cynic might well ask? Yes, comes back the answer, but it's a rather difficult task. For the mind of the woman, quite contradictory and Daedalian, is usually inclined to independently work somewhat differently from her brain. Therefore logic is seldom, if ever, distilled from her private sentiment or habitual and obdurate will; making it a lot harder for the average woman to impartially assess the issues as they generally stand, much less what's really the best for her, let alone that vulnerable and highly endangered species called contemporary man.

A blemish not found in your character thank God, since you evidently use your brain as Nature intended you should. And for that Dorial those who're privileged to know you are greatly relieved that in this world of contrived conflicts, oases of commonsense and sanity, thankfully still exist.

Stanley Collymore

# Anal Sex And The Alarming British Fixation With It!

By Stanley Collymore

Well bugger me! Figuratively speaking I hasten to say,  
for that sort of thing was never in any way, isn't or  
shan't ever in a month of Sundays be my cup of  
tea as I'm strictly, uncompromisingly, rather  
partially, have never been disappointingly  
and most assuredly am emphatically an  
impenitent Vagina Man myself, you  
see! But what the dickens I wonder  
possessed these jackal politicians  
both in the House of Lords and more especially so  
the House of Commons to truthfully expect in  
the given circumstances they've knowingly  
inspired, instigated and rather politically  
and self-servingly over several years  
assiduously, vaingloriously but oh  
so stupidly sought to universally  
beget the hollow concept that  
seemingly, manifestly and  
incredibly dishonestly it  
would appear that they  
now want the clever  
and sane among us  
in the population  
to welcomingly  
acknowledge  
and likewise  
understand.

Their worthless opinion that sticking one's penis  
up another person's bottom, or in the case of  
manifestly butch and testosterone-driven  
lesbians, that in their predatory games  
do precisely the same to achieve the  
identical experience as their queer  
men; and that became an almost  
compulsory activity that was  
fraudulently but all the same laudably portrayed

by all of them and embraced by huge swathes of the United Kingdom's population with it having been manipulatively perceived by them that this individual recreation was evidently the very best thing to have happened since the conception of sliced bread and for that reason all this cunning, proselytising and sexual, propagandistic engineering which they previously and avidly elatedly engaged in;

They now presumably wish instead to firmly knock on the head this burgeoning and clearly pandemic sexual recreation that has gone bottom's up and de facto for them become a core British discomfiture as it's yet to be proven that apart from being a highly contentious sexual recreation for some pedication, or sodomy as it's more commonly known, to virtually everyone does do anything to actually support procreation or amplify in any way a nation's population!

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13 April 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

The much and dishonestly propagandized; blatantly, habitually dumb and disingenuously adhered to at home within the United Kingdom and consequently universally taken on board by simpletons or else downright lying and self-deceiving Britons and even unquestioningly believed by several of them of the ludicrous mantra: 'We're all British so no sex please! ' is nothing more than a risible and preposterous myth that ought to be treated either as a bizarre mental aberration that has critically affected the visual and the psychological observation

of those who're directly involved or else find themselves caught up in this spurious attestation and consequently in the process have lost all sense of proportion or logical reasoning or otherwise are patently too daft to recognize let alone sensibly or pragmatically accept, even if they don't approve of it, what's noticeably and quite hypocritically going on around them, and therefore in my opinion all instances involving conduct of this kind or associated with any or all of these double-standards shenanigans should vigorously be explicitly dismissed or contemptuously ignored.

Widespread sexual cheating, numerous adulterous liaisons, multiple and pervasive acts of cuckolding and the preponderance of children either intentionally or haphazardly conceived out of wedlock and born within the same status quo or else cunningly and deceitfully palmed onto unsuspecting fiancés or boyfriends that are then clandestinely and shamelessly cited as their biological fathers fully conscious of the fact that they're not and who are additionally then conned into marrying these heartless cheaters and spurred on either into doing so out of the noble act of chivalry and fatherly responsibility or else result in them bringing forward an already anticipated or planned wedding because the woman concerned had puzzlingly found herself pregnant or had inadvertently, she claimed, become so and wouldn't it be extremely nice also to preferably lovingly, prudently and responsibly embark on doing the right, proper, thoroughly family-friendly and devotedly oriented as well as the discernibly societally non-ostracising thing, absolutely dependent of course on the participants social standing, and get married?

That's, of course, if these kids are lucky to have parents, biologically related to them or not, that are willing and prepared to get married, which is not always the case as more often than not they find themselves as part of a single parent only and transparently maternal led family where although they're siblings they all don't share the same father even when no cheating has taken place. And when one realistically adds to that the well-know fact that when abroad Brits, and especially their women folk of all social backgrounds, have no moral compunction whatsoever in licentiously behaving as if there was a closing down sale on sex and therefore they rationally and justifiably had to get their hands on as much of this precious commodity as they possibly could before it was all gone, does put into proper perspective the utter and I feel ridiculous and even worst so the insulting notions that are consistently paraded and also allowed to flourish in relation to Brits generally and their women in particular as regards sex.

And while on a personal level this has absolutely nothing to do with anyone other than those who are directly involved it does however instantly cease to be a strictly personal matter for them when as a direct consequence of their actions

others are forced to pick up the financial tabs for their alarming irresponsibility by having to economically maintain their broods. But other than that I personally couldn't care less what they do with their individual lives; and as far as I'm likewise concerned what other people think or don't think on this matter is entirely their own business. For in a genuine democracy or one that sells itself as such people should be able to freely conduct their own lives within the framework of the law and as long as their concerted, intentional or irresponsible actions don't or aren't ever likely to impact adversely or in any other way, and specifically unwantedly so, on the lives of others.

Which brings me quite determinedly and categorically to the purpose of this poem and article and why I've decided to write them. Having stated my opinions unequivocally in the past and as I'm again doing now on the right of every compos mentis and legally adult individual to live and conduct their life as they see fit and this most specifically refers to their private life so long as this is completely carried out within the framework of the democratically instituted and legitimate laws governing that particular country, I've always taken strong exception to any government or politicians, whoever or wherever they are, proselytising on how members of their population should actually behave behind close doors and when what they're doing is strictly a private and legal affair. Pushing one's ideas down another person's throat because you hold a position over them and feel you've a right to do so is not only repugnant itself but morally wrong; and for far too long and simply because it's their particular baggage this is precisely what significant numbers of British politicians and other influential members of UK society have been doing.

I don't buy the baseless crap that some people have homosexual genes in them any more than I buy the similar crap that Blacks have an inbuilt predisposition to crime. However, if those in power want to make homosexuality legal, and they've done so as it applies to the male gender, as it was never a crime where women were concerned since Queen Victoria asininely refused to accept that women could be lesbians, don't know where the hell she got her senseless ideas and ill-informed information from or why she thought that the Greek island had for millennia, even during her reign, been called Lesbos, and her PM at the time didn't have the balls to contradict her, I can perfectly well live with that and do so; but don't bloody well dictate to me that because it's your thing I must go along with it. For to put not too fine a point on it that won't ever happen and if you think your coercive tactics against the populace per se will have any counterproductive effect on me to sway me that way let me instantly disabuse you of that notion and tell you upfront that you're fucking well wrong! And to now most disingenuously claim that too many Brits are obsessively preoccupied with sodomy; well what the bloody hell did you queer-minded, dunderheads

expect?

Stanley Collymore

# Are You Really Sure You're Who You Think You Are?

I didn't realize how much you thought I meant  
to you or even that you actually cared at all,  
for you always seemed to be totally  
wrapped up in yourself and,  
to be perfectly frank  
with you, wholly indifferent about  
me and specifically whatever  
it was that was going  
on in my life at  
the time.

So do forgive me if I'm curious to know what abruptly  
brought on this change of heart on your part, and  
as you're currently suggesting and apparently  
expect me to believe as well has now, to  
put it mildly, dramatically from my  
previous insignificant status in  
your life to what's obviously  
from your perspective and most  
puzzlingly and ostensibly flattering  
from mine I think, catapulted  
me into the most favoured  
position that you've  
deliberately set aside  
in your private  
emotions?

I'm well aware of the exhortation not to look a gift  
horse in the mouth but I'm also fully cognisant,  
as I'm equally sure that you are too, of the  
legendary story about the Trojan Horse,  
the adverse consequences that stemmed from it,  
and the chillingly pertinent lessons belatedly  
learnt because of it concomitant with the  
judicious advice to be exceedingly  
wary of the proverbial Greeks  
bearing unexpected and  
more specifically  
unsolicited

gifts.

The latter admonition I both concur and totally empathize with; it is also one that I wholeheartedly support. So bearing all that in mind I regret to say that I must reject your amorous overtures towards me, since the prospect of marital entrapment and the real likelihood of unwittingly fathering one or even more children that I didn't sire isn't a pursuit that any thinking member of the male gender, among whose numbers I count myself as one of them, would, in such questionable circumstances as the ones you're proposing and whatever the inducements were, want to be sensibly undertaking.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Arise, New Scotland! Your Time Has Come.

By Stanley Collymore

Determination garlanded with basic commonsense  
and an acutely perceptive awareness of what  
you want for your beloved country,  
Scotland; redeemable and conspicuously  
praiseworthy characteristics that are  
themselves encased in a strikingly  
compassionate and fulsomely  
appreciative understanding  
of the genuine and quite  
deserving needs  
of ordinary  
people.

Indispensable requisites of true  
leadership qualities that you, Nicola  
Sturgeon possess in lavish abundance  
and were formulated in the stark,  
markedly and demonstrably  
unforgiving cauldron of  
reality and afterwards  
fashioned into tangible  
form by the decisive  
hammer blows of  
pragmatically  
conceived of  
necessity.

For your vision, Nicola is Scotland's future; and  
not even the most concerted and dinosaurian  
approach to the contrary, liberally fanned  
by vitriolic short-sightedness and hate  
can ever neutralize or negate the  
inevitable: New Scotland's  
emergence as a vibrant,  
socially-caring, conspicuously  
meritocratically-empowered  
and, significantly too, a

fully sovereign and  
democratic  
nation.

One that's very much in lieu of the customarily  
oft-forgotten and vassal entity that for far  
too long has consistently been the  
case in living memory. An  
absolute disgrace,  
but all the same one that the ruling, privileged  
Etonians and their like-minded Westminster  
ilk would none the less very much like  
for this terribly demeaning and  
illegitimate status quo to  
permanently remain. But by  
the grace of God and true  
Scottish endeavour –  
Never! And most  
categorically not  
in Scotland's  
name.

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16 May 2015.

Author's comments:

Using the analogy of human liaisons as a yardstick here, billions of people globally routinely indulge in a plethora of relationships of a strictly personal nature that can and invariably do vary both in character and their intensity some of which are distinctly coerced, in which case the actual participants are either culturally or societally literally compelled to behave as they're told or expected to and accordingly meekly acquiesce to the demands made on them – forced, dynastic and royal engagements-cum-marriages readily come to mind in such cases; while on the other hand there's a multiplicity of other private relationships that are themselves and to varying degrees voluntarily engaged in for a diversity of personal reasons.

But whether these relationships are either freely or coercively embarked upon it doesn't necessarily follow that because they happened that all, or even a significant number of them, are what one might proverbially classify as matches made in Heaven or, for that matter, that even if they were initially and perhaps

genuinely assumed by all concerned that that was the case that that sincere assumption would continue to stay unaffected and would necessarily remain so; or that the status quo ante would both satisfactorily and enduringly stay constant and perpetually in place for those who're directly involved.

That's why divorces were conceived in the first place and therefore naturally, and completely understandably, legally formalized to sensibly and practically enable as well as to ensure that all those who felt themselves either physically trapped, personally unfulfilled, unexpectedly and rather despairingly plunged into intellectual stagnation or perhaps enforced penury as a direct consequence of their involvement in such a relationship, especially if this occurrence essentially came about though no fault of theirs, and at the same time are haplessly forced to witness their once expectant aspirations and spirited ambitions, when their physical union was joyously and optimistically constructed and confidently celebrated, now alas despondently wither away and, in the process, with them virtually powerless to successfully influence far less remedy the tangled situation they're now in and badly want to be rid of; not unnaturally, given those aforesaid circumstances, generally opt to have that said union legally dissolved.

A state of affairs neither wholly nor even exclusively restricted just to married couples or those in conventional partnership arrangements who opt to separate when the going either gets tough or the relationship itself is no longer beneficial or realistic in any meaningful sense. And it's not just human beings that indulge in such conduct, businesses and even major corporate entities do the same, as indeed countries – the former Czechoslovakia, unitary Sudan and the federation of Malaysia and Singapore being just three examples of several more; so why not Scotland relative to its unitary situation with the rest of the United Kingdom if that is the unquestionable desire of the Scottish nation? Which is exactly what Scotland is in its own right!

And all the makeshift, completely dishonest and disingenuously lame excuses being mooted by the privileged, and totally out of touch with reality, Westminster brigade and their self-serving ilk are as I see it just that. Justification for them to vaingloriously continue to strut around, albeit obsequiously on the United States' behalf, as if Britain were still an imperialistic power that had any real influence, as it once did, in this world. Additionally too for the United Kingdom as it is presently to carry on having a permanent seat in the post World War II created, unrepresentative, manifestly unaccountable, except to its constituent member states, and so-called United Nations Security Council.

A presence that neither Britain nor France would have if the UNSC were truly constituted on authentic democratic principles rather than post World War II

conveniences; and were Scotland to vacate the United Kingdom, and those ensconced in their Westminster bubble know this perfectly well, the practicability of a rump Britannia, rationally untenable as it already is with a full United Kingdom in situ, would immediately, and globally as well, become even more unsustainable and unpardonable with Scotland's exit from the United Kingdom; and of course that's exactly the very last thing in this world that the imperialist and colonialist cliques in their overwhelmingly phobic and unquestionable delusional state of white supremacist exceptionalism throughout Westminster and across England per se would ever want.

So English leaders having Scotland stay in the United Kingdom has everything to do with global pretence on their part and bugger all to do with the genuine and pressing needs of the Scottish people or their beloved Scotland. And all the publicly aired blandishments of David Cameron, his Conservatives and every leader of the other political parties south of the Scottish border are not only false promises but likewise can be equated to the actions of a serial adulterer who thinks that spouting fancy words, offering to change their mode of behaviour, when privately they have not the slightest intention of doing so, and conning their spouse or partner to stay in a physically bruising or psychologically harmful relationship through the bribery of unexpected gifts whenever that spouse or partner looks set to leave, is plausibly more of what Scotland and its people, in my opinion, can expect if they opt to carry on staying in the United Kingdom.

Stanley Collymore

# As In Life So Too In Death – No Justice; No Peace!

You might be able to stitch me up with crimes I didn't commit; racially stereotype and accordingly, thanks to your meticulously hand-picked and bent jurors, routinely find me guilty, then get your crony magistrates or elitist judges with their entrenched Colonel Blimp and colonialist mindset to incarcerate me for inordinately lengthy periods of time in your antiquated, 18th Century-assembled and enormously congested jails.

That's, of course, if your arrogantly assumed and disdainfully exhibited abhorrence of me, comprehensively and liberally laced with an astonishing immunity you know that you can reliably count upon doesn't cause you to forego all that earlier stuff and, profoundly emboldened by the successful prospects of your racist enterprise, lead you to callously and sadistically, even in broad daylight and on the streets of our busy cities, gratuitously deprive me and others like me as well of our lives.

But then, to you I was always just another Nigger: one of the thousands of others of all ages and of both genders that systematically, continually and uncaringly on your part as well as that of our supposedly impartial judicial system; our country's venal and grossly unfit for

purpose politicians who generally and  
together with the powers that be  
not only wanted us dead but  
also at whose hands we  
consistently found ourselves subjected  
to racial stereotyping and profiling  
ordinances, which clearly were  
themselves liberally spurred  
on by untrammelled  
sophistry and culpable  
pernicious acts of  
mindboggling  
bigotry.

And although we're now finally dead: racially  
murdered or executed as you all wanted us  
to be, our righteous cause will none the less  
live on eternally in the hearts, minds and  
actions of those close to us: the likes  
of Carole Duggan or Neville and  
Doreen Lawrence for instance,  
who love and will always  
care about us and the  
justice which they know  
we justly deserved  
but, of course,  
never got.

Honest, decent, hardworking and law-abiding  
persons: although no noticeable advantage,  
if any at all, has been discerned from  
them being thus, who all the  
same along with thousands of likeminded  
people across the entire nation already know  
full well that what happened to us, and  
quite unrestrained is going on apace,  
is criminally wrong, and in conscionable  
terms too the most damnable moral travesty that  
either we or those who're currently affected  
could ever face; and that without justice  
to lean upon, impartially grant us  
full absolution, and from this pernicious

evil we've all been cruelly subjected  
to secure for us a warrantable  
societal reprieve, then there  
cannot or won't ever be  
any meaningful or  
durable peace!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 January 2014.

Comment:

This poem was written specifically with Mark Duggan in mind and is dedicated to his children, mother, other family members, friends and supporters, but most especially to Mark's aunt Carole Duggan.

An incomparable lady, Carole whose courageous and tireless commitment, in the face of overwhelming odds against her, not only to ascertain truthful answers as to why her nephew was murdered but additionally the juxtaposition of this with her unflagging energy and indefatigable determination to see justice done by him I find highly commendable, fully empathize with, totally admire and wholeheartedly support.

God bless and sustain you in your worthy endeavours Carole, and in heeding too the compellingly powerful and pertinent voice from the grave embedded in your own spirited and honest cry: "No Justice; No Peace! "

After the most brutal, savage and summary execution of Mark Duggan on a London street and in broad daylight on the 4th August 2011 the police spin machine went into overdrive.

A vicious crime exacerbated by the abysmally atrocious manner and indifferent treatment meted out to Mark's family afterwards when they peacefully sought answers at Tottenham Police Station as to why their loved one was murdered and that served as the catalyst for the subsequent widespread riots across England when news of their gross mistreatment at the hands of the police, all too common in the case of Black people, became knowledgeable was, to say the least, inevitable.

However, in a desperate bid to expunge the blood-stained tracks of those who had premeditatedly planned, ordered, oversaw and ultimately carried out Mark Duggan's extra-judicial execution, and specifically in the lead up two and a half years later to the most perverse inquest jury verdict outcome either witnessed or

recorded in the UK, the police, who were the perpetrators of Mark's killing, ably assisted by their compliant media hacks hurriedly went on the offensive to disparagingly vilify him at all costs.

Instantaneously Mark Duggan was publicly and vociferously declared as having been the 45th most dangerous criminal, and how's this for idiotic hyperbole, not in Britain as the many gullible and significant brain-dead in our midst would expect; oh no! But the whole of Europe.

Risible or what? This notwithstanding the deadly circumstances replete in the entire situation surrounding Mark Duggan's controversial murder and against whose backdrop this claptrap and cynical charade were being absurdly played out.

Personally, I don't think that that remark from our boys in blue, echoed and regurgitated by their racist chums, about Mark Duggan being the 45th most dangerous criminal throughout Europe would have found favour with or gone down at all well with the Italian or Russian mafias for example; let alone the incorrigible, sadistic, cut-throat killers and so-called leaders of the western created, and in which Britain played a major role, hand-out, dependency satrapy of Kosovo that these western paragons of virtue, as they would have you believe, still avidly support.

Understandably, the respective European mafias and their Kosovan counterparts must be spitting rage at having been so disrespectfully and publicly humiliated by a concerted British police propaganda campaign, and a lying one at that, that sees these genuinely well-renowned and arch-criminals criminally, and mortifyingly so, supplanted by of all people a London Blackman.

Ironic coming from the British police, I must say, when all the empirical data to hand categorically show that Blacks in the UK are more likely to be the principal victims of crime here rather than the perpetrators of it; and particularly so of race crimes, that as some of Britain's major broadsheets reported on the 13 January 2014 the police don't even bother to investigate. And with such endemic prejudices within the police ranks reinforced by conditioned racial stereotypes why would they prefer to hesitate, given those clear-cut circumstances, rather than summarily kill a Blackman when the opportunity either presents itself or one is premeditatedly and cynically manufactured for them?

Be that as it may! But having assiduously observed and contemporaneously collated the many facts as they emerge, it all looks very much to me like the British Police and more especially their Metropolitan colleagues on finding

themselves shut out of the public convenience of honesty and reason and therefore anxiously looking for somewhere else to offload their profuse urine, were forced in the Mark Duggan case, as they were with the Stephen Lawrence one and others, to piss in the air in the earnest hope that in doing so what they let off didn't fall back and embarrassingly drench them.

However, in the immortal words of the black bobsledder in the film "Cool Runnings" similarly compromised in his emergency situation the response is: "Too late! "

Stanley Collymore

# Backstabbers

Violent people one can mostly avoid, it's the  
same with known liars who are prone to  
be such; it's a different kettle of fish  
though with those who smile to your  
face and behind that false smile  
happily plunge the dagger of  
treachery in your back.

Avoid such persons  
like the plague,  
they can't be  
trusted.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Bajan Crop Over

Lift up yuh voices and shout loud and clear  
"Crop Over Festival is once more here! "  
Uh time fuh fun an' relaxation too -  
nuh inhibitions please, as dat  
won't do! Dere's dancing  
and swaying tuh de  
pulsating beat of Caribbean rhydums  
dat'll get yuh moving an' quickly  
pun yuh feet. Dere's food too  
of all sorts: hot, spicy an'  
flavoured - a culinary  
treat dat will long  
be remembered.

And when in de cool uh de evening sun yuh  
need uh pick-me-up tuh help yuh carry on,  
dere's Mount Gay an' Cockspur:  
Barbados'world famous rums -  
uh absolute guarantee Tuh  
warm dose parts uh de  
body which couldn't be  
reached by de rays uh de sun. So dat  
when de fireworks display and de  
great bacchanal are done, it's  
your choice entirely wedder  
tuh carry on partying or  
mek yuh way home.

Stanley Collymore

# Band Of Gold

I know that I've no legal or moral  
claims on you, as the only attachment I  
have to you at present is the love we  
share for each other – because the  
wedding ring you wear is not  
mine but given to you by another; and like  
a beguiling moat, beneath whose unruffled  
surface lurks many dangers, it shuts you  
in: a prisoner of love in your fortified  
castle. Therefore, the only realistic chance  
I have of ever getting to you, other than  
me storming the castle or else laying  
siege to it that is, is for someone,  
preferably yourself, who's on  
the inside to lower the  
drawbridge down  
and let me in.

© Stanley V. Collymore.  
14 December 1997.

Stanley Collymore

## Be Flexible

I do not demand or even expect you to  
change your mind, for your opinions  
are much too entrenched for that –  
what I do want however is for  
you to adjust your attitude  
to sensibly recognise  
there's a different  
point of view  
to your  
own!

Stanley Collymore

# Be Strong!

When the odds are heavily stacked against you that's the best time to show the true metal of which your character is made; for regardless of how long it takes or the many injustices that have been gratuitously, bigotedly or even sadistically meted out to you, trustworthiness, truth and character will ultimately prevail in the end.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Beastly

The major difference that exists  
between animals and human  
beings is, that animals  
don't ever pretend  
to be what they  
know they  
aren't.

Stanley Collymore

# Being A Female Isn't In Itself The Only Qualification To Be A Mother!

By Stanley Collymore

It would be nice to think, truly believe and honestly say that all females who do become pregnant, in whatever way, or even acquired the status of adopted parents and consequently in either process de facto became female parents, then as a result of them managing to do so they somehow essentially and also unimpeachably are moreover in this noticeably subjective assumption by those who adopt this point of view must for that reason alone and everlastingly be guaranteed in those said circumstances regardless of how seemingly strange or ludicrously contradictory such a presumption actually is or in the end turns out to be must none the less duplicitously, disingenuously and more often than not brazenly and wrong-headedly in this discernibly gloomy process as mothers too.

Absurdly, and certainly dishonestly so, ascribing to all of them, and irrespective of either who or what they are, the laudable status of mother that substantial numbers of you out there publicly take to erroneously and even categorically in your self-contrived state of reverent and unshakable delusions contend is the case; injudiciously making these women indisputably mothers basically because they either biologically or by virtue of some

noticeably twisted and utterly self-serving  
undertaking of theirs, on top of what in  
their narcissistically engineered and  
propelled obsession irresponsibly  
conjoined with their distinctly  
inadequate or prominently  
non-existent parenting skills all the same  
cause these women with their intensely  
deep-rooted illusions to incorrigibly  
suppose that their egotistical and  
self-centred longings are rightly  
and commensurately together  
with other manifest failings  
of theirs quite satisfactory  
in themselves to making  
them complete women;  
and even inexplicably  
iconic and somewhat  
unnecessary to say  
proper mothers in  
every likely way.

So why don't you prudently join forces with those  
who perceptively see motherhood as much more  
than just acquiring children for purposes only  
the lines of beings to be proudly paraded as  
prized assets of yours; or to satisfy your  
demented and compulsive longing to  
unconvincingly prove that you're  
what you'd like the rest of us to  
unwisely believe you to be what clearly you're  
not, but think you are; or as the prospective  
recipients of your ill-gotten gains when,  
regrettably for you, you must shuffle  
off your mortal coils from this life,  
and instead look upon them all as  
what in effect they certainly are:  
particularized human beings in  
their own right who could, if  
genuinely and intelligently  
permitted to be, can with  
relative ease become a

tangible credit to you  
as a mother specially  
or in alliance with  
someone else, as  
laudable parents  
more generally?

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29 February 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

With the upcoming Mother's Day remembrance and celebration festivities due in the United Kingdom on March 3, 2016 I'd very much like to add my own contribution to this particularly special day itself, as well as all the appropriate and fitting celebrations scheduled individually by various offspring or collectively by families up and down the country to commemorate the occasion. And I do this not because I feel obligated to follow suit; oh no, but because I have a plethora of exceedingly good reasons why I must. To begin with my own upbringing was a truly fantastic one in every conceivable way and not only as a direct result of my biological mother's sterling efforts but also those as well of the several voluntarily involved, willing, incredibly superb, positive and iconic mothers that I additionally and welcomingly had. The vast majority of them my close blood relatives!

For example, both my biological grandmothers; great-aunts, and in this regard particularly my great-aunt Millie, my several biological aunts on my mother and father's side of my family, and even their close female friends who all took their turn or else collectively mothered me. Yes, I was showered in love but by no stretch of anyone's fertile imagination was I witlessly pampered or spoilt in any way, and during the altruistic and evidently pleasurable tasks and that these incredibly blessed with foresight and mountains of love ladies allotted themselves in relation to myself they not only became my role models but my enduring mentors too on effectively everything pertaining to life generally from a thoroughly objective and highly informative female perspective as well as encouragingly ensuring in the process that I was equally cognizant of the "evils" that could and invariably did at times emanate too from woman kind. No special treatment afforded to me in either of these regards since they were similarly meticulous, I knew, in their education of me as they were in regards of their own biological children whether they were older or younger than myself.

So to all of them, those who're still happily for me in this earthly life that we

mutually share as well as those who sadly but inevitably have departed it, a truly heart-warming and the biggest thank you not only on this upcoming &quot;Mother's Day&quot; but as I've routinely done in the past relative to being the fortunate and blessed recipient of you love, good wishes and general looking out for me and my individual interests, guided by you astute understanding of life conjoined with your brilliant application of its most positive aspects; again thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

I alluded earlier to the negative aspects associated with motherhood and as I've enumerated the most disturbing of these in my poem: &quot;Being a female isn't in itself the only qualification to be a mother! &quot; I shan't embark on repeating myself and will instead leave you to judiciously apply your commonsense, realize and appropriately address that specific matter in as conscionable a fashion as you're either capable of or actually want to. Meanwhile to all of you who've been as truly blessed as I've been and likewise so to all those mothers: biological, adopted or fostered, who've industriously and lovingly worked throughout their raising of you to make you into the treasured and valuable person that you are emotionally and in every other positive sense, have a truly worthwhile and deserving Mother's Day; and God Bless!

Stanley Collymore

# Being With You

By Stanley Collymore

I love the comforting ease of conversation  
that reassuringly exists between the two  
of us: a communication not uttered  
by lips because of the situation  
which we find ourselves in  
but beautifully conveyed, none the less,  
through earnest yet encouraging eyes  
that willingly impart the secret  
contents of two exploratory  
and romantic hearts.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# Biologically Related, Familially Strangers!

By Stanley Collymore

You are the grandchildren whose presence I'm very much aware of but who notwithstanding that you're also the grandchildren I've never seen or embraced; have never communicated with or been given the opportunity to welcome into this world we currently share with each other

My biological offspring, most certainly, but that is all it would appear to be as things presently stand. A very awkward state of affairs to find one's self in I must admit, and all because there have been no overtures on the part of your parent, who ironically is my own natural child that I love immensely and forever will, to bury the hatchet respective to our distant familial falling out and as such prevents you from either seeing or having anything at all to do with me.

Of course I shall respect though not condone this insufferable action that has been foisted upon you and to which I'm being subjected myself, as I have no wish to embroil you in a matter that isn't of your making; which occurred long before your own parents even knew about each other's existence or you were yourselves conceived and ultimately came into this world as fully fledged members of the human race, but at the same time as an inactive and involuntarily proscribed part of mine and your own ancestral lineage.

But what you're presented with as you look into the mirror of life and unwittingly see only a white Caucasian staring back at you is, I must point out, analogous to the viewing of well sculptured and impressively laid out sand dunes strewn across an otherwise bleak and desolate desert scene whose bewitchingly

captivating landscape can nevertheless so easily conjure up, if one is not fully cognisant of the inherent dangers that lay within, the deceptive imagery of something that is entirely different from what it purports to be.

Nevertheless, even the most treacherous of deserts are known to facilitate an oasis or two, and it's to be hoped that in time with a much better awareness and more accurate appreciation of who you actually are that the Oasis of your African and Afro-Caribbean lineage will no longer be deliberately disguised as something either to be ashamed of or summarily dismissed as an irrelevance to be completely but instead are most welcomingly seen and fully embraced as requisite attributes of your personal and everyday lives.

Assets, not hindrances, to be proudly and conscientiously put on display and, significantly, acting as a reliable bulwark to stop you from needlessly and forlornly floundering in a contrived desert of folly and or insentient ignorance of who precisely you are. And just to let you know I shall be that welcoming Oasis securely located in your Desert of indiscernment and always there for you whenever you decide that you need me.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 November 2013.



# Black Skin

Ridiculed and scorned it was you  
that gave me the inspiration  
to carry on – for in their  
intense hatred of you,  
your enemies also  
revealed their  
innate fear  
of me!

Stanley Collymore

# Boundless Love

By Stanley Collymore

What is the purpose of bestowing Love if you then have to define its meaning; carefully explain its designated objective to the recipient of it, and most crucially why it is that you're giving it? For having in itself to do any or all of these things simply cheapens the exercise as well as glaringly detracts from the spontaneity and the inherent essence of the most apt and altruistic of human acts that there is.

That I love you goes without saying, and gratefully the profound indebtedness to you on my part for the unswerving reciprocity of your love for me is both flattering and heart-warmingly welcomed; a compellingly enthralling situation that's fully augmented by the firm knowledge that of all the voluntary decisions in my life that I could possibly have contemplated and willingly implemented, falling in love with you and honestly apprising you of that fact is one of the best that I've ever made, or I'm likely to accomplish; and, what's more, without having to explain myself because perceptively you graciously appreciate what I have done and intelligently understand why!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 May 2014.

Comment:

"I Love you! " - three of the most profound and invariably recurrent life-changing words in the English or any other reciprocal languages that can and quite often, in whatever cultural aspect in which they're expressed, do evoke sentiments that can either immensely enhance one's personal life's prospects or conversely if the feeling are unreciprocated turn them into any absolute nightmare.

Stanley Collymore

## Bright, Feminine And Fearless!

It's customary for most politicians when asked why they entered politics to say they did so to make a difference. What that difference is, is often at best either quite vague or never overtly expressed and always remains an amorphous concept which is never fully defined or understood.

Nevertheless, most voters by electing them to the public offices they hold still idealistically trust those whom they freely chose to be their standard-bearers and therefore generally assume will not only be honest with them but also committedly have their hearts lodged in the right place and do what's right where the interests principally of their constituents but likewise together with the wider ones of their country at large will similarly be paramount, so that the expectations placed in these MPs and the aspirations that have been engendered from doing so can reliably be counted on.

Alas, though, this almost blind faith unwarrantedly entrusted in the assumed probity and even the competence of their elected representatives is seldom rewarded, with the instances of those selflessly fulfilling these expectations being the rare exception rather than the general rule.

But you Clare, in marked and exemplificative contrast, are a priceless gem glowingly ensconced among the gaudy and even counterfeit bric-a-brac of human detritus, and especially of the political kind, that risibly but even so is concertedly and routinely passed

off as what it evidently is not; all  
to no avail, I must thankfully  
add, with prescient-minded  
folk who can easily detect,  
graciously respect and inspirationally  
appreciate the genuine article when  
they come across it. And there's  
none to be sure more authentic  
or compellingly enlivening  
in that latter regard than  
your inimitable self  
Clare Daly!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 June 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Brilliant Motherhood And Self-Effacing Femininity Conjoined As One!

By Stanley Collymore

You are the visible characterization and uplifting embodiment of natural motherhood, intuitively conducting yourself as every loving, caring and scrupulously trustworthy, biological mother or parent of whatever category should; an entirely enthralling and a most pleasurable observation, in every imaginable way, to comfortingly survey in a vivacious atmosphere of unstinting and quite justified admiration.

Someone that in this generally feckless, highly irresponsible and largely dissolute society of mendacious mediocrity and purblind stupidity commonplace unfortunately as well as utterly demeaning and which nowadays, delusionally and asininely, are ludicrously are and seriously passed off as desirable traits of responsible parenthood and grown up maturity; yet conscionably and in every other conceivable way, and noticeably eschewed by you, patently and ongoingly clearly and specifically lack any true perception of cogent integrity.

But you who're obviously untouched by all of this

have markedly in your case - so conspicuously and refreshingly different, I must truthfully say, that one would either have to be blind or else completely doltish not to notice, fully appreciate and unconditionally venerate this methodology of yours in every practicable way; that's splendidly unpretentious, manifestly scrupulous and agreeable; positively appealing undeniably inspirational and has materialized as a decidedly friendly, captivatingly feminine and, from a personal perspective, as a veritably gratifying sight to see and honourably revere!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 October 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

The appreciation of altruistic motives if not entirely dead in Britain as a whole has most certainly been in a very regressive coma for several years now and markedly exhibits all the transparent signs of not only being terminally but also unrecoverably ill. Most contemporary Brits of all ages and each gender haven't the foggiest notion of what altruism is or what when quite authentically dispensed that gesture is all about, and is nothing more, in my honest opinion, than casting pearls before swine. It's the same with compliments genuinely given.

Thankfully it's not a situation that I come across in Germany or anywhere else, come to that, globally, and categorically seems to be specifically a British curse. So as a rule of thumb the only Brits that I routinely pay compliments to or set about doing anything altruistically for are family members, close and trusted friends and on the very rare occasions those whom I've previously not met nor known but who evidently and rather refreshingly transcend the pernicious banality and rampant stupidity that is so replete within my country.

This poem was inspired by one such unique person who is British but is as far

removed from her peers as chalk is from cheese.

Stanley Collymore

# British Tabloids

Do you have any perception of what the  
truth is really about or, for that matter,  
even care? Or does your obsessive  
fascination with all things  
prurient comprise your  
one and only true  
interest in life?

Therefore, whether or not the story  
you're after actually fits the bill  
you always seek to make it  
so; and the reason why is  
very clear, as every  
intelligent observer knows.  
For the bigger your daily  
circulation is the more  
adverts you can sell;  
so integrity and  
fairness can  
all go to  
hell!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 April 1998.

Stanley Collymore

# Britons, Definitely Under The Weather!

By Stanley Collymore

Winds gusting, though noticeably without any sustained intensity, upwards to ninety miles per hour; coastal waters with obligatory but far from wholehearted cohesion doing their bit to portray an image of terror whose fearful perception swiftly grabs the undivided attention of the credulous, those who're easily or quite prone to be manipulated by a sensationalist media and transport executives of the Jobsworth School of act first and think: a commodity that's invariably in very short supply where such people are concerned, afterwards.

People who unwarrantedly but conveniently hide behind Health and Safety regulations, because they've definitely nothing positive to offer themselves, to cover up their systemic inefficiencies in relation to the jobs that clearly they should never have been trusted with in the first place.

The weather, whether it's good or bad, is a seasonal but nevertheless an integral part of the natural cycle of our known universe evidently and dispassionately designed as well as significantly controlled by Nature performing a delicate and seemingly at times impossible balancing act between the diverse and not uncommonly so diametrically opposed interests of both living and inanimate things that generally compete with but often and not unusually out of a common necessity complement each other as well; a state of affairs however which mankind, even with the best of intentions

in mind, will perpetually  
remain an interested  
but all the same  
a bit player.

Which doesn't mean that human beings should throw  
their hands up in despair, lazily sit back and do nothing,  
retreat from the predicament they're faced with, or  
even worse still add to the worst elements of  
what's a constantly evolving situation  
they already know they'll be faced  
with by asinine adopting and  
applying measures that are bound to  
exacerbate what is predictably a  
problematic development in  
the offing for everyone  
of us who's around.  
and involved.

Other countries with serial worse weather conditions  
than Britain routinely experiences or is ever likely  
to confront in the foreseeable future manage to  
cope exceedingly well in either forestalling  
or successfully combating the very worst  
climatic outrages that a volatile and  
tempestuous Nature throws at or  
recurrently subjects them to.

So why not Britain? Where train schedules are universally  
disrupted or completely scrapped as a consequence of  
infinitesimal things like leaves falling on the tracks;  
bus services similarly halted because of rainwater,  
designated as flooding, falling and collecting on  
badly constructed roads with no effective or  
efficient run-off facilities and water logging them in  
the process; with nonsensical risk averse advice  
unwisely tendered by the authorities, absurdly  
suggesting that people should stay indoors  
and work from home. How does that  
actually help, I wonder, if your  
profession happens to be  
a nurse or a doctor?

The weather is quite an obsession in Britain  
but that seems to be all where it's concerned;  
because no one in authority here, sure as  
hell, seems to have any sensible ideas  
how to efficiently deal with it; a  
self-inflicted problem that our  
Continental neighbours  
and others globally  
don't appear  
to have.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
29 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Bugger Off Santa Claus And Give Me Some Peace And Quiet!

By Stanley Collymore

Look Santa! I know perfectly well that it's Christmas and what you're up to now are the sort of things that you obviously delight in and most evidently, as well, thoroughly enjoy doing; but just because it's your specific thing and loved by some doesn't mean that everyone similarly wants to be actively engaged in or is even the least tolerant of these very much quite inescapably in your face and rather bullish shenanigans. And therefore, cautiously putting it politely and diplomatically, or as I rather prefer to do candidly; when it comes to the latter grouping of persons, then I most determinedly, and decidedly, count myself among them.

So in my case please do me and yourself at the same time one great big favour and just bugger off! And not because I abhor or for that matter personally have anything whatever against Christmas per se; for truthfully I very much to the contrary contentedly and unhesitatingly do confess to being an enthusiastic fan of old Noel; and while my willingly admitting this might appear odd as Hell to you in the circumstances of what I've earlier been saying, have none the less always and distinctly for me been religiously and socially celebratory that way. However, I do take a not unreasonable exception to some obese and pensionable person, absolutely nothing at all against ageism mind just the droll incongruity of the entire thing I readily confess, dressed up in a ridiculous costume of red and white rampaging across my roof in what

at best is obviously a most old-fashioned sleigh pulled by a herd of discernibly hyperactive reindeer. All well and good for the lot of you and every likeminded person who patently thinks that it's a barrel fun. That said though, when I checked my individual situation with my established insurance company, Direct Line, I was explicitly informed that any damage caused either directly by you Mr Santa Claus or your reindeer just was not covered by my home contents or any of the other possessed by me personal insurance policies.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 December 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

I was seven years old when I had a falling out with Santa Claus that would become permanent. Earlier that year and having been exceedingly good throughout it, as I normally was, I wrote to Santa asking him if I could have a cricket bat engraved with the names of any of my three cricketing heroes - I'm a staunch cricket fan - the 3 Ws, Worrrell, Weekes and Walcott, or preferably all three of them if he could manage that.

I subsequently in return got a letter from Santa Claus promising me that he would fulfil my wish; and pleased as anyone could possibly be by the fact of knowing that a special wish of theirs would be forthcoming I couldn't wait for the onset of Christmas, which was always a festive and religious season that I looked forward to and thoroughly enjoyed, to happen. Furthermore, this time I told family members and friends who asked me what I wanted them to get me for Christmas that the choice as usual was entirely theirs but they were not to get me a cricket bat as Santa Claus was already doing that.

But Christmas came and went, and while I got loads of presents from lots of people Santa Claus never delivered on his promise nor did he bother to send me an explanation for what he did, or more fittingly didn't do. So instead I wrote him a terse letter telling him what I thought of him and calling him a miserly prat. He must have taken umbrage to that but I didn't care and readily forgot all about him.

Fast forward to my early adulthood and Santa Clause with his reindeer recommenced driving his sleigh over the roofs of whatever home I was living in; ridiculous really as none of them ever had any chimneys, a specific thing with me. And with good reason! I'm a staunch environmentalist and eschew polluting the atmosphere with the residue from fossil fuels and instead opted for insulated lofts, solar panel roofs and state of the art central heating, so there were no chimneys attached to any of my homes for this rotund man to embarrassingly climb down, than Heavens! Nevertheless, he made up for that with his dry runs; with him accompanied by his reindeer creating an unholy din over my roof tops I must say!

Thankfully, all this happened prior to Christmas itself, which as it happens in my case I never spend in Britain; as I'd long discovered, coming not long after my initial altercation with Santa that there isn't just the one Santa Claus but a franchise of them with their own specific jurisdiction, and judiciously I make absolutely sure each year that I'm out of the jurisdiction of that Santa Claus who cocked it up for me all those years ago.

And so this poem, drawing on my own experience as a child, is written for and dedicated to all those who've been similarly hard done by an unforgivable Santa Claus or who are simply agnostic about them. And remember this; I got over my disappointment and so will you! Meanwhile, have a cracking Christmas all of you.

Stanley Collymore

# Carry On Killing!

By Stanley Collymore

We need a war:  
as we have no answers of any kind for the  
repeated failures and full-scale collapse  
of the economy, which we've  
persistently botched up with such  
stunning regularity through our  
exceptional mediocrity; so  
a war would do nicely,  
wouldn't you say,  
in helping to  
focus our  
minds?

We need a war:  
to consolidate and further stimulate the  
expanding arms industry; our solitary  
outstanding success, rivalled only  
by our extraordinary zest in  
unmasking our incredible  
arrogance and amazing  
stupidity in not having  
learnt anything at  
all from our  
very recent  
past.

We most definitely need a war:  
to help eradicate large sections  
of our communities - the  
flotsam and jetsam of humanity who  
constitute the sick, aged, disabled,  
unproductive, unwanted, and the  
long-term unemployed; people  
that we really can't abide  
and from whom it would be  
most uncivil and deceitful  
to conceal our absolute

contempt and justified  
hostility, for they're  
evidently such a  
huge financial  
millstone on  
the rest of  
society.

We need a war:  
as fighting with others, and even among  
ourselves, is what we're gifted at  
doing; and it's such great fun  
killing then making martyrs  
of the dead and icons of  
the injured living -  
those who were  
fortunate to have  
survived the  
slaying.

So let's have another wonderful war  
that we can joyfully celebrate in  
songs, propaganda films, and  
hypocritically but oh so  
majestically in our  
characteristic and militaristically  
ceremonial parades lay costly  
wreaths at cenotaphs for,  
just like we do each  
year for the  
last one.

For let's not forget that we have the  
technology and the pedigree as  
well as the power lust to  
engineer and sustain a  
nuclear holocaust - and won't  
it just be fun, especially if it's  
done in someone else's  
backyard, and as far  
as possible away  
from our

own?

? Stanley V. Collymore

27 March 1998.

Author's Notes:

The banks, other financial institutions, multinational corporations and the military industrial complex, all of whom are a law unto themselves and therefore absolutely unaccountable to no one else but themselves, together with the gannet of political stooges that they totally control and who in the interests of their aforementioned paymasters avidly feed off the public they're supposed to serve but don't, are the only ones that benefit from wars.

Yet the voting public, those that bother to vote at all that is, never seem to learn from the lessons of the past, or the lies they're constantly being told and quite incredibly and stupidly keep on voting into office the very same craven and venal morons that intentionally deceive them, blight their lives and furthermore place the rest of the world in constant danger.

Stanley Collymore

# Cause And Effect

By Stanley Collymore

I most definitely am not one for holding grudges and don't much care for acrimonious or belittling arguments that tend, more often than not, to be gratuitous and belligerent affairs that prove to be counterproductive in their intended purpose; and which from a personal perspective I not only regard as quite distasteful but also judge to be most unseemly. Unless, of course, such arguments are instigated by me and centre exclusively on my egotistical beliefs and egocentric self-interests.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 April 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Celebrate Your Birthday If You Can, But Remember It Was An Occurrence You Had No Input In!

By Stanley Collymore

Birthdays and the invariably gratuitous celebration of them by countless and usually nondescript persons are supposedly meant to be special occasions happily devised by those who are determinedly intent on observing what is for them their big day. By why, and for what singular or plural reasons go overboard with so many of them? because those that have liberally taken to indulging themselves in this way, realize they were basically born? Scarcely stellar deduction, I'd have thought, for the kind of hubristic, exaggerated or other such celebrations of the kind favoured in this narcissistic glorification of one's self, since like none of us those individuals who're usually, directly and most obsessively taken up with the immersion of themselves and what they're actually thinking, can't truthfully, nor can anyone else even in their very wildest dreams, rationally claim to have performed any role, wholly or otherwise, in their creation.

Which effectively means that from the onset of the circumstances surrounding, for the most part, their not always straightforward conception and throughout the subsequent pre-natal process of their eventual development into hopefully fully-fledged human beings, the entire outcome in essence had absolutely nothing at all to do with them and most definitely wasn't any of their personal doing. So do bear that in mind, those of you who're selfishly, egocentrically and appropriately swayed to habitually overlook most or all this; and, instead, be thoroughly thankful to Almighty God: yours and very

much so my own indisputable  
Creator, that you're actually  
and most blessedly here!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 July 2017.

Author's Remarks:

It'll doubtlessly be argued that as a direct recognition of being in this world it's only natural that the individuals involved, and there are now billions of them globally, along with their respective family members, friends, colleagues and associates celebrate what's perceived by them as a very important outcome; another year's duration, for those individuals who're celebrating the occasion, presence in this world of ours. A plausible enough, when looked at, but by no means a definitive response, nor should the latter be the case in relation to it without irrefutable and corroborative evidence to support that contention.

But it's a private matter I hear you say, and what people either decide to do with or in in their personal lives is an issue that must, or should at least, be left entirely up to them and, as such, is or ought to be a relevant counter argument. Fine! But sensibly only if that outcome is specifically limited or in other ways restricted to those directly involved.

However, experience and common sense informatively instructs us that that usually isn't the case, and through observing other peoples' customary behavioural habits, especially if those persons are influential and powerful, can, and invariably does, decidedly affect and shape the conduct of others, and all the more so if those observing and inculcating the behavioural patterns of their &quot;idols&quot; are basically intellectually challenged, exceedingly gullible or wholly unthinking, in their every action, persons in the first place.

So is this proposal a blueprint for policing, enforcedly cancelling or even proscribing perceived &quot;un-merited&quot; birthday celebrations and the linkage between them and one's presence here on this Earth? Certainly not in terms of celebrating through the reembrace of one's birthday, however that individual chooses to legally do so. And as long as they're not tempted to think or actually believe that what transparently and objectively to others and as regards themselves is a veritably useless life isn't being celebrated and, what's more, fulsomely portrayed as something particularly outstanding when evidently it is not!

So enjoy your own birthday whenever that is, and the good fortune too that the Almighty God has not only given you life but also graciously as well awarded you with an extension of it on earth, so as to improve not only your personal attainments but equally too avail yourself of the opportunities available to assist, in the process of your being allowed to carry on living, wherever and whenever that you altruistically can, others to similarly do the same.

That then is essentially what this poem, and in its article form also appended with the same title, is all about as I celebrate with my Partner and those closest and most special to me my own birthday on the 4th July 2017, and in doing so am both fully cognisant of as well as thoroughly committed to everything that I've said.

Stanley Collymore

# Challenge

Ride the storm of challenge  
And reap the whirlwind  
Of success,  
For the essence  
Of character building  
Is knowing how to define  
What's best.

Stanley Collymore

# Chris Leslie: The Archetypical, Lowlife, White Trash, British Scum!

By Stanley Collymore

Jeremy Corbyn is a consummate waste of space and time intimates his detractor - because in the latter's case his accuser has neither the language nor the necessary perspicacity to fittingly frame anything in meaningful or genuinely representative English words that would comprise in the circumstances given more than two syllables - and so idiotically bleats his hatred hysterically as he characteristically for him spews out his malevolent poison against Jeremy Corbyn, this undeniably dim-witted, redneck, lowlife and quite evidently white trash tyke, Chris Leslie, poignantly and most ironically bringing to mind the familiar old saying of the pot stupidly calling the kettle black. For while Jeremy Corbyn has unswervingly proficiently and proudly represented the same constituency of Islington North in London throughout his time as an MP in parliament, Chris Leslie: born and bred in Yorkshire, was unceremoniously dumped by the decent constituents in his native Yorkshire.

And tail between his humiliated legs was forced to scramble for a seat in the distant county of Nottinghamshire, where without the "security" of Labour this very much odious, repulsive, sick, sad and pathetically poor excuse for a human being would again be out in the cold and nowhere. Narcissistic to the core and a compulsive attention seeker in the bargain, Chris Leslie is the actual epitome of those whom Winston

Churchill - a life-long  
eugenicist that man -  
if he'd had his way  
wouldn't be here;

As their mothers and grandmothers would  
all have been compulsorily sterilized;  
and on reflection, and though I've  
never been a fan of Winston or  
will that ever change, what a  
salutary blessing not only  
for England but also  
the entire United  
Kingdom if the likes of Lowlife and  
manifestly white trash scum like  
Chris Leslie - who by no  
stretch of even the  
most fanciful  
of imaginations is in the same  
ethical league as Jeremy  
Corbyn - had been  
prohibited from  
ever being  
born!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 June 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

After every poem that I write, and as my many loyal fans know, I always write my own views or commentary pertaining to the work I've created. In this case I've decided not to as I'm of the view that they would be absolutely superfluous in this case. And so I'll let the braindead idiocy of CHRIS LESLIE speak for itself, as this pathetically poor excuse for a human being sums up quite adequately in the nonsense that he routinely spews out and the animalistic and feral actions he blissfully indulges in just how far removed he is from the general species that we regard as Homo Sapiens.

Charitably I would normally have asked him to grow up and join the human race but that is undoubtedly a bridge too far for what passes in his case for a questionable human being.

Stanley Collymore

## Christine – The Classic Woman

Young, vibrant and intelligent: an embodiment  
of wit, charm and savoir faire that personify  
a natural sophistication well beyond your  
years, you Christine stroll majestically  
through the corridors of the receptive  
mind – an angel whose heavenly  
virtues, yet bestowed on earth,  
infectiously linger on long  
after you're not around.  
The hallmark of the  
Classic Woman.

Stanley Collymore

# Clarification

Perhaps, at times, my methods of courting  
you may seem too much; and from the  
contrasting cultural perspective that is your  
own appear over the top. But, trust me,  
it's not. For what I'm doing is quite  
normal for me if perhaps a little  
strange for you; since it's also  
characteristic of my upbringing and the way I was  
taught and encouraged to deal with such matters  
of the heart. Of course, I can't deny that with  
the advent of you in my life, what for me is  
a traditional activity has become much  
more pleasurable in its actuality.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 December 1997.

Stanley Collymore

# Cleansing The Sword!

By Stanley Collymore

It has quite evidently and gratuitously been  
perfidiously besmirched with the precious  
blood of countless martyrs ruthlessly,  
disdainfully and ongoingly slain  
over several centuries by white  
Caucasian infidels hell-bent  
on unilaterally imposing their  
hegemonic dominance over  
us Muslims, regardless  
of what we wished for  
or didn't want and  
totally uncaring of  
our needs on  
the part of  
them.

But thankfully all that is about to end, and God  
willing it will be sooner rather than later.  
For we the defenders of our people  
have quite frankly had our  
fill of your treachery,  
dishonesty and endless bouts  
of intentional calamities,  
of all sorts, savagely,  
dismissively and  
disastrously  
wreaked  
upon  
us.

So enough is enough and no more of it we say,  
as we won't allow for it to carry on this way;  
for we who're ISIS are committed to  
fighting back, stopping you in  
your tracks and, in the process,  
cleansing the Islamic Sword  
of its desecrated tarnish

by shedding your worthless  
infidel blood, which is not only an  
imperative for us but for Allah  
and Islam is likewise, and  
unquestionably so, an  
absolute must!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 August 2014.

Author's remarks:

In praiseworthy fascination of the prowess of ISIS and laudable appreciation of the manner in which its Commanders and the cadre of courageous fighters within that organization that selflessly put principles and the unrestrained ruthless commitment to relentlessly uphold them above everything else, including the sanctity of their own lives. A remarkably impressive military outfit is ISIS, by any objective exposition of that term.

Stanley Collymore

# Closeness

Having you daily in my thoughts  
Is a preoccupation that takes  
Up much of my time,  
But then it's also  
A labour of  
Love!

Stanley Collymore

# Clueless!

By Stanley Collymore

What kind of a world are we living in when so many of you either simply stand idly by and watch or, worse still, unthinkingly or even willingly participate as part of a system where rank stupidity masquerading as intelligence, rapacious greed compounded by a total indifference to the real needs and aspirations of the genuinely unfortunate: those deliberately left behind or else completely ignored because they're considered to be of the wrong colour or social class, is regarded as okay and even fulsomely celebrated as though these callous activities are major constructive achievements to be positively aspired to, unashamedly paraded as successes and, what's more, justly commemorated?

A world where the filthy rich, no matter how illegally or immorally that wealth is acquired, literally call the shots and with absolute impunity and unchallenged immunity liberally accorded to them by all concerned but most particularly by those who're legally and constitutionally charged with safeguarding and ensuring the fundamental rights not just of the privileged few but all of us, notwithstanding that though, nevertheless still feel they can act, and invariably do as they jolly well please; never mind the adverse consequences that their selfish and premeditated actions might have and, as all reliable indicators suggest, generally and insufferably inflict on all others.

A world, too, where the possession of money and even

the wanton abuse of it is considered to be cool, where morality is what you can cynically and arrogantly get away with, and if caught out can summarily resort to employing and efficiently utilizing the services of a fawning and obliging media so as to give a Hollywood, Oscar performance style, fake mea culpa professionally served up on air and at prime time too to a markedly brainwashed and intentionally poorly informed, captive TV audience unquestioning of all things that require even a modicum of brainpower, yet both willing and quite prepared to believe everything that is told to it.

Is this then the definitive world of contemporary humanity that you really want to congratulate yourselves on having created, where after many millennia of mettlesome evolution, that unfortunately led to you, this is the very best that your collective efforts can come up with, while at the same time you conceitedly delude yourselves that it's all a fitting legacy to pass on to succeeding generations, privileged no doubt to be so honoured you flatter yourselves, to appreciatively emulate and naturally enthusiastically build upon?

Well I thoroughly disagree! And even if I were to find myself in a minority of one over this matter it still wouldn't make any difference at all to how I really feel. For how can a nation where the standards of literacy, numeracy and coherent communication are abysmally poor; where these crucial skills have quite literally bypassed a quarter of those within our population who're under the age of 50, yet live in a country that prides itself on exceptionalism in many fields of endeavour are quite embarrassingly on an intellectual parity with

the least bright of  
our 10 year  
olds?

Leading to a situation where it's now generally  
although embarrassingly recognized if not  
welcomingly accepted by a majority  
of Britons that older people and more  
especially grandparents can spell and add  
up infinitely better than their children  
and grandchildren can; and, quite  
ominously as well, there are no  
discernable signs on the  
basis of empirical research  
that's been carried out  
of this alarming trend  
being forcefully  
reined in and  
reversed at  
anytime  
soon.

So do us all a great big favour folks and stop deceiving  
yourselves that you have a legacy worthy to pass on  
to anyone and for which future generations will  
obligingly thank you for. You don't! For you've  
neither the perspicacity nor the intellectual  
acumen required to embark, as things  
stand, on such a fundamental and  
obviously life-changing enterprise much  
less the ability to pull it off successfully.  
Those of us who ruefully are your  
contemporaries already know  
that well enough and it's  
a safe bet too that our discerning  
descendants, much more astute  
than you patronizingly deign  
to give them credit for,  
will likewise reach  
the same logical  
conclusion.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Come To Me

Come to me and leave behind that boring and utterly soul-destroying existence that for far too long you've ensconced yourself in.

Duty has its rightful place in some relationships I know, but blind loyalty none whatsoever. So, once again, come to me! Summon up the courage to abandon a futile past with no corrective measures for a redeeming future. And in so doing embrace a new and vibrant life filled with hope, recognition of your invaluable worth and the unflagging encouragement for your obvious abilities fully harnessed in a relationship of trust, deep respect and the genuine and uninhibited love that I have for you.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Cometh The Hour, Cometh The Champion Jeremy Corbyn!

By Stanley Collymore

My belief in you isn't only paramount it's also absolute; for you represent the kind of future that I want to see, personally subscribe to and will do my utmost: singly and in collaboration with those of a mind similar to my own, to ensure in every way that I humanly and possibly can actively assist in positively transforming these cherished expectations I hold into markedly demonstrable, concerted constructive and definitively realistic acts of fruition. And towards that hopeful conclusion people like me are quite receptively and most happy to freely, sincerely and productively invest our enduring trust and all our other yearned for aspirations, plus everything that's politically, economically and societally important to us to you Jeremy Corbyn, the undisputed Paladin of our enforced economic woes, austerity miseries and the evident multiplicity of other pernicious, intentionally imposed, and most callously accomplished actions of communal perdition.

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9 September 2015.

## Author's Comments:

At this most crucial stage of our contemporary political development and optimistically a marked difference from how things are currently and for far too long have dishonestly and criminally been done in our name, I personally and most wholeheartedly think that it's high time there wasn't simply a revolutionary change in how things are done in this country of ours but also a distinctive and constructive shift in our individual perspective regarding how we realistically think, convincingly pre-empt and also act in response to what's unmistakably and detrimentally being done by those elected to represent us, and who plainly don't;

and in so doing radically bring about long overdue, fundamental and permanent change for the good of us all not just in our communities but also across the entire length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

This is after all a modern and 21st Century we're living in, and not the darkest depths of Medieval, enthusiastically cap doffing, know your place and simply do as you're told as we by divine right your hereditary, aristocratic, privileged, conspicuously parasitical by nature and comprehensively social climbing betters know best, Britain. Or at least it shouldn't be!

Stanley Collymore

# Common Sense Alone Convincingly Suggests That Our Next Pm Must Be Jeremy Corbyn!

By Stanley Collymore

From conversations casually but even so interestingly engaged in with people of all ages, races, genders, religious beliefs or none; miscellaneous social upbringings, educational and professional standing and themselves belonging to a multiplicity of nationalities, they're not only to a man, youngster and woman familiar with the name Jeremy Corbyn but are increasingly too in massive numbers impressively and convincingly persuaded by the ground-breaking and achievable political, social and highly thought-provoking moral arguments advocated by this most principled man and, of course, an inimitably and amazingly outstanding human being, for constructive and lasting, transformative change for the many and not just the privileged few in Britain. An accurately costed, practicable and therefore, a committed to manifesto - not the intentionally deceiving words heartlessly conceived by the Cabal of Tories, Ukipers, Labtories and Lib-Dems in their egotistic, privileged elites and industriously looked-after agenda - by the extraordinarily hardworking Labour Movement and our authentically iconic Party Leader Jeremy Corbyn for an unbiased, fair-minded, equality of opportunity and in terms of justice also before the law, stable politically, economically and a mutual, reformist and productive functioning

Britain.

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1 June 2017.

Author's Comments:

Commeth the hour; commeth the man! And in the life of every living person, and that includes all of us, there comes that defining moment when each of us must make the conscious decision whether to grasp the nettle of constructive progressiveness or else decline to do so and accordingly languish unintelligently and counterproductively in the manufactured by others debilitating human cesspit of ongoing mediocrity and non-recuperative degeneration. Fecklessly and supinely doing so because others in their ill-will towards you and with their mendacious, iniquitous, pernicious, deeply troubling, self-serving and repressive agendas manipulatively or even coercively tell you, and expect you to agree and obey, that this is the only choice open to you and consequently the one you must, as determined by them, unchangingly follow.

The exact political, social, economic and educationally combined agenda of the Nazi-Zionist Tories, Labtories, Lib-Dems, their banking, hedge funds and other financially incompetent entities you're by government decree statutorily forced to bailout and who then jointly and most cruelly screw you in an even worse manner than they'd previously done, as they know you're a state-induced lifeline for them whenever they want or need one, either because of their compulsive greed or customary incompetence on their part.

Then there are the privileged elites and multinational corporations with ready access to literally billions of Pounds Sterling but who with consecutive UK regime and parliamentary compliance, connivance and duplicity see no reason why they should pay their fair share of UK taxation, or any tax at all, as they salt their ill-gotten gains away in safe and untouchable overseas tax havens while lumbering you the general public and your families at home with scandalous austerity measures in order to maintain their own massive and growing profits as well as their much appreciated, accustomed and undauntedly expected way of life.

Meanwhile, you must carry on existing on the beneficence of those organizing food banks, as you see your kids have their state school meals withdrawn and your elderly parents or grandparents exposed to a draconian Dementia Tax, having worked hard all their lives, and dutifully paid their taxes during that time, to scrimp and save to have a trouble free retirement and possibly leave something for you and other cherished members of your family. And these are

just the tip of the colossal iceberg of such glaring atrocities contemptuously meted out to you, as you're then cynically and with an unbelievably straight faces told: "We're all in it together!" A mantra you're told you MUST believe but which unsurprisingly they have no inclination or intention of ever implementing on their part. And why should they? When they're living the life of Riley and disdainfully see you as thoroughly dispensable and "Useful Idiots?"

Then adding fuel to this sickening scenario of theirs they spend billions of Pounds on a Trident and supposedly independent nuclear defence system which they can't contemplate let alone use at any time without the explicit say so and approved permission of Rogue State USA, which effectively owns the damned thing anyway! But one-sided and sycophantic solidarity on the UK's part keeps the Military Industrial Complex of Rogue State USA happy in conjunction with the UK's toadying imperialistic wars where millions of Global Southerners are gratuitously killed, maimed or displaced as penniless refugees, their countries subjected to arbitrary regime change and their natural resource assets appropriated for the exclusive benefit of graspingly avaricious and privileged white westerners.

Meanwhile, as the UK's own armaments industries are boosted enormously to support this calamitous anarchy on Global Southerners, you're told at home that these activities are absolutely crucial to defend Britain's sovereign independence (beats me the nonsense that passes for logic behind that one) , support its NATO allies, protect western civilized standards of behaviour (of the sort that Jimmy Savile and other paedophiles were and are still protecting) and maintain jobs in key sector industries like Bae Systems and the other armaments merchants of death. In short, your killing, or providing the means to do so, Global Southerners is where it's at and the only way forward for the future of yourselves and your families; but when you get blowbacks in Britain or the rest of Europe, and even False Flags as we saw in Manchester, you must throw your hands up in despair and willingly surrender yet more political power and uncritical influence over your lives to these warmongering, mass-murdering, war criminal, barbaric and lowlife monsters.

Frankly, it's all a concertedly orchestrated pack of lies! And nothing could be further from the truth! For unless you can convincingly persuade yourself that you're a mechanized robot and therefore programmed to respond as directed to the suggestions or diktats of those who control you and your every action, then you'd be most foolish to believe their description of yourself and the arbitrary prescription, that without any consultation with you by them, you must nevertheless unquestioningly follow.

Really? In which case why describe yourself as a human being? Since in the case of the latter you do have choices as to how you live, what you think and most significantly in this process ultimately and, hopefully, conscionably do. This is the kind of Britain and indeed a wider world that principled persons like Jeremy Corbyn, John McDonald, Diane Abbott and others are working towards and have been all their public service and personal lives. It's what I and millions of others like me in our own distinctive ways have also done and continue to do. So why don't you join us and on the 8 June 2017 go out and make your own distinctive mark at the ballot box for meaningful change? Change that will categorically entail, under a Jeremy Corbyn led government, a Britain &quot;FOR THE MANY, NOT JUST THE PRIVILEGED FEW! &quot;

Thank you for your support and God Bless You!

Stanley Collymore

# Congratulations Barbados!

You've come a long way Barbados,  
Since those dark days  
Of despair and disdain  
Saw you fashioned in the fiery cauldron  
Of brutality, suffering and pain.  
When your noble black sons  
And their daughters  
Together as slaves lived and died;  
Stripped routinely of their entire identity,  
While their humanity was callously denied.

It was difficult, I know, to watch helplessly  
As your fair isle and tropical Eden  
Was turned into a bastion of cruelty  
By folk who'd sailed out from England:  
Those greedy, red-necked Caucasians  
Whose arrogance and lack of regard  
For the plight of the Blacks,  
On whose enforced backs  
Britain's wealth and prestige were assured.

Bristol and Liverpool, Manchester and London;  
The Midlands, Wales and beyond  
Are all major beneficiaries  
From centuries of forced labour,  
Carried out by your daughters and sons.  
And although no credit is ever given  
To the massive contribution you've sustained  
In turning a backwater European island  
Into the imperial power it became;  
The true facts of Blighty's hidden history -  
From financing the Industrial Revolution  
To its former mastery of the seas -  
Owe much to your sugar plantations  
And the Black Gold of slavery.

Moreover, you've always been the focus:  
The conduit for our misgivings and fears;  
Our abiding hope and inspiration,

A refuge when no one else cared.  
Exactly as you did for our ancestors,  
Who in chains from Africa were taken;  
And in surviving the Triangular Passage,  
Sired a nation of exceptional Bajans.

Let's applaud then your latest achievements,  
As your thirty first birthday we celebrate;  
By confidently looking forward to the future  
With this country we helped to create.  
Let's also thank God for our deliverance  
From the yolk of the colonialist's reign,  
To become a proud nation of free people;  
Whose destiny is now ours to frame.

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30 November 1997.

Stanley Collymore

# Contented And Most Delighted To Be Exactly Who I Am!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm me! And to be absolutely honest with you I'm quite happy and most contented to be precisely who I am; someone who speaks his mind and frankly doesn't really give a damn who shies away from me or gets sorely offended by what I either say or do, preferring instead that unembarrassingly for them and similarly conscience free I'd naturally choose to dim-wittedly submit myself, as they routinely and quite cowardly do, to the sinister and arbitrarily debilitating vagaries of purposely contrived, orchestrated and disingenuous, political spin! Well let me publicly and indisputably make it absolutely and unambiguously clear to all of you, that isn't going to happen! Not now; this year; any time in the foreseeable future; or were I to live for a billion years, that pragmatically I shan't do, not ever!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
29 September 2015.

Author's remarks:

From the age of five I learnt the invaluable lesson initially taught me by my maternal Grandmother and subsequently reinforced by others who've voluntarily played a huge and constructive role in various aspects of my life but crucially too those moral, educational and political ones, and whose doctrine unashamedly and categorically stipulated that unless I was prepared to altruistically work for and die if needs be for something or someone that I believed in and

unquestionably knew to be right, then the life I lived wasn't worth it and frankly was quite meaningless.

It's a lesson I've never forgotten, nor will I; and a commitment I will unfailingly and unapologetically carry through and do so with my life if I have to.

Dedicated to Jeremy Corbyn on your big day!

Stanley Collymore

# Countries That Create An Existential Fear Of Terrorism

By Stanley Collymore

The existential fear of terrorism wilfully, cynically and sadistically created by the very same sponsors of terrorism who assuredly know that financially and in numerous other ways they'll massively benefit from their murderous and persistently utilized hegemonic foreign terrorist forays is a burden that the dim-witted, gullible, or the easily manipulated and populist morons of Britain, the remainder of the European Union and the USA regard as something that they in their pernicious contagion of rapturous ignorance must clearly, preparedly and blissfully unremittingly endure, and notwithstanding the known consequences of it all, since obviously they've been there before, rather unconscionably feel that they have to continue with all the same dishonest and lying shenanigans as the price they have to pay in the name of western-style democracy, imperialism and, of course, the American led, toadying United Kingdom and European Union coupled with the bullied UN's General Assembly and Security Council's backed United States delusional perception of its own and western, white Caucasian abiding exceptionalism!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 May 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

Rank stupidity and an abysmally low personal self-worth most markedly so in the case of significant numbers of Britons among the privileged classes and those

who are of an older age in terms of the former's underlings at having lost an empire and still looking for a role to play; comprehensively ignorant in all their cases of the fact that empires come and they do eventually go. But having deluded themselves individually as well as collectively and for so long that such an inevitability would never happen to their precious Blighty as the sun would never dare set on their priceless empire, when that "impossibility" did actually occur these same morons were quite naturally left stranded and utterly bewildered as they still are at what precisely to do with themselves other than embarrassingly, though left with no other choice, if they still delusionally wanted to portray Britain as a world power than play second fiddle to the incoming upstart and new bully on the block the United States of America, an amalgamation of Britain's former colonial entities.

And all this coupled with the manifest awareness that many of these contemporary wannabe imperialists and colonialists are completely ill-informed and additionally miserly lack either the foresight or the ability let alone the incentive to alter their psychological and highly debilitating situation; and it's not rocket science to deduce why so many of them like numerous numbers of their fellow westerners are as pig-ignorant as they evidently are; and correspondingly so easily manipulated by their criminally disposed politicians and terrorist western leaders.

Stanley Collymore

# Dance With Me!

Dance with me as I like you to,  
for I have this strange but absolutely  
wonderful feeling that the momentum  
we generate when we do is what keeps  
the world spinning unnoticeably,  
while the rest of humanity  
watches us spellbound  
and in complete  
fascination.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Darcus Howe: Iconic In Life And Immortal In Death!

By Stanley Collymore

Farewell! And not goodbye my black brother, commendable friend and exemplary mentor whose death is deeply felt and profoundly regretted just as you'll be sorely missed. But although you'll no longer unhappily be physically here in the flesh with us Darcus Howe, persons like me nevertheless want for your living and vibrant spirit together with the entire world to firmly know that you'll never be forgotten by us, and what's more that your remarkable legacy accumulated around the complicated and at times painfully traumatic aspects of us as Black people striving to regain, and also reassessing and dependably consolidating our dignity, humanity and Black solidarity harshly, disparagingly and remorselessly trampled on and so unsympathetically and barbarically taken from us by others that together in their sick, cruelly twisted, delusional and demented minds saw our Black people, both individually and collectively, not even as the human beings we are but rather as brute and wholly uncivilized elements of an ill-defined species that's entirely out of sync with, totally incapable of understanding far less so endowed with the required competence of ever being able to adapt to their inflexibly skewed, engrained racist and compulsively embedded notions generally, and themselves hazardously blended with predisposed and quite barbarous agendas as to how we must be effectually, ruthlessly and likewise in definite and precisely straightforward terms be dealt with both reliably and efficiently. But you not merely

Firmly challenged  
their cold-hearted  
and demeaning  
precepts of us,  
you comparably in the  
process and naturally  
your unique way,  
Darcus Howe,  
thwarted it!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 April 2017.

Author's tribute and remarks:

Death is an inevitability in everyone's earthly existence because even from the moment of our conception and eventual birth we were never meant to be here permanently, since being on Earth was always a temporary location and transient phase in the evitable transitional process of our finally going elsewhere, Heaven or Hell, when our time here on this earth has reached its end.

And naturally, as is the human perspective on these sorts of things, there are those among us and possibly a majority I suspect who fear and are even I dare say thoroughly petrified of death by virtue of the awful, loathsome and even barbarous to others lives that they've consciously, even premeditatedly but all the same despicably conducted with disdainful satisfaction during their respective sojourn on earth and therefore are predictably terrified as the end draws near for them of what will finally happen to them once they die and wholly incapable of stopping that process.

Furthermore, being unable as well to do anything to either circumvent or abrogate that occurrence and knowing perfectly well throughout their impassioned distress regarding this upcoming event that they can't take their obsessively, graspingly avaricious and financially as well as exploitatively acquired wealth and ill-gotten gains with them.

No such worries though or disquieting fears are engendered however among those who see this earthly life they've been accorded for what it was always meant to be and who themselves have accordingly worked tirelessly and most assiduously to achieve that result. Principled and conscionable individuals all of them and like you Darcus Howe not only prioritized but also earnestly and instinctively put the welfare and wellbeing of others well before those of your

own; and did so altruistically because intellectually and in the most endearing and committed fashion, as was your natural wont, and commensurately with the best interests and most laudable aspects of humanity you instinctively knew it was what was indispensably required and needed to be done.

So with your commendable sojourn here on earth satisfactorily done Darcus Howe and as you start your personal journey onwards to your heavenly and eternal home, we who will always admire and love you immensely, although we'll undoubtedly and understandably miss you tremendously, are not only completely grateful for your presence among us these past 74 years but are likewise tremendously indebted to you for the legacy that you've so wonderfully left us. Rest in eternal peace my Caribbean brother, mentor and friend; and thank you for everything!

Stanley Collymore

# Deadly False Flag Operations – A Way Of Life For Warmongering Western Politicians!

By Stanley Collymore

In our respective white-Caucasian-peopled and markedly democratically run countries: commonly, affectionately and collectively by those of us truthfully blessed and most privileged also to be an integral part of this amazingly glorious and remarkably civilized entity known to all of us as the west, we most efficiently administer political systems that quite understandably are indispensably and similarly corrupt, especially covetous materialistically and particularly so monetarily; consummately self-serving as any conscientious parasite among our broad membership could be, and additionally for all those others entirely unperturbed by any misgivings, and who therefore will unconditionally, enthusiastically and unconscionably, while doing so for the greater good of all humanity, confidently throw their lot in with us as we most proudly broaden both our scope and the global reach of our discernibly comprehensive and increasing community.

Persons who have the utmost respect for and a profound attachment to our God-given, unprofaned, magisterial, privileged, white Caucasian exceptionalism, and the evidently unique status that as a result is abundantly conferred on us; and, as such, will instantly recognize and likewise permanently concede that there is nothing in this world of ours either by de facto means or mere suggestion, however remote

or extreme that subjective analysis turns out to be, that is not ours to rationally lay claim to and consequently get hold of by any means, fair or most preferably foul, that we may eventually and deliberately choose to embark upon.

And as the recidivist warmongers that we are and furthermore zealously pride ourselves on being as we evidently do, what better or more effective means therefore to keep our very accommodating populations in line and what's more forever favouring our warmongering excursions than by callously presenting them every time we think the prevailing situation warrants it and we've a mind to readily exploit their on tap sympathy and doing so in the most duplicitous and outrageous fashion to further and convincingly consolidate their believability with our covertly, premeditatedly-stirred, scrupulously manufactured, expertly executed then skilfully disguised and propagandized as dangerous externally-initiated, staged and ongoing highly existential threats not only to our overall domestic populations: in other words themselves, but equally our nations cultured way of life than recurrently through our own deadly and, most beneficially for ourselves, false flag operations?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
16 November 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

Predictably the western propaganda media circus is in full swing over what happened in Paris on the night of the 13 November 2015; and we're lyingly told, as every ounce of sympathy is being milked from a largely ill-informed and

gullible western public and some in Russia it seems, that this is the worst atrocity to take place in France, and Europe come to that, since World War II. No it isn't! For in 1961, in what's known by the well-informed as the Paris Massacre, over 200 Algerians participating in a peaceful march against France's savagery in Algeria as it employed every means to keep that country a French territory despite the wishes of the overwhelming majority of Algerians to have their independence – recall the odious and hubristic French boast: Algérie es Français – were pitilessly and defencelessly slaughtered by the French police; many of them ruthlessly tortured in the Palais des Sports and their bodies subsequently after their brutal murders disdainfully thrown into the Seine.

And France's barbarity wasn't just confined to Algeria; the citizens of Haiti, Vietnam, France's sub-Saharan colonies and Syria were similarly subjected to inhuman and unspeakable atrocities. But Europeans alas have convenient memories and their sympathies, contrived or otherwise, can only extend to people who look like them no matter how horrible these peoples' past and present are. In passing, I was yesterday in a West Sussex library and to my utter amazement heard the staff "request" that those in the library then observe a 2 minute silence for the Paris dead. I don't know if my fellow library users at the time knew of France's multiple atrocities down the centuries and in recent decades, and it was up to them whether or not they complied with the library's demand. However, I wasn't going to and I didn't; and would have been ready for anyone that dared challenge me on that matter. After all, what orchestrated silences were held for the ONE MILLION slaughtered in Iraq by the British and Americans? The scores of thousands in Libya likewise treated by the British, French and Italians for example; and the list goes on! Thankfully for those among the library staff or the library users no one did!

I've been most privileged that my familial, community, school and church upbringing deeply reinforced by the several mentors I've had in these respective areas have instilled in me a life long compass of probity and morality that instinctively causes me to detect and eschew by all means at my disposal what I know from my gut reaction to be acts of premeditated and odious self-serving barbarity, and what's more to dauntlessly speak out about such heinous activities by employing my investigative journalistic and research skills to support the argument that I am promulgating. And let me say openly and unapologetically that I firmly believe that what took place in Paris recently is unquestionably in my honest opinion a premeditated false flag operation. Be at liberty to assume whatever stance you want of this matter – that's your right – but I've also stated mine.

As an investigative journalist I have over the years researched extensively on

false flags of all types committed by the west, most notably the United States and Britain, other white European nations, the Soviet Union and stretching as far as Japan. I've enumerated some of them here as a flavour as to why I've taken the position that I have relative to the Paris scenario, and I very much suggest that you check these out if you're capable of thinking for yourself and isn't merely a robot that can be utilized as and when those who control you tell you when and what to think.

The Manchurian incident 1931. Late 1930s: Faked German Nazi attacks on other Germans; Poles blamed for these fictitious deaths and gave Germany the "justification" to invade Poland. The burning of the German parliament in 1933 on the orders of Hermann Goering; communists falsely blamed for this. Winter War of 1939: Soviet Red Army deliberately shelled the Russian village of Mainila; Finland blamed for the attack. 1940: Joseph Stalin ordered his secret police to execute 22,000 Polish army officers and falsely blame the Nazis. Between 1946 and 1948 the British government bombed 5 ships carrying Jews attempting to flee Europe's holocaust then blamed these killings on a fake group the "Defenders of Arab Palestine" that the UK government had fictitiously created. 1954 an Israeli terrorist cell operating in Egypt planted bombs in several buildings including US diplomatic facilities then left behind "evidence" implicating Arabs. In the 1950s the CIA hired Iranians to pose as communists, stage bombing in Iran with the primary purpose of turning Iranians against their democratically elected prime minister. 1955 the Turkish regime carried out the bombing of its consulate in Greece and blamed Greeks for this. Purpose to justify anti-Greek violence.

1957: British PM and US President Dwight Eisenhower approved plans to carry out attacks on Syria and blame these on the Syrian government. Purpose: regime change in Damascus. Fast forward to 2010-2015 and we find David Cameron and the current US regime doing the same thing. 1950s Operation Gladio: NATO and the CIA carried out bombings in Italy and across Europe and falsely blamed these on the local communists in these targeted countries. Emphasis and remit of these exercises to specifically kill civilians; women and children especially to force the wider population reviled by these actions to turn to their states – unknowingly by them implicated in these atrocities – for "protection". Operation Gladio was created by NATO on the 26 November 1956 by Antonio Segni and did not cease its multifaceted and monstrous operations until the 27 July 1990. 1960: US false flag attack on Guantanamo Bay to give the United States the pretext to invade Cuba; ironically Guantanamo Bay is legally an integral part of the sovereign state of Cuba that the US illegally hangs on to.

1961: US state Department planned to blow up the US consulate in the

Dominican Republic in order to have a pretext to invade that country.1962: The Pentagon and US Joint Chiefs of Staff drafted plans to blow up several US airplanes and commit other terrorist acts on US soil then falsely blame these on Cuba for the purpose of invading that country.1963: US Department of Defence planned terrorist attacks within the Organization of American States (OAS) – such as Trinidad and Tobago and Jamaica and blame these on Cuba that had excellent relations with its fellow Caribbean territories.1964: The Gulf of Tonkin Affair to justify the US attack and invasion of Vietnam.1950-1970; the use of agent provocateurs by the US to carry out terrorist attacks globally and blame these on political activists.1970: Turkish regime burnt down a mosque in Cyprus and falsely blamed this terrorist act on Greek Cypriot Christians.1978: The German secret service detonated a bomb in the outer wall of a prison, planted “escape tools” on a prisoner who was a member of the Red Army Faction that the secret service wanted to frame the bombing on.

1984: Mossad planted a radio transmitter in Gaddafi’s compound in Tripoli that broadcasted fake terrorist transmissions recorded by Mossad.1988: 3 July; USS Vincennes under the command of C. Rogers III secretly operating in Iran’s territorial waters shot down with a cruise missile a known Iranian passenger plane, Flight 655 transmitting on standard civilian frequency, killing the 274 passengers and 16 crew on board.1976: 6 October, CIA blows up Cubana Airline Flight A55 shortly after it took off from Barbados for Jamaica and Cuba killing all the 68 passengers and 5 crew members on board off the shoreline of Barbados.1967: Israeli Air Force jets and navy boats attacked the USS Liberty in international waters killing several crew members on board. The Israeli regime knew full well that it was a US ship and in international waters but Israel fighting a war with its Arab neighbours intentionally carried out the attack with the purpose of blaming it on Egypt and thus propelling the US into a with its Arab neighbours. The US government didn’t fall for this ploy however, as it knew perfectly well who was responsible and why. Even so and to this very day consecutive US regimes have slapped a top secret classification on this outrage and embarked on a total cover up of the incident to the anger of the surviving seamen from the US Liberty and the descendants and families of those who perished.

25 October 1983-15 December 1983: US invasion of the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada, not to be confused with the Dominican Republic also Caribbean. The lying pretext: US students studying in Grenada alleged to be in danger from the government there. A blatant lie as the students themselves confirmed later when back in the United States. Real reason: Ronald Reagan disliked Maurice Bishop, the Grenadian PM, his socialist government and their close, and unsurprising, ties with Cuba, which after all is a Caribbean country and like all West Indian

countries, and principally through the slave trade, have familial links with each other. What next? Attacking selected EU states for having close ties with the Baltic countries that are also part of the EU but which still openly celebrate their Nazi past? 1953: CIA and MI6 overthrew the democratically elected government of Mohammad Mosaddeq in Iran. Reason: the US, UK and BP's predecessor strenuously objected to PM Mosaddeq utilizing Iran's oil for the benefit of the Iranians and NOT the UK, US and BP as was previously and exclusively the case.

1985: French secret agents blow up Greenpeace Warrior as it was monitoring French nuclear tests in the Pacific. Then there's the much earlier but conveniently forgotten 9/11, but this time on September 11 1973. The US instigated and facilitated the coup then that overthrew the democratically elected socialist government of Salvador Allende, killing him in the process, and then installed as its dictatorial puppet Augusto Pinochet, assiduously keeping him in power for several years. 1953: Britain at the behest of the United States overthrew the democratically elected government of Dr. Cheddi Jagan in what was then the UK colony of British Guiana and installed in his place the autocratic Forbes Burnham who they kept in power for years until he died. Reason: Guyana which despite being on South America's northern coast has always been within the Caribbean ambit and similarly had ties with Cuba. Dr Cheddi Jagan's government was also socialist which the Americans didn't like.

These are just a small sample of the multiple false flag operations carried out by western states and the list goes on; and which brings us squarely to the most recent western/Israeli false flags operations: Charlie Hebdo, January 2015; Tunisia beach killings, June 2015; and the latest one in Paris, 13 November 2015. And what I evidently see is the same manipulative and orchestrated mass hysteria, utterly phoney grief outpourings and cenotaph type silence remembrances – how can you for people whom you didn't know, never met and quite frankly were unlikely ever to do so? - of the type that instantly followed the revelation of Princess Diana's death by what I see as a principally brain-dead and extensively white Caucasian public that put bluntly is too bloody stupid to recognize they're consistently being taken for a ride by those who exploit their on tap "sympathies" for their murderous and highly beneficial exploits; as they're fully aware that their public have little self-worth if any at all, and therefore like lemmings jumping off a cliff desperately want to belong to something no matter how disastrous it is. Incredibly, it's a phenomenon that is now even affecting British schools nationwide – this illogical and mass hysteria – as was recently reported in Hemel Hempstead after Remembrance Sunday.

Truthfully, I just can't or would I ever want to insult my intelligence by empathizing with such masochistic morons like the lot of you and

unapologetically shan't do so; particularly bearing in mind that there is a plethora of information out there to rescue you from your ingrained and substantially pathetic stupidity!

PS: Prior to posting these tweets and the poem: "Deadly false flag operations – a way of life for warmongering western politicians! " I also meticulously posted a number of articles from a diversity of respected sources that fully substantiate the west's long-established, recurrent barbarities and its obsessive penchant for false flag atrocity operations. If you're not on Twitter and just reading all this from the article posted the twitter site to check out is:

Stanley Collymore

# Death Doesn't Faze Me And I Have No Fear Of It!

Ten years old, and on the eve of the beginning of my secondary education at the 17th Century established and prestigious grammar school I was about to attend my maternal grandmother who I've always had an exceptionally close and very constructive relationship with and affectionately referred to as Mama, sat me down, positively non-intrusively but highly commendably and quite informatively had one of her welcomingly inspiring heart to heart talks with me.

She began by commending me on my personal and academic successes to date then progressed to advising me to always be true to myself and what I genuinely believed in; never to depart from either of these things under any circumstance, no matter how persuasively tempting such an offer might appear to be; and not to voice opinions without first properly thinking them out or the likely consequences of their direct impact on others.

When I saw trouble she warned me I should always give it a wide berth and determinedly walk away from it, and should such trouble continue to stalk me I must with all the resolve at my command she insisted continue to walk away from it and never, not even momentarily, consider let alone actually engage myself in anyway by entertaining it.

However, she went on, if those who're wilfully involved in troublesomely creating problems for me which indisputably are inimical to my general and personal wellbeing or even my life notwithstanding all I've previously done to avoid them, and what's more fully cognisant of those sensible overtures on my part still persist in their unwarranted detestation of me that irreversibly backs me into a corner from which there is no other escape, then I should unflinchingly put their lights out and having done so unapologetically have no regrets concerning my actions in that regard.

Her compelling and lucid *raison d'être* being that my intractable enemies would as a result be irretrievably and better off dead, a fate which they'd asininely and bigotedly brought upon themselves and consequently undeserving in those circumstances of any remorse from me; and even if my justifiable actions were to result in my spending the rest of my life in jail or even the forfeiture of it on death row I would still have the personal satisfaction of knowing that those who were involved were no longer capable of breathing God's wholesome air.

It's a philosophy I grew up with, have lived with all my life and cheerfully inserted into it; but vitally too one without exaggeration or disingenuousness on my part that I have

no qualms or any  
reservations  
at all about  
happily  
dying  
for!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 November 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Death The Definitive Arbiter Of Man's Conceit!

By Stanley Collymore

Death has its own characteristic methods and distinctive means of doing things and achieving whatever it wants, and simply doesn't care whether or not its specifically targeted acquisitions, mutually or else unilaterally acquired, actually pleases anyone or, more likely than not, doesn't. So it's utterly pointless then for any one either to waste time obsessively conjecturing about the inevitable, stupidly assume they can indefinitely postpone the inescapable or, for that matter, deem they're capable of successfully challenging the unavoidable. Yet the inevitability of these indisputable truths constantly fails to register with the coterie of obsessively grasping, persistently warmongering and the purblind, lunatic well-heeled class; their similarly greedy, likeminded, wholly uncontrolled, unconscionable and biddable surrogates ceaselessly ready and willing not only to indulge but also fervently implement every aspect of their demonstrably odious shenanigans and the dishonest artifices which they forever safeguard in mind.

And all this reinforced by the pathetic and toadying actions of the dim-witted, thoroughly indoctrinated, absolutely class conscious subjugated, aspirant social climbing and easily manipulated Plebeian masses, and all of whom are conjoined in a self-delusional pact that is patently oblivious to the fact that none of this either makes any sense whatsoever to rational human beings, or more profoundly in this

ludicrous equation that's being proffered  
that the Grim Reaper whose call it is and always was  
doesn't really give a toss what any of these utterly  
self-delusional berks are up to when he regards  
the time is appropriate to act; and significantly  
is also totally aware, even if they aren't, that  
there's absolutely nothing any of them or  
the wealth which they've vaingloriously  
accumulated can do -in terms that are  
either clearly implausibly concrete  
or plausibly negligible - to stave  
off in any conceivable manner  
what incontrovertibly will be  
for each and every one of  
them, and noticeably so,  
the closing chapter and,  
moreover, a manifestly  
for all those involved  
in this rather odious  
and grasping trend  
an ineluctable and  
most proper end!

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5 January 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Man's inhumanity to man is ever prevalent on a daily basis and money compounded by the obsessive pursuit of it at any cost and no matter who is dismissively and uncaringly trampled over in the process to acquire it and regardless of the means employed to get it, or how many will go hungry, homeless, be abandoned or actually die in self-serving and wholly unwarranted wars to satisfy the incessant avarice of those for whom it's not only their sole raison d'être for existing but also their omnipotent god and just goes to show how deep the abyss of depravity is that now enfolds so many of human kind.

And who in their grotesque and obsessive greed noticeably and unfalteringly conjoined with their purblind stupidity and a shocking proclivity for ceaselessly repeating the same mistakes render them to be nothing more than brainless automatons that don't seem to have even grasped the idea that for all their nefarious schemes and intrigues they've no choice but to exit this world, when

the Grim Reaper dispassionately uses his scythe to effectively mow them down, as they initially arrived in it. In other words, with absolutely nothing; for not an iota of what they spent their pathetic lives cruelly and graspingly garnering, to the gross disadvantage of others, can they take with them; and all dead bodies whether of the poor or the rich, unless cremated, ultimately rot and smell the same. Worth thinking about!

Stanley Collymore

# Death The Ultimate And Inevitable Leveller Of Us All! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

It's a morally impoverished and regrettably as well a truly pathetic person indeed who either nervously obsesses about or dismally dreads and thinks that he or she can suspend or even indeterminately postpone the emergence of death, which after all, is indisputably an irreversible fate that is the definitive destiny of us all. For just as we patently had no hand in or made any contribution whatsoever to the physical presence of ourselves at any point being here in this world, there's equally no way that any one of us, either individually or collectively with others, can realistically expect to indefinitely fend off, alter the inexorable circumstances, affect the precise timing or, for that matter, permanently defy or else delay in any conceivable way the unavoidable headway of our personal demise.

And therefore rationally accounts for, among other things, precisely why it's no astonishment to anyone endowed with an astute brain in his or her head, that even if death is the absolute consequence of our own personal actions: either through conscious or unwitting suicide for instance, it matters not a jot in essence at the end how we ultimately go. As death is unquestionably an inevitability which, at its own preferring, and notwithstanding how very privileged elite or lowly Plebeian that one is either sycophantically or for that matter, discriminatorily considered to be, will most certainly affect us all as every conversant and

discerning person  
patently knows!

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30 September 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

I take note of and frequently scrutinize the goings on of this world that with the rest of you I have no choice but to live in, and what do I see? A planet brutally and barbarically, for the most part, incompetently and nepotistically run by endemically entrenched, seriously and intellectually impoverished retards, and delusional exceptionalists.

Imbeciles so caught up in their obdurate and all-pervasive narcissism that they both literally and proverbially can't see the woods for the trees. Inured morons who, in effect, are either totally unaware of or can't recognize the intense evil that characterizes every one of them. And who in their very worst form constitute the mass murdering elements of every arm of Rogue State USA's barbarous systems of so-called governance and itself ludicrously and sickeningly passed off as the epitome of democracy. But, in effect, is nothing of the sort and in actuality is a premeditated and malevolent condition of manipulated communal control with its deeply ingrained and ongoing acts of racism interwoven with habituated and a pernicious disposition towards genocidal tendencies.

But while admittedly the predominantly white inhabited and exclusively controlled west isn't alone in this unconscionable and murderous barbarity, while this is indisputably the case it is nevertheless essentially pertinent to express the irrefutable fact that for all that the white west is at the same time. and without question, both the instigator as well as the principal player in the overwhelming majority of the demonstrably and extraordinarily, demonically exploitative and barbarously premeditated atrocities that quite disreputably and furthermore on a habitual basis are insidiously and extremely perniciously carried out globally.

The collaborative and malignant ethnic cleansing, systemic rape, brutal torture, discernibly planned humiliation and the deleterious and genocidal eradication of the Rohingya minority population of Myanmar - insufferable experiences comparable in character to the identical atrocities monstrously and routinely inflicted on the majority and indigenous inhabitants of Palestine, which have been going on now for well in excess of 50 years by the interloping, thieving, carpet bagging and noxious European Yid element that comprise and continue to infest that illegal, British foreign and colonially, Middle Eastern inserted and

contemptible entity Yidland - not even acknowledged by the scum Buddhists who're wiping them out as citizens of their own country and where the Rohingya have lived for multiple centuries.

A nefarious crusade in the intentional commission of mass murder and horrendous genocide; at the very forefront of which is the despicably lowlife sewer rat and discernible scum, Aung San Suu Kyi, who ludicrously and for such a long time unwarrantedly was hailed in the said west, that still supports, her as a champion of human rights. And categorically goes to show how thoroughly sick in the mind and mentally deranged not only Aung San Suu Kyi is but also all of her supporters, whoever or wherever they are.

But no article of this nature could from my own perspective conclude without mentioning the Wahhabi that conspicuously comprise the sub-human scum of Bantu Saudi and their compatible adherents residing throughout the Middle East, Pakistan and parts of the west. All of whom in intimate union with and the malevolent service of their white western counterparts, be it Rogue State USA, Britain, the whole of mainland Europe, and not just the European Union; and the white cold-bloodedly appropriated from their indigenous populations entities of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Yidland and the rest of them, and that individually and collectively are equally the embedded scum of this earth, present us all with the problems that needlessly we are facing.

The stark irony being, and which laughably is completely lost on all of them, is that none of the numerous ill-gotten gains they've come by can they take with them when the Grim reaper inevitably calls time on them. So what was the purpose of it all the sane among us wonder in what they are disgustingly and horrifically doing?

Stanley Collymore

# Death: An Inevitable But Nevertheless An Insignificant Aspect Of My Life!

By Stanley Collymore

You might like to know in passing that the Grim Reaper as he does his customary rounds periodically and uninvitingly comes around to wherever it is that I happen to be residing and in the process pestering me with his silly and from my perspective unimaginative games, and even sometimes gives the transparent impression that he's about to use that menacing scythe of his to severely hack his way through my life, purposely ending it in the reminiscent manner of industrious farmers doing the identical thing with their many sheaves of wheat, barley, corn or hay in one or other of their harvesting fields and, as a result, will quite simply and literally be keenly engaged there in a patently comprehensible activity that the rest of us will understand and that they're actually supposed to be doing.

No similar structured pattern though it would appear with the Grim Reaper or his discernibly eccentric antics, not an isolated bit, as he routinely and contemptuously sets out to ensure from his subjective and illogical perspective who should die and who should live; this uncompromising and permanent extinction of his invariably, and more often so than not as it happens, defenceless and what's more even unsuspecting victims that thankfully I

shall never, because quite frankly I have  
long been on to him and hence shan't  
ever permit myself in those unwise  
situations to deliberately become  
one of them. Then, before I can  
draw another sustaining breath  
into my body in grudging acceptance of what  
I think from his demeanour he has in store  
for me and thus is about to happen he  
just simply and erratically changes  
his mind, casually moves on to  
other things or sadistically  
acts as if it's me who's  
crazily visualizing  
all these things.

But what do I really care? It's his private game and he's  
been playing it now so long with me and accordingly  
I'm so used to it that I'm not in the least bothered  
whether he actually decides I should carry on  
living or else be instead physically changed  
from my human form and consequently  
be transferred to the jurisdiction of  
the departed dead. Whatever! For I shall persist,  
regardless, in my earthly situation to do what  
I have always done and remain staunchly  
indifferent to the Grim Reaper's whims,  
fancies or demands, and furthermore  
while still wholly capable to freely  
attract wholesome breath within  
this body of mine, soldier on  
in any case, and as long as  
I consistently can, with  
my own distinctive  
and, who knows,  
imaginatively  
worked out  
afterlife  
plans!

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19 January 2016.

### The Author's Thoughts:

It's perceptibly inevitable and has been around since the beginning of time yet there hasn't ever been and still isn't a universal or consensual approach from the collective perspective of human beings towards death.

In the materialistically motivated west for example death is distinctly seen by the vast majority of its inhabitants as frankly a bloody nuisance which inevitably, exasperatingly and very irresponsibly from their subjective point of view simply gets in the way of them aspiring to, be it realistically so or from the detached point of view of objective observers more often than not a delusional fiction, or even essentially a glorious opportunity through which they can either acquire yet more affluence or else obtain wealth first time round from their respective and individual endeavours whether honestly applied or more likely than not dishonestly engaged in; but throughout all this with death the unrelenting and irrepressible spoiler purposefully guaranteeing that none of them can't take any of their possessions with them when they ultimately die.

Meanwhile, other cultures and societies view death in a diversity of different ways ranging from the carbon recycle concept where after your birth, you possibly live and then at death irrespective of whether you're placed in the earth to rot or else find yourself more clinically cremated your bodily remains nevertheless instinctively and whether you'd wished for that to be so or not become naturally recycled one way or another and in turn act as the building blocks or the raw material for the continued sustenance in one way or another of existing as well as future generations of not only human beings but also other forms of animal and plant life. So for all we know you may very well after death end up being a darn sight more useful and productive to the universe generally and our earthly world in particular than you actually were or would ever have been regardless of where you resided or however long it was that you lived on Planet Earth.

Another perspective of the multiplicity of points of views that I previously alluded to is that the deceased person essentially goes into a markedly transformative state immediately after his or her death whereby and dependent on the kind of life which that individual lived and also the valuable or otherwise contribution that they made while alive he or she doesn't actually vacate the ambit of earth but instead is immediately transformed into another life form that in the order of things imposes on that individual the commensurate status or otherwise that they're deemed to have warranted when they previously existed as human beings.

Then there are the atheists whose idea is that it's all a farcical mess played by Nature which causes us to be unwillingly born, live and then die and that basically according to them is the sum total of it all; and what we get up to or achieve in the interim prior to that fateful day is all relatively speaking down to us and fate. A defective conclusion of theirs which doesn't, to say the very least, grab me in any interesting or convincing way I must admit. And to be absolutely blunt is analogous to one purchasing an expensive car, filling it up with petrol at the nearest petrol station, driving off to the largest roundabout they know of and then determinedly motor on to that roundabout and spend the rest of their time and until the car runs out of petrol circumventing that roundabout and nowhere else; then wham bang an articulated lorry that also happens to drive onto that roundabout smashes into their car and them with devastatingly catastrophic consequences. And that's the end of them!

No, life even if we haven't fully grasped what it's all about is much more than that and one doesn't have to be overly religious to recognize that. I'm Anglican: High Church Church of England and have been all my life although I've worshiped periodically in other Christian churches when there's no C of E denominational church where I happen to be at the time. Usually it's Roman Catholicism since the religious practices engaged in their church mirror many that I've known from childhood within the Anglican community that I belonged to and also happily grew up in. And this is principally the case now for me in Germany.

However I always do make a point of first acquainting the respective priest of my faith and church membership as I'm a communicant and going to church for me also involves taking the Holy Sacrament of Communion. But every priest I've spoken or dealt with has been fully pragmatic about what I'm doing, acknowledges like me that there is the one God though several way to reach Him, analogous to determining if on a journey to Scotland, for example, from the south of England one should go by train, car or actually fly there with the ultimate purpose being to actually get to Scotland. It's the very same with reaching God I believe and thankfully the priests I deal with fully understand and sensibly make allowances for that. However, there's a game that I tongue in cheek play with friends and have done with some of my students along these lines. I'm not a football aficionado by any means though there is one in the family with the identical name who is - HAPPY BIRTHDAY BY THE WAY ON JANUARY 22,2016 SON - and although I'm fully au fait with all the aspects of that game my principal sports are Cricket and Athletics. Anyway, this is precisely how I explain the Universe and Earth in essentially simple terms. Imagine a massive Galactic Life League synonymous to the football one and at the top of which if we were to take England as an example you have the Premier League and then

downwards are a range of other leagues and non league clubs. Then there's the rigorous process of promotion or demotion from these leagues according to how the respective clubs perform and with some of them although neither relegated or promoted remaining virtually &quot;dormant&quot; in the league in which they happen to be.

So returning to my Galactic Life league if you are exceptionally good for example you may very well find yourself promoted from this Earthly league to one in another world league or conversely be demoted to one below that of earth; and if you then systematically apply that principle to life generally it could well account for where like footballers we move on to next or come back to later. Little wonder then that some people I meet, and I'm equally sure that you do too, in general conversations we have with them say they feel like they've been here in some location or other on earth previously and what's more can even lucidly describe these places that in their current life they've never been to. So where exactly are you personally bound for when you leave earth, which I'm decidedly persuaded is NOT in the equivalent of the Galactic Premier League? A Galactic Life League promotion to the equivalent of the English Premier League, demotion to another league; or even a Galactic non-league existence? But wherever you end up it's a sure bet that Death is the only facilitator of all of this and in that respect not unlike FIFA!

Stanley Collymore

# Death: The Ultimate Enforcer Of Universal Equality!

By Stanley Collymore

Death is an inescapable occurrence that actually automatically begins the very second that we unaided draw breath in this life rendered to us on loan at our birth, and for what it's worth there's entirely nothing, either individually as a person or jointly as a community or country that can be successfully done to permanently forestall it. Therefore, fully recognizing and accepting that as a fact of life it's similarly wise then to totally appreciate that neither sensibly nor rationally is there any point at all in worrying one's self overtly or obsessively about the advent or even the speculated on consequences of Death.

For while it's obviously possible either through fear of it, political beliefs, state decree as in the case of the death penalty; murder or manslaughter - whether deliberately or unintentionally occasioned - or even misguided vanity, through the act of suicide usually, to deliberately thwart Death's otherwise unrelenting, premeditated and non-partisan march to one's own determined oblivion from this earthly life we're briefly loaned, and doing this by taking, for example, direct control of such actions as we believe to be necessary into our own hands to achieve our desired outcome; there is however no obvious realistically viable or any durable different option to what's manifestly the inevitability of

Death; or for the  
most part, most  
of us after our  
burial being  
the natural  
rations for  
ravenous  
worms!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
2 November 2016.

Author's remarks:

Raised, educated and avidly encouraged all of my life by those who from the outset of my existence have always genuinely mattered to me or would afterwards in the wake of such persons fill that role, and still do, never to fear death I took their ideas and logical solutions very seriously and constructively incorporated them into the very fabric of my life; for what they all of them encouragingly advised me to do and through principled examples practised on their part in their own lives weren't only rational and made absolute sense to me but also significantly shaped and helped to consolidate the fundamental characteristics that embody the person I most happily, and thankfully to them, became but essentially still am.

And looking back as objectively as any honest person can in relation to matters personally concerning myself and them, there are quite thankfully very few things in my life that were it possible to do so I would willingly change, for even those negative aspects I encountered in my life did trigger, as it happened, positive responses on my part that were, and still are, whenever, wherever or whatever manner they actually occur a source of beneficial influences on which I can consummately draw and fittingly carry on with my life.

So I'm much too productively busy and totally occupied with real life to even think of let alone embark on consciously wasting what to me is precious time engaging myself in rather pointless and for the most part the evidently puerile luxury so completely beloved of and obsessed with by others principally in the west and particularly so in the United Kingdom of to all intents and purposes non-productively spending my valuable time on matters of little or no substance or to be candid inevitable consequences like death that no one can realistically change.

Stanley Collymore

# Debenhams The Commercial Ku Klux Klan Of The British High Street!

By Stanley Collymore

Debenhams like every other company, whether commercial or otherwise, has an inalienable right to appoint whoever it wants to award is promotional campaigns to, as well as determine the material content that it consciously and premeditatedly in these endorsement, or more aptly stated propaganda, ads implants to basically represent the purported public image of the said company, the products it sells, or the services which it either provides or promotes. But not dissimilar from the hubristic and self-publicizing individual, and importantly one who is somewhat obsessively quite full of himself or herself, such intentional actions do none the less demand, and should indisputably also carry certain specified responsibilities, and especially so when that persona is deliberately bandied about in the public arena: truth and the recognition of reality not the least amongst them. Requirements that clearly shouldn't be overlooked or evaded if those concerned either individually and most undeniably so corporately, have any concept of their responsibility or even the slightest modicum of maturity, common or garden decency or any plausible credibility about them.

Debenhams a high street store in the United Kingdom, and somewhat vaingloriously and most markedly ludicrously and laughably self-publicizing itself as some kind of a treasured and national icon, has depressingly, most offensively and with racist intent deliberately but oh so asininely in this spurious process readily circumvented even the most basic protocols that in the given circumstances that it has foolishly placed itself in, and were one

so imprudently disposed to persuade themselves not to notice or be hoodwinked into thinking that Debenhams is even remotely what it exaggeratedly claims to be, that transitory moment of unrepressed insanity on the duped observer's part would instantaneously and permanently be resolved and promptly depart on intelligently learning of the authentic veracity pertaining to and elaborately coupled with the devious shenanigans engaged in by Debenhams, which are self-servingly introduced and similarly dishonestly directed by its bosses and salaried advisers: moral losers to the umpteenth degree all of them, bereft of logic and additionally as any person gifted with a conscience and fully cognizant of the patently duplicitous carryings-on at Debenhams would previously have recognized, as being principally deficient of an apparent moral compass together with the visible non-existence of even the deception of an individual or any collective integrity.

Otherwise how else can any authentic and seriously minded person not only with a fully-fledged and energetically functioning conscience but who is similarly in total possession of a genuine moral compass and moreover has it fine tuned and properly switched on, make any appropriate sense of, rationally explain or much less so remotely attach any credence whatever to what Debenhams is corruptly, meretriciously, revoltingly, exceedingly unethically, quite intentionally and moreover has clearly and demonstrably small mindedly as well, vilely

determined  
to embark  
on doing?

For commercially inspirational icon, although in reality  
it's far from being any such thing, as the asinine and  
brain-dead bosses at or the lowlife, tawdrily inept  
but all the same extortionately avaricious &quot;spiv&quot;;  
advisors to Debenhams risibly see this high  
street company as or not, only the inane,  
those who're delusionally, and happily  
so it would seem in their bitter state  
of make believe and additionally  
entrenched in an 18th and 19th Century respectively  
mindset quite prevalent at the time and before  
any of those concerned were conceived let  
alone born, or else are so conspicuously  
blind that they cheerlessly fail to see  
that the United Kingdom isn't and  
honestly historically never was -  
the spontaneous conclusion of  
several millennia of ongoing  
immigration - or is it significantly ever likely to be,  
as those associated with Debenhams ludicrously  
think it rightfully should become and hence  
unpardonably espouse - to distinctly be  
the restricted and untouchable domain  
to be set aside for, and exclusively  
assigned to white Caucasians of  
the alleged &quot;Master Race.&quot; To  
which I say to these pillocks  
who manage Debenhams,  
and like minded morons  
like them: &quot;Dream on! &quot;

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14 December 2015.

#### Author's Comments:

On Thursday December 10,2015 Debenhams took out a full colour front page  
advertisement - I invite you to see it for yourself - with the London Metro a

freebie newspaper to the public but is otherwise well connected politically and commercially with the Zionist far right in the UK and beyond, and distributed nationally across England at least. Furthermore and quite predictably it's regularly featured, in the Metro; on the Rupert Murdoch owned Sky News and additionally and without fail is prominently every night routinely highlighted as well on Sky News Press Preview slot that comes on air every night directly after the 10pm news has finished at 10.30 pm and lasts for the next half hour. A routine that is repeated ad nauseum at the end of each subsequent news segment and every time lasts for its half hour duration. So quite an exposure for the London Metro and Debenhams, or more appropriately in the case of the latter the views of those who run this company, and who undoubtedly are quite cognizant of this, and therefore where better to push and actively promote their subliminal and pernicious bigoted messages.

So having read my poem and during that process taking into consideration too the old maxim that people should be judged by the company they regularly and happily keep it would be most remiss then of me not to append the same axiom to Debenhams. And for me it isn't about one repulsive advertisement authorized by Debenhams that provoked this poem but a gross accumulation of racist conditioning and insider whistleblower information passed on to me and which are coupled with my own astute discernment of what I've seen personally for myself in relation to how others not of the white Caucasian kind have been treated by Debenhams and consequently have resulted in me now for several years ongoingly pledging to myself that whatever the circumstances or however acute these might be I won't be seen dead in any branch of Debenhams let alone in any way reinforce their grasping, unconscionable or their pernicious racist propensities towards their own and markedly objectionable self-aggrandizement.

And as you mull over what I've said earlier I again invite you to consciously scrutinize that full page colour advertisement of Debenhams I previously made mention of and note the marked and conscious absence throughout that advertisement in what's essentially a multi-ethnic Britain of anyone, from babes in arms to the elderly and of both genders, who isn't white and Caucasian. Clearly in the ostensibly and oft-stated "Christian" United Kingdom and at a time of peace and goodwill to all mankind - moreover it might be worth mentioning at the very least and even appropriately stressing that additionally it could also serve as a most salutary exercise by reflecting on the true, historically authentic and not as has become so commonplace and beloved by those who infest the "leadership" of Debenhams and other likeminded nerds, the delusional and make believe racial origins of Jesus Christ and his parents - Debenhams' bosses evidently have no such courteousness or common decency to dispense to others who don't look like and moreover are staunchly considered to

be inferior to them.

But typically they've not the slightest objections to these Niggers, Wogs, Sambos, Pakis, Half-Castes, Half-Breeds, Piccaninies or what other odious names they apply to these people shopping in Debenhams as money is the sole God of these talmudic-Zionists and wherever it comes from is immaterial, but other than that these sub-human types are perceived to serve no useful purpose at all. And who really cares if it's Christmas? After all Jesus Christ is no longer who he originally was and transformationally is now an integral part, perhaps not religiously but most certainly commercially, of the sponging, privileged and well-heeled white Caucasian environment; and that's how it must commercially and in every other profitable way unalterably remain. So why place sub-humans in a treasured Debenhams' Christmas advertisement?

For those of you with convenient memories or who weren't born then, Fords the motor car manufacturer did a similar asinine thing in 1990/91. Along with these tweets and my poem: &quot;Debenhams the commercial Ku Klux Klan of the British high street&quot;;, I've also posted two highly relevant and contemporaneous articles by Advertising Age and the Independent Newspaper that reported on the insane Ford saga. A highly embarrassed Ford allegedly learnt valuable lessons it said at the time and grudgingly apologized after initially making a number of lame, unconvincing and downright lying excuses for those responsible for this racist faux pas at its Dagenham plant. Will Debenhams do the same? I won't hold my breath on that one if I were you; I know I shan't! For they haven't a creditable ounce of integrity in them. Meanwhile, I shall resolutely carry on with my several years old personal boycott of Debenhams; but if those of you deemed by them as sub-humans want to keep on propping them up financially, quite frankly and no apologies from me, you're most welcome to and evidently deserve each other!

Stanley Collymore

# Destined To Be Lovers But, Alas, Never True Friends! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

We met for the very first time, as I'm absolutely sure you well remember, not by design but, as it clearly happened, pure coincidence my dear! But even so, and from the very outset of our personal encounter, the evidently striking and unmistakably physically-inspired chemistry instinctively generated between the two of us wasn't only astoundingly enhancing but equally as well most naturally and delightfully enlivening in its completely unrehearsed origin. A fortuitously conceived situation that, in effect, amply enabled this overwhelming physical chemistry that had spontaneously developed between the two of us to fittingly augur in the welcoming prospect of a particularly torrid and urgently longed for sexual liaison.

That in its assembling became so patently obvious that only a complete and unworldly fool, or maybe someone who was entirely blind or otherwise consisted of being a wholly unresponsive, non-perceptive, or even a markedly non-empathetic person could excusably be expected to realistically fail to grasp and consequently not appropriately understand what intuitively and discernibly consensually, was both physically in every sense and clearly emotionally at that precise moment in time happening

between you  
and me.

So in the arranged circumstances in which we now  
found ourselves it rather understandably, most  
obviously, predictably, quite pragmatically  
and deprived of fuss, truly fittingly and  
understandably for of us - in what  
doubtlessly had acceleratedly  
in the process of all this  
desirable expectation,  
anticipatorily set the stage for the full achievement  
of what unhesitatingly was to become an intense  
and unmissable liaison - had essentially and  
noticeably irresistibly become a forceful  
catalyst of its own, valuably ensuring  
that nothing would be allowed on  
the part of either of us to either  
deter or in any way interfere  
with what we were both  
consciously, eagerly  
and pleasurably  
embarking  
upon.

But for all of the enthusiasm which we'd jointly and  
mutually drawn on in the active furtherance of our  
sexual liaison, I frankly don't recall you ever  
expressing any reservations about what we  
were consensually doing or, come to that,  
made known an implied point of view,  
far less so a decisive wish for our existing relationship  
to significantly reform, develop correspondingly,  
and accordingly expand into something the  
complete opposite of what it already was:  
a distinctly categorical fusion of carnal  
escapism explicitly bound up in an  
ongoing and a most favourably  
disposed to sexual tryst that itself was freely  
and excitedly engaged in without any  
avowed promises of commitment,  
one way or the other, by either

or both of us, its enthusiastic  
and willing participants.

And this despite the numerous opportunities that  
we both individually as well as jointly had to  
unambiguously make well-known to each  
other, if we had any such objectives in  
mind, our resolutely changed desire  
for a more practical and profound  
adult exhibition concerning the secretive alliance  
between the two of us. One that which openly,  
honestly and quite obviously did mutually  
and beneficially extend a convincingly  
productive methodology to our own  
behaviour, in order to incorporate  
a more profound appreciation of  
us as worthwhile human beings.

This, together with a marked alteration in its  
accurate evaluation of us as exceptionally  
distinctive personalities and not seen or  
regarded basically as objects for our  
common sexual gratification. And  
with that significantly and also  
foremost in mind decisively  
survey the valid prospect  
of a clear alternative to  
what we were doing.

However, realistically there was little chance of  
that ever happening or the likely prospect of  
convincingly getting you to change your  
mind, since clearly it wasn't what you  
wanted then or conceivably wished  
for at any other point in time. So it wasn't hard for  
me to detect your thinking as intuitively I knew  
that much previously. For although words, as  
such, were never exercised to realistically  
express your reserved feelings on this  
epicurean alliance which we were  
indulging in, your inescapably  
decipherable body language

was nevertheless on its  
own quite revealing.

And consequently in its diagnostic summation was  
a logical indication that personal commitment  
by you wasn't something which you were  
either looking for, much less so keenly  
disposed to generously giving. And  
therefore, if our ongoing and libertine relationship  
wasn't in these threatened new circumstances  
to come to a conclusively abrupt end, the  
only genuine option going for us was  
to appreciatively carry as the avid  
the lovers we clearly were and  
in this accessibly expedient  
approach securely discard  
all inauspicious notions  
of us ever wishing to  
be or convincingly  
becoming friends.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
27 September 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Of all the diverse expectations and indeed, if one is to be perfectly honest about  
it, accumulative experiences that us human beings regularly, more often than not  
routinely, sometimes pleurably, invariably expectantly and, at times, even  
controversially engage in sex is doubtlessly among the foremost of these in our  
general consciousness; and while the reasons for this are multiple and even  
sometimes contradictory in nature there's no genuinely effective or permanent  
means of getting away from this omnipresent phenomenon in our individual life.

And while significant numbers of you may, at times, seek to convince and even  
manage to delude yourselves that sex is for you essentially, and for all of its  
apparent popularity, merely an ephemeral part of your own and even that of  
mankind's wider human existence, none the less as a culturally sophisticated  
person whose thoughts and physical actions leave you with no other option but  
to properly and beneficially channel these corporeal impulses into more  
constructive things, as such sex: either jointly with someone or discretionarily on  
your own, is ultimately a recreation that you can well do without.

My straightforward and unambiguous answer to that one is: Dream on! For common sense generously coupled with loads of practical experience have categorically taught me that the more fervent and outspoken against sex such critics are the greater are their unrequited and carnal demons within.

Stanley Collymore

# Destroyer

Have you any idea what love really is  
or is it just a handy tool for you to  
devilishly work your way into  
the unsuspecting lives of  
others, which you then  
premeditatedly and  
most callously  
set out to  
destroy?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 August 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# Different And Proud Of It!

By Stanley Collymore

I like being unique you see; and also  
it's a matter of my own integrity.  
So I shan't sleep with you  
and thus willingly become  
like all the other guys  
we both know that  
regularly do.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# Discovering True Love

Someone once asked me, in that questing but decidedly informal manner employed when searching for the truth, what love was. And I gave my answer, which I thought appropriately covered the matter in detail. I spoke of emotion and reciprocal feelings; the joy and personal satisfaction there is from having someone special in one's life to share it with, and to care for. I even ventured into the private and intimate world of love-making.

I also touched on issues as diverse as loyalty, trust, honesty and the spontaneity of affection between lovers. All in all, I was doing fine and really felt good within myself about my explanation. My colleague, for their part, went away pleased. Sometime after that conversation, however, I met you - and instantly I knew I would have to redefine my definition of love.

For in generously giving yourself to me, as well as the manner of your doing so in this new and dynamic relationship we now share, you've not only brought an entirely new dimension to the concept of love - you've also created a completely new vista in which our two souls are bonded for all eternity.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 December 1997.

Stanley Collymore

# Do Me A Favour And Permanently Get Lost!

Never you mind what I choose to do with my private life,  
as it's not yours but mine alone to do with whatsoever  
I want; and instead of you employing the seemingly  
boundless energy you exhibit and which you  
pleasurably utilize in tearing it to bits, just  
humour me for once and seriously  
concentrate on your own life  
which, as it happens, is  
anything but an  
exemplary one! For I already know I'm far from being  
perfect, but then I've never claimed to be; neither  
have I ever aspired to or do I currently want  
to be a saint, something which you  
yourself most certainly aren't!  
So rather than you unilaterally and  
quite arbitrarily setting yourself up in judgement over  
me as this untouchable paragon of virtue and the very  
epitome of all other things virtuous, why don't you  
just leave me alone to live my own life as I see  
fit and, in the process as well, permanently  
forget that you and I have ever met?

Stanley Collymore

# Do Your Thing Grim Reaper And Cleanse This Aegean Stable!

By Stanley Collymore

I can feel your presence very strongly, as overtly and most discernibly not to be amiss you're quite intent on making me fully aware of this; all the same I'm not the least nonplussed by what you're doing since I'm very conscious that it's your inimitable style at work causing you to act thus and therefore for you, and obviously something not to be shirked, your customary way of behaving.

But then as the Grim Reaper you well know that Death attendant with its mortal finality isn't just a prolific business to be profited from but also a most serious one to be psychologically grieved about and privately mourned by those who really care; and as such there are certain formalities that objectively must be considered, revered, though largely impassively on your part it's true, embarked upon, then conclusively, categorically, most assuredly and, of course appropriately as well, be done.

So if my time has come do get on with it and please drop the formalities, as to be perfectly honest with you I'm truly one disinterested though involuntary customer of yours who intentionally won't be losing any

sleep over my death knowing  
that liberated through it I'll  
be permanently forsaking  
this troubled earth for  
what's essentially a  
brand new start  
eternally!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 January 2014.

Comment:

I can think of far more important things to concern myself with than Death, taking into account the fact that it's inevitable however its realization is ultimately brought about. Which begs the question: could it be that those who're most shit scared of Death and whose obsessive fears of it usually cause them to absurdly and quite fruitlessly embark on all manner of ways and means to circumvent or, even more ludicrously, attempt to stave it off indefinitely are invariably the very ones who in this life are the worst abusers, in every conceivable form, of their less fortunate fellow human beings and consequently as their own lives on Earth enter their final chapter are deeply petrified of what awaits them in the After-Life?

An After-Life where their massive ill-gotten and exploitative gains accumulated on Earth and criminally and abusively derived at the expense of others and used on Earth to unscrupulously garner immense power, influence and even more wealth for themselves can't be transhipped to, rendering them highly impotent to affect conditions in their After-Life existence and thus scaring the living daylight out of them knowing that they'd be judged there on what they are and not who they were during their earthly life. Justice, which these bastards aren't in the least fond of and can buy off here on Earth at last promptly and impartially delivered.

Are you listening and paying heed Koch brothers, Rupert Murdoch, those who own or run Monsanto, BP, RSB and the other banks, Halliburton, the pharmaceutical companies, EDF and all the other likeminded scumbags concomitant with your bought and paid for stooges in the US Congress and other foreign governments including our own British one, prime and consummate slime balls the lot of you who unfortunately infest this otherwise sacred world the rest of us are forced to share with you?

Stanley Collymore

# Done But As Yet Not Dusted!

It was novel that's true but quite exciting all the same  
it must be readily pointed out; our very first and, as  
it happened, totally accidental meeting with each  
other, the coming together of me and you and  
actually what this celebratory poem is all about.  
A situation with a most singular beginning that  
comprised the two of us literally bumping  
into each other laughingly followed by  
an apology from you that only just  
preceded my own, but which in  
both cases was completely  
unnecessary as it turned  
out, extenuation.

For very soon afterwards the rapidly unfolding  
situation that our spontaneous interaction  
with each other and the clearly unconcealed  
and quite complimentary responses from  
us, relative to this matter in hand, had  
jointly and explicitly made known,  
considering how unexpectedly  
and somewhat hilarious this fortuitous, absolutely  
engaging and exciting fledgling relationship  
had begun, did nevertheless of its own  
accord give rise to a unique set of highly  
intriguing but clearly accommodating  
circumstances that neither of us  
had earlier expected or could  
possibly, for that matter,  
have realistically  
anticipated.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 February 2014.

## Remarks:

The unexpected can and often does serve as the catalyst for all sorts of situations ranging from the pleasantly surprising to the chillingly terrorizing, and usually there is precious little that the recipient on the receiving end of it could have

done to influence what transpired because, as you've rightly guessed, it's unexpected.

However, should your unexpected experience fortunately fall into the first category mentioned earlier, why not make the most of it? Who knows? If skilfully tackled and also played to its full potential and advantage it might very well turn out to be the start of something that completely and rewardingly for the better successfully transforms your life, and in a manner you could never have hoped for or expected!

For Julia.

Stanley Collymore

# Don't You Patronize Me With Your Smug Masculinity!

By Stanley Collymore

Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs! So completely appalled am I by what you're doing. Fancy you after of all things my very own proposal that you invite me out for dinner then incredibly and equally arrogantly as well, I must say, expecting me to make a financial contribution to the restaurant's dinner bill!

How dare you be so impolite and cad-like to do that to any woman and especially a refined lady like me? Something so wholly unbecoming of any man - and totally unheard of in all the cultured and sophisticated circles to which I unconditionally and have always belonged and moreover firmly intend to remain in - who even remotely perceives himself as a civilized human being and even more questionably a gentleman; perceptibly an imposter endeavouring so hard to influence urbane and quite trusting women like me that he's really you know the actual thing!

Trust me! "You really ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself you misogynistic cad and unpleasant charlatan of a man to be doing something like this in the 21st Century. Have you not heard of or worst still don't you believe in according persons of my

sex, put bluntly ladies in  
effect like me, with the  
supreme respect and  
of course our due  
rights to human  
decorum and  
our gender  
equality?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 September 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Whether to go Dutch or not in the financial sense and looking at this particular issue astutely and objectively is to a prescient-minded observer like me a no-brainer! Why? Because its application, one way or the other, completely depends, or should do so, on the nature of the existing relationship, personal or otherwise, that at the time is being engaged in by those who're involved - usually the individuals of either of the two standard and conventional sexes generally and globally recognized and therefore accepted as such, or none as it happens and is increasingly the case in officially genderless Britain, and consequently is exclusively a matter for those who're directly and consensually involved. This regardless of whether their particular participation resolves around or significantly or not impacts on two or materially more people. That then in my judgement and likewise I would imagine also that of other sensible and intelligent minds is how it should always be and logically therefore has bugger all to do with one's gender or equality of any kind for that matter.

However the situation in my opinion is that in Britain and specifically so as is distinctly evident in England is that this undoubted no-brainer problem is a comprehensively manufactured and self-serving one wilfully produced by those who're obsessively preoccupied with as well as concertedly involved in asinine, most markedly and dysfunctionally creating a totally genderless and quite noticeably an unnatural society in which the consistently brainless and unthinking adherents of these sick policy makers' nonsensical assault on the intuitive and generally accepted consensual norms of what are conventionally recognized and overwhelmingly adhered to as normal conduct in the universal behavioural sense within civilized cultures and countries globally, and are now officially and quite encouragingly in Britain either callously, misguidedly, injudiciously or just plain stupidly trampled upon.

And furthermore these cherished and societally cohesive precepts are also so wantonly abused that they've become most discernibly to anyone with functioning eyes in their head to see and conscionably wish to do so a markedly confusing and even a particularly debilitating and daily scenario for the average apathetic Briton let alone the manifestly increasing plethora of witless ones who unchallenged roam our seemingly green but deceptively pleasant land. And advisedly to all women who like mindless lemmings that as a species happily it seems indulge in jumping off cliffs to their well-deserved fate are idiotically leaping on to this specific bandwagon I will shrewdly say to all of them it's not misogyny in this particular matter but your own deeply ingrained or else deviously practised stupidity that you should be most preoccupied with and profoundly worried about!

Stanley Collymore

# Eat Your Heart Out!

Why can't you leave well alone and stop sticking your oar unwarrantedly and unwelcomed into what frankly doesn't concern you? Don't you think you've caused enough trouble already as it is; and what makes you think that your belligerent and unwanted interference in a private affair, which to be quite honest with you is none of your business, is going to help matters in any way? Because it won't I assure you, as I've heard it all before and I don't give a damn what you or others think or say as what you're indulging in is both utterly senseless and also downright irrational.

You're my sister not my keeper, and as a responsible adult I've a specific duty to myself to individually choose how I legally want to live my own life as well as ultimately determine what's best for me; and not be forced, whether out of societal pressure, sibling coercion or the undue influences of others into subverting those inalienable rights which I'm entitled to, to the capricious or, worst still, the perverse demands of people who might very well be complete strangers to myself.

Far less so have these rights summarily hijacked by a scheming sister for the gratuitous satisfaction and the sole purpose of her utterly selfish and biased agenda, and who I categorically know that while unasked nevertheless wastes no opportunity that she can grab for herself to tell anyone who'll bother to listen

to her that her life is her own and  
she'll do with it as she damn  
well pleases, still thinks  
that she has a right to  
control my life.

And to be fair to you Sis you've lived your life as you  
pleased and effectively done so every since you  
were a teenager. So what's the difference  
then between your right to choose who you want to  
share your life with, and moreover do so without  
your countenancing let alone tolerating any  
criticism or input of whatever kind or  
however beneficial it might be to  
you from any source, and my  
earnestly wishing to do  
the same things too  
with my life?

Except, of course, that while you're ecstatically happy to  
shack up with someone of your own race and unmarried  
have his kids, you nevertheless in your sick mind  
consider it rather infra dig for me to marry the  
Blackman I very much love and who I know  
genuinely and respectfully reciprocates  
that love; and furthermore intend to  
have lawfully conceived, born,  
properly raised and immensely loved  
children by him; which is a darn sight  
more than can be said for the feral  
and pallid bastards, in every  
sense of the word, that  
you've produced.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
26 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Egotistical Self-Aggrandizement Blatantly Masquerading As Humanitarian Altruism!

By Stanley Collymore

Compliments are entirely wasted on the likes of you since you've neither any notion what compliments are nor what their real purpose is all about. Yet you sanctimoniously, hubristically and quite self-servingly continue to earnestly project and studiously promote your warped notion of altruism based not on the genuine needs of the individuals involved but rather your own subjective and fraudulent interpretation of what you think they should want, ought to have, and most crucially must unquestioningly accept if they're to be considered worthy of your assistance to them in the first place. In other words, you're the classic, fashionable do-gooder who's always looking for a cause - its causal circumstances or distance from where you actually are no problem whatsoever - to support, but with the overriding objective always unchangingly the same; your own completely typical, egotistically charged and emotionally uncaring self-aggrandizement.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 October 2014.

Observation:

The 21st century apart from the multiplicity of unnecessary and odiously contrived wars concomitant with the avaricious and brutally secured plunder of the Global South by the purportedly developed and laughably civilized west comprised mainly of consummately narcissistic and quite ferally-disposed white

Caucasians of both genders and across every social stratum of society there, will additionally be condemnatorily remembered by future generations - of that I have no doubt - for its mindboggling hypocrisy and intentionally contrived sanctimony relative to what was self-servingly characterized as humanitarian matters.

And in that regard practically every western government, NGO, the plethora of so-called human rights organizations: Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch principally among their number, together with the vast majority of household familiar western charities, including almost all of them in the UK, fall deeply and undeniably into this cesspit of intentional deceit, culpable dishonesty, manifest disingenuousness and the ongoing profitable exploitation of both the victims they're supposed to be helping and the gullible but good-natured members of the public who fall for their spiel.

This then is my personal and unreserved indictment of these undoubted and insidiously criminal charlatans: governmental as well as NGO, who've assiduously and industriously taken the term humanitarianism well beyond any credible interpretation of what that word actually means and genuinely represents.

Stanley Collymore

# Ein Unverzichtbares Liebe, Die Fast Nicht Geschehen

By Stanley Collymore

You came into my life quite unexpectedly, and very much so unsurprisingly as well; for in every conceivable way that I can think of nothing like this was ever intended by me or strictly and being perfectly honest you see was never actually meant to be. And as for falling in love while on my holiday the pragmatist that I am, I would have jovially said to anyone who suggested a scenario like this that such a supposition from my very own personal perspective wasn't only far-fetched and a decidedly unlikely probability but likewise as well for someone seeking to promote such a risible notion as this would quickly find that theirs was an estimation, even with the fanciful perceptions overactive minds do zealously conjure up when on vacation, that even so and especially in my case would testify to being a relatively hard preference to sell.

Besides, as complete strangers to each other initially we were also individually on separate holiday schedules that only converged simply, as it happened, because coincidentally we were staying at the same hotel, which from the start of each December until March of the following year, and on a consecutive basis for the previous five years as well, I had for academic research and other literary reasons utilized as a temporary home; so, consequently, romance for me in any shape or form was the furthest thing possibly then from my mind

and surely out of the question;  
and that was astutely based  
on insightful pragmatism  
and not cold arrogance;  
or me, deliberately in  
any way, seeking  
to be unkind.

But having assuredly convinced myself that my amorous  
defences were assiduously, impeccably and naturally  
impregnable in place and I was therefore in effect  
as victim free as anyone could possibly be in  
such given circumstances I logically, as is  
my forte, conscientiously got on  
as I'd customarily done on all other previous  
occasions with what my cerebral vacation  
and therefore my intuitive mind were  
essentially aiming for: motivating  
pursuits that specifically were  
of a challenging and very  
intellectual nature and  
categorically not of  
the carnal kind.

Apparently though I'd not only overlooked but had  
also clearly forgotten in this meticulous strategy  
of self-protection I'd routinely and sedulously  
taken, omitted to factor into this restorative  
equation the definitive law of unintended  
consequences; and that's where self-  
confidently, enchantingly, totally  
engaging, as it happened and I'm honourably  
bound to say, you most disarmingly and  
quite pleasurable too in ever possible  
way that any genuinely worthy and  
truly cultured lady can artlessly  
contrive, emphatically and  
most rewardingly came  
into my life. And most  
gratefully, energizingly and very highly  
rewardingly, we have reciprocally  
and faithfully promised that

for the rest of our natural  
lives that's precisely  
where freely we  
both plan on  
having you  
stay!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 October 2015.

Author's Comments:

Alles Gute zum Geburtstag meiner Prinzessin mit all meiner Liebe! Und vielen Dank fuer all die schoenen Zeiten herrlich zusammen und verbunden mit den gegenseitigen, exquisite und dauerhafte Erinnerungen an sie ausgegeben, dass wir teilen. Ich liebe Dich!

Happy Birthday my Princess with all my love! And thanks for all the wonderful times gloriously spent together and conjoined with the mutual, exquisite and enduring memories of them that we share. I love you!

The English Title of this poem is: "An indispensable love that almost didn't happen."

Stanley Collymore

# Electronic Love

It's nice to hear you say  
You love me, but my  
Heart, by the way,  
Had already got  
Your e-mail.

Stanley Collymore

# Emotions

Emotions can't operate separately  
from the actions of those that  
would determine what  
those emotions  
should be!

Stanley Collymore

# Empathy

You're no stranger to me  
even though we've only  
just met; for you're  
the type of person  
one would find  
quite hard  
to forget.

Stanley Collymore

# Enduring Stability

Thoughts of you are the unvarying inspiration  
that keeps me going when you're away from  
me. The lighthouse in my mind, whose  
comforting and familiar presence guides  
me to the safe haven of yourself and  
protects me from floundering on  
the rocks of my own folly.

Stanley Collymore

# English Magistrates

By Stanley Collymore

You talk often enough about truth,  
freedom and the execution of justice  
but your words are both meaningless  
and cheap, as there's no substance,  
whatsoever, in what you say  
as regards to any of these;  
for you're still the instinctive  
and ever accommodating rubber stamps  
of the Crown Prosecution Service and a crooked  
and out-of-control police force whose very name  
once emblazoned your courts; and where,  
despite the cosmetic name change, the  
debased mentality and corruption  
between the three of you  
stay solidly the same.

Yes! You are the  
shameless sycophants who,  
without a scrap of honesty  
or morality to even superficially  
penetrate your endemic mediocrity,  
masquerade as an unbiased judiciary  
yet have no awareness, that can be readily  
discerned by anyone, of what either of these  
two concepts correctly symbolize or actually  
mean in reality.

Hence, no independent spirit –  
provided, of course, you were ever  
capable of such –  
will ever be allowed to revoke your  
remit decreed by others: orders to  
which you clearly attach so much;  
let alone deliberately undermine  
what you regularly, fraudulently  
and malevolently pass off  
as objective scrutiny

in your hostile and  
kangaroo-style  
deliberations  
regarding those hapless men and women  
whose status, and even their right to life,  
you daily challenge and arrogantly see  
as vastly inferior to your own.

So why, given the nature and levels of dishonesty  
so all pervasive within the English magistracy,  
are you so surprised that I'm not taken in  
by the machinations of what I see as  
unelected and unaccountable charlatans:  
a situation where nepotism, privilege, secrecy  
and the rapidly spreading cancer of freemasonry  
are entirely out of control and, quite frankly  
it must be said, have permanently killed  
off whatever notions still remained of  
justice for everyone in England  
stone cold dead?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 April 1998.

Stanley Collymore

# English Magistrates Revisited

You talk often enough about truth,  
freedom and the execution of justice  
but your words are both meaningless  
and cheap, as there's no substance,  
whatsoever, in what you say  
as regards to any of these;  
for you're still the instinctive  
and ever accommodating rubber stamps  
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are entirely out of control and, quite frankly  
it must be said, have permanently killed  
off whatever notions still remained of  
justice for everyone in England  
stone cold dead?

But you don't care, do you, as it's alright for  
you, your family members, close friends  
and even your work colleagues too;  
for taking a leaf out of your blood-related,  
Israeli-Zionists playbook, you too are on  
a mission to arbitrarily transform how  
your country ultimately looks.  
Creating an England if not  
exactly as white as the  
driven snow is none  
the less one where  
the practices of  
eugenics and white supremacy, ably  
assisted, of course, by stitched up  
and enforced criminality will  
with your helpful assistance  
and cloak of legality  
become established  
acts of normalcy!

Where's the gratitude then to those, one  
can rightfully ask, without whom you  
wouldn't be here to enjoy the life

style or the privilege, which instinctively you assume is your lawful birthright? Or is power, control and the colour of your skin much more important than justice, morality or simply from within doing what every conscionable person in his or her heart knows to be the right thing? Something quite clearly you miserably failed to have understood is deleterious in the long run to everyone and can only bode ill for England's future good. For when all is said and done humanity and life itself encompass much more than being white and Caucasian!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
31 January 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Even Among Ladies Who're Unique You Carolyn Are Discernibly Unsurpassable!

By Stanley Collymore

So many years have flown by since that very first and highly auspicious meeting between the two of us, yet for all that each of them has been profoundly and perpetually enriched by the respective, enduring and commensurately undemanding friendship and love we've always freely and spontaneously demonstrated towards one another together with an assured and reciprocal respect for each other; themselves juxtaposed with the most powerful and imperishable memories conceivable to either of us of our very special relationship, which predictably has only got stronger, complementarily beneficial and significantly indispensable with each passing year.

And with your upcoming birthday, Carolyn on the 28th November 2013 it is, I feel, a most appropriate time not only to honestly and unpretentiously thank you for everything that has gloriously transpired between us throughout the past years that we've known each other but also a characteristically fitting opportunity as well to wish you in every regard, on this emblematically unique of days in your quite amazing and comfortingly beneficial life, a distinctively wonderful and unforgettable birthday, with many more equally memorable ones to be suitably enjoyed in the future. Happy Birthday to you Love, and to someone who in

every sense of the word is  
the consummate Lady!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 November 2013.

Personal Footnote:

There are some relationships formed in life that one intuitively knows that neither time nor circumstances will ever change them or nullify their constructive impact on the recipients involved, who furthermore will be the better off as human beings from having embarked on them; this is one of them!

Stanley Collymore

# Even Brain-Dead Low-Lives Have A Legitimate, Constitutional Right To Their Asinine Opinions!

By Stanley Collymore

Like everyone else in this country, or the wider world for that matter, you're perfectly entitled to your personal opinions Noel Gallagher and the right to express them. But that realistically is as far as it goes I would say. And just because you happen to conjure up with others what's essentially a profusion of discordant sounds that many among the scattered brain, the tone deaf and their feckless followers asininely regard as music that in turn and just as unbelievably but none the less is equally humdrum but all the same commonplace in the western world where you specifically come from and noticeably belong; and furthermore where the existing value systems, if in actuality they can be called such, are so markedly skewed to express the very least that berks like you are eagerly conferred, for lack of a more suitable term, a supposed celebrity status, whatever in your drug filled, idiotic and clearly demonic life that means.

And consequently is blithely embraced and supported financially by the money hawks who comfortably make a fortune from this, ensure that you get your cut although not as substantial as the one that they award themselves, while

similarly guaranteeing that you toe  
their manifestly materialistic line  
and are fully onboard the rolling bandwagon  
that they most graspingly, gleefully, quite  
contentedly and rather advantageously  
jump upon; so what is it then to the  
likes of you Noel Gallagher who  
is barely literate, substantially  
ill-informed in almost everything that is genuinely  
of any meaningful value or is of fundamental  
and lasting importance to the overall and  
deserving improvement of the society  
which you're in and, in my honest  
opinion, that you overtly infest  
with your puerile and lowlife  
attitude, based on the quite  
stupid conception of me,  
myself and I generally,  
and callously in this  
progression to hell  
with all the rest!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 January 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# Existential Fear A Terrorism Component

By Stanley Collymore

The existential fear of terrorism wilfully, cynically and sadistically created by the very same sponsors of terrorism who assuredly know that financially and in numerous other ways they'll massively benefit from their murderous and persistently utilized hegemonic foreign terrorist forays is a burden that the dim-witted, gullible, or the easily manipulated and populist morons of Britain, the remainder of the European Union and the USA regard as something that they in their pernicious contagion of rapturous ignorance must clearly, preparedly and blissfully unremittingly endure, and notwithstanding the known consequences of it all, since obviously they've been there before, rather unconscionably feel that they have to continue with all the same dishonest and lying shenanigans as the price they have to pay in the name of western-style democracy, imperialism and, of course, the American led, toadying United Kingdom and European Union coupled with the bullied UN's General Assembly and Security Council's backed United States delusional perception of its own and western, white Caucasian abiding exceptionalism!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 May 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# Expertise Melded With Affability!

By Stanley Collymore

A maturity that's self-evident and which evidently needs neither embellishment, qualification nor explanation; for to do any of these obvious things would be similarly as superfluous as questioning why one breathes, it's so apparent! But which in itself is quite pleasant, most reassuring and with a trustingly dependable demeanour that readily transports even the most mindless requester of your reliable assistance into a visible receiver and apt beneficiary of your wide-ranging wisdom and astute supervision. And collectively constitute a mere fraction of a diversity of apposite justifications why you are such a huge asset not only to Horsham but equally as well the current library organization of the entirety of West Sussex!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 October 2016.

## Author's Remarks

There's a sick, narcissistic, hubristic and even an obsessively depraved tendency in Britain and which is deeply ingrained in significant sections of its population - who when objectively scrutinized are very much analogous to the proverbial sayings of the pot calling the kettle black or people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones - who have no compunction whatsoever in wading into the affairs of people who personally or in terms of their actual personalities these brainless and unthinking nerdish critics haven't the foggiest idea about but because those whom they obsequiously and unquestioningly follow in their own brain-dead state

of affairs that they blissfully and ignorantly live in, stipulate that this is the point of view they must follow, in toadying and asinine fashion they instinctively do as they're told.

I see things entirely differently, and from my childhood have been told and inspired not to be fearful of anyone, to honestly speak my mind at all times, regardless of who gets offended by my doing so or how powerful or influential that person might think that he or she is or as it may even turn out to be actually is. That I should always back such criticisms up by supportable facts and never resort to misinformation or fabrication in anything I say or do; but should I later discover I was wrong in making an assertion about anything however minor it is, I should be man enough to freely admit, and of my own personal accord, what I've done and unreservedly apologize for my mistake.

Similarly that just as I'm entitled to criticize when I genuinely feel that such criticism is appropriate, I should equally and un-enforcedly give praise whenever, wherever and to whomsoever it's rightfully due; and the latter situation is what I'm doing now.

These are some of the many and unquestionably fundamental aspects that have beneficially and constructively shaped my life; that I live by; try whenever I can to instil in others by my personal example; and will happily and unconcernedly die for if necessary!

Stanley Collymore

# Exposé Of The Consummate Endemic Moron!

Have you ever tried to enter the mind of a thoroughbred moron, or more crucially endeavoured to understand what, if anything, goes on there? It's a daunting task I assure you; not one for the faint-hearted, and that even when undertaken by the most prescient-minded of individuals is utterly soul-destroying and can easily lead to despair.

Analogous I would say, and I'm absolutely sure you would willingly agree if unhappily you've been obliged to go down that path, to attempting to negotiate a treacherous weir, paddles at the ready but no canoe or other marine craft at hand to safely conduct you on your way.

Therefore, when such inbred idiots eagerly and without prompting or any sort of encouragement from anyone other than likeminded morons like themselves unasked to but all the same open up their mouths to opinionatedly advise on or advance solutions to matters or even problems which they know absolutely nothing about, and as you either charitably humour or more preferably disdainfully deride them, just remember who precisely and what

exactly they really are:  
human detritus, that  
constitute the cancerous  
elements of an unsafe  
and hazardously  
contaminated  
humanity.

Habitually the unthinking and obviously as well  
unplanned outcome of an all too commonplace  
bastardy offloaded onto longsuffering and  
beleaguered decent societies forced to  
accommodate their sort when in  
actuality these societies would be infinitely  
better off, to say the least, were they to  
concertedly harvest these imbeciles  
for their body parts; their brains  
decidedly excluded of course  
since transparently these  
would clearly be of no  
bloody use to either  
man or beast!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 February 2014.

Commentary:

They say that the poor will always be with us; I wholeheartedly disagree. Not in the least so because it's my firm conviction that if the authentic international community genuinely had a mind to it could permanently eradicate global poverty in a relatively short space of time. A personal conviction that leads me to similarly believe that the same thing could be done in respect of the rank, pervasive and wholly pernicious stupidity with its attendant dire consequences that regrettably the less discerning among us quite liberally tolerate and even make excuses for but which undoubtedly is dangerously inimical to the welfare of our respective societies generally and the best interests of humanity in particular.

Long before he became Prime Minister of Britain and well in advance of the meteoric rise of the Nazis to power in Germany as well as the rest of continental Europe Winston Churchill a life-long eugenicist advocated the compulsory sterilization of such people in Britain to prohibit them from breeding with each other, producing more of their kind and consequently with their defective

intellectual genes contaminating the wholesome stock of the rest of British society. The Nazis of course had their own inimitable solution to this problem – the holocaust; while the Soviets and their satellite satrapies periodically carried out their own pogroms to eradicate their undesirables.

Whatever methods are employed in the 21st Century is a moot point since there is no mistaking the obvious fact that something has to be done to remedy this contagious and fast escalating problem. And while race, ethnicity, skin colour, social class or background, financial status, gender, religion, nationality or the espousal of different and even controversial opinions that are completely divergent from those of mainstream thinking must not under any circumstance subjectively become or solely render those in these categories eligible for either individual or selective compulsory eradication, specifically so because diversity and the ability to constructively think and act outside and beyond the accepted confines of conformity are salient ingredients that act as the catalyst and even serve as the bedrock of a truly progressive and mutually beneficial society for all those genuinely deserving of being the recipients of such, anything else that stand in the way of this must be implacably excised. Endemically rank, pervasive and pernicious stupidity falls squarely, in my opinion, within this must be proscribed category.

No sensible person who values their life would adamantly resist an amputation and hang on to an incurable, highly infectious and life-threatening gangrenous leg on the asinine basis that they were born with two legs and two legs are what they're going to retain. Similarly you wouldn't in a public common room observe a prized idiot, however old that individual was, walk into that same room, extract a live grenade from their duffel coat and unconcernedly watch them proceed to mess around with it on the pretext that it's none of your business or they're simply whiling away the time. Nor would you, I suspect, like any other intelligent person tolerate or have any sympathy whatsoever for an inveterate arsonist who sets fire to your house in the dead of night while you and the other residents there were fast asleep and in the process gravely endangers your life.

Only for you all on being rescued later told by some official absurdly seeking to exculpate this moron's criminal activity that he or she had uncaring parents while they were growing up though they all lived in the lap of luxury. Or else that that person came from a disadvantaged background and allowances should be made for them. Or even more bizarrely that this individual liked creating fires because the commotion they caused, the fire service racing to the scene, and the life and limb risks that their arsonist propensities subjected you and your family to, as well as others who had previously been placed in similar circumstances, gave him or her a sexual high which they were unable to achieve in normal

relationships as they just didn't have any of their own. Therefore you must be understanding; biblically turn the other cheek; and simply forgive and forget. It's not rocket science to determine what your reaction would be.

So why then do our societies persist in tolerating and even indulging brain dead morons that even the administering of lobotomies to them couldn't remedy their situation, and who furthermore are infinitely more dangerous to the rest of us in every conceivable way? We cull animals, don't we? Quite often needlessly so; so why not our human detritus as well?

On that note I'd like to dedicate the attached poem to Leslie Philbert, Dean Cry and those of a similar mindset. I wouldn't say that they inspired me to write this poem, oh no; as collectively they would be completely incapable of inspiring even the most incontinent individual to have a piss or otherwise go to the loo, just that unwittingly on their part they've substantially provided me with all the material I could ever have needed to create this poem.

Stanley Collymore

# Exposure Of Sexual Grooming Often Goads Public Rage, The Immoral Guile Veiling It However Doesn't!

By Stanley Collymore

So you rationally thought she looked physically attractive and correspondingly most sexually appealing too, and what's more you also doggedly claim that she was calculatingly egging you on, very conscious all the time of what she was actually doing and, furthermore, distinctly and unequivocally knew what she required from you for herself; and consequently in those compellingly enticing circumstances you in your revealing words: 'Simply couldn't resist her! ' even though from the onset of your obstinate and illicit sexual association with her you were fully aware that she was unquestionably an underage kid, yet arrogantly concluding that 'You couldn't help yourself' which, most ironically, in her noteworthy situation is expressly what you then quite willingly went on and did!

Hubristically, narcissistically, self-servingly and casually ignoring the factual and patently obvious explanation that while in her adult imitating and experimenting fashion she may have conscientiously and in her pubescent mind flirtatiously, even intentionally contrived and daringly essayed to corporeally improve on what by Nature she was already liberally endowed with, all the same, and something that you evidently knew but nevertheless quite cavalierly chose to overlook determinedly intent not to brook any such nonsense as the legal age of consent, she was still a child: not only in the eyes of the law but also

from a societal point of view, and as  
such until she'd physically realized  
the age of sixteen and regardless  
of whatever adult-mimicking  
sexual games she may have  
consciously or otherwise  
undertaken in between,  
ought unalterably to  
have so remained!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 March 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# Expressively Active

Actions speak louder than words  
your worship, and that's why  
I punched him to express  
the strength, extent,  
and the depth of  
my feelings  
towards  
him!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 August 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# Fair Weather Friend

By Stanley Collymore

Your friendship means the world to me and will remain  
Unalterably as solid as any friendship could possibly  
Be, unless of course unwittingly or deliberately  
You get yourself into any difficulty that's  
Likely to prove uncomfortable or  
Embarrassing for me; in which  
Case I reserve the right to unilaterally  
Change my mind, then either flow with the  
Tide of those who condemn and despise  
You or simply sit uneasily on the  
Fence of time, waiting for an  
Outcome before deciding  
Which way I should  
Jump, as any self-respecting,  
Fair-weather friend will do.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25th March 1998.

Stanley Collymore

# False Protection

I took my dreams and carefully wrapped  
them up in cotton wool very much afraid to  
expose them to the harsh realities of life. But  
by doing so, while I doubtlessly protected  
them and me from every semblance of  
adverse scrutiny that I perceived then  
might be in the offing, the virtual  
world I'd effectively created  
around me as a consequence  
was anything but real, or  
even conducive to the  
betterment of my  
life generally.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 December 2010.

Stanley Collymore

# Familiar Generalizations Don't Always Tally With Stark Reality! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

You obviously came into my life when I was down on my luck and at a time when I couldn't have given a - no I'm not going to use that jokey expletive which rhymes with luck and will instead civilly employ the more socially acceptable phrase of saying, as I've done previously, that I was literally down on my luck. But anyway, things were going staggeringly badly for me, and understandably my getting involved with another person, far less so falling in love again and so soon with anyone, regardless of who that individual woman was, was definitely the last thing I had on my mind; or for that matter the kind of reactive action which honestly, rationally, pragmatically and much less so judiciously, I would consciously, or most fittingly, have seriously contemplated getting ensnared into again.

No bullshit that, nor any wanton, intentional, or cynically manufactured, all-out determined and self-serving spin concurring with the definitive reasoning by me, in order to expressly circumvent the personal and deeply troubling consequences known to be intimately coupled with the unrestrained failure to definitely and permanently put an evidently embarrassing past behind me, and through that conscious process negate the likely possibility, due responsibility and similarly the apparent necessity of entertaining a completely new relationship by me,

and essentially out of the earlier  
mess that I'd made of my life,  
be applicably positioned to  
naturally get romantically  
involved all over again.

Well that's a pretty glib assumption to make as  
well as an easy thing for anyone to say, and  
especially so for those who have not the  
vaguest inkling of who or what I am,  
and consequently, fundamentally  
do not know nor could conceivably understand  
the complicated imponderables, in terms of  
valued expectations and ardent emotions,  
that when immutably choreographed  
and then confidently played out,  
their distinctly painstakingly,  
exhaustive, collaborative  
and convincing ballet  
de dance, becomes  
the unwavering supplement, on  
my part, to my unpretentious  
chariness and, naturally,  
personal awareness.

Accordingly, do forgive me for delineating my views so  
uncompromisingly, and more to the point especially  
so if I have offensively misjudged you as being  
among those who have not only collectively  
but also conclusively jumped to the false  
conclusion, which they unwaveringly  
expect and even demand must be  
the solitary outcome of how, with no alternative  
prospect in their prejudiced deliberations, I  
should unquestionably be the man who  
they unilaterally decide that I must  
unwisely become. To which my  
clear response is this: Think  
whatever you want to but  
take it from me, don't  
ever seriously think  
of truly holding

your breath  
on that  
one!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 October 2017.

Author's Remarks:

I don't need to acquaint anyone who's even vaguely compos mentis, but I'll remind you here all the same for obvious reasons, that life and its associated factors constitute an ongoing, and invariably a complex game that everyone in varying degrees and often in the case of some of you for substantial periods of time, as you either blissfully, idiotically, manipulatively or even sensibly embark on playing them.

Sometimes the motivation for doing so is deliberate and clear-cut, on other occasions not even the participants themselves can say with any certainty or even honesty precisely what it is that they're doing or why; for in truth they haven't the foggiest notion.

The game of love is no different and as a pastime has been going on from the beginning of time and specifically that crucial moment when Eve first got a deeply enamoured Adam to nibble her apple, which he apparently liked and consecutively after that occasion continued to have numerous bites from it. It was a regeneration apple you see. The clever ones out there will get the joke; the others, truth to tell, it's not worth you bothering.

So long after we're all of us no longer here, future generations of human beings - should earth and Homo Sapiens manage to survive the impending nuclear holocaust that the morons in Rogue State USA, toadying Britain and the rest of the west's Useful Idiots that serve the vested interests of the sickos that currently run this world we live in - will maintain the custom of playing their own love games.

Stanley Collymore

# Farewell And Not Goodbye Muhammad Ali!

By Stanley Collymore

How fittingly appropriate that so many millions of people globally while obviously impracticably unable and for perfectly obvious and good reasons to personally be in attendance at your funeral Muhammad Ali will nevertheless dependably and quite intently either through simultaneously worldwide television broadcast descriptions or else by means of their multifaceted electronic devices and personalized communications systems be observing the final rites specifically associated with your public, hometown-honoured but all the same dignified burial. I shall be among their number with tear-filled eyes and a massive void in my heart taking it all in as I silently, rather thoughtfully and in addition prayerfully say my own emotional farewell to you, Muhammad Ali.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 June 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

Goodbye is for failures or losers; Farewell however is for those who although they're no longer physically with us don't necessarily have to be, as they're still currently in our hearts, our thoughts and our minds, and therefore indisputably, a most welcomed, continuing and a massively inspirational component in our respective lives as they've always been, and that's precisely your legacy Muhammad Ali!

And the reason is specified here in Latin: "Vos autem sicut homines raro; mortuus est semel, sed solum vivat in aeternum!" Translated into English it reads: "People like you are rare; die only once but live eternally!" And in German: "Leute wie Sie sind selten; nur einmal gestorben, sondern ewig leben!"



# Farewell Deidre Barlow

By Stanley Collymore

In a world of rampant disingenuousness; of studied narcissism overtly and preponderantly parading itself and deceitfully masquerading in the process as honesty and truth, and where dissembling has become an art form of its own, you Anne Kirkbride were the complete opposite of all these things, exemplifying instead a refreshing and blooming oasis of heartfelt humanity and genuine talent that was professionally yet endearingly dispensed in what's still mainly and otherwise a barren, run of the mill and talentless desert of established mediocrity.

And for this, all the cherished memories which you've left me and millions more and the affinity, coupled with that characteristic Lancastrian charm that you dispensed so well both on and off our TV screens but most notably and immortally for me in Corrie Street, I shall eternally be most grateful to you. So farewell Anne Kirkbride - Deidre Barlow - and with the curtains having finally, but alas and regrettably for me and many millions more of your adoring and grieving fans, prematurely and permanently fallen on your earthly performances, I'm absolutely sure, even as your earthly credits are being rolled out, justly lauded and rightly applauded, that the stage is already set

celestially for an even bigger, more  
rewarding and eternal role,  
specially scripted for  
you, and waiting  
to be played!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 January 2015.

Author's Remarks:

There are times when situations unexpectedly impact so seriously and emotionally on one's self that regardless of how competent one actually is verbally words just simply aren't enough to convey the shock and profound sadness that that specific occurrence has engendered.

The untimely death of Anne Kirkbride - affectionately, endearingly and enduringly known to millions of us as Deidre Barlow, the character which with her consummate and natural skills she so convincingly and professionally played in the long running and iconic British television series, Coronation Street, also lovingly referred to as Corrie or Corrie Street - is one such occurrence.

So in grateful appreciation for all the cherished memories you personally given me Deidre Barlow, I'll simply say: 'Farewell Anne Kirkbride - Deidre Barlow - and thank you; and although you'll be sorely missed, you'll never be forgotten! R.I.P.'

My condolences to your husband, other family members, your close friends and the cast and administrators at Coronation Street.

Stanley Collymore

# Fear Used As A Terrorism Component

By Stanley Collymore

The existential fear of terrorism wilfully, cynically and sadistically created by the very same sponsors of terrorism who assuredly know that financially and in numerous other ways they'll massively benefit from their murderous and persistently utilized hegemonic foreign terrorist forays is a burden that the dim-witted, gullible, or the easily manipulated and populist morons of Britain, the remainder of the European Union and the USA regard as something that they in their pernicious contagion of rapturous ignorance must clearly, preparedly and blissfully unremittingly endure, and notwithstanding the known consequences of it all, since obviously they've been there before, rather unconscionably feel that they have to continue with all the same dishonest and lying shenanigans as the price they have to pay in the name of western-style democracy, imperialism and, of course, the American led, toadying United Kingdom and European Union coupled with the bullied UN's General Assembly and Security Council's backed United States delusional perception of its own and western, white Caucasian abiding exceptionalism!

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21 May 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

Rank stupidity and an abysmally low personal self-worth most markedly so in the case of significant numbers of Britons among the privileged classes and those

who are of an older age in terms of the former's underlings at having lost an empire and still looking for a role to play; comprehensively ignorant in all their cases of the fact that empires come and they do eventually go. But having deluded themselves individually as well as collectively and for so long that such an inevitability would never happen to their precious Blighty as the sun would never dare set on their priceless empire, when that "impossibility" did actually occur these same morons were quite naturally left stranded and utterly bewildered as they still are at what precisely to do with themselves other than embarrassingly, though left with no other choice, if they still delusionally wanted to portray Britain as a world power than play second fiddle to the incoming upstart and new bully on the block the United States of America, an amalgamation of Britain's former colonial entities.

And all this coupled with the manifest awareness that many of these contemporary wannabe imperialists and colonialists are completely ill-informed and additionally miserly lack either the foresight or the ability let alone the incentive to alter their psychological and highly debilitating situation; and it's not rocket science to deduce why so many of them like numerous numbers of their fellow westerners are as pig-ignorant as they evidently are; and correspondingly so easily manipulated by their criminally disposed politicians and terrorist western leaders.

Stanley Collymore

# Femininity Unbounded

If words are the trumpets of the mind and the  
eyes the telescope of the heart could it be  
that silent thoughts, transmitted yet not  
openly disclosed, are the engine to  
provide the start of what we  
hope to find?

Like an elegant goddess borne loftily  
on the stalwart wings of chance  
you swept in unexpectedly  
but oh so majestically  
in a unique, feminine  
ballet de dance –  
your welcomed presence creating a  
charming and exciting situation  
replete with its own magical  
and tempting expectations.

Stanley Collymore

# Fidel Castro The Iconic And Unquestionably Principled Hero Of The 20th Century!

By Stanley Collymore

Your humanity, inspirational leadership, instinctive and sympathetic alliance with the downtrodden, the persistently marginalized, unwarrantedly outcast, the intentionally made powerless, the entirely ignored and the politically and economically debarred; qualities which unsparingly, cheerfully and altruistically on your part were very much personified in you heart, and now with your sincerely bereaved passing will permanently remain well known, were always well received by those that were recurrently on the receiving end of these numerous and insidiously illegal acts of habitual injustice done uncaringly to them.

Acts of consummate barbarity malignantly unleashed against their targeted victims in tandem with their abusers' demonic and vitriolic wrath directed against you Fidel Castro because of who and what you admirably were, and in the most trustworthily and deeply principled manner were totally, committedly and unequivocally doing. But in spite of all their unquestionably provoking, numerous and quite criminally inspired shenanigans you, Fidel Castro none the less stalwartly, courageously and selflessly carried on with your profoundly socialist

and for you ceaselessly  
principled process of  
fully empowering  
the intentionally  
marginalized,  
ignored and  
neglected  
masses.

And furthermore achieving the incredibly remarkable success  
of brilliantly doing so in the hostile face of a most brutal,  
spitefully malicious, constantly ongoing and obdurate,  
vested interest calumny; venomous smears, outright  
lies, propagandistic innuendos, harsh condemnations  
and numerous attempted assassinations all aimed  
specifically at getting rid of you Fidel Castro:  
our charismatic, inspirational and still very  
much alive hero and legend, while at the  
same time ruthlessly endeavouring to overthrow your  
socialist enterprise towards and our effective means  
of achieving the political, social, economic and  
cultural salvation we were jointly after. But  
these evil morons failed spectacularly and  
dejectedly in their despicable exercise  
because the Cuban Nation and the  
globally deprived masses who  
were so hatefully disdained  
had always, still do and  
will always personally,  
historically and most  
endearingly regard  
you, Fidel Castro  
as our distinct  
saviour and  
champion.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 November 2016.

Author's Remarks:

The enduring legacy of a truly great man or woman isn't solely evaluated or

measured by what they said or even did to the worthy and justified applause of friends and avid supporters or come to that against the acerbic backdrop or the demeaning chagrin of virulent opponents and utterly narcissistic malcontents that detested them when such champions of the people were obviously alive, but rather, and most significantly so I honestly believe, by the inspirational impetus which that particular individual's demonstrably principled, selfless and altruistic actions in relation to life generally and other human beings specifically have successfully and irrevocably been imbued in the hearts and minds of succeeding and future generations.

And you Comandante Fidel Castro unmistakably iconic, undistractedly and unambiguously true to what you always and genuinely believed, set out to do and ultimately achieved exemplify in every regard all the wholesome characteristics of a truly great and formidable man, as well as being an amazingly charismatic and a remarkably outstanding human being.

So now with your exceedingly outstanding and personally contributory work here on earth quite satisfactorily completed, rest in your very much deserved eternal peace my political mentor and likeminded Caribbean citizen, comfortingly and justifiably assured that what you yourself Fidel, Che and Raul did in Cuba and in the process enthusiastically inspired all right minded and highly conscionable revolutionaries globally against the distinctly vile evils of imperialism, colonialism, racism and indigenous peoples' exploitation in their own countries to strikingly take cognizance of and follow, will undauntedly because of you enduringly continue.

&quot;Ever onwards to Victory! &quot;

Stanley Collymore

# Following Your Own Imaginative Conceptions Or Slavishly Other Peoples' Prescription?

By Stanley Collymore

Self-praise, it's generally and even controversially argued, is one of life's minor oddities, and no less so because it doesn't easily or readily fit into the stringent realms of conscientious objectivity or uncompromised impartiality which would in general terms be contemplated by almost everybody as an unqualified and fundamental necessity. And therefore in that given context and firmly but otherwise superficially looked at either without being accorded much thinking of it, or in reality exploring other available and feasible options, can supposedly be thus happily contemplated, resolvedly concluded and thereupon additionally and eventually acknowledged as appropriately the ideal explanation to one's own conundrum.

But is it really, as it might at first seem, the only true guide to rational thinking, and in this essentially to many, and expectedly to some bemused observers too, singular process they're watching deliver what is little more than the evident and perversely ensnaring, as it happens, of one's self and unsurprisingly most conveniently doing so through the somewhat subjective and undeniably motivational instrument of what is certainly blatant populism?

Always perceived, as and whenever it's selectively required, to correspondingly act as the one true and indispensable means to fittingly reach and suitably deliver the allegedly right,

proper and efficacious decision as to how one must perspicaciously and even sagely endeavour in their personal and committed undertaking, if theirs is to be a realistic ambition of profitably bringing their most cherished anticipations and envisioned dreams to what will indubitably be their resulting, ultimate and fullest fruition!

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6 July 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

For the general, although by no means universally accepted, recognition that each and every living person, whether entirely compos mentis or not, has the same unchallengeable right to have his or her own entitlement to think and express whatever viewpoint they're personally disposed to, so long as these opinions don't arbitrarily invalidate or in any way abrogate the similar rights of others whose sentiments and actions are diametrically divergent o the stance of those who've taken to openly and outspokenly enunciating them, is a salient part of every principled and conscionable society and country which unequivocally claims to be civilized both in conception and execution; as well as those others assertively and conveniently but all the same most questionably opt to jump on the same bandwagon. And in what manner those who're either repeatedly or occasionally caught up in this, and at times, highly controversial debate calculatingly in those given circumstances that they find themselves in choose to react, is surely and quite frankly a matter exclusively for them.

That said, and most unfortunately so, there are significant numbers of people both nationally and globally who obviously don't have the intellectual acumen, natural goodwill towards themselves or the committed perseverance to act in their own best interests, choosing instead to either slavishly or otherwise have themselves unthinkingly or even coercively follow the manifestly manipulative and quite distinctly self-serving dictates of others whose egocentric attitude to life and their attendant loathsome actions are concertedly bound up in the utterly selfish, uncaring and contemptuous mind-set they resolutely hold on to, and in turn affects everyone and everything associated with them that they calculatedly go out of their way to unambiguously ensure will completely and differentially subjugate themselves as they, their controllers, single-mindedly decide and accordingly will indisputably expect to be obeyed.

All of which is academically quite interesting, but in practical terms where precisely in this intriguing conundrum, if at all, do you personally fit in?

Stanley Collymore

# Fools And Their Follies Are Inextricably Linked; No Reason Though To Accept Either Or Both Of Them!

By Stanley Collymore

Rather interesting isn't it how those who have no concept of civility towards other people and seemingly whose only raison d'être for living is sheer selfishness and unbridled greed, who sinisterly sow and in ample reproductive conditions propagate the seeds of disenchantment, enmity, needless suffering, poverty and pointed resentment attached to intense hostility from their multiple victims wherever they go; and who, although customarily unasked for, have no problem whatever in telling others whom they disdain the price of everything yet markedly to anybody with even a half-functioning brain in his or her head are blissfully ignorant of all discernible acumen when it comes to the value of anything; yet remiss of all that none the less arrogate to happily themselves the entirely delusional conviction that they come what may have the inalienable right to barge into the tranquillity of other peoples' everyday lives, recklessly ruining the serenity that formerly was present, without even a moment's thought or hesitation, and in such a cavalier and roughshod fashion that has all the damaging hallmarks of a thorough and rampaging tropical hurricane! Yet despite the clearly massive damage they've done still expect or demand to be treated lightly and what's more with paramount immunity as if they were in some way

chosen daughters  
or our favoured  
sons. Well live  
all you care to  
with your hypocritical  
and contaminating  
insanity, just as  
long as you do  
perceptively  
understand  
that none  
of it will  
be of any  
interest  
to me!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 August 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

There are those who're born fools: the products of either careless or incestuous breeding - village idiots to give them their correct name; those who brainlessly are conditioned to becoming fools: assiduously groomed in other words to produce that desired outcome by those who've been grooming them; and then there are those who foolishly think that because they can manipulatively control either through their financial power, political status, social standing or privileged situations - none of these classifications with their unwarranted and grossly disproportionate power and influence not even remotely acquired through any intellectual acumen, fundamental commonsense, genuine suitability, natural ability or basic competition but invariably are privileges derived by means of cronyism, nepotism or incestuous blood unions - other sections of the UK's population far too dim-witted to perceive let alone comprehend what these manipulators are doing, that on this basis alone everyone else must automatically or should coercively be in the same sycophantic and deleterious situation, these odious and utterly evil perpetrators of every conceivable criminality known to man are therefore perfectly entitled, they delusionally assume, to carry on unhindered in their activities and in like manner as their predecessors, and usually the precursors of their blood line, have remorselessly for generations selfishly and exploitatively done!



# For Me The Huge Pleasure From Celebrating Your Birthday Was Surpassed Only By The Multiple Orgasms We Had With Each Other!

By Stanley Collymore

Indisputably it has been a marvellous occasion for all concerned: family members, close friends, invited guests, neighbours, colleagues and specifically for me your Partner, to be accorded this quite glorious opportunity both individually and collectively to personally say how justly precious you are and additionally too how very much you mean to all of us and hopefully trust there'll be many more such occasions in the future when everyone of us can expectantly and blissfully meet up again to both facilitate and actively share the joyous reunion of another delightful birthday celebration on behalf of a most gorgeously beautiful, highly intelligent, a naturally sophisticated and a really phenomenal woman.

And as we inevitably prepare to return to our everyday lives again, enthused, fully engaged and thoroughly fascinated by everything that has happened over the past week of us all pleasurably celebrating your authentically incomparable day; let me, having been unanimously, but most humbly on my part in accepting it, granted this distinct honour by everyone who has been a part of what has gone on to regrettably, but also pragmatically, declare these festivities to be officially over. However, in the process of my doing so to nevertheless also say that with an intense interest that is itself interwoven with an undiminished enthusiasm that contentedly won't go away, we shall assiduously and not surprisingly be looking forward to your birthday celebrations, and

not only in terms of next year  
but also in the coming years!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 October 2016.

Author's comments:

From my Partner and me a most grateful and a heart-warming &quot;thank you &quot; for the valuable part you all admirably played in turning what was always going to be a most memorable day and its attendant celebrations into a truly super and unforgettable occasion.

And to my Partner specifically from me and all those who most pleasurably and enthusiastically celebrated your birthday, thank you for being the enlivening and truly inspirational figure we'd never any doubts in our minds that you are, but all the same with your characteristic charm, innate sophistication and a most evocative femininity you had us all literally spell-bound and kept us that way.

Finally and deeply personally from me: &quot;Thank you my Darling for being you and likewise for reciprocally loving me! &quot;

Stanley Collymore

# Foremost Among The Finest!

By Stanley Collymore

Absolute trust and unfettered cooperation are key characteristics of every meaningful doctor patient relationship, for without them nothing of substance really exists. No such schism, however, did ever raise its ugly head in the several years that thankfully and most gratefully as well you've been my GP, and I shall eternally be indebted to you for everything you've professionally done for me coupled with your innate compassion, intuitive understanding of my medical needs and your adept skills in always efficiently dealing with them.

Therefore the pending retirement from your present and longstanding position as a highly competent, thoroughly respected, greatly admired and deeply loved practising GP and friend although a consummate loss I know for everyone of us who knows you and have over the years benefited enormously from your commitment, untiring devotion to your work as well as your friendship is somewhat tempered by the joy and knowledge that you won't be departing entirely, but rather in that altruistic spirit for which you're very well known will as a medical counsellor continue to minister to the same community which quite justifiably holds you in such high regards.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 August 2014.

For Dr John Blechynden: professionally and in every other regard a most remarkable human being, on his recent retirement. You'll be sorely missed!

Stanley Collymore

# Forever And Committedly Yours, Helen!

By Stanley Collymore

Please allow me, if may, to freely explain how  
I personally feel about you romantically,  
Helen and additionally what I'd  
dearly love to favourably,  
and also willingly, receive in return, as  
well as permanently secure from the  
continuance of this relationship:  
newborn and admittedly in  
its infancy, that you and  
me are having.

That emotionally and physically I'm quite  
emphatically taken with and, likewise,  
am passionately in love with you  
is an absolute certainty and,  
moreover, a situation  
that doesn't demand nor remotely require  
any convoluted explanations on my  
part either for its existence or any  
hoped for continuation; since for me  
it's an indelible state of affairs,  
Helen that's firmly and also  
irreversibly, voluntarily  
transfixed in my  
conspicuously  
amorous  
heart.

Besides I'd love to marry and, significantly  
too, spend the remainder of my life with  
you - no wanton nor flippant pledge  
that, I promise you, should you  
decide and hopefully, from  
my rather biased point  
of view, graciously  
consent, that is,  
to effectively

have me.

And were that to happen I solemnly vow that in every single one of my questingly benign endeavours to literally do everything within my wit, power and imagination to constantly make you happy. Not simply because you had elected to become my Darling and most cherished wife, but just as importantly too had in the full and incontestable knowledge regarding my feelings for you, which I had freely shared with you and that you'd willingly accepted, I'd made it unambiguously clear that whatever else in life I might otherwise do, you dearest Helen will forever, absolutely and irreplaceably, remain the most precious person within my life!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 December 2014.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem: "Forever and committedly yours, Helen" was specifically written for and, as a result, is likewise dedicated to Helen whose family name is intentionally withheld by me to accord her the anonymity that she's entitled to and which is quite rightfully hers; however the lady in question is perfectly well aware who the person mentioned in the poem is and crucially why she's there; because Helen has been fully informed, even before the poem was physically created, of its impending conception.

Candidly, this poem is the author basically at his most benign, mischievously speaking, while specifically paying the ultimate in much deserved compliments to an undoubtedly prescient-minded lady who I'm absolutely certain will, with

consummate humour, fully understand as well as completely and quite constructively take on board the undaunted intentions of this poem.

For the rest of you I earnestly hope that this poem will determinedly prompt a private odyssey: one involving the most intensive of explorations and ultimate discovery perhaps, in relation to your own sense and personal discernment of the deeply complex features surrounding the element of physical chemistry between diverse individuals; emotional feelings; intensive or otherwise individual experiences; and most especially so, love.

Attributes acutely pertinent in Britain's case, it must be honestly stressed, where the noble art of wooing: the skill of altruistically tendering genuine compliments and also intrinsically exhibiting conspicuously mutual high esteem between the two biological genders of male and female, has all but died out; and despairingly in their place the pernicious cynicism associated with only doing something merely to advantageously benefit one's self socially, career-wise or otherwise materialistically from it, or even worst still instinctively choosing to look every gift horse in the mouth while robotically assuming that there's a markedly hidden ulterior motive behind what are purely selfless actions, have become virtually endemic throughout the United Kingdom.

And the somewhat sickening irony of all this is, that those, across the entire spectrum of British society, who are the ones that quite bluntly would undoubtedly benefit the most from the badly needed and discernibly advisable implantation of these caring concepts, are precisely those who are the worst contributors themselves to this most appalling and ongoing state of affairs.

Stanley Collymore

# Forever Friends!

The test of true friendship isn't how much satisfaction or profit one can derive from a relationship in the shortest possible time and convince one's self that all is well, but rather how patient one can be when divers problems beset that relationship, threaten and even traduce personal reputations - sometimes beyond repair; and yet, the loyalty and enduring bonds that that first moment of respect inspired stay constant and implacably sincere - never doubting the wisdom of it all and, crucially, always there.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 November 2006.

Stanley Collymore

# Fortitude Or Failure?

Lost hopes; lost dreams? But are they really only what you see them as if you so easily give up at the first real challenge they present and don't fight tenaciously for what you say and even claim you believe in? Life is beset with problems and difficulties of all kinds but rather than see these as insurmountable obstacles that one must walk away from without determining how or why they arose in the first place, why not instead perceive them as personal challenges to be robustly tackled and vigorously employed in the most constructive way that one can imagine or implement not only for the overall benefit of one's self but also to positively serve as an effective means of encouragement for others who find themselves in like circumstances?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 August 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Franchise

Due to successful endeavours  
and a phenomenal number  
of requests for me to do so  
I'll be franchising my  
body; so which part  
of it are you most  
interested in?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 October 2002.

Stanley Collymore

# Free Speech And Freedom Of Expression The Bugbear Of Nazi Zionist Megalomaniac Politicians.

By Stanley Collymore

I'm a firm believer of unrestricted free speech and the absolute freedom of expression regardless of who voices either of them or the initial source these stated expressions or comments emanated from. And while I'm fully aware that such pronouncements might very well be highly inflammatory, distressing, insulting or even offensive to the beliefs or convictions of many who either hear them or are the subjects of such possibly irritating or upsetting statements, as long as no legally proven action of wilful defamation, fraudulent character assassination, libel or intentionally threatening behaviour can't be categorically determined against the purveyors of such purportedly offensive conduct but even so exercised within the strictly specified parameters of the law - as explicitly and, what is more, universally delineated in the archetype of a politically secure, judicially neutral and crucially an unsullied socially created and transparently advanced democracy that comprises the combination of all of the aforementioned basics and vouchsafed guarantees - then truthfully I've no problem with or any gripes against the exercise, albeit contentiously of any such occurrences personally.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 April 2017.

Author's remarks:

In a competently organized, successfully run and correspondingly a genuine democratic country the cardinal principles of free speech and freedom of expression ought to be, and I'll further add must be, the inalienable right of every citizen and resident who lives there and what constraints there might be against this commendable situation should be openly aired, freely discussed and objectively debated at will, and furthermore what measures that are eventually taken must themselves be comprehensively endorsed by a minimum two thirds majority and binding vote in a nationally held and independently supervised referendum, with the outcome subsequently passed into legislation by that country's duly and democratically elected parliamentarians.

But what we, the general public, routinely observe and abhor are pseudo-democratic and even clandestinely self-serving and bogus proselytizing so-called democratic states whose barbaric, graspingly avaricious, megalomaniacal and warmongering controllers that clearly have no interest whatsoever in democratic values repeatedly usurp the principles, norms and creditable goals of free speech and freedom of expression to advantageously for them and very detrimental to their selected victims rein in legitimate critics of themselves and the vile regimes they run, while equally, hypocritically and in the most naked display of their arrogant and hostile double standards promote their own twisted, one-sided and malevolent agendas to the detriment of everyone but themselves and their own kind, and most especially so those whom they virulently, albeit unwarrantedly, disdain and discredit with a passionately induced revulsion and psychopathically executed enmity.

Stanley Collymore

# Free Speech And Freedom Of Expression The Bugbear Of Nazi Zionists And Western Megalomaniac Politicians.

By Stanley Collymore

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Stanley Collymore

## Future Trend

I see in you the hopes of my future  
and the means by which I'm now  
able to permanently forget  
the nightmarish hell of  
my troubled past.

Stanley Collymore

# Genuine Love

By Stanley Collymore

Love comes in many forms and manifests itself in numerous ways; but the best and most convincing expression of genuine love which readily springs to mind and that anyone can show to another person: let alone their own biological son or daughter apart from asking nothing of them in return for the love shown to them, is to strive earnestly and always, even in the most difficult of circumstances, to see the good in them.

Then by example and constructive persuasion, but never pretentious or gratuitous condemnation, ably assist wherever and whenever possible in the permanent eradication of any bad or potential inimical traits that might bedevil that person's character; and doing so in the ongoing process of seeking to make him or her a much better person. That was the very least I could afford to do or wanted in your case; and whether or not I've actually succeeded in doing so, you alone my son you must be the judge of that.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

## Get Real! Get A Life!

Is it really possible to fall in love with someone you've never met that in actuality you've never even seen other than trading selective photographs with them on Facebook and whose sole means of communication between the two of you consists of chats actively pushing personal narratives that even if they're not totally narcissistic in nature nevertheless rely heavily on the hyperbolic promotion of one's self in practically every respect while paying scant regard, if any at all, to what is actually the stark truth about yourself, that lets face facts and to be perfectly frank about it is invariably a horse of a different colour that bears no resemblance whatsoever to the one that is both intentionally and dishonestly being publicly paraded? Having fun for whatever reason while honestly and mutually acknowledging that specific situation to be principally the case is one thing; pretending and, even worse, deluding one's self that the shenanigans associated with even the most enjoyable of such pastimes is love says a lot about those involved and seriously raises more questions than it provides answers.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
2 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# God Doesn't Only Exist At Christmas Time!

By Stanley Collymore

It's not vital that you wear your Christianity on your sleeve in order to perceive that you're a child of God or a good and practising Christian. Nor is it a necessity for you to proselytize your faith on what is basically a far-fetched assumption, namely that if you fail to do so, and what's more aren't seen to be doing this on a regular basis such a perceived negligence will perchance on your part prove to be the nemesis of your accepted religion, spiritual emancipation and your concrete and meaningful accord with God.

Trust me! You couldn't be more wrong; for neither the Christ in you nor God Himself would want or expect for you to be nothing more than a religious salesperson: super or otherwise, but would rather prefer that you live your particular life with honesty, compassion and a scrupulous willingness to lend a helping hand to those who're worse off than you are and maybe in desperate need of your support; combined with the explicit understanding and complete recognition that the life you lead and the person you ultimately become aren't due to the vagaries of fate or some celestial, orchestrated master plan but very much the freedom of choice that was accorded to you by God Almighty, when you were born. And the caring Creator and most loving Father He undoubtedly is, His main concern

therefore is that you  
in return, use this  
designated gift  
constructively  
and wisely!

©Stanley V. Collymore  
23 December 2015.

#### Author's Thoughts:

I was brought up in a practising, High Church Anglican, Christian family and community. Christened a fortnight after I was born I regularly attended church and by the age of eleven had played a number of meaningful roles in the congregation of my church from choirboy, Sunday school pupil, altar server to communicant and even that of god-parent.

My religion, family and cultural upbringing are the indestructible bedrock of core values that from birth have profoundly shaped my life and still do. No proselytizing or religious zealot me I even so exist comfortably and assuredly in the Castle of my conjoined Christian and ethical beliefs and which have always stood me in good stead when faced with particularly trying situations.

And the purpose of this poem isn't to convert you or anyone else to Christianity or any other religious faith for that matter, less so to implant in you my moral concepts, which you don't know of anyway, but simply to tell you if you didn't already know or else give you a gentle reminder, if it has conveniently slipped your mind for whatever reason, that life is about choices. And since each of us who is psychologically sound in mind is still in possession of that freedom of choice accorded to everyone of us from birth, what decisions we make are our own and for which, successfully or disastrously so, we must ultimately face up to reality and take full responsibility at all times for them; either in this life or the next!

Have a Happy Christmas and a rewarding New Yea! And Very Best Wishes -  
Stanley V. Collymore, Snr.

Stanley Collymore

# Good Riddance 2016!

By Stanley Collymore

To say that 2016 was an absolutely dreadful year would be a gross understatement on my part, and to me it's abundantly clear that that concise evaluation of it isn't by any means a gratuitous exaggeration of what the at last fortunately expired year that was 2016 actually and quite personally represented for me. For sadly throughout its entire existence I was hurtfully obliged to observe with my very eyes the inconsolable demise of numerous people who throughout my life in many and tangibly constructive ways have inspirationally fashioned the educative backdrop as well as permanently laid the firm foundations for me to positively embark on, additionally creatively develop the relevant means, and most essentially competently put in place the necessary mechanisms whereby I was resourcefully capable of being the person that I gladly am.

So many funerals in a single year of genuinely non-media hyped, often unknown and even unheard of by the MSM and as a result not the customary fare of fabricated media spin but all the same valid celebrities, as distinct from the standard spurious, so-called famous and socially invented and jumped up nonentity types, whose collective, most

demoralizing and truly disconcerting  
passing truthfully made their quite  
grateful recipients of unstinting  
hope and dedicated admirers  
keenly wishing to go with  
them all on their Celestial journey  
home to be in the company of  
their gracious Saviour and  
Almighty God; and me  
yearning, though not  
in any way feeling  
forced to take my  
own life which  
religiously to  
me is a serious mortal  
sin, that I too could  
in actuality be a  
part of them!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 January 2017.

#### Author's Comments:

With each year that passes those of us who've survived the outgoing one's demise and accordingly acknowledge the incoming one with a mixture of emotions ranging from joy, huge expectations and even trepidation, the previous and now defunct year is itself invariably viewed by many with its own amalgamation of enlivening nostalgia, sorrow or regret at its passing and even considerable relief too that what they regarded as a pretty dreadful year is no longer here.

However, there's no escaping the fact that in terms of calamities, personal or otherwise, 2016 won't be easily forgotten and for many globally will always conjure up very painful memories. Let's hope therefore that if you're among the latter the passage of time will be for you a healing balm.

Stanley Collymore

# Good Riddance Archie Lloyd. Now Rot In Hell!

By Stanley Collymore

Good riddance to bad rubbish I say; so totally delighted that you're no longer here amongst us to shove your egotistical and class ingrained contemptuousness unwarrantedly into the faces of others who dim-wittedly and incredibly you considered were inferiorly beneath you and your kind even though they were from the same country as yourself; or in addition and bizarrely in your utterly sick mind identified as foreigners of all things in their own cherished country, which as it also happened you were there simply because you were on vacation. Well your Harrow roots evidently didn't stand you in any good stead, for quite unimpressed by your agonizing insults and mindboggling and sickening disdain for him your rudely picked on sufferer did not for an isolated second cowardly refrain, and justly so in the appropriate opinion of all sane observers and likewise his delighted exponents, from intuitively, angrily and rather fittingly responding to your hounding confrontation by pummelling you, Archie Lloyd vehemently across your head and most celebratedly in the process happily killed you Archie, stone cold dead!

Leaving humanity thankfully with one less and now fortunately late and supposedly upper class English twit to pollute our common planet through this suitably applied action by your unceasingly and intensely provoked attacker; a functioning procedure which I genuinely hope that others

who might be placed in any  
equivalent situation in the  
future from your clearly  
hideous kind will also  
and just as forcefully,  
unhesitatingly and  
severely emulate  
each and every  
blessed time!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 April 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# Goodnight Ronnie Corbett And Celestial Rest Forever With Your Similarly Late Buddy Ronnie Barker!

By Stanley Collymore

You were definitely the tops Ronnie Corbett and for millions of us will permanently remain so. And although a small man in stature physically you were undeniably a huge and an enduringly august giant of a figure in every feasible and demonstrably positive respect there is; richly and enormously gifted with a heart of gold, absolute warmth and noticeably blessed with a manifestly unaffected conviviality towards your fellow human beings and realistically so as one powerfully and most convincingly can.

A case in point as anyone who wasn't totally blind, completely out of their mind and was possessed of functional eyes in their head and both able and prepared to see; or else furnished with even the most primitive comprehension of what empathy with others actually means as you were fully cognizant of Ronnie, couldn't in recognition of all this pragmatically neglect to appreciate and completely understand the marvellous qualities freely bestowed by God Almighty, and in the process of his generosity creating an unquestionably magnificent and an astonishingly fabulous man.

So from me Ronnie Corbett and as someone who happily needs no such prompting to

get me to lastingly value the immense  
contribution you made while alive  
on earth as a brilliant comedian  
and respectively as a truthfully  
worthy human being, let me  
in colloquial fashion and  
particularly free of any  
staged declaration of adulation regarding  
your good self simply and fittingly say  
to you and others besides that from  
my personal perspective Ronnie  
you always were and certainly  
still unquestionably are the  
most amusing, entirely  
unforgettable and as  
well superlatively  
extraordinarily  
remarkable,  
illustrious  
gigantic  
petite  
man.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 April 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

Unfortunately we live in a world, and markedly so in the west, where whenever someone who either justifiably so or more often than not hasn't fittingly done so but all the same has lived in the spotlight of the public's eye inevitably as is the fate of us all shuffles off his or her mortal coils there are always elements within our respective societies that instinctively and massively go into overdrive with their demonstrably questionable hyperboles of veneration in relation to these individuals that have passed away. And whenever this occurs and my ears are repetitively and jarringly bombarded with these invariably disingenuous but thoroughly seemingly must be said posthumous and orally-specified glorifications pertaining to those who have died it rather intuitively and vividly reminds me of a humorous but pertinent conversation I interestingly had with a white Barbadian friend of mine - yes we do have a long and very well established white population on our island - former teaching colleague and the then Deputy Headmistress - she would subsequently become the Head when the white Caucasian English

Headmistress retired and subsequently returned to West Sussex in England where she originated from - of a Barbadian state girls' grammar school we obviously taught at in Barbados.

This particular conversation took place at a mutual friend's funeral which we both attended in Barbados during which my teacher colleague and friend privately remarked to me in the church during the eulogy to our mutual and departed friend that she personally was always somewhat wary of attending funerals, not out of any lack of respect for the deceased, but chiefly because as she sat in her pew on such occasions and enforcedly in many cases had to listen to the very detailed and posthumous oration or eulogy given on behalf of the individual who'd passed on and that frequently she had known extremely well and generally for several years, she couldn't help wondering at times if those who were acclaiming that person in the way they were doing were actually talking about the same individual that she knew, or if perhaps absent-mindedly or by mistake she had attended the wrong funeral, since her recollections of that person and those of the persons lauding that individually were often diametrically opposed to each other.

Very much like me my dear teaching friend who preferred to be spoken of as we both really were warts and all and one of the principal reasons why from the very outset of our first ever meeting at that grammar school in Barbados where we jointly worked we literally got on like a house on fire with each other and subsequently maintained a close personal bond of friendship that was rock-solid and unshakeable, my friend adamantly declared to me that on her death she wanted no eulogies and would give specific instructions to her Anglican priest - we were both High Church, Church of England adherents - that there was absolutely to be none performed at her funeral irrespective of whenever in the future that occurred.

Sadly this truly amazing, charmingly outstanding and inimitable Bajan lady is no longer alive; and as she requested of me many years after that aforementioned church conversation we had that I would be present at her funeral no matter where in the world I was when she died as she knew then she was dying of cancer, humorously indicating but with a serious edge to it that she wanted me to be present to personally intervene and forestall any planned eulogies or whatever else of the kind that others might misguidedly have in mind, her words, on the occasion of her passing. I laughed but seriously gave her my word that I would do as she asked even if it meant my being excommunicated as a communicant. They wouldn't dare do that to you she playfully responded.

Returning to England where I customarily lived and worked my friend and I

continued to keep regularly in touch with each other through letters and phone calls. However as fate would have it I was visiting Barbados on a habitual vacation and to see relatives and friends there when my friend positively answered that final celestial trumpet call from the angels summoning her to her Heavenly home and permanent residence with her Lord, Creator and Master.

On the day that I arrived back in Barbados I immediately went to see her at her home having previously informed her from England that I would be back on the island and also acquainting her with the date and the time of my arrival. At her house and thoroughly pleased to see and be with each other again we had a whale of a time chatting about all sorts and reminiscing as well about our teaching days together and much more. Eventually I left her home late that evening and contemplatively drove the five miles distance to my own in the adjoining northern parish of Barbados where hers was located; and on getting there I gave her a call as she insisted I did to let her know I'd got home safely. We ended that phone call wishing each other a congenial goodnight and my promising to see her again soon and her responding: "God willing!"

That was the very last I saw of or heard from her alive as she died peacefully that night in her sleep. On good terms with her parish priest as I was and had been for years I reminded him of our friend's wish not to have a eulogy or any posthumous oration at her funeral. His immediate response was to burst into spontaneous laughter then quickly explaining himself said that she had made her wishes explicitly clear to him and had even warned him that if he was to disobey them she would come back and regularly haunt him. He laughed again obviously in very fond remembrance of her exact words to him.

"You knew her as well as I did," he remarked shortly afterwards, "so you will know that she always kept her promises!" We both laughed in fond recollection of this peerless lady whom we both knew, deeply loved, greatly admired and comprehensively respected and always shall. Naturally at her massively attended funeral there were no eulogies or posthumous orations for our departed friend with the packed church and those outside attentively listening to the relay of the funeral service over the loudspeaker system because there was physically no room for them inside the church bursting out into natural and unconstrained laughter which was quickly followed by spontaneous and very sustained applause when the priest explained to this large congregation why there would be none.

I don't know what your specific instructions regarding your funeral are Ronnie Corbett but I'll take my chances of being haunted by you and fittingly eulogize you and your achievements in this poem and article that I've written in rapt

commemoration of you. And to those of you who ask why it was that Ronnie Corbett wasn't knighted long ago my response to that is simply this: "Why haven't these totally divisive, nepotistically ingrained and noticeably spuriously driven, rarely ever awarded on any sort of merit or deserving cause and demonstrably corrupt to the core of their existence, so-called honours not been abolished long ago? And frankly as far as I'm concerned Ronnie you didn't miss out on anything there!"

Stanley Collymore

# Grandmothers Happen, Okay? But Grandmas Are Lovingly And Skilfully Created!

By Stanley Collymore

There are Grandmothers and there are also Grandmas; at first glance and on the face of it there's no distinction between the two terms of expression it would seem, but that's where you're wrong a thousandfold. Since in any household worthy of the name the two definitions aren't mutually compatible or interchangeably the same.

For biologically most females can and do invariably at some time or other, whether they wanted to or not, become grandmothers, provided of course they similarly have fertile children of their own to start with. An exercise and physiological outcome that combined don't require that much thought on the part of the participants and even less involvement or support, if any is dispensed that is, by the prospective grandmother.

Grandmas, however, are different: a rare and special breed of persons who not only made all the requisite efforts and sacrifices they could to ensure that their offspring got the very best of starts possible in life and with their invaluable help, inspiration and guidance sustained that advantage throughout it; but significantly also willingly and welcomingly do their utmost to make certain in every way, and crucially through their constant physical presence and encouragement, that their much

treasured grandchildren do the same. And  
you my new and esteemed friend are  
evidently the model Grandma in  
every accepted sense of that  
cherished word, and not  
simply so in name!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 January 2014.

Commentary:

With Grandmas everywhere generally in mind this poem however was written specifically for and is expressly dedicated to a truly charming, poised, highly intelligent, outstandingly communicative and an exceptionally amiable Grandma who in the company of her equally remarkable junior school aged granddaughter I met for the very first time at a cold, blustery and rain swept Worthing seafront bus shelter on Monday 23 December 2013.

Without exaggeration an unforgettable encounter while the three of us were waiting for the same bus to take us to our respective homes; and an undoubted Lady in every positive interpretation of that word who I shall affectionately refer to here as the "Broadwater Grandma", even though she doesn't live in Worthing but was visiting and staying with her married daughter, a medical doctor, her son-in-law and their children, naturally her grandchildren, for the Christmas and New Year holidays. Something she regularly does at every other opportunity as well throughout the year; for in her words: "I like to spend as much time as I possibly can with my grandchildren." Well said!

For the benefit of those of you not familiar with the area Broadwater is a district of the English seaside resort of Worthing. And let's fervently hope that you too experience and continue to have a similar excellent rapport with your surviving Grandmas; or even better still if you unfortunately don't that you'll use 2014 to seek to persuade and ultimately convert your Grandmothers into becoming model Grandmas. Life, let's be honest, is far too short not to; and failing to make the effort only to subsequently discover all too late and regrettably so that you no longer have the opportunity to is a catastrophe not worth visiting on yourself, believe me.

From birth I've been extremely fortunate and thoroughly blessed to have had both sets of my grandparents play significant roles in my life, and most particularly so my maternal Grandma, that carried on throughout my childhood well into my adulthood; and that same experience is also true in respect of my

siblings. So I'm speaking from personal experience and most definitely recommend this familial overture. Go on, try it! After all, you've nothing to lose and a great deal to gain!

Stanley Collymore

# Happy Birthday To The Immensely Erudite And Strikingly Beautiful German Princess In My Life!

By Stanley Collymore

Another important date in the calendar of your much cherished life is here richly affording family members, neighbours, dependable friends, well-known acquaintances and work colleagues, numerous well-wishers and of course me your Partner, a genuinely glorious opportunity to welcomingly, individually and collectively, commemorate another illustrious event among the panoply of those that either through your substantial skills, capabilities, eruditeness and charismatic personality were distinctly fashioned, or with intent and most deservedly so, Heaven sent to a truly warm and exceptionally, wonderfully delightful woman.

Impactful the accumulation of these merited endowments as the first sip of Barbadian Mount Gay Rum - the very first rum ever to be produced anywhere in the entire world and centuries later and rather noticeably is still enliveningly exciting - on keenly colliding with a connoisseur's discerning palate; traditional German beer on a discriminating Bavarian's taste buds; or as a vintage French champagne is but only to those who unmistakably recognize

and thoroughly appreciate  
its alluring quality, just  
as those who're aware  
of you My Fair Lady  
completely ascribe  
to and naturally  
in your status  
will always  
fondly do.

So as the careful planning of this engaging and  
fun-packed spectacular gains momentum and  
inevitably leads to its eventual realization  
permit me none the less, even though  
I customarily and lovingly state my  
feelings for you as regularly as I can, to  
repeat on this specific and special  
occasion how very much I do  
love you and furthermore  
am also reciprocally,  
passionately and  
enduringly in  
love with  
you too.

Therefore how about you and me as our birthday  
guests rather predictably and pleurably get  
themselves pleasantly plastered and quite  
expectedly and without reserve do their  
own thing sneaking off to our comfy  
bedroom, locking the door behind  
us and in the total privacy that  
that one act of blissful achievement will  
undoubtedly bring, and signally as a  
special birthday treat not only for  
you but likewise for me, you  
unprompted and as is your  
usual wont to seductively  
and passionately do in  
such circumstances, vigorously,  
wildly and with impeccable  
daring have your wicked

way with me? Happy  
Birthday my highly  
prized, adorable,  
delectable and  
enchancing  
Darling!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 October 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Birthdays come and they go, and while celebrating them can and quite often is a marvellous experience for those who're involved it's the memories associated with them that unquestionably provide the enduring legacy on which one can draw the tremendous satisfaction and gratifying enjoyment derived from having had them set against any dire disappointment or loneliness engendered from these same personal events.

The latter and manifestly a heartrending situation was never realistically ever likely to be a case in your experience my Darling, and quite so for a number of very feasible and heart-warming reasons. So I shall simply, although I guess expectantly and understandably too more personally and intimately add my vocal, in addition to my physical, contribution to the chorus of deserving congratulations genuinely delivered to you on this your special day.

And, as I do so, will earnestly and forthrightly tell you how immensely proud I am of you, profoundly love you, and am most exhilaratingly overjoyed to be personally, lovingly and delightfully and reciprocally involved with an exceedingly extraordinary human being - who as it joyfully happens is indisputably you - and who in addition is conclusively in every conceivable way a thoroughly superlative woman and a decidedly irreplaceable Lady!

Stanley Collymore

# Holiday Romance

After our short meeting together I was unsure  
at the time how best to react to it. After all,  
we were complete strangers to each other,  
had come on separate holidays, and you  
moreover would be leaving shortly to  
return home; but most importantly  
I wasn't looking for a holiday romance.  
However the manner in which you  
said your parting goodbye the night before  
your departure made it relatively easy  
for me to change my views on the  
matter; and to be quite honest  
with you, I'm immensely  
delighted that I did.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

## How Could I Resist?

You tenderly held my hand and the incredible  
sensation that it spontaneously evoked coupled  
with the electrifying chemistry that we'd  
mutually sparked in each other was  
more than any sentient being  
could physically withstand.

After that I knew I was  
enduringly yours for  
the taking and  
forever so.

Stanley Collymore

# How Reality Excelled Even My Wildest Imaginings (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

As a logical exposition it was effectively an abstract notion: merely a small part of my growing up experiences and in numerous ways not all that different, if at all, I would have anticipated from the expectation of many other heterosexual persons who recurrently day dream about them having children of their own and in the customary situation of those living in the United Kingdom rarely, but not wholly impossibly so, even choosing to get married first, abortion however always being a customary change of mind option for them, before they randomly opt to conceive and subsequently give birth to the offspring they claim and also convince themselves they truthfully coveted. Yet here I am, a very welcoming, eventually as it happened, and a consummately living reality that that earlier hypothesized ambition but now the plainly physical conclusion of what, in harmoniously adult and marital terms I'd knowingly and happily become.

A parent me in this ensuing process, and no less so a truly fortunate, honoured and divinely blessed father to an absolutely gorgeous daughter and, by any rational definition, a breathtakingly handsome son. But notwithstanding all this nothing whatever in this specific and phenomenal process can remotely compare with the actions and private involvement of my personal partner and loving wife to whom I shall always eternally be grateful for your massive, noble

and ongoing assistance, as well as the gargantuan and tremendously beneficial contribution that from the very beginning of our relationship and increasingly throughout it as partner and a most supportive spouse, which you've always been, have in that role evidently made and quite unselfishly carried on doing so in what is astoundingly for me with you beside me a heaven-sent and very honoured life.

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19 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

If randomly a number of people were to be asked why they or others who have them had children or contemplated having them there would be a diversity of responses to that question ranging from the terse and impolite what business is it of yours what other people do with their lives to the obvious look of amazement on the respondents' faces coupled with the remark of why shouldn't they? It's a free country, isn't it?

But pressed on this specific subject matter and additionally asked to do so regardless of the clear repercussion of them doing so, I'll wager a thousand pounds to a penny that the responses to that question would be more numerous in number than they are grains of sand on an idyllic Barbadian or other Caribbean beach. And the reason is quite simple.

For although most people feel quite strongly that having children is a personal choice for the individuals concerned and in any country that honestly or even sanctimoniously boasts of being a democracy that state of affairs ought to inviolately remain so with neither political, religious, economic or other social diktats determining who should be the chosen and privileged ones to have children, when they can do so and how many they ought to be permitted to have, there is nevertheless among these same groups of people a very pronounced disgust at, as well as an understandable antipathy towards those who having exercised their individual right to have kids not only have them for what's unquestionably blatantly asinine and inappropriately sickening reasons but also proceed and even murderously inflict some of the noticeably most

notoriously damning atrocities on their offspring who, to put it bluntly, didn't ask to be born.

All-encompassing and profoundly psychological traumas that those who survive these kinds of atrocities inflicted on them not uncommonly and often invariably silently and non-supportively from others are psychologically forced to endure for the rest of their life. A state of affairs that is routinely induced in them and where they either consciously decide not to have children of their own or else in turn become themselves abusing parents, and in a situation which not only then underpins itself but more often than not takes several generations subsequently to actually break and eventually destroy the dreadful legacy of harm and devastation that both intuitively and intentionally have been caused.

And while I don't personally subscribe to the notion, nor will I ever do so, that other peoples' diktats should form and determine the criteria of who among the rest of us should have kids and furthermore the circumstances or the eligibility for granting such &quot;concessions&quot; to them, I'm nevertheless rather perplexed and have been for some considerable time over one particular aspect of child-begetting and the resultant rearing of children that few among our 65 millions of citizens throughout Britain seem not to have a handle on and consequently, because of utterly purblind ignorance on the part of most of them, do absolutely nothing about!

And isn't it absolutely amazing and completely pathetic at the same time that across the whole of the United Kingdom while, for instance, you can't lawfully drive a car or other motor vehicle regardless of how competent you are at doing so unless you've had instructive driving lessons and subsequently passed and are in possession of a valid Ministry of Transport certificate of competence to do so, in other words a driver's licence - and quite rightly too I say - whereupon you're then entitled to at will if you so desire wreak road-rage and other malevolent havocs on our highways if you care to; or come to that own a television even if you don't watch the BBC or care to do so without having paid for and acquired the requisite television licence, anyone, including underage British school children, can none the less have sex, conceive or impregnate someone of the female gender and blithely have children in the process. And no one, and quite ignorantly so it seems gives a damn or shows any concern as regards tutoring not only our very immature youngsters but many exceedingly irresponsible adults as well about the possible and damaging consequences not only for them but also our entire nation as well.

I'm not talking about indoctrination or any other kind of coercion, nor would I ever in a million light years stupidly and unconscionably advocate any such thing.

Instead, what I'm sincerely, sensibly, straightforwardly and intelligently advocating as well as proactively and practicably calling for is a universally state promoted and subsidized, as well as a decidedly competent and professionally administered, nationally rolled out and completely financially paid for from our general taxation, all-inclusive, completely free to everyone, non-political, non-religious but in essence an essentially secular, minus every trace of dogmatic exclusivism, well-informed and a constructively discursive approach to living one's life, choosing to have a family or not to do so without any attendant opprobrium, antagonism, hostile criticism or disdain for making one's own and well-informed decision on such matters.

A win-win situation is how I see it. For if the state can idiotically spend billions of pounds, dollars, Euros or whatever currency they choose to use on pointless and destructive wars how about diverting a mere fraction of those enormous sums of money into a project whose current and long-term consequences can only be beneficial for the entire nation as a whole. Since a truly confident, well-informed and psychologically empowered, as apart from a thoroughly manipulated and mentally abused, public will naturally choose politicians and public officials whose goals and concerns are in the best interests of the people and country they're actually elected to represent, as distinct from what is presently the status quo. And just think too of the overall positive outcomes not only nationally also globally.

So this article and the attendant poem: "How reality excelled even my wildest imaginings" is for all of you who've been there, done it, experienced all the trials and tribulations cast in your way and got the T-Shirt to show it! (Smile) . As well as those of you who instinctively feel that there's an infinitely better way to have and raise children, but even so haven't a clue how best to go about it.

Stanley Collymore

# Human Life

Human life when looked at  
objectively is in reality  
nothing more than a  
rather short cruise  
on the Galactic  
Ocean of  
time!

Stanley Collymore

# Human Rights

In our rather belated, obsessive  
and self-serving preoccupation  
with human rights, when,  
I wonder, will we also  
hear talk of human  
responsibility?

Stanley Collymore

# Hurrying Slowly To Procure Justice For Britain's Paedophile Victims!

By Stanley Collymore

Systematically and sexually abused both by you and your equally detestable friends and with my serial humiliation absolutely and heartlessly at your mercy and likewise in your brutal and controlling hands: contrived by you it's true but authoritatively and malignantly sanctioned by those, the faceless ones, that wholeheartedly and zealously support you and whose obviously assured, covert but nevertheless official immunity assigned you the right to act as you do, that you most welcomingly enjoy and furthermore willingly and unconcernedly execute with absolute impunity, has been itself vigorously conjoined with the twisted fantasies and deviant plans of your thoroughly sick minds liberally awashed with an enduring and profoundly fixated proclivity faithfully evinced by your notorious predilection for and devilish pursuit of unscrupulous and debauched activities of the inescapably sinister, outright and deeply depraved kind.

But psychologically and against all the odds I was manifestly and massively confronted with I did manage to defiantly, although understandably secretively so, fight back as best I could; having promised myself that I would when with no other viable alternative options open to me other than pretending that this wanton abuse of me wasn't happening or else to shut it out permanently from my mind I should resort to killing myself and be done with it. Solutions that I had no intention of ever embarking on; for to do so I would be giving my

serial abusers the immense pleasure and satisfaction  
of them appreciating they'd not only physically  
subjugated but similarly too had emotionally  
crushed me. Intrinsically acknowledging  
their victory in this one-sided war of  
unwarranted sexual attrition they'd  
not only unleashed upon me but  
had also quite barbarically and  
insensitively pursued against  
others too whom they had  
mercilessly forced into  
the same situation; as  
paedophiles always  
and callously do!

But I'm now no longer that utterly defenceless child of  
yesteryear: exceedingly young, vulnerable and deeply  
traumatized by strictly unaccustomed to and very  
unwelcomed affairs of the physical and carnal  
kind that then personally involved and also  
implicated me in these sordid acts of perfidy that I'd not  
willingly consented to nor could I legally have done  
so even if I'd known what they were all about  
and was of a mind that wanted to, which  
most assuredly wasn't the case and  
emphatically were activities that  
forcibly and unavoidably I had inflicted on  
me. Additionally knowing full well that  
while this uncalled for mistreatment was being  
systematically perpetrated against me there  
wasn't anyone whom I could realistically  
trustingly anticipate finding for much  
needed support or a sympathetic  
understanding of what was  
quite appallingly and  
also unpardonably  
habitually then  
happening  
to me.

Voiceless then I was and at best summarily dismissed,  
when I initially tried to complain to those whom I

naively felt either could or should have been  
there for me and doing their utmost to  
assist me in every way they could,  
as a flirtatious fantasist, or else a little Madam distinctly  
out to dishonestly and intentionally cause trouble for  
or else intentionally ruin the hard-earned careers and  
reputations of those that they claimed I spitefully  
disliked and wanted to occasion harm to; and  
consequently in those given circumstances  
and from their discernibly "principled"  
perceptions they absolutely saw no  
purpose whatever in carrying on  
with my wholly "unjustified",  
slanderous and evidently  
in their biased opinions  
my all too obviously  
libellous, nasty and  
rather spurious  
allegations.

But that's no more now! For with the advent of a new century,  
changes in moral attitudes, myself energized by all this and  
thankfully transformed into a self-confident and intensely  
conscientious adult: something I never imagined that I  
would ever become, I'm still here and appreciatively  
very much alive. But unfortunately for you my  
abusers, all the other loathsome paedophile  
perpetrators and those of you who knew  
all along yet silently excused what they  
were evilly up to, let me chillingly  
inform you I'm quite determined in this new frame of  
mind I'm in and however long it does take to have  
justice: long overdue in any case, for all those  
victims long passed away and buried in the  
annals of time, along with others like me  
that providentially survived and by the  
Grace of God Almighty are still here  
to steadfastly, unapologetically  
and openly say that we won't  
ever give up on this one, and will  
pursue you all, each and every  
way, until justice at the end

of the day is honourably  
and deservedly done!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 October 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

I was initially sorely tempted to write not only the title but also a version for publication too of this particular poem in Latin although I must stress not for any grandiloquent or intellectually superior motives –would I do a thing like that? Of course not he says – but chiefly because the subject matter I'm dealing with here has in my honest opinion discernibly, disingenuously and most decidedly been intentionally misused and abused I very much believe by the powers that be and others with their own or similarly self-serving interests as historic crimes, and one can't get any more historic, logically speaking and placed in those given circumstances, than actually resorting to the enshrined and universally accepted, historic language than the aforesaid Latin.

However, my German partner who voluntarily takes an enthusiastic interest in my work and is additionally very supportive of what I do, and furthermore is someone I'm most delighted to bounce any of my work off of because of her superb judgement, untainted honesty and terrific ability to fearlessly speak her mind, which partly accounts for why she's my partner, tongue in cheek jovially questioned whether it was a shrewd move on my part to do so, adding that many of those in Britain that risibly attach an inherent and thoroughly paranoid hubris to the English Language they quite delusionally like to exclusively claim as their own when they clearly don't have a comprehensive awareness or discernment of it in its properly written, communicative or intellectual form, how then could one judiciously expect such people, including 98% of MPs in the House of Commons, to take any interest in let alone figure out something that was written in Latin? In fact her precise words, which characteristic of her are quite impressive I must say were:

“Warum bemuehen sich, ein Haufen nutzloser Lemminge asininely versessen darauf Selbstmord vom Sprung von einer gefaehrlichen Klippe am Meer, um ihre unvermeidliche Todesfaelle auf den Felsen in der turbulenten Wasser des unter dem Meeresspiegel eingebettet zu stoppen? ”

Translated into English it emphatically states, and I must add she was referring specifically to the usual suspect British MPs: Tories, Lib-Dems, Labtories and their fellow travellers: “Why endeavour to stop a bunch of useless lemmings

asininely hell-bent on suicide from jumping off a dangerous seaside cliff to their inevitable deaths on the rocks embedded in the turbulent waters of the sea below? ”

But whatever language she'd chosen at that moment to use, as usual she was spot on with her prescient-minded observation; and so I decided to keep the English version and English title. Although for the pleasure of you Latinists out there the poem's Latin title is: "Tardius properantem in agris nactus iudicium de hostiis salutaribus fecunda Britannia profert pedophiles! ”

However, to get down to the real nitty gritty of why this poem was written in the first place I'll unapologetically say it's categorically because I'm firmly convinced that no one either in or who's even remotely linked to the powers that be in the United Kingdom have the slightest intention of taking paedophilia seriously let alone doing anything positively about it; not least because they're all involved in it in one manner or another and likewise for every one of them it's a rite of passage in their sick and sadistic, lacking in self-worth propensity to demonstrate their class-based and essentially delusional notion of their farcically believed God-given and innate superiority to do whatever they want with impunity backed by covert state immunity for their heinous crimes; and thus see that as the ultimate expression of the power they wield to abuse anyone they choose to and moreover basically regard as their inferiors.

I shan't waste my time going over the despicable shenanigans of Theresa May whose lack of probity I equate to a box of foul smelling frogs; in other words this feral specimen of what passes for mankind doesn't have any and wouldn't recognize the word probity or for that matter anything tenuously associated with it even if her pathetic life depended on it. And the self-appointed and patently vainglorious body that ludicrously and disingenuously claims it represents the interests of the victims of paedophile have as much credibility I believe as the Ku Klux Klan claiming the same thing in respect of Black Civil Rights in the my partner and several German friends all want to know why it is that a country like the UK that boasts about its democracy, law and order and justice systems and arbitrarily pushes its skewed version of these down the throats of others whether they want them or not has to go to the other side of the world to engage a Maori, Kiwi bint to do their dirty work for them and at a reputed £500.000 per annum plus all the extra perks that go with her sinecure, like holidays and visits back to her homeland and all this at a time of austerity in the UK paid for NOT by the rich and powerful British Establishment and so-called celebrity sexual and paedophile abusers but by the hard-pressed British taxpayer?

A very nice little earner Lowell Goddard and bearing in mind that at the most

probable earliest you don't have to report your findings – which are self-evident to anyone with a functioning brain in his or her head – until after 2020? Another Chilcott in the making I'd say! Want my honest opinion? It's a scam and Theresa May and her lot on both sides of the House of Commons aisle are getting YOU to pay for it! Knowing what a superabundance of cap-doffing to their "superiors" idiots there are in the UK, enabling them to applaud themselves as they get away with it. So totally pissed off with all this I decided for sanity's sake to move away from the fantasy of it all and instead write this poem which is based on what I perceive that a real life survivor of paedophilia, in this case a female but it's also pertinent to those of the male gender too, were they given a proper hearing, genuinely listened to and were also allowed and encouraged to openly tell of their heinous treatment and the insufferable trauma they were premeditatedly subjected to by those who run our country.

Stanley Collymore

# I Don't Feel At All Gay About Our Marriage!

By Stanley Collymore

Please tell me it isn't true; that you didn't just marry me simply to deflect attention attendant with the likely possibility of hostile opprobrium from some within our population away from you, bearing in mind the prominent political office which you hold and attach so much importance to; because as I've only rather belatedly found out myself in the most distressing, humiliating and untoward of circumstances any loving and faithful wife could possibly have experienced and what is now so patently obvious to me, is that you are undeniably, and have for some considerable time now, been a closet homosexual.

Furthermore, and what I find particularly hurtful and deeply insulting about all this is that you didn't even have the guts or the decency to honestly tell me the truth about yourself, leaving me instead and purely by chance, because I accidentally discovered you in bed and sexually involved with another man, to cruelly find out after the manner in which you so romantically and persuasively pursued me, pretentiously carried on doing so with your wooing, and quite evidently it now appears duplicitously secured as well a marriage between us into the bargain, that your sexual proclivities are by no means solely heterosexual nor are you the man whom you purport to be and who got me to marry you.

You of all people who in both your public discourses and private life are always going on about openness and how people, especially those in public life, should always unswervingly demonstrate the courage of their own convictions regardless of the consequences they might face, in the same way

that you waste neither time, effort nor opportunity  
to patronizingly dismiss and even conceitedly  
vilify those whom you personally disdain  
as the complete antithesis not only of  
everything that's decent and morally  
upstanding, but also who you  
bigotedly see, virulently  
condemn and unforgivingly portray  
as the villainous authors of those  
selfsame evils that you're all  
so eagerly inclined and  
robustly prepared  
to lambasting  
them for.

Now I know why it is, even in the distinct absence of any  
pressing financial impetus for me to do so, that you're  
so keen I should carry on working as before and  
not abort a promising professional career  
by subsuming it, you opined, into the  
restrictive clutches of conventional domesticity  
as you described it; an observation however, which in  
the light of recent revelations about you has absolutely  
nothing to do with genuine female empowerment on  
my part through my staying a productive member  
of our country's workforce; but everything, it  
seems, quite skilfully designed by virtue  
of your cynical manipulation of me to  
postpone indefinitely and eventually  
kill off, as well, all prospects of  
my ever being a mother, and  
in doing so intentionally  
avert your very worst  
nightmare of you  
becoming a  
father.

You sense these things don't you, even if you don't want  
to believe them. But even so what really astounds me,  
and something I find very hard to forgive, is the  
profound level of deceitfulness you stooped  
to and that you premeditatedly engaged in as regards

our personal relationship; and what's more doing so in a country where homosexuality in all its lawfully indulged in and consensual guises is perfectly legal, has the same blanket immunity from prosecution and is equally free of official societal persecution that lesbianism luckily has always enjoyed, but more into the bargain has ironically become so chic, particularly in upper class circles, that if some of its most vocal aficionadas and avid supporters were to have their way it would undeniably be made compulsory; so there was really no need for you to have embarked on this elaborate subterfuge of yours which you subjected me to.

Let me make it abundantly clear; I'm not criticizing you because you're a homosexual as I'm certainly not a homophobe in any way, shape or form since my simple and straightforward philosophy is one of live and let live, and along with that the firmly subscribed to dictum of each to their own where sexual matters are concerned. But I also do fervently believe, and you can call me old fashioned if you like, in honesty, frankness and trustworthiness in personal relationships and especially those involving married couples; and you, I'm afraid, have markedly failed in our own relationship to deliver on any of these values. And as such there can no longer from my point of view be any future together for you and me, for to continue with this sickening farce as if nothing had happened would quite candidly be a dreadful, self-inflicted and most unseemly travesty!

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3 December 2013.

Commentary:

In 2013 the government of the Russian Federation sensibly and quite correctly in my view passed a law with the specifically intended purpose, it must be stressed, of dissuading and ultimately prohibiting anyone within its territory from encouraging or engaging in the proselytization of that country's minors principally promoted and largely instigated by western external forces meddling in Russia's domestic affairs under the misguided and rather disingenuous pretext of supposedly educating these youngsters about the positive aspects of homosexuality.

Unsurprisingly even before this legislative ruling was given assent in the Duma and signed into law by President Putin all hell broke loose in the west with slick choreographed campaigns of fake outrage against Russia's decision staged by the west's media, its chattering classes, pseudo homosexual activists and vested interests with their personal axes to grind, and of course fiercely ambitious and self-serving MPs who fully cognisant of the importance of the so-called pink vote and quite determined at all costs to cash in on it, predictably and most eagerly jumped on the bandwagon juggernaut promptly seized, rolled out and liberally utilized by those taking to ridiculing and vilifying Russia and particularly its President as they accumulatively levelled all sorts of pernicious accusations at them, including the perennial old chestnut of human rights violations.

However, Russia's legislative and executive branches of government weren't the only ones in the line of fire of this abusive western condemnation, for when Elena Isinbaeva, Russia's renowned female Olympic and current (2013) world record holder in the pole vault, was asked what she thought of the law that was enacted and honestly replied that she supported her country's democratic right to approve what laws it saw fit in the best interests of its citizens in the same way that western countries do, she too was slated mercilessly with the additional affront heaped on her in the way of deafening calls made from influential groups in the west demanding she should be summarily ostracised and speedily stripped of her commercial endorsements; the same groups among others that were also insisting that the 2014 Winter Olympics in Sochi to be hosted by Russia should themselves be boycotted.

In response to the unfair treatment meted out to Elena Isinbaeva and the wider issue of this anti-proselytizing of homosexuality law now on the Russian statute books and aimed at the protection of Russian minors I wrote an article entitled: "Elena Isinbaeva and the west's self-righteous penchant for creating bogus enemies" which is and can also be found on my personal website . That article generated a great deal of interest and positive feedback globally and is primarily

why this poem is written and has absolutely nothing to do with ensuing events either in Britain or elsewhere pertaining to former closet homosexuals, regardless of whether they be obscure or well-known individuals, that for whatever reason, be it egotism or self-guilt, have belatedly chosen to publicly declare to all and sundry that they're homosexual.

Notwithstanding that I will nevertheless say this, because it's something that I intrinsically believe in; namely that one's sexuality and whomsoever they practise it with, or not at all, within the legal framework of their country's instituted laws is, in my opinion, strictly a private matter that should be treated and respected as such and not used as an issue for public grandstanding, the garnering of attention seeking plaudits or, for that matter, ostentatious guilt-ridden flagellantism.

Meanwhile, the pungent smell of hypocrisy by the west and most notably the Anglophile countries therein is invasive, debilitating and widespread and raises the pertinent question as to why with its own intractable problems in this regard the west nevertheless readily sallies forth in its often caustic condemnation of others on a matter it is yet to demonstrably tackle and resolve. Not for nothing is the dictum "don't ask; don't tell" so pervasive throughout all branches of the US military for example, where homosexuality to put it mildly is at best a taboo subject and treated as such. And equally it would be a brave but foolish individual who having decided to run for high political or some other prominent public office in the United States or have his or her name put forward for an equivalent position in the corporate world of big business to then openly declare he or she was a practising homosexual and seriously expect to succeed in that endeavour.

And on our side of the Atlantic Britain and the rest of the EU aren't immune from this stance on homosexuality or the contagion of homophobia either, no matter how vaingloriously the powers that be who influence policy decisions or run these countries pretend otherwise; for in reality it's all a deliberate and carefully fabricated smoke screen from behind which much is extravagantly promised but very little is actually delivered.

Here's an indication of what I mean. The marriage of Prince William and Kate Middleton enthused most of the British public, the Commonwealth, and significant numbers of other people across the globe and markedly pushed the approval rating of the British Monarchy way of the Richter scale of transcendent popularity. But wilfully playing Devil's advocate here but in no way impugning or seeking to do so the sexuality of Prince William, which I freely confess I know absolutely nothing about and frankly care even less as it's none of my business,

just suppose that instead of the lovely Kate Middleton, elevated after her marriage to the status of Duchess of Cambridge and made a prominent member of the British Royal Family, it was a bloke, a Kenny Middleton for argument sake, that Prince William had wed and thereafter had proudly walked down the aisle of one of our historical and iconic English cathedrals with on his arm.

Assuming, that is, that this hypothetical homosexual relationship had been allowed to get this far with Buckingham Palace and the Con-Dem coalition regime headed by Prime Minister David Cameron having debatably given their blessing to and approval for it. What in the aforesaid circumstances do you think the gut instinct reactions of Britons generally across our green and pleasant land as well as attitudes in the Commonwealth, and especially those countries where Her Majesty the Queen is still head of state, and where their leaders have only belatedly come around after much intransigent heart searching and heated discussions to the logical idea in my view that royal princes in line to the British throne should no longer have automatic preference to accession over their older female siblings and counterparts; the world at large; and you yourself would be?

The question put here is largely rhetorical in nature as I'm positive we all know the answer to it; which begs the other obvious question that the first one naturally now triggers. If at best one can expect only ambivalence and at its worst outright antipathy and even hatred towards an open and honest homosexual relationship of this kind that evidently would nevertheless rock the core values as perceived and generally adhered to by the vast majority of those who constitute the British nation, something that the powers that be within our country recognize and accept, why then do these same people conceitedly think that they have an inalienable right to lecture and even dictate to others, in what are indisputably sovereign states, how they should approach and eventually deal with the matter of homosexuality within their own countries?

The British attitude to homosexuality reminds me very much of that which bedevils racism in our country, in as much that it's extremely difficult to find anyone who will willingly own up to their concealed prejudices regarding either or both of these issues with respondents invariably and disingenuously remarking in the majority of cases in which they're questioned about either of them that on reaching the age of majority and thus effectively becoming an adult as it were, those who've successfully managed to make this transition from childhood and adolescence should be free, within the realms of the law, accepted ethical boundaries, and without undue interference in or coercion from anyone, to make what decisions they consider are appropriate for themselves together with the inalienable right to live their own life as they please and with whomsoever they mutually choose to.

Reality though is quite different and often as several mixed race couples and potential ones have painfully and embarrassingly discovered to their dismay and chagrin a bridge too far, having had their relationships firmly rebuffed and cruelly so even by so-called liberal white Caucasian parents, other family members, friends and most incredibly neighbours and work colleagues when one of those personally involved in a mixed race relationship is himself or herself white Caucasian as well or even British Asian.

And ironically as it seems with those opponents of familial mixed raced unions involving one of their own and who would be the first to declare that they weren't racist even stating that they fully subscribed to the concept of everyone being treated equally and fairly in all matters but somehow not when that "everyone", no matter how exemplary and worthy as a human being that individual is, he or she in relation to their own family or friendship circles is distinctly of a different race and skin colour.

Two specific criteria that they obviously deem are alright where other people are concerned but clearly don't fit into these antagonists' personal scheme of things; and when questioned or even challenged about their supposed tolerant and liberal credentials that they brazenly flaunt and remarkably don't appear in the aforesaid circumstances to mind doing so or see any contradiction in what they doing, their kneejerk response is always one along these lines, that while they will arguably concede that some mixed race marriages or relationships might be suitable and appropriate for others, they nevertheless feel and are completely convinced, without ever satisfactorily or convincingly explaining why, that a mixed race union between their much-loved son, daughter, other relative or friend and some one from a different race or ethnic background would be most inappropriate. The same cynical obfuscation together with a baffling but astonishing hypocrisy that's replete in attitudes to homosexuality, I'm afraid.

In conclusion wilful deception in any relationship that is mutually understood to be a meaningful one by those who freely embarked on it is simply abhorrent, a situation to be roundly deplored, and a personal betrayal of whoever is on the receiving end of it. And when unknowingly to the person affected the perpetrator wittingly and for purely self-serving reasons traduces the said relationship to nothing more than a debasing farce, such actions, unpardonable, loathsome and insupportable in themselves, should on their discovery by the abused person swiftly, forthrightly and fearlessly be condemned and instantaneously walked away from. To refrain from doing so would, I fear, be to cowardly collude in negating one's self worth and significantly constitute a violation of and a gross insult to that person's personal integrity as a worthy human being.

Stanley Collymore

# I Like The Feeling You're Causing In Me!

By Stanley Collymore

A bright sunny day; 11.42 in the morning. In the square opposite the Ahla Centre and fronting the lengthy promenade a small crowd consisting mainly of young people seemingly content, as any group of people could be, mill around, while on both roads that run along the perimeter of this oasis of tranquillity ongoing traffic: some heading townwards others just as decidedly away from the city centre add their lulling contribution to that of the neighbouring Mediterranean Sea, creating among themselves a cacophony of sounds that rather surprisingly aren't discordant to the ear.

I sit quietly and observe not just the panoramic view but also, and just as importantly, the quite interesting diversity of life portrayed within its boundaries, and I think constantly of you. This is your country; the place where you were born, nurtured and obviously belong. I am the stranger; but when I'm with you those otherwise glaringly cultured differences instantaneously melt away into a compellingly strong bond of physical and emotional chemistry between us, which absolutely convinces me that I'm falling in love with you; and that's a truly wonderful feeling to have.

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29 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# I Listened To What I Was Told But Thankfully I Took No Heed!

By Stanley Collymore

You couldn't have known unless you were a clairvoyant that I love you and furthermore have done so from the very first moment that I set my eyes on you, and in the bargain how very much so; for apart from my being too shy to let you know just how I feel it would have been most surreal on my part to recklessly and immodestly depart from all the suggestions and routine, but clearly expected to sensibly adhere to, advice that I was sternly given in my pubescent years and also as an attractive young woman, I was bluntly reminded, growing up in what is essentially a man's world, as to how I should properly behave without ever purposely compromising myself, yet decidedly not so offhand in my discretionary demeanour of what I did where unattached men were concerned as to unforgivably in these premeditated tactics in which I was involved inadvertently end up on the austere shelf of rejection or as an injudicious, forlorn and rather discontented spinster.

But extraordinarily, most stimulatingly and absolutely delightfully you've rescued and mercifully saved me from myself and in this completely new and totally engrossing situation which you've so ingeniously induced in me I can cheerfully say that in every conceivable way I can genuinely express I'm truly blessed and now am not only infinitely satisfied but also absolutely contented and without even the slightest vacillation or reservation can equally attest to be cooperatively, receptively, contentedly and also permanently at your behest, and mine of course, readily

transform this discourse we're enjoyably  
having into much more, for I've been  
well and justly seduced by you and  
most impeccably find myself in a  
thoroughly delightful trance. So  
can I fervently entreat you to  
join me in commemorating  
the inauguration our new  
romance with a dance?

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11 April 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Finding one's self unexpectedly and seemingly deeply in love can and invariably does provoke a diversity of very powerful and even conflicting emotions that are themselves instigated by and can also be significantly influenced as well by virtue of one's social upbringing, level of education or none at all, personal experiences and hence how one tends to see the world generally or their personal and familiar portion of it specifically; and these in turn are all salient factors that will finally determine the maturity or otherwise of those who're directly involved in all of this.

And that's the rub of the problem; how does one realistically determine the maturity or lack of it and crucially too the good intentions or otherwise of someone, and especially so a virtual stranger or even someone you've known for some considerable time probably but never previously had any actual or prospective emotional engagement with who suddenly and unexpectedly says that he or she, who in all logical respects is an utterly unknown quantity to you, wants none the less to seriously get involved with you, and especially if that person in doing so plausibly triggers a reciprocal response since they either knew for sure or else accurately sense that they've managed to significantly awaken your own interest in them?

Now while balancing that scenario against a host of other possibilities like for instance that this suitor of yours who is earnestly and amorously plying his or her seductive wares isn't actually a fraudster with distinct but all the same highly concealed ulterior motives in mind and solely intent on catching you unawares, not completely *compos mentis* at the time as to what is actually going on and therefore not fully in charge of your mind, what do you do then?

Abandon the whole thing on the wings of a whim stating and even convincing yourself that it isn't worth the risk; or do you throw caution to the wind as you openly and confidently declare life is for living and consequently you're going to avidly seize the opportunity presented to you and considerably, courageously and unambiguously embark on something quite excitingly vivacious, and that additionally offers the promising prospect of being sexually, incredibly and emotionally stimulating although entirely new to you, whatever the consequences?

Or instead despondently resort, from a totally objective and impartially observed point of view, to a preferred and therefore chosen role as a willing and wholly compliant slave to pious, discernibly and restrictive social intercourse and puritan conventions to diffidently, cautiously or even fearfully drawing your proverbial horns of social protocol in and instead use them as a convenient and protective wall of defence to supposedly shield you from whatever it is you're not quite certain of but which nevertheless you circumspectly assume and even believe might have something to do with love; the tendentious notions of exploratory sexual excitement; and possibly too the likelihood of personal commitment, which you feel you're not yet ready for or actually capable of properly handling?

However, hard as that might seem to be and more demandingly so to satisfactorily reach an appropriate solution to the ultimate assessment of what you eventually do is entirely your own decision, and not least so because it's your personal life that's involved! So advisedly I'd say to you, if my opinion were asked, why not take a chance and positively participate in the probably challenging but equally so possibly rewarding Dance of Romance?

Stanley Collymore

# I Need A New Start, Not Have My Failed Love Life Recycled For Me! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

You audaciously approached me and confidently introduced yourself to me, after which you sportingly and interestingly spoke to me, a conversation in which quite engagingly you told me, while in the process dexterously persuading me with all the prowess that you could muster to listen to every word of what you were appealingly saying to me, and noticeably doing so with all the composure, indisputable conviction, and the unfettered sophistication of an unquestionably cultured and humorous gentleman who strikingly in elucidation but even so delightfully, calmly and most decisively, knew with a perceptibly undiminished intelligibility and unbridled certainty what he was distinctly after. Then ensued to totally and uninhibitedly readily convince me that from the very start - in effect the precise moment that you first saw me, how you'd become beguilingly besotted with me.

And consequently if how you felt about me was the undoubted stirrings of love for me, then quite unreservedly, as well as unapologetically, your unmitigated plea relative to how exactly you both emotionally and romantically cared for me was, you additionally frankly stated, most emphatically simply a combined situation, in logical terms, of your being positively but also shamelessly guilty of having deeply and fervently fallen in love with me. However, secretly on the rebound from a rather nasty, malevolently controlling, one-sidedly giving - you've guessed it absolutely correctly that it was exclusively me doing all the giving in that marital relationship - an especially psychologically unrewarding, most damaging emotionally and an unfalteringly subjected to serially adulterous, and a

pernicious nightmare of a marriage  
that I eventually summoned up  
what little courage I had left  
to finally free myself from  
a domineering brute of  
a husband via taking  
the pragmatic step  
which previously  
I ought to have  
straightaway  
engaged on,  
and simply  
divorced  
this man.

And on having achieved that, my undoubted lack of  
self-confidence fastened to my perceived, deeply  
embedded and an intrinsically, socially fearful  
embarrassment of my being a failure as a  
wife that I firmly construed as being all  
my fault, and which previously and  
collectively had cowardly precluded me from  
lawfully embarking on what quite naturally  
and understandably should unequivocally  
have been an entirely understandable,  
feasible and a reasonable course of  
action level-headedly filing for a  
divorce from this monster of a  
man that I'd voluntarily and  
fondly married, somewhat  
regrettably for me I can  
only say hadn't earlier  
and quite regrettably  
didn't occur to me.

However, with that now done and notwithstanding  
the evident and unaccustomed to situation of me  
being a woman who was now completely as it  
happened on my own, and to whom all this  
was pragmatically something of a rather  
worrying innovation for me, I was all  
the same quite persevering, as I did

everything physically achievable  
in my power to reassure myself  
of this, that I was at last free  
and consequently entirely at liberty to do what I  
convincingly and honestly regarded was best  
both for me and my future. And although I  
was likewise completely aware of what a  
testing undertaking it would obviously  
be to lastingly bury the past, totally  
forget what I'd petrifyingly and  
improperly allowed myself to  
occur to me, while insanely  
and lastingly discarding  
my irrefutably aimless  
but specified role, in  
name only I readily  
confess, as a wife  
although luckily,  
and thank God  
not as a Mum,  
and accordingly having mercifully  
escaped from those absolutely  
depressing aforementioned  
circumstances reasonably  
sensibly and with luck  
confidently move on  
surely with my life.

This is my earnest ambition and, in effect, what I'd  
genuinely like for things in their fullest fruition  
but most specifically in respect of myself to  
be, although realistically the subsequent  
outcome, I'm fully aware, could very  
well be a wholly different scenario,  
in lots of complicated and even  
somewhat perplexing ways,  
from what optimistically in my steadfast hopes  
and honest aspirations I would certainly and  
undoubtedly quite prefer for the eventual  
end result to be. Yet here you evidently  
are, and basically something which I  
mustn't opportunely overlook nor

casually forget, a total stranger  
to me and declaring the kind  
of absorbing things that my  
motivated heart truthfully  
wants to hear but on the  
contrary my distinctly  
wary head, however,  
is a lot cagier about?  
And in this unclear  
process robustly  
throwing, I can  
genuinely say,  
my emotional  
balance into  
a condition  
emotional  
disarray.

So how then am I supposed to honestly know much less  
so clear-headedly, correctly and indisputably deduce  
with any absolute certainty that's obviously and  
understandably triggered and then spurred on  
by the provocateurs of my preceding and  
unhappy circumstances, that what you  
purposefully claim you're sincerely  
saying to me isn't fundamentally  
nothing more than the selfishly  
manufactured fantasy of a very vivid imagination that  
is itself linked with the egotistical and deliberately  
unequivocal self-aggrandizing machinations of  
an entirely conniving as well as a thoroughly  
seasoned Lothario, whose deftly executed  
but nevertheless unsupported flattering  
declarations of undying love for me  
consciously have no affinity at all  
with the latter or for that matter,  
credibly makes any concession  
for the affirmation of reality.

A state of affairs, which if not examined by me and earnestly  
challenged if necessary could in all probability, and at the  
least, be ruthlessly, falsely, intentionally malevolently,

totally self-servingly and, in all of this, rather injuriously to me, be unscrupulously employed to cast me back to the entirely untenable situation that with substantial difficulty, but even so, I did in the end succeed in fleeing from. An appalling situation that had previously and inescapably for me, while I was helplessly ensnared by it, emphatically rendered me a nobody, who was likewise perceived as somebody who was only worthy of the greatest disdain; therefore, the uncivil appellation which then in reality and now in most wounding remembrance I still inescapably bear the scars of, and don't mind admitting that I do resent.

So what's it to be my unfamiliar but all the same relentless suitor? And before you sally forth with any of your glib answers I'd like for you this time to think carefully about what you might wish to say to me as you likewise bear in mind this genuine request of mine. For I'd personally like for you to supply me with an honest and original answer whatever that might be. For only then can I truly satisfy myself by what you've said or crucially omitted in your explanation to me whether, as you'd like for me to believe, this supposed adoration by you for me is genuinely the dawning of a bright and rather meaningful future for the two of us together. Or conceivably the quite gripping but meretricious beginning of an illusionary romantic mirage that could well prove to be immeasurably detrimental to the emotional welfare of a still unsure of herself and therefore a highly vulnerable woman like me!

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1 November 2017.

#### Author's Comments:

Inevitably, at some time or other, most people regardless of who they are, what their racial or ethnic origins might be, irrespective of their religious, agnostic or atheistic views, what they do or don't do for a living, their personally identifiable

class, social or educational background; their ingrained political loyalties or none, the power and or influence that they wield or more like than not the manipulated sycophancy that they readily subvert themselves to, how grotesquely and graspingly rich or generally pathetically and miserably poor they happen to be; how immaturely young or seasoned old they are, what their birth or subsequently acquired nationality is, the robust state or otherwise of their health and daily life, or where in the world they either choose or are forced to live, whether they're incarcerated in prison or at liberty to live and lead their own life as they see fit, will unhappily and even emotionally destructive for them find themselves romantically spurned by at least one and possibly even several prospective lovers and thus be very much on the dismissive end of a love that they've both willingly and freely offered to another person but which in return is roundly rejected as it is likewise unreciprocated.

Well, there's a general saying that there's no accounting for personal taste and amidst the vicissitudes of everyday life when it actually comes to factoring into the love stakes this truism couldn't be any more applicable than it already is. And not unsurprising in this love equation is how each affected individual specifically reacts to his or her romantic rejection that in turn depends on a number of tangible as well as imperceptible factors.

For instance, there are those who'll use the fallout from their rejection, painful as it might be, to judiciously and sensibly re-examine their personal approach to all future romantic affairs that directly involve themselves and then use the information they've collated and the analysis they're arrived at as a fitting platform to more solidly construct for themselves what exactly it is that they actually want from life in terms of romance, and having ascertained that accordingly get on with it.

Others though tend to dwell inordinately on their rejection and as a consequence of that become bitter and twisted persons for the rest of their life. However, there are those who on reflexion see their rejection as a providential escape for them and gratefully thank their lucky stars for the enforced situation that at the time they were placed in. But unfortunately there will be those who finding themselves utterly despondent at what has happened to them will seek release from their perceived shame and embarrassment by killing themselves.

Then there's another category of persons who obsessively imbued with a manifestly pronounced and delusional sense of their own egotistical importance and the perverse notion of how dare anyone do something like this to me, will malevolently set out for the remainder of their pathetic life to exact revenge. And prompts the obvious question, for me anyway, which of these categories, or none

of them, do you consider yourself as belonging to? Or perhaps you're one of those android-type creatures totally and uncaringly devoid of all emotional feelings. And the characteristically sentient and sane among us Homo sapiens will intuitively know the sorts of individuals I'm specifically referring to.

For we routinely observe them on a daily basis unwarrantedly, incompetently, corruptly and criminally occupying our supposedly democratic, but we know otherwise, parliaments, other institutionalized fora of power and influence and effectively postulating themselves not only as parliamentarians but even more seriously and worryingly so as prime ministers, cabinet ministers and even presidents of our respective countries.

Disproportionately so, it must be cogently stated, to their actual numbers in the much wider population that significantly comprises us Homo sapiens and that these alien oiks have both manipulatively and controlling foisted themselves upon, while ludicrously and risibly, if it wasn't such a bloody serious matter, ascribing to themselves the bogus epithet of the 'privileged elites'. Among whom I often wonder? And so far I've been unable to discern either a clear-cut or convincing answer to this idiotic conundrum of theirs!

Stanley Collymore

# I Want Nothing Else, Really!

I want nothing else from you other than your love and respect without which there can be no relationship worthy of being called meaningful let alone one that could ever survive between us; even so, I shall never demand these qualities from you, but were they to be forthcoming then that positive outcome has to, I believe from your perspective, be the genuine result of a willing nature and a voluntary act on your part.

Stanley Collymore

# I Want To Be More Than Just Your Lover!

By Stanley Collymore

Do you love me? Sorry to put you on the spot but I'd really like to know, for although you recurrently pay me loads of compliments and periodically tell me how very much you like being with me you've never once in the time we've been regularly seeing each other, over a year now I must remind you, ever told me that you actually love me.

So am I just your lover and nothing more? I need to know for my personal feelings for you are unquestionably those of someone who is profoundly in love with you, and if you find it hard or are simply unwilling to reciprocate them then I'd much prefer to hear it from you not someone else, so I can civilly and with my dignity still intact extricate myself not only from a relationship that from a personal perspective is patently unsuitable for me but also one that quite evidently where the two of us are concerned is obviously going nowhere.

And rather than needlessly have it tiresomely drawn out in the doldrums of despair, acrimony and possibly hatred, as it inevitably will do if the current circumstances that exist between us continue to prevail, I'd like to end our relationship now, so that we can both have the opportunity to knowingly embark on a new start with different partners who're individually capable and, most importantly, quite willing to mutually, unstintingly and courageously dispense to each other the kind of love and commitment that most certainly, in my case, I'm earnestly looking for.

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3 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# I'll Do Anything It Takes To Socially Survive!

By Stanley Collymore

Why didn't you tell me that practically everyone knows we're having an affair and that you've been aware of this for some time and have kept it from me? Do you know how that makes me feel? Well, I'll tell you! I'm absolutely horrified. I am, after all, a married woman with a family. Just imagine what this revelation will do to my reputation? And I do dread to think what my husband will do should he ever find out; that's providing of course that he hasn't already done so.

Then there are my children subjected as they no doubt will be to the cruel taunts of their classmates. How totally insufferable for them! And as if that's not bad enough I'll now possibly have to remove them from their private school and humiliatingly send them to a state one; and this after I've gone to such lengths to get them into the expensive private one they're currently attending.

They'll be utterly devastated if it comes to that, as this was their main chance in life, even if it meant their dad and me having to pay through the nose to do so, for them to get a decent education, good prospects jobwise as well as a financially secure future, and not have to rub shoulders out of necessity with the growing number of Plebs this country seems hell-bent on producing or even worst still

the alarming hordes of  
scrounging immigrants  
whom we keep  
letting into  
it.

To say I'm furious with you is an understatement as you faithfully promised me you'd be discreet; that no one would ever know about us, just as you willingly accepted my terms that our affair was simply going to be a matter of reciprocal and harmless fun between us with no strings attached and providing us with the respective excitement we both craved; in your case rewarding your insatiable Lotharion propensity to bed every available female you can and on my part to use that same titillating fondness of yours to gratify the carnal desires you so easily awoke and sustainably aroused in me and which my husband doesn't and has never been able to satisfy.

Now this; and all because you couldn't keep your mouth shut! For having ridiculously persuaded yourself that you've falling in love with me and delusionally convinced yourself as well that I would reciprocate that love you've taken to selectively letting others know that we're having an affair. Well I've news for you, that affair is now over! What's more I'll passionately and persuasively lie to my husband, close friends, work colleagues and everyone concerned, if I have to, that you're a fantasist looking for the main chance, and with your known sleazy reputation and lack of breeding who do you think they'll believe? A working class, lascivious loser like yourself or me with my key social connections?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# I'll Never In My Life Pay Deference To An Absurdly Unjust Social Order!

By Stanley Collymore

Do I feel any sympathy for or charity towards the Labtory infiltrators, venal charlatans, odious carpetbaggers and the pernicious destroyers of democracy within the Labour Party who, conspicuously concomitant with the multiplicity of their other combined and characteristically egregious activities of self-serving individualism and skulduggery industriously inserted into every single activity they were engaged in and with no thought or the slightest consideration for anyone other than themselves and their inane camp followers, sought to and did manage to injuriously insert their intimidating brand of bogus change: "reformation" they dishonestly passed it off as, of what they then characterized as the official version, must be accepted and unchallenged orthodoxy, then put in place of the generally known and universally accepted precepts of what the philosophy of authentic democracy should really be?

Of course I don't! Nor would I, even in the remotest sense, consciously allow myself to be shamefully prevailed upon to do so! For I am a Democrat and always will be so at heart, and someone that can't be bought and sold like these charlatans permit themselves to be; and therefore in the most principled terms will constantly and happily remain the person I am, and have always been rather proud to be: true to myself at every turn and the energetic believer in accomplishing

to the best of my ability,  
and in every possible  
way I can, to fully  
and unpretentiously  
meet my personal  
obligations to  
as many of my  
fellow human  
beings as  
I can!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 September 2015.

#### Author's Unapologetic Remarks:

The Labour Party leadership campaign is over and having industriously worked on Jeremy Corbyn's campaign from the very outset I'm quite delighted that he has won and if honestly allowed to get on with the work that he's capable of implementing change this sick society we call Britain for the better. I know it'll be a difficult task made all the more so by Jeremy's many detractors all of them with their own self-interests and not a single care for the majority of the British public whom they cynically and manipulatively use and dishonestly pretend in cases like these when their propaganda rhetoric has worn thin that they really care for, when in point of fact they simply don't!

And in all this hullabaloo of theirs it never fails to amaze me the profound depths of sewer wading that these odious specimens of human wilfully sink to, to give the ludicrous pretence that they're "genuinely" behind and very much in favour of doing what's best for Britain. Oh really? Like Jimmy Savile and the rest of his ilk, past and present, were or are for children's welfare I suspect!

So today on Page 6 of the Metro – the self-congratulatory freebie rag that is such because if it were for sale nobody in their right mind would actually buy it – under the heading: "A dozen go as leader assembles his new team, " unmistakably a cheap, castigatory and sour grapes dig at Jeremy Corbyn, this London based, foreign oligarch owned rag, printed the photographs in vertical serial ranks of, and I'll name every one of the here: Chuka Umunna, Yvette Cooper, Chris Leslie, Tristram Hunt, Rachel Reeves, Liz Kendall, Dan Jarvis, John Woodcock, Jamie Reed, Emma Reynolds, Shabana Mahmood and Ivan Lewis. And under their respective name the Metro felt obliged to put the shadow portfolios they all held, as it rather risibly pretended that these utter nonentities were

heavyweights in British politics who'd sensibly turned their backs on Jeremy Corbyn.

I'm a readily self-confessed, political animal and was a card-carrying member of the Labour Party from my early teens until I rescinded my membership when Blair and Brown hijacked the party that not only myself but also every member of my family and their friends belonged to; for I can effortlessly spot lowlife, white trash when I see it and I sure as Hell didn't want to be any part of their repulsive and self-serving, carpet bagging escapades within the Party whose noble aspirations and conscionable objectives resonated with my own and those of my family members. So I stopped being an activist as well: campaigning on doorsteps, leafleting and all the rest of it, and instead just voted for the candidate of my choice at elections, which always happened to be Labour although more often than not I had to hold my nose firmly to stem the stench of so-called New Labour as I placed my X on the ballot paper.

And placed in that most untenable and uncomfortable position I guess I was like millions of bona fide Labour Party members and supporters throughout the country who either switched off entirely or even turned to other political parties because the Labour Party under its odious Labtory infiltrators wasn't an entity that they could honestly identify with anymore. But that also had its inherent and serious dangers; for with large numbers of voters across the country no longer involved in active politics it also meant the percentage of those who were had shrunk to a level that markedly pleased the main political parties' hierarchy. How and why? Just look at the percentage vote the Tories got in the last election for example that meant the Tories and Labour Party Labtories and even the Lib-Dems could all rely on a small vote to get them into power and share such power between themselves and those in the Westminster Bubble and not give a toss about the electorate or the public at large.

So with Jeremy Corbyn amazingly galvanizing people both nationally in the United Kingdom and even internationally – he's deeply admired for his political stance to global injustices, his personal integrity and his straight-talking – none of that PR-and-disingenuous-speak - and so doesn't sound like some wound up and orchestrated robot as the other politicians do because he actually says what he really believes in– and is therefore immensely respected in countries as diverse as Germany, France, the aspirant independent Catalonia, Greece, Iran and several others and stretching from South America and the Caribbean to Taiwan, and from Britain to the South Pacific, these detractors and opponents of his who saw him as a sick joke have now had to change their tune because he now seriously threatens their comfort-zone sense of what was essentially an “unchallengeable” right as they saw it to control the lives of the rest of us; even

to the extent of the privileged and parasitical poofers currently in office now claiming that Jeremy Corbyn is a threat to national security. Over 31 years he's been in parliament and they've just discovered that having at the start of the leadership campaign lampooned him as a useless no-hoper?

But to go back to these 12 pillocks, who physically even look like your classic pillocks, that the Metro and other vested interest so-called mainstream British media are touting as a great loss to Jeremy Corbyn and what a principled stance they've made? Hold on a minute, none of these self-individualism fuckers haven't a clue what the word principle means. Liz Kendall is on record saying that she wants power: when I always believed that the principal role of an MP was to represent the genuine interests of his or her constituents. Chuka Umunna is a self-confused gender issue and delusional House Nigger as I characterized in earlier tweets; while Shabana Mahmood is your classic token "Muslim" minority whatever; and the rest of them are simply white trash. And I must confess that apart from Yvette Cooper who's married to Ed Balls the rest of them I hadn't a clue who they were or what they did as I don't frequent the sewers and consequently don't in my everyday life come across sewer rats. Even the 73 year old dolt and Zionist prat Frank Field: no friend of Jeremy Corbyn, describes this bunch of morons that the Metro is somewhat self-servingly propagating as the crème de la crème of British politics, as "thin Blairite gruel! " The only sensible thing I can recall that this revolting bum has ever said in his miserable life.

So finally and putting you the general public to the test how many of these grandstanding and self-promoting pillocks would any of you have recognized or known what they did? I thought as much! Preposterously "saviours" of Britain that Jeremy Corbyn can well do without; and so in characteristic fashion I'll now contentedly sign off on this matter relative to our irrevocably lost political "saviours" with the celebrated and most fitting portrayal relevant to them of: "good riddance to bad rubbish! "

Stanley Collymore

# I'm Not Your Female Eunuch!

You say that you love me and want to marry me, yet knowing how I feel about having children of my own you also state that you don't want us to have any of our own; and while I accept your right, for whatever reasons you have, which you've never properly or fully explained to me, not to be a biological father, why should I gratuitously at your command subvert my own inalienable right and profound desire to have my own children, much less freely enter what's essentially an emotional, for I'm undeniably very much in love with you, as well as a binding marital contract with someone who is quite prepared to so cavalierly, and yes selfishly, negate my future life that means so much to me in the conceited way that you're attempting to?

Telling me that we could adopt knowing full well I'm of child-bearing age and will continue to be so for several years to come isn't just insulting to me but clearly is no satisfactory answer to the needless problem you've saddled me with; for although I love you and wanted very much to spend the rest of my life with you, marrying you at any cost and forced to raise someone else's children rather than my own isn't my idea of marital bliss.

And therefore unless you comprehensively rethink your entire approach to this matter, are willing to extend to me the common courtesy of treating me as well as accepting me for the intelligent woman that I actually am and explain in simple

and unequivocal language why you think you  
want to marry me, then from my personal  
perspective this relationship that we  
currently have is unconditionally  
and permanently at an end!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
26 November 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# I'm What You See!

Take me as you find me, for what you see  
is exactly what I am; and should you  
at any time have slightest  
difficulty in trying to  
understand me or what I'm about please  
do ask me and don't ever make the mistake  
of second-guessing me and assuming  
that you know what's going on  
inside my head; for therein  
lie the fertile seeds of  
untrustworthiness.

Stanley Collymore

# I've Only Myself To Blame

It's not love of but simply lust for me that you're solely concerned with, and even though with some difficulty I could have forgiven you for that, involved both physically and emotionally as I am with you, had you even belatedly been honest and straightforward with me; you none the less in your macho and egotistical eagerness chose not to, preferring instead by any suitable means you could to seduce me: the willing dupe that you took me for, as you routinely sweet-talked your way into my bed where lyingly, as I now know, you callously betrayed the trust I'd committedly placed in you.

None of which you have since evinced or in the remotest sense seemed inclined to show any remorse for; simply expect me to readily understand the rather perverse logic you glibly espouse that as a man your personal feelings and emotions are perceptibly different from those which are customarily and sentimentally experienced by women. "Well thank you! " is all I have to say to you; for unequivocally you've made me fully realize how naïve and utterly stupid I was to expend so much treasure, time and energy on what was clearly a travesty of a relationship; but putting all that aside and leaving you, as it's now my firm intention to, I can at least still acceptably do so having managed to salvage what's left of my dignity.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 April 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# I'D Be A Complete Fool To Ever Let You Go!

Please give me your hand in marriage and in return I shall faithfully promise to you a lifetime of entire commitment, loyalty, fidelity in all my dealings with you and, of course, my unstinting love for you. For no other woman that I've previously met or personally had any kind of relationship with has remotely, compared to what you've done in my case, managed to imbue in me the same level of intense interest that you've automatically and so comprehensively instilled in me; turning, as a result, my whole life pleasurably upside down in the most compellingly magical, thoroughly rewarding and gloriously satisfying way.

Therefore, totally bearing all that in mind, and both sensibly and conscientiously well aware that my life will be infinitely better off in a myriad of ways were I to welcomingly accept on board, boldly take the plunge, and unreservedly embrace the complete package of us being the perfect item together, I would then, contrary to every conceivably logical deduction there is, manifestly either have to be absolutely out of my mind or else decidedly the most obtuse of men alive were I for my part to irrationally allow you to casually slip through my fingers and away from me by not comprehensively acquainting you with the full extent of my emotions towards you, together with what I most

passionately, profoundly  
and quite unmistakably  
feel deeply within  
this enraptured  
heart of  
mine.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 July 2014.

Author's Remarks:

Regrettably, there are some people who go through their entire life earnestly searching for but never really managing to either find or experience that great love which they've always dreamt about and had fervently hoped to attain. Others though have it freely and conspicuously thrust at them yet fail quite miserably to recognize, let alone appreciate either the gesture or the extent of the love that's being proffered to them.

So which of these categories are you in? A rhetorical question on my part actually that doesn't require any explanation to me nor seeks an answer of any kind from you on the matter. But were you to feel obligated to answer it for your own personal satisfaction or peace of mind, then do so by all means.

However, a word of caution in your ear; be totally honest with yourself should you decide to go down that path. Since to do otherwise would evidently, and rather sadly in my view, lead to you consciously and rather illogically deceiving the only person that actually matters in all of this - yourself!

Stanley Collymore

# If Ever There Was A Just Case For Blowback The Antics Of The Energy Six Is Such A One!

By Stanley Collymore

You obviously don't care do you? And realistically why should any intelligent person choose to imagine that there'll be any concern on your part for the financial woes of your customers which you've premeditatedly, gratuitously and greedily created and lumbered them with because you clearly knew from the start that you could get away with doing so; obviously seeing these faceless people, whom you provide gas and electricity to, solely as profitable milch cows and nothing more, to be loathsomely fleeced in the onward, abhorrent and avaricious march of your ungovernable and unaccountable pursuit of ever escalating personal and corporate aggrandisement?

Vulnerable people like old-aged pensioners, single mothers and the unemployed with no effective or genuine alternatives to turn to or replace you with, since everyone, except the utterly credulous, fatuous or totally brain dead knows full well that with the covert and keen approval of Ofgem: the fancifully misnomer named energy regulator, which is anything but a credible watchdog; the government, influential MPs and House of Lords lawmakers, all of whom are themselves venally, deeply, willingly and corruptly either implicated themselves in consultancy roles with you or else deeply embedded in your huge and limitless financial pockets and therefore deliberately turn a Nelsonian eye out of their own financial interests to what you're doing, that no one in power will do anything to rein in and ultimately eradicate this travesty of justice that's being inflicted on the

British people.

Instead what we witness them all repeatedly and cynically doing is mouthing well rehearsed and totally meaningless platitudes of contrived outrage, the hot air emanating from which if skilfully harnessed would instantly solve all our energy problems well into the future. But other than uttering populous words and phrases exclusively for public consumption and to take away the incandescent heat of a justifiably irate public from their singed asses, the powers that be: because they too are deeply involved in this criminality from which they're also handsomely profiting, will not seriously essay to let alone effectively retrench the all-pervasive, insidious and damnable perniciousness of the energy utility companies that operate in the UK, and which indisputably are now the primary contributors, even more so than the banks, to the perpetual hardships that the vast majority of us are unconscionably and quite indefensibly being subjected to.

EDF, SSE, Scottish Power, British Gas, Eon and N-Power: a powerful cartel of criminal elites, whose names and crimes should be inscribed forever in a prominent Rogues Gallery for all to see along with those of their craven Chief Executives; the latter though brazenly arrogant to the core and with a robust disdain for the British public generally nevertheless like the bullying yet cowardly bastards that they are were evidently too shit scared to appear in person before a House of Commons Select Committee to face the music they've consciously orchestrated, far less explain and justify, because they knew they couldn't, their exorbitant price hikes that are well above the average national rate of inflation when everyday wages are also in relative terms drastically falling for everyone else but them, or disclose what they actually fork out for the gas, would you credit it, that lacking all measures of transparency that one can logically

think of and is hardly conducive to any kind of competitive environment or ethical state of affairs if you ask me, they monopolistically purchase from and then sell to each other.

Leaving that demeaning chore, as they saw it, with its associated insult to a long suffering and enormously ripped off British public of not actually attending in person that House of Commons Select Committee hearing to their identically PR coached lackeys to obsequiously, and all too eagerly but unconvincingly, do their dirty work for them; while most of our nation, utterly confused by it all, helplessly stand by and watch.

The monstrously inflated gas and electricity prices that the UK's public are currently being subjected to we're told by a complicit and far from trustworthy corporate media will be a vicious battleground come the 2015 British general elections with the various political parties intent on using this public grievance as their standard bearer and rallying call for support from the electorate. That will certainly be the case, I suspect, and specifically so for their self-centred and political ends juxtaposed with a generous helping of public posturing and political theatre. But if you believe any of the crap they'll be copiously spewing out between now and the elections or more ludicrous still think that they have your true interests and general welfare at heart vis-à-vis those of their beloved Energy Six then God help you; for you're without doubt, in my honest opinion, in desperate need of urgent psychiatric counselling!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
31 October 2013.



# If Only There Were Many More Like You!

By Stanley Collymore

Unfortunately the narcissistically inured, absolutely incompetent, schemingly workshy, barbarously unhelpful and the all pervasive and intensely ingrained culture which characteristically comprises the habitual and purposely disobliging world of the jobsworth convention so very prevalent in Britain and most particularly so in England couldn't be any more entrenched it's very hard to believe than it currently is.

And so it's with a deep sense of relief for me to essentially come across someone who isn't any of these utterly perverse and odious things and moreover is an exceedingly caring, exceedingly efficient, totally professional with an absolute and appreciable understanding of the moral values of the traditional work ethic; a helpful employee who clearly loves and thoroughly enjoys doing his work from which he evidently acquires much satisfaction and what is more is himself the exemplary embodiment of a marvellous chap and quintessentially a most laudable and archetypal worthy human being.

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11 September 2016.

Author's Comments:

Knowledge is a provable and durable means of personal empowerment and the more empowered one is as an individual the more confident they'll feel within themselves to act assuredly about the things that truly, positively and rewardingly matter and also mean a great deal to them. In the same way as they'll be more inclined to respond constructively in their everyday dealings with other people who they would have undoubtedly derived a more favourable understanding of individually and collectively and as such and by virtue of having acquired a more broadminded and affirmative approach to life generally and one's self in particular make a more valuable contribution to this world that we're all a part of.

And libraries even in the 21st Century era of mass electronic communications have a vital role still to play in this positive and enlightening transformation of one's self. What libraries mustn't do however and as is now so frequently the case in England are to allow themselves to become populist, cut-price and wholly uninformative and even untutored kindergarten club venues; repositories for noisy, workshy layabouts and just as discernibly commonplace it seems similarly disruptive meeting places for lonely old aged pensioners who've been callously dumped onto the scrapheap of society by uncaring, self-absorbed relatives.

More often than not sons and daughters too disinterested in them to bother themselves about their elderly folk and who in turn because of their intense loneliness use their local libraries as a daytime meeting place to get solace or some sort, a much needed personal recognition or even self-worth. And all of this ineptly supervised by obtuse jobsworth and poor excuses for librarians who haven't the foggiest idea - and quite frankly don't care - what libraries are historically for and sensibly meant to do; since for them it's all about having a job and nothing more.

Stanley Collymore

# I'M Not Racist!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm not racist; just happen to be someone who massively considers it to be great fun to behave that way and, accordingly, simply love to take the piss out of other people that I arbitrarily can't stand and literally hate, largely for no other reasons than that they're ethnically different from members of my family and me; and, significantly, their skin colour, as is visibly shown, is obviously not at all similar to our own.

I'm not a racist - something I take great offence to being called and therefore profoundly object to my critics taking to labelling me as such and denouncing me for it; and anyway how could I possibly be remotely racist when what I'm really doing is just behaving normally like many others I know do, who clearly think like and passionately hold the perceptibly identical and established opinions as me

Freely and candidly in the process, I must say, firmly but unreservedly expressing our truly God-given, justifiable and unquestionable mantle of absolute power, unmistakable dominance and unique superiority freely and enduringly granted to them and

me of course over all other races  
that quite evidently are vastly  
inferior to each and every  
one of us, it's pretty  
clear, in every  
possible  
way!

And consequently, as such, are rightfully  
entitled, either selectively, randomly  
or even generally to be constantly  
at liberty to unilaterally and  
with no provocation of  
any kind from anyone to freely behave  
totally offensively to whomsoever  
we please that patently doesn't  
look like any of us, or in any  
way share our illustrious  
and matchless white  
Caucasian, racial identity.  
So sensibly then, why  
all the trepidation  
and absolutely  
pointless  
fuss?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 November 2014.

Remarks:

This poem is specifically written for and also dedicated to the following persons:  
1) Zoe Williams, columnist with the Guardian newspaper; 2) Robin Tilbrook,  
founder of the English Democratic - formerly the National - Party; 3) Simon  
Johnson of the Jewish Leadership Council; 4) Dave Whelan, Chairman of Wigan  
Athletic FC; and 5) Malky Mackay, manager of Wigan Athletic FC and ex Cardiff  
manager.

Along with the plethora of other feral, sociopathic and utterly demented  
boneheads that blissfully but pathetically continue through a discernibly  
convoluted fusion of intentionally misleading, downright fraudulent, thoroughly  
imbecilic and self-centredly vainglorious actions and pronouncements of what's

essentially ignorance in its purest form, asinine essay to both transport and implant their twisted, ludicrously self-delusional and profoundly embedded absurd notions of what they'd have the rest of us unquestioningly believe constitute white racial superiority, attendant allegedly with all its myriad and intrinsically permanent and inescapable precepts, into both social and societally accepted norms of human conduct.

Stanley Collymore

# In Memoriam Of My Beloved Great-Aunt, "aunt Millie"!

Your valued life here on earth inevitably reached its end but the durable and cherished remembrances of the immense good that you did whilst among us; what you clearly and conscionably stood for and tirelessly, in frequently difficult circumstances, worked exceedingly hard to implement and against seemingly impossible odds to achieve, in order to improve the lives of others, will live on forever.

A touching testament of your altruism, tenacity and dogged commitment to the challenging belief that essentially, although quite invariably obscured by the frailties, stubbornness and selfishness of our nature that are themselves often and greatly influenced by the conditions we find ourselves in, there's nevertheless always there in each of us, although usually buried deeply within our psychological makeup, an inherent reservoir of good simply waiting to be fully explored, determinedly tapped and beneficially utilized.

And not solely for the benefit of ourselves but correspondingly too the advantage of those who we regularly encounter, and in the identical manner that we promptly engage in doing so with regard to ourselves, we'll likewise undertake to favourably reach out to; assuming of course we truly and charitably

are of a firm  
mind to.

So rest peacefully and deservedly so from your earthly labours Aunt Millie: mentor, inspirationalist and dependable friend; and continue to shine gloriously in your illustrious and Celestial home, just as I know you automatically did from the very start of your arrival there after your farewell journey to the After Life, and had of course previously done while you were still here on Earth. Happily secure in the full and enduring knowledge that though you're no longer physically here with those who knew and still love you immensely, in spite of that your comforting presence is still very much here with us and will unfalteringly remain forever; since the simple and quite satisfying truth is you'll never be forgotten!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 December 2013.

#### A Personal Tribute:

In an affectionate and deserved celebration of the life, the commemoration of her memory and remarkable legacy, and as an overall and personal tribute too to the great Lady herself, this poem was inspired by and is complimentarily dedicated to Mrs Millicent Griffith: my late, dearly loved and deeply revered Great-Aunt who reciprocally in response to her committedly assured, open and demonstrable love for me I adoringly referred to her when she was alive, and still do now in all references to her, as my "Aunt Millie".

A deeply devoted but none the less an independently minded individual, in that specific respect as in so many others we were bonded soul mates, Aunt Millie was a wife, mother, grandmother, a great grandmother, sister, aunt, great-aunt, great-great-aunt and loved relative of her racially diverse and markedly extended

family.

For most of her life she resided with her family, her late husband was my Godfather, in the picturesque village of Belleplaine itself centrally located in the stunningly beautiful parish of St. Andrew where she was widely known, universally loved and deeply respected and equally so throughout the wider Scotland District of Barbados of which St. Andrew was a constituent and vital part.

Renowned for its nationally approved of, legislatively enforced and protected scenic landscape of rolling hills, verdant valleys, leisurely flowing rivers and crystal clear streams interposed with well-established centuries old hamlets ensconced with pleasant rural folk who're nevertheless highly sophisticated and well educated with it, Barbados is just one of a tiny minority of countries worldwide with a 100% percent adult literacy rate as confirmed by UNESCO, that of the UK's is only 75% and the USA's is around the same, St. Andrew is the original and enduring home of the Alleyne Grammar School, Latin motto: "Aliis Non Sibi – For Others Not Ourselves" – and just a five minute leisurely walk from Aunt Millie's former home and in whose co-educational precincts at a time when grammar schools were gender separated in Barbados and in England severely restricted in relation to girls, although the latter situation was never the case in Barbados, it was at the Alleyne School that Aunt Millie's own family and other relatives of hers were educated, with her eldest son one of them going on to be a teacher and school principal himself.

Interestingly enough, the Alleyne School was slated in the bequest of its founder Sir John Gay Alleyne to be the first grammar school on the island of Barbados. Sir John a prominent Barbadian and an extensive landowner within Barbados and throughout some of the other Caribbean territories as well as the colony of Carolina founded on the North American mainland by Barbadians themselves and perhaps better known nowadays and to you as North and South Carolina, two constituent states of the United States of America, in addition to being a very wealthy man was also the longest serving Speaker in the history of the House of Assembly: the national Barbados Parliament, established in 1639 and after the House of Commons in London is the world's second longest surviving and continuous, elected working parliament anywhere globally.

But crucially Sir John Gay Alleyne was also a distinguished philanthropist who loved his native island of Barbados immensely and just as profoundly his fellow Bajans, the affectionate name that Barbadians call themselves. However with minor but quite prolonged, all the same, squabbling that lasted for just under 20 years by the Board of Trustees set with the task of establishing the Alleyne

School over where it should be located; whether in St. Andrew, Sir John's familial seat and very rural in character or St. Michael, which boasted as it still does to this day Barbados' capital Bridgetown, the country's parliament and was a major New World port and principal city at the time, this petty squabbling allowed a much later rival and contender Harrison's College to pip the Alleyne School to become the island's oldest grammar school.

And with Harrison's College established in Bridgetown the Alleyne School's Board of Trustees eventually saw sense and opted for Belleplaine in St. Andrew as the school's designated site, which many of those associated with the project personally favoured in the first place.

Even so the Alleyne School, apart from Harrison's College that is, is still considerably older than any other educational institution elsewhere in the New World outside of Barbados, and significantly predates the creation of the United States of America, Canada, several European countries, including Germany, as well as Australia and New Zealand and is still very much an educational institution of excellence that is passionately supported, deeply loved and profoundly respected by Bajans of all backgrounds and both genders, but none more so than the community of St. Andrew; among whom it's still located on its original site.

Meanwhile, St. Andrew as it has always been known ever since 1627 is situated on Barbados' north-eastern coast where it's bordered on its seaward perimeter by an unbroken thoroughfare of expansive and pristine, sugar white, dazzling sandy beaches lined by an immaculate collection of casuarinas trees, coconut palms and wind-shaped sand dunes atop of which and intricately linked at periodic intervals are impressive sea breeze-sculptured, and quite appealing to the eye, intertwined and fantastically cosy canopies of dark green tropical grape bushes ideal as intimate hideaways for courting couples or serving, as they frequently do as well, as the natural habitat of mini colonies of harmless Concha crabs scuttling about on their everyday business.

And the beaches here have to be physically seen and personally experienced to be properly appreciated, with sand so delicate to the touch that even the mildest of footprints are automatically trapped on it, the duration of their pleasurable and quite variable captivity very much dependent on how close they were to the seawater's edge and the teasing playfulness of the gentle ebb and flow of the tide.

The tropical Trade Winds are likewise very much at work here too and in tandem with the azure blue waters of the expansive Atlantic Ocean that aquatically

controls this coastline and with nothing between the west coast of Africa, 3000 plus miles away, and Barbados, the most easterly country within the region, to exert their abundant interest on, increasingly turn their spirited attention instead to meticulously manicuring this coastline and its constituent parts, with their similarly impressive and kaleidoscopic backdrop, that comprise the wider Scotland District of Barbados.

Related to the Springer, Walkes, Griffith and Collymore families mostly biologically so but in some instances through marriage, the Diaspora of these families even during Aunt Millie's early lifetime stretched beyond the borders of Barbados to include other territories within the archipelago of Caribbean Islands, Guyana, other parts of South America and also Central America, and significantly too the United States of America, Canada and the UK where collectively within these three specific countries the largest concentration of them outside of Barbados were born, raised and do reside.

And justifiably proud as she evidently was of the academic qualifications gained, the successes achieved and the professional statuses earned by her immediate family members and their Diaspora – there's hardly a profession worthy of the name that one or other of us doesn't hold – Aunt Millie, even so, was never reluctant in encouraging her family members, whether they were born in Barbados or not - pushing at an open door was how I described it - to have the same abiding love and respect for her beloved Barbados and especially her adored St. Andrew: accumulatively her birthplace, homeland and tropical paradise, as she always did. And where fittingly her mortal remains lay buried alongside those of her late husband and in the company of other departed family members and friends in the tranquil setting of the centuries old St. Andrew's Church graveyard.

Stanley Collymore

# In No Small Measure We're Forever Indebted To You And Your Family Muhammad Ali!

By Stanley Collymore

Courageously Muhammad Ali you were formerly a solitary,  
irrationally discriminatorily and a much assailed beacon  
of inspirational hope purposely and illuminatingly  
shining undauntedly for those who were either  
similarly oppressed like you, or else rather  
consciously aware of the unjust societal  
inequalities that did abundantly exist  
but personally were either greatly  
afraid or otherwise far too indifferent to step out of  
the bounds of enforced or perhaps the contentedly  
enjoyed benefits of expected conformity they  
were gladly enjoying to wish to take notice  
of let alone do anything about what you  
were really doing; a responsible light  
shining most welcomingly and also  
motivatingly into the opaque and  
stationary darkness against the  
joint, intrinsic and extremely  
malevolent and human transgressions of racism,  
segregation, Jim Crowism, ingrained bigotry,  
invasive hatred, astonishing ignorance and  
entrenched intolerance; and surprisingly  
for them, although not for you, you  
outstandingly and most incredibly  
against all the odds, importantly  
and quite commendably won!  
And to which all your ardent  
and dependable supporters  
along with the bounteous  
recipients of your good-  
will loyally and with  
aplomb openly state:  
admirably done our  
own incomparable  
Muhammad Ali!

© Stanley V. Collymore

11 June 2016.

Author's Thoughts:

Words and even actions are insufficient to adequately sum up our indebtedness to Muhammad Ali and his family for what they've jointly done for the betterment of all humanity; so accordingly I'll leave you all to reflect on your own memories of him and the accompanying role that his beloved family have thankfully played in helping to make all this possible.

Stanley Collymore

# In Virtuous Praise Of German Women!

By Stanley Collymore

Physically beautiful, exceedingly intelligent and discerningly clever with it too, you are the authentic epitome of what graceful femininity and appealing womanhood were originally intended to be and veritably and quite absolutely are themselves actually all about.

Yet notwithstanding these outstandingly impressive qualities rather than you taking to boastfully shouting out the odds about them as other and considerably less endowed females who in reality have little either to be conceitedly proud of and much less so be overbearingly full of themselves about; you, meanwhile, exquisitely demure, inwardly constant, emotionally and contentedly assured in terms of yourselves and also what you've practically and positively been doing in your daily dealings with others including foreigners alien to your way of living have nevertheless in this ongoing and civilized process that you've so elegantly and competently mastered with the skilled maturity no less that you view the world generally while painstakingly carrying on constructively with what you have so consciously and quite purposefully settled for and afterwards embarked upon.

And all this conjoined with your conspicuously unpretentious and proverbially cool as a cucumber manner towards and observations on life that aren't only a discernible credit to the deservedly proud Germanic nation to which you intrinsically belong but also aptly showcase the marvellous, truly amazing, as well as the

unrestricted and continuous procession of  
peerless and accordingly incomparable  
German women who're robust in their vivacity, pleasurably  
spirited in matters of romance, enormously sophisticated  
sexually and bewitchingly furnished with the inbuilt  
and explosive capability to initially prudently but  
thereafter when absolutely sure in their mind  
tempestuously and unconditionally love,  
and in doing so permit themselves to be totally loved  
in return. In more poignant words the unmistakable  
and unparalleled elucidation of these supremely  
perfect and so characteristically exhilarating  
German women; and how very fortunate  
for me in my specific circumstances to  
then find that I was, to say the least,  
resplendently invigoratingly and  
reciprocally amazing in terms  
of my good fortune as well,  
intensely and completely  
rather delightfully and  
permanently in love  
with one of them!

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17 December 2015.

Author's Remarks:

For all of age German females generally but most specifically the exceedingly charming, loving and truly memorable German ladies who at one time or another featured prominently in my life. My deepest, enduring and sincerest thanks to you all wherever you now are. Interestingly, why live an ordinary life when you could lead an extraordinary one? And it's a certainty you incomparable and beautiful German females already know how to do the latter!

Stanley Collymore

# Indubitably A Very Impressive Woman!

By Stanley Collymore

The true essence of a worthy life is the ability: natural or acquired, coupled with the common sense necessary to astutely discern the difference between and then to differentiate what constitutes constructive and acceptable behaviour and what doesn't; but in reality in the case of the latter is manifestly nothing more than obvious stupidity. And having recognized the fundamental elements of both these concepts to then be skilled at positively and diligently embarking on furthering the former while simultaneously doing one's very best to neuter and, in due course, eradicate the latter. And observantly, and perceptibly without exaggeration, it is strikingly apparent that you're undoubtedly physiologically and specifically psychologically too definitely well resourced with a quite astute discernment that's impartially epitomized as always, not only in your unquestionably very responsible position as an established librarian but similarly and most gratifyingly too, as a charmingly attractive and a strikingly, intelligent woman as well as an extraordinary principled, human being.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 January 2017.

## Author's Remarks:

I don't subscribe to, nor will I ever do so, to the spurious and in my opinion asinine argument, or more fittingly what shambolically passes for one, that just because we're living in a different century - which begs the obvious question to any intelligent person that is, since when has any century been an exact carbon

copy of the previous ones, so such an idiotic pretence for an argument is significantly redundant even before it's advocated - that libraries per se and what from the very outset of their conception and subsequent creation they have in the most principled terms stood for and therefore represent must, simply because we're in the 21st Century, be severely neutered or worst still be cavalierly and highly irresponsibly in my view mutated into something they certainly weren't intended to be by their altruistic and far-sighted progenitors, and must therefore be vigorously resisted from universally becoming.

And how despondently sad to see these created institutions of enlightenment drastically and callously transformed out of all recognition from what they've previously been. A crass and most infuriating attempt by their brainless eradicators that can best be described in the inane circumstances these people have obviously and thoughtlessly instituted them into increasingly becoming in large swathes across Britain as part of a reckless and retrograde situation; akin in description to stupidly and unnecessarily trying to invent the wheel all over again.

Only fools, thorough-bred idiots, the demented illiterate, utterly brainless, insanely and endemically supercilious, the patently intellectually challenged and the pervasively educationally dumbed-down would and do believe in what's being vastly, draconically and devastatingly done to the very fabric and constitution of British libraries; since no one who would either consider themselves to be sane, rational or intelligent would ever contemplate let alone embark on or support such an illogical, totally senseless and jobsworth administrative procedure as entailed in destroying traditional British libraries and the time-honoured and reliably tested system that was put in place to supposedly protect them.

Stanley Collymore

# Insidious Daydreaming

By Stanley Collymore

I have a name so use it; for it symbolizes who and what I am and not the adornment of someone whom you deem to be and evidently see as nothing more than a superfluous nonentity in your pathetically sick and perverse scheme of things based entirely on gender issues and racism.

Like yours my fundamental needs in order to survive in this life are exactly the same, but ultimately one day Death, the great leveller, will I know dispassionately pull the plug on my life as it will on yours.

What then when this elaborate charade that you meticulously contrive to reassuringly prove to yourself that you're superior to and consequently better than everyone like me in every conceivable way inevitably ends, and unless your dead body is then cremated it likewise, like mine, most certainly will predictably putrefy, stink to high heavens and become an instinctive source of sustenance for hordes of marauding worms that in life, firmly ensconced as you are in your delusional world of intentional unreality, you don't even bother to sensibly factor into your stupid equation of what's worthy and what isn't!

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27 September 2013.



## Ipsa Facto

I needed a loan rather quickly and initially didn't know where to turn, so in the interim I decided to rob a bank, as they've loads of money to burn. Unfortunately though, I was soon apprehended shopped by an inquisitive neighbour you see, who accidentally discovered what I'd done and exultantly told the police. In court I willingly pleaded guilty and sincerely apologized for my crime but even though I'd returned all the money that I stole, the bank still insisted that I did jail time. The judge agreed and I got 15 years, a darn sight more than most murderers; and quite honestly, if you were to ask me, a hell of a long time to ponder over the folly of what I did, namely that rather than robbing bank depositors, in the ham-fisted manner I had, I should have curried favour with those in the City of London and become an immune bankster instead!

Stanley Collymore

# It's Best This Way

By Stanley Collymore

Secretly I'll sleep with you – indulging in the most intimate act there is between a woman and a man – but publicly I must condemn and betray you, for the race I belong to would never openly countenance what I do, knowing that you're black – a fact, which I must always bear in mind along with its attendant hostility: something that is quite difficult for me to take on board or even deal with properly.

So I'll remain as I am – hypocritical, cowardly and white to the core – knowing that I can continue to live out my sexual fantasies with you with impunity and no one but us will ever know.  
And it's only right that it stays so!

Stanley Collymore

# I've No Need Of A Valentine Reminder When In You I Already Have My Sainly Goddess!

By Stanley Collymore

Do I love you? Of course I do as I always said I would, unquestionably wanted to and solemnly promised to you then, and as I still do, that I shall forever carry on loving you. And do you want to know why?

Because I really and truthfully do love you!

And nothing that I know of or could ever conceivably foresee will ever alter that fact, which for me is a constant and undeviating reminder of and also a committed and my enduring reality of how precisely it is that I actually feel for you.

So bearing all that seriously and objectively in mind I don't see why I should permit myself in any shape or sense to either logically or as a perceived matter of fact willingly or unthinkingly on this annually paraded and vastly commercially conceived postulation with its conspicuously attendant commercially devised bandwagon, whose financially compensated beneficiaries cynically and covetously prey on these vulnerable and credulous morons.

Themselves irrationally more preoccupied with the ephemeral and populous notion of being in love rather than uprightly, studiously and eruditely concentrating on and cultivating, as a matter of choice, their own productive conception of love which, accordingly, could then be generously expanded into formulating a distinct and tailored form of love that transparently meets and fulfils their

own identifiable, individual needs;  
not the desires of the collective  
masses as is so unashamedly  
disseminated. And why it is my dearest Darling that  
there's an enormous world of difference between  
what I unalterably feel for you and will forever  
carry on doing so, and what these plethora of  
toadying and credulous fools, manipulatively,  
premeditatedly ensnared by the counterfeit  
trappings of every foisted St. Valentine's  
Day thrust on them, and the financially  
motivated superfluities churned out ad nauseum  
by the carpetbaggers of that trade that overly  
support these monetary intrigues, allowing  
themselves to be influenced it's right and  
hence to routinely do. Quite improper I  
would say for the likes of you and me  
and why emphatically it's a senseless  
game I categorically wouldn't even  
contemplate being associated with  
in any possible way far less so in  
an entire month of Sundays opt  
to play! For love I indomitably  
feel should judiciously never  
be a profit making activity;  
and won't ever be so for  
those who actually like  
me rightly believe in  
taking it seriously!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 January 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

As you celebrate either of your own free volition or at the dictates of those with a marked and graspingly manipulative agenda just remember that true love is and has never been a 'commodity' that can be bought and sold but rather is a combination of personal and other meaningful factors that of their own accord as well as having purposely been encouraged by those concerned developed between two individuals that truly and lovingly cared for each other and to whom all else within that amorous and loyal equation is significantly secondary and

even tertiary!

So bearing that in mind do enjoy your St. Valentine's Day, which from my perspective should be personally celebrated everyday, and strange as it might seem often is by those who genuinely care for each other; and not simply consigned to just one day in the year that's publicly designated by those whose only purpose is to make money out of it and your supposed affections for some other person.

Stanley Collymore

# Jeremy Corbyn – Britain's Intrepid And Timely Messiah!

By Stanley Collymore

A man of steadfast principles and motivationally the highest integrity is Jeremy Corbyn if not exactly characteristically and discernibly so of the vast majority of people he's been altruistically forced through unwarrantable circumstances, lamentably, grotesquely and intentionally prescribed and engineered by the powers that be: our currently Zionist-Nazi-Tory authorities and their closet allies the treacherously fawning, feckless and corrupt hierarchy of the "Labtory" usurpers and their minion-kind who've fraudulently and injuriously embedded themselves within what used to be a traditional and real Labour Party, to step in, evaluate and help to reconstitute an infinitely better and much needed national political and social situation.

One that intelligent and conscionable folk are patently aware would incalculably, suitably and exemplarily be commensurate with the genuine needs and aspirations of ordinary working people and their representative trade unions, while vigorously expurgating the callously predatory and venal demands of the bevy of avaricious MPs, grasping banksters and the plethora of multinational corporations, all powerful and not at all shy in purposely bleeding the rest of us dry, while simultaneously, clandestinely and most industriously salting away in Swiss numbered bank accounts and other notorious tax havens globally the proceeds from their tax evasion and

gratuitous criminality; gratuitous I say,  
but when seriously and objectively  
examined is very much par for  
the course with them and,  
unfortunately, rather despicably  
and characteristically is very  
much too a salient part of  
their physiological  
and cultural  
DNA.

So it's high time to courageously grab the proverbial bull  
by the horns, purposely and sensibly take a long hard  
look at our country, and with undivided resolution  
boldly entrust the control of the Labour Party,  
the keys to No.10 Downing Street and the  
proper governance of our fractured and  
unequal nation to the one person with  
the wherewithal, well thought out  
and practical responses to what  
urgently has to and will skilfully,  
conscientiously, dependably  
and decisively be done by  
him managing at the  
helm, the peerless  
Jeremy Corbyn!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 July 2015.

Author's comments:

They crucified Jesus Christ too, don't forget; the sanctimonious Pharisees and establishment political elite together with their staunch allies in public malfeasance, the clique of eponymous temple money changers, the equivalent then of today's City of London, Wall Street, IMF, Frankfurt bankers, corrupt politicians and their financial puppet masters the multinational corporations. Principally and directly responsible through their immense financial power and political influence for either effectively buying or economically compromising crucial elements within the local population that on being recruited by their sinister paymasters with their vested interest agendas very much intact and resolutely committed to retaining and reinforcing the status quo, were then

cynically and manipulatively used through a superfluity of artifices, intrigues, deliberate misrepresentations, falsification of facts, untruths and knowingly downright lies and malicious propaganda, to name just a few of these conspiratorial devices, to intentionally and concertedly create a divisive environment of uncertainty, fear, mistrust, distrust, antipathy and even outright hatred within the wider community itself and at large by those hired and delegated to do so, and with the sole beneficiaries from this deliberately engineered, highly disruptive, utterly misleading and societal insurgency being the said progenitors of this same unwarrantable insurgency.

We know what happened to Jesus Christ who was subsequently proved to be absolutely right about everything he openly said, stood for and ethically represented; and demonstrably in excess of two millennia years after the public lynching he distressingly endured and itself quite visibly characterized by his sadistic crucifixion and ignominious death, has notably inspired countless generations of people globally to fully embrace and earnestly endeavour to live their own lives accordingly as he did.

Now I don't expect the purblind idiots and obtuse morons at the Daily Telegraph, their equally evil co-conspiratorial and sleazily decadent counterparts among the British Establishment, Zionist-Tory-Nazis, "Laptors", self-serving snouts in the troughs MPs; their string pulling and diligent puppet masters among the coterie of crooked bankers and the domineeringly influential multinational corporations or their fellow travellers among the multitude of manipulatively conned and cynically exploited Useful Idiots at large in our population to openly, anyway, plan and orchestrate the assassination of Jeremy Corbyn much as they would love to, since he's steadfastly and transparently anathema to everything they stand for or are cruelly duped into believing that they do.

So what we have instead is them lyingly, pretentiously and downright dishonestly pretending that they're acting in the best interests of Britain and its people – interpret that to mean their own abhorrent self-interests – while aggressively doing everything in their power to maliciously orchestrate a national campaign of calumny against Jeremy Corbyn, that from the core of their utterly sick and twisted minds endeavours to paint him not only in the worst possible light that they can but also and absolutely ridiculously from any factual perspective that one can sensibly envisage and ironically so in that skewed process of theirs as well, since they're the ones who're the real threat to and the entrenched enemies of an authentically democratic UK - as a major existential treat to Britain and everyone who resides in it. Believe that load of crap at your peril!



# Just Do What I'm Told And Don't Even Ask Why?

By Stanley Collymore

Please can you do yourself and I while you're at it a great big favour and stop persistently withering on about love; something that quite evidently you know absolutely nothing about? And I say this not just because of your marked obsession with the subject that's quite perverse to say the least but also the unambiguous evidence pertaining to the fiction about love you are assiduously carrying in your head and is manifestly affecting your brain can't seriously be categorized much less so be sensibly recognized or accepted as representing ordinary behaviour by anyone who's realistically and certainly responsibly sane, and accordingly is very much to the contrary very likely if not to completely then at least significantly drive that person utterly insane.

For the views that you hold on love are totally Inane, since you can not in any understood democratically regarded society lawfully or compulsorily force people to either be or else automatically fall in love at some other person's whim and if they don't enthusiastically oblige, as they're submissively required to do, publicly coerce and shame them into doing so, and if that fails to productively work then legally and financially segregate them from normal society in the furtherance of some harebrained pursuit to form the kind of ill-defined

homogenous, thoroughly  
dim-witted and stupid  
thoughtless society  
which you clearly  
desire to see for  
everyone of us  
respectively.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 January 2017.

Author's Remarks:

We haven't exactly reached the stage in Britain where every aspect of our individual private and professional lives, if in the latter instance we're fortunate to have one, are minutely examined, charted, recorded and itemized but in truth we're not very far off from that profoundly bizarre and scary Orwellian realization and its accompanying disconcerting nightmare, as those who at the behest of others but for all that still quite delusionally actually convince themselves that it's really them who are in charge of Britain and thus the ones running the show do their very best to ensure that such an autocratic situation does eventually happen.

But while many of you might brainlessly and unthinkingly see nothing wrong with being a convenient zombie to be deployed and utilized at will for the sheer convenience of your much adored and so-called social betters, it's not a prescription that I'll either favour or have any wish whatsoever to be associated with. And while this poem of mine is in essence a fictional work of art and additionally a somewhat tongue in the cheek castigation of what's going on in Britain and a conspicuous denunciation of the morons who run our country, the sentiments encapsulated in it are nevertheless very earnest indeed and seriously held by me.

Stanley Collymore

# Keep On Coming!

By Stanley Collymore

Most of you weren't born in Blighty and your ancestral home, of course, isn't Britain or even England it's true; but all the same most of what has for centuries and unchangingly is still rather self-servingly, hubristically and in the most egocentrically privileged fashion hoarded in and across the United Kingdom actually and lawfully belongs to you. Everything from literally millions of your indigenous countries national artefacts, prized and priceless jewellery: the Nubian Diamond forged in and dating back to the days of antiquity is just one of them – most barbarically and avariciously purloined by Britain for its own deceitful and grotesquely misleading "cultural" glorification, and expressly in the Nubian Diamond's case and ever since its savage and ongoing thievery arrogantly, quite ludicrously and most deceptively gracing the alleged British Crown Jewels collection of unmistakably embezzled property.

Then there is the multiplicity of human remains belonging to proud, defiant and brave African patriots who were slaughtered for daring to defend their countries from exploitation and being stolen by gangs of marauding white Caucasian cut-throats that murderously not only refused these people after their demise a decent burial by their compatriots but instead, and even now dead, malignly decapitated them; then cockily using their severed heads and other garnered body parts comfortably donated these gruesome trophies to numerous British museums as

these white colonial barbarians conceitedly, and to any intelligent mind, in their indisputably vulgar acts of barbarism, generously congratulated themselves on what they most certainly perceived as quite splendid acts of their typically and conclusively British "civilized" altruism, exemplifying for these patently sick minds supposed actions of their macho bravery and audacious British soldiering; but in reality were characteristically the manifestly disgusting and dastardly barbaric deeds of British transgressions but by no means exclusive actions on their part that routinely were also carried out by other white Europeans!

Now unsurprisingly these barbaric white exploiters not in the least dissimilar from their obsessively exploitative and characteristically savage ancestors and in effect discernibly doing precisely the same things in the 21st Century, although concertedly fine-tuned to their specific necessities, don't want you their milch cow benefactors anywhere near, far less so living in what unquestionably and essentially most ironically are their thoroughly mortgaged up to the very hilt – and a solitary guess as to exactly whom; yes you of course – "developed" countries.

Stay where you are at home in your own countries and leave us Europeans alone they vociferously,

vindictively and vitriolically yell at you, or else in the most uncompromising and hateful terms demand that you clear off back to where you came from if perchance you either make it to or with determined persistence do manage to succeed in breaching their fortified borders. Actions on your part as fleeing refugees from the constant atrocities gratuitously inflicted on you and your Global South countries by them aren't in any way within their callous hearts or twisted imagination considered either to be their direct responsibility or by them deemed worthy to be seen as, let alone right-mindedly accepted as authentically humanitarian.

And least of all so by the nerdish and utterly self-serving administration of David Cameron that was, of course, "democratically" elected as both itself and its Tory Nazi political camp followers perceive – despite that support being a paltry 24% of those who were eligible to vote; and who similar to their like-minded mainland European counterparts with their unmistakably and wholly at heart natural resources avariciously-greedy, fixatedly imperialist, endemically Nazi-colonialist and Yiddish-Zionist, both inspired and controlled, agendas vigorously in tow, fervently, even if somewhat unconvincingly so, vowed to themselves that they'll put a permanent end to this free for all exploitative immigration system that had gotten disgracefully and entirely out of hand.

Doing that against the backdrop of their collaborative, frenetically orchestrated and noticeably maniacally racist and clearly xenophobic vituperation, to unreservedly pull up, they assuredly guaranteed, the drawbridges of Fortress Europe, chuck out those of you who were already, undeservingly and undesirably here they further declared and most emphatically at any cost, as something that they as loyal Europeans and supporters of a preferably all-white Europe hold quite dear and would most certainly love to see, stop the rest of you swarming hordes of scrounging Global Southerners from rather deceitfully and quite illegally getting in!

Well let them! For who seriously cares anymore what these feral white Caucasian beasts get up to, since the very worst that they can do is kill you, which is already something that habitually in the past they've done and currently in yet another century quite remorselessly and wholly unconscionably think nothing of carrying on doing in your own countries; and with that in mind infinitely better for you to consciously choose the manner, place and time of your perspective death, should it come to that, rather than meekly allowing your enemies to do that for you. And what better way than through the sheer force of numbers of you - in your scores of thousands or even millions - to compel your European and British adversaries to jettison their bloody-minded obduracy to you both living in peace and constructively among them as they didn't with you; for on your part you're thoroughly sick at heart of

their intractable double  
standards and blatant  
acts of hypocrisy.

Or else force them to resort in their instinctive, well  
known and deep-rooted barbarity to start filling  
up their existing graveyards and cemeteries  
across England and mainland Europe  
with your dead bodies or simply  
generate more of them to generously accommodate  
you, as they were totally capable of in the past  
and are still willing as Machiavellian past  
masters and dab hands at murderously doing  
in your Global South countries, if they must;  
for enough is enough and put simply you  
will not in the present circumstances  
either countenance the thought of  
nor actually debase the innate  
trust of your individual and  
collective consciences  
through any fear of  
death and stop  
coming!

That basically then is the thrust of your emphatic  
message as it's sensibly, naturally and logically  
understood by those of us who care anyway,  
and must remain so in the striking and  
distinctive absence of the genuine  
easing and ultimate eradication  
of the repeated exploitation  
of your people, your countries and attendant with  
that the infernal and repetitive wars disdainfully  
carried out there to continuously embezzle  
your natural resources. It's not fair! Thus  
giving rise, and rather justifiably so too,  
to the collective and heartfelt chorus  
emerging from you as you flee  
for your lives from the accursed and white  
Caucasian premeditated and sadistically  
arranged mess of randomly dropped  
RAF, French and NATO bombs

on your homes, yourselves  
and families; to Europe  
and most preferably  
England then and  
by any means  
likely or  
bust!

And as someone whose treasured ancestral  
roots are undeniably and quite proudly  
buried deeply in the Global South  
do permit me to say openly,  
unreservedly, honestly  
and profoundly unapologetically too that for  
my part you have my committed and  
fullest empathy with your cause  
as well as my wholehearted  
support for what you're  
most courageously  
and with absolute integrity doing.

So in the languages of those European  
countries that have primarily in the past and  
inveterately still in the 21st Century carry  
on abusing you, I say to you on your  
actual or confidently anticipated  
arrival in Europe: Welcome;  
Willkommen; Bienvenue;  
Benvenuto; Welkom;  
Bem-Vindo;  
Vaelkommen;  
Velkommen;  
Failte; ac  
Croeso!

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24 August 2015.

#### Author's Comments:

That Scottish one-eyed git, infernally callous Iraqi mass murderer and  
consummately incompetent former UK Prime Minister Gordon Brown in Africa of  
all places infamously and proudly boasted that the twin scourges of the centuries

long Transatlantic Slave Trade which immediately after the abolition of that heinous human obscenity was imperiously, arbitrarily and markedly unilaterally replaced by the introduction and wholesale implementation of the equally nefarious and barbaric but similarly immensely profitable for Britain and its European counterparts in manifold crimes against humanity, and both individually and jointly were similarly largely responsible for these monstrously nefarious and calamitous atrocities in the first place were - from the perspective of this purblind Scottish pillock, and in my unapologetic and intensely honest opinion coupled with the unmistakably dangerous era of the lone wolf assassin which his and other like-minded odious Zionist Nazi-policies distinctly gave rise to would be much better off dead - indubitably the very best things to have happened he claims to the continent of Africa.

An ardent, wholly demented Zionist and naturally the staunch supporter of Zionist-apartheid Israel that Gordon Brown is you'd never hear emerging from the lips of this pathetic clown, a most cast iron guarantee that is, who has also vituperatively and rather ignorantly condemned as recently as this month, August 2015, the equally important and significantly successful Second Bolivarian Revolution in Venezuela, when he had a cheap shot at Jeremy Corbyn, that massively transformed the lives of millions of exceedingly poor, largely Black and indigenous South Americans as well as millions more of plain ordinary Venezuelan citizens previously and severely disadvantaged under the jackboot of fascist white Caucasian oligarchs and their ever toadying Mestizos slime balls who jointly gave their loyalty and the stolen resources not only of Venezuela but other countries across the entire length and breadth of Latin America to imperialist entities like the United States, Britain and Canada as well as their ex-colonial masters like Spain and Portugal without a solitary concern for the welfare of their own less well-off fellow citizens at home - any condemnation whatsoever in relation to the massive, ongoing and distinctly unwarranted compensation payouts to his Zionist and Yiddish brethren, 70 plus years after the end of World War II. Payments exclusively made to the "chosen" few, you know exactly who I mean, but not a solitary Euro expended on the Gypsies or the other much more deserving victims of Europe's holocaust.

This notwithstanding the glaring and completely indefensible fact that these Yiddish pals of Gordon Brown and his like-minded ilk in Britain are with similar frenzied, Stockholm Syndrome disease sadistically carrying out their own Nazi type ethnic cleansing and horrendous acts of genocide against the Palestinians, and conveniently overlooked as well as frivolously excused by Gordon Brown and his kind, whose homeland these Yiddish and dubious specimens of mankind have brutally appropriated for the project of a Greater Israel that's not in the least dissimilar from that of the Nazis' "Ein Gross-Deutschland! "

Crucially in all of this both sets of my grandparents as I've mentioned in previous articles and with whom I've always had a continuous and very close bonding relationship since they were also some of my best role models knew their own grandparents with whom they had an identical relationship; however their grandparents were involuntarily born into Caribbean Slavery in Barbados and from whom they gathered first hand what the everyday existence of being a slave was all about not only for themselves but others who were also abused and treated as "chattel" effectively the property of whatever white man or woman that "owned" them. Likewise my great grandparents, grandparents and my own parents, every one of them born in Barbados, personally grew up under the jackboot of British colonialism. So from people who knew first hand or else had that information delivered to them first hand know well, as do I since they acquainted me and my siblings of the relevant and horrendous reality of life for Black people under slavery and colonialism.

However none of this didn't stop these Black Caribbeans including my parents and other relatives from voluntarily and speedily coming to the assistance of Britain when its back was up against the wall against the same kind of Nazism and fascism that we're currently seeing in Britain and also resurging across the European mainland. The very same can be said for the Africans generally who in their scores of thousands did the same; and could very easily have done what the Irish did and sided with the Third Reich, prompting Winston Churchill to seriously consider declaring war on I my maternal Grandmother has routinely joked with me and despite her humour there was a noticeable seriousness in what she said. Namely that the current breed of white British should go down on bended knees and thank whoever it was that made them, as it most certainly wasn't the God Lord she cleverly held forth, that their brutal ancestors created an empire all those centuries ago, for if they hadn't today's breed of British white Caucasians for the most part wouldn't have either the intellect or the capability to invade and colonize the Isle of Wight if it wasn't already a part of Britain let alone fashion an empire anywhere else across the globe. And in that specific regard Gran was spot on as she was in everything else.

In wrapping up what for me is this tiresome piece since it's characteristically a case with the vast majority of Brits of the albino kind of casting pearls before swine, both figuratively and literally. So I'll close with a correspondence from LA Adusei from London who astutely writes on the refugee crisis: "We all know poverty is a major factor in the ongoing migrant crisis at Calais. We also know that much of the poverty in Africa is caused by odious debts, unfair trade practices and, importantly, Africa's assets stolen by its elites in cahoots with Europe's establishment. These looted African assets sit in Europe and other safe

havens controlled by European countries. Any agreement we sign with France regarding the repatriation of migrants that does not address the question of ending poverty by cancelling the odious debts, repatriating Africa's looted assets, and ending Europe's unfair trade practices with Africa is doomed to fail."

To that I would add for the benefit of racist and imperialist morons like Gordon Brown, stop your warmongering in the Global South and also permanently desist from your fanciful notions of how beneficial slavery and colonialism were to my people; for if anyone ever dared to say that Europe's holocaust was the best thing that ever happened to your Yiddish Zionist chums: they after all have a stolen state, nuclear weapons, are the tail wagging the dogs of the US, England and the rest of the EU and additionally relative to Europe's holocaust make billions of Pounds in blackmailing people not even born then and the list goes on – assholes like you would be up in arms; but when it comes to us Niggers why the hell should you care even if most of what you have actually belongs to us?

Stanley Collymore

# Keine Andere In Dieser Welt, Aber Sie Fuer Mich!

By Stanley Collymore

Ich liebe Dich sehr mein Liebchen! And what's more  
have always done; as you're a darling Sweetheart  
and, for me, will always be the one I'll cherish  
throughout the rest of my life and, moreover,  
want you to definitely know it's my  
unalterable intention to make  
you my loving wife. That's provided, of course,  
you were disposed to have me as I earnestly  
hope you will. For with you around me  
you constantly, inescapably, assuredly and  
romantically instil that glorious and enthralling  
feeling that unquestionably quite delightfully,  
thoroughly and inspirationally convinces  
me - as anything is ever likely to, just  
how emphatically, decisively and  
besottedly, as it happens, I'm  
profoundly and ardently  
in love with you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
2 October 2015.

## Author's Comments:

Dieses Gedicht ist in Erinnerung an alle die wirklich bemerkenswert und  
inspirative hervorragend, liebevoll und unglaublich romantisch deutschen Damen,  
die im Laufe der Jahre haben solche wunderbare Freude und fantastisches  
Vergnuegen in mein Leben gebracht; aber unter ihnen alle meine Prinzessin Sie  
sind definitiv die Special One!

This poem is in memory of all the truly remarkable and inspirationally  
outstanding, loving and incredibly romantic German ladies who over the years  
have brought such wondrous delight and fantastic pleasure into my life; but  
among them all my Princess you're definitively the Special One!

Stanley Collymore

# Kenneth G. Doughlin

You were much more than my English Master for you were also my Sunday School Teacher, inspirational mentor, and as I grew into adulthood a close and trusted friend just like you were to my parents and grandparents before me, and subsequently my siblings and numerous others too whose minds and personal characters you skilfully crafted, enabling us all to effortlessly become productive and, in several cases as well, extraordinarily talented women and men.

Now regrettably, as is the known inevitability of life, you've passed on and sadly from our human perspective you're no longer physically here with us. But even so we don't regard this mortal exit from our lives as a case of you having died and that's the end of it; not one bit! For in our hearts, minds, souls and our entire being on each and every waking day of every year and long after we ourselves who personally knew and loved you are also no longer around, you'll still enduringly live on; a touching and iconic symbol of meritorious expectations as well as a perpetual source of remarkable inspiration to thousands throughout the Barbadian Diaspora, and similarly too to generations of Bajans as yet unborn.

For human though you were like the rest of us, you were none the less significantly blessed with exemplary qualities which we all readily understood, greatly admired, keenly sought to emulate as best we could and, in turn, assiduously endeavoured, and still do, to pass on to those it became our responsibility to teach – our engaging and personal outreach to the consummate Master of Simplicity who bestrides like a Colossus the world of mortal man and whose splendid achievements and impressive legacy, underscored by the passage of time and cherished memories, will I know fruitfully and fittingly live on for all eternity.

© Stanley V. Collymore

24 March 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Knowing And Respecting My Own Mind!

By Stanley Collymore

Here you are professing to love me yet at the same time, and knowing precisely how I feel, trying so hard to convince me that there's no rational point in my safeguarding my virginity prior to my chances of matrimony, especially in this world in which we're both currently living and where morality, you say, is now passé having had its day, and consequently, is completely deficient of all real meaning or any chance of integrity.

And therefore it's utterly pointless, you likewise resolutely contend, my vainly trying to stem and even unrewardingly pretend I can roll back the passage of time for no honestly useful end it would seem to you, to a dark era where through a societally recommended mixture of socially manufactured ignorance and a knowingly coercive as well as an inconsiderately and predictably adhered to conduct of protecting, or rather more fittingly using one's female chastity as a prized bargaining chip to strategically advance one's likely marital prospects or personal status, and concomitantly procure an appreciated inclination in society and life generally did truly matter.

But now, realistically and thankfully so you avidly declare, not any more. For things have changed radically since those antiquated times and quite beneficially, you add exultantly. And that enterprise, and with it the

extremely ingrained notion of a woman obligated to evidently weaponised her distinctive sexuality for community advancement together with the anticipated accrument of personal benefits to buttress her financial security within the confines of matrimony are no longer, you state emphatically, a necessity in the 21st Century.

Personally, that's obviously your firm opinion lover-boy and quite possibly is one that will both impress and sway other women, I promptly concede, to think and behave as you suggest, but alas, for you, I am not one of them! And communicating it brusquely and equally unambiguously I'm already entirely aware of and for some time now quite determinedly rebuffed the identical arguments that you're now so vigorously proselytizing. So if you don't mind my saying so, how I deal with and either choose to utilize or not to accordingly. my individual sexuality is frankly my own darn business and not yours or that of anyone else; and with that, from my own true perspective and, furthermore, indisputably in mind, is certainly a matter that I most categorically consider is entirely, and for all time, unquestionably up to me.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 September 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Ever since Adam convinced Eve that it was she who persuaded him, and not himself in an act of his volition, to afford himself the fortuitous opportunity to fulsomely avail himself of her scrumptious apple and pleurably by doing so

individually awoke the dormant sexual passion within both of them that subsequently in physical terms thoroughly satisfied their heterosexual requirements, and from a religious perspective gave rise we're biblically informed to humanity, subsequent generations of human beings have consistently been debating and even vehemently arguing about whose role it actually is to initiate sexual adventures between males and females as well as the modus operandi they should appropriately employ to do so. A consensus on which neither side to-date, it seems, is willingly prepared to universally compromise on this issue, and so this contentious debate with all its various disagreements and arguments rumble on.

Well, not everywhere I'm pleased to say. For in my ancestral homeland of Barbados a rather pragmatic approach has sensibly, intelligently, compatibly and effectively in the interests of all concerned maturely been adopted. And it's along these practical lines: That a man chases a woman until at the right time of her own choosing she decisively decides to catch him. That way both participants in this love game can truthfully say that the invariably successful end result of this joint adventure of theirs is doubtlessly one in which their individual contributions can't honestly be decried or underrated; and therefore there's no need on the part of either of them to get embroiled in mutual antagonisms or unwarranted castigations. Thus guaranteeing for them, and as best as any human being can, a permanent window of pleasurable opportunity for those who're willing to participate with composure and amorous determination in their joint sexual adventure.

Stanley Collymore

# Lasting Effects

The true reasons for our actions  
are often unclear even in the  
most thoughtful minds –  
the repercussions of  
them, however,  
often last a  
very long  
time.

Stanley Collymore

# Les Victimes Du Racisme, Mais Nous Avons Tous Deux Survécu!

Par Stanley Collymore

Votre naissance n'a pas été prévu, mais tout de même votre la création a été façonné par l'amour et plus certainement de la part de votre père dont le cœur a été rompu lorsque, par la bigoterie et le racisme lui a refusé l'accès à vous et jamais permis dignement la possibilité d'assumer loin moins jouer le rôle de papa que les deux biologiquement et était moralement son droit d'être. Cinquante ans plus tard vous êtes un parent dans votre propre droit et de savoir clairement ce qu'il est comme à donner naissance, avoir une famille aimante de votre propre par quelqu'un qui vous aimer, fermement dans la connaissance que personne ne pouvait avoir osé faire pour leur père, depuis vous auriez jamais laissez-les, ce que votre les grands-parents de sorte cyniquement fait en ce qui concerne de votre papa.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 Janvier 2014.

Déclaration de l'auteur:

Joyeux anniversaire Wendy Louise! D'abord publié il ya deux ans le 25 Janvier 2014 pour honorer et célébrer votre 50e anniversaire ce poème est toujours un rappel poignant que vous êtes toujours pensé beaucoup et sera toujours!

Stanley Collymore

# Let It Be!

Don't ask me to say or express in any way something that I don't feel or want to be a part of however much that might alleviate the need on your part to have me do so. For I can only act in accordance to how my conscience dictates and, regrettably, this is not a situation where I can ignore it and accede to your wishes; and furthermore I don't really want to.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Let's Keep Things In Perspective

Don't overdo it when you say you love  
me, as I don't want a performance  
of any kind; instead, let your  
actions serve as your mouthpiece,  
for that's the language I understand far  
better than any number of fancy words  
which say nothing and mean even  
less in actuality, because when  
looked at carefully they're  
so absolutely absurd.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# Let's Give It A Go. It Could Very Well Be The Making Of Us!

By Stanley Collymore

Come on; you must deep inside know perfectly well what I really want from you! For contrary to your distanced stance towards me and what you may even publicly think, it's you: the individual who I've come to love, respect and would very much like to share the rest of my life with - if you'll have me that is - that's uppermost in my mind. Therefore, it isn't just your body that I'm after - as you obviously, erroneously and, dare I say, suspiciously suspect me of - although to be quite honest with you it's neither fair on me, nor would I be at all inclined to consider it as such for either of us to hastily or totally rule out that aspect of any personal relationship between us and that appears to be troubling you. So what do you say then to you and me getting together, real personal-like, to physically explore, mutually coordinate and satisfyingly cement that promising possibility? I know that I'd dearly love for that to happen, and thus be granted the opportunity by you to initiate without any fuss what I can guarantee you will be a most exciting and an unreservedly pleasurable and unforgettable experience for both of us!

© Stanley V. Collymore

15 June 2014.

Observation:

One should never conscionably beg for love or anything remotely associated with it, since to do so is quite demeaning. The same principle, I believe, should also apply to unbridled lust irrespective of how eager that one is to have that specific need urgently satisfied or is inclined to believe that their physical needs must be met. Using flattery though, no matter how honestly or disingenuously it is applied, is well within the rules of the mating game however.

Stanley Collymore

# Lip Service

A genuine apology for an injustice which one has caused and whose disastrous consequences for the person wronged the wrongdoer fully understands and seriously wants to make full amends for is a highly commendable thing, but apologizing merely for lip service with no real intention of actually accepting the harm that one has done and because the wronged person isn't of the same mindset as the perpetrator and therefore such behaviour is totally alien to that person's character is no apology worth its salt, and should not only be roundly dismissed by the victim involved but also under no circumstance at all ever be accepted.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Lisa Martin, Whistleblower And Femme Extraordinaire!

You are the conscience of the nation; someone instinctively imbued with a committed sense of duty not only to the well-being of your fellow citizens but also to the intrinsic principles which undeniably characterize and shape the fundamental structures of what genuinely constitutes and successfully sustains a truly vibrant and civilized society.

In other words what's evidently and unquestionably right and must therefore be wholeheartedly encouraged, enthusiastically fostered, vigorously reinforced and fully embraced for the overall benefit of us all and the good of ourselves, to be pitted unrelentingly and unashamedly at all times against acts of wrongdoing and the wrongdoers themselves that perpetrate these perverse and societal ills with their intractable tendencies to seriously undermine the essential cohesion and, if allowed to, even blight the very fabric of our respective societies and communities, and who should be on our constant watch list to confront and expose for what they actually are.

And you Lisa Martin have admirably demonstrated the authentic characteristics and moral fibre of what being a genuinely concerned, self-effacingly courageous, altruistic, unmistakably conscionable and thankful for everyone of us who fully recognize, respect and share your laudable goals in life, the unquestionably remarkable human being that you are, who must unreservedly be saluted not only for your worthy endeavours but equally as well

and crucially too for being  
who and what you are, and importantly also not  
in anyway being apologetic for any of that.  
While for my part I unhesitatingly take  
this opportunity tell you so, to thank  
you, and unequivocally and also  
unreservedly commend you  
for what you bravely but  
likewise honestly did!

Stanley Collymore

# Living With Diabetes The Silent But Implacable Killer

By Stanley Collymore

It's depressingly cold, densely foggy and absolutely freezing and my feet are literally killing me with pain and furthermore are virtually driving me insane. Nothing to do with the weather what's going on actually, since like the rest of my body I made quite sure before leaving home this morning that they were properly taken care of and unquestionably cosy and warm in the comfortable shoes that I'm wearing. So what's the problem then I hear you questioning and why am I really complaining? Quite relevant, I freely admit, the question that you're asking; but it's medical with me you see as in actuality I'm a long-standing sufferer of Type 2 diabetes.

Yes my conscientious and very much on the ball doctor has from the outset prescribed me with all the requisite medication I need and which I routinely take for my established medical condition, while additionally, as determined by the extremely charming and methodically professionally knowledgeable GP practice, diabetic nursing sister who I often and confidently see, as guided by her I unwaveringly monitor my blood sugar situation daily, and furthermore every eight weeks or so my similarly adorable and exceedingly professional podiatrist in her thoroughgoing and proficient manner that's so emblematic of her affable and engaging nature diligently attends to any pesky symptoms I might have and need to be catered for or any residual work requiring to be done. Even so life's such a bitch that even with the very best will or intentions in the world of either myself or others it nevertheless has it appears, to periodically and perversely embark

on exasperating and  
infuriating glitches  
like that which at  
the moment I'm  
experiencing!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 January 2017.

Author's Remarks:

There is no doubt that diabetes in both its forms: type 2 the more common one and type 1, and despite the sterling efforts on the part of organizations in Britain, one wishes that the same resolute commitment not only in financial terms but also in numerous other evidently practicable ways were also invested by consecutive UK regimes but which manifestly hasn't been the case, but instead is an ongoing and utterly despicable situation that both conscionably and urgently needs to be attended to, and especially when these same regimes not only disingenuously imply but also publicly and dishonestly say that there is no money available to invest in vital counteractive measures like diabetes treatment coupled with the eradication of this disease and other illnesses that imperil the health, welfare and future prospects of the average British citizen or UK resident but nevertheless can and do without any scruples or hesitation liberally and willingly shell out shed-loads of money for useless and empire throwback imperialistic and colonist adventures that are themselves exacerbated by the obscene and hubristic purchase by the impracticability in their usage of nuclear systems like Trident, that only wreak consummate misery on millions of innocent civilians worldwide.

That diabetes is significantly triggered and further exacerbated globally by propagandized and self-serving financial interests foisted on a worldwide community by irresponsible and corrupt multinational corporations and their associates involved in crops mutation, the growing of them and their distribution and with all sectors of these lucrative and exploitatively embarked on procedures exclusively owned and controlled by a small coterie of utterly unconscionable, totally lowlife scum and attendant with that graspingly avaricious multi-billionaires who the more that they fleece the global population financially the more they greedily want, I have no doubt whatsoever in my mind on this and the other calamities that these dubious specimens calling themselves human beings callously inflict on everyone, it must be said, so long as there's money in it to be made and garnered in dumper-truck loads for these consummately Zionist-Nazi pimps.

For centuries and even millennia global communities and countries have lived healthy and productive lives in which they grew their crops naturally, fed the animals on which they relied on in the same way and knew precisely what it was that they were ingesting into their stomachs, and as such and especially in thoroughly sensible countries like Barbados - which assiduously and quite harmoniously with Nature routinely employed and benefited enormously from these harmonious procedures - that per population as in Barbados' case has the most centenarians anywhere in the world carry on with their tried and tested solutions to a happy individual, eating life and happy life. But unfortunately in many other countries the culture of greed and making a quick buck has asininely interceded and thoroughly screwed up many innocent lives as a result. And it's not only diabetes but also many varieties of cancer that as a consequence of these unedifying and totally materialistic measures which are now savagely plaguing not just a few countries but humanity globally.

So why don't you, and especially those of you in Britain, use your loaves and the brains you're supposedly born with, although I personally doubt that very much going by your overall, rather stupid and manifestly brain-dead behaviour and instead of hubristically and unthinkingly lending your idiotic weight to the insane purchase of expensive and useless military toys for the personal aggrandizement and greater financial empowerment of those that own and abusively control the military industrial complex aided and assisted by their political lackeys, get a grip on yourselves and do something truly constructive in terms of helping top rid of not only in Britain but also the rest of the world of what I honestly believe are curable diseases? And while you may flatter yourself that neither you nor anyone close to you is a sufferer of diabetes or any of the malignant cancers, that's fine now; but can you honestly say with certainty what will happen to you or them in the long-term or even more crucially the imminent future?

Stanley Collymore

# Long-Awaited Summer

You are the long-awaited summer,  
which I'd always hoped for  
in my life - blighted for  
far too long by the  
harsh winter  
of despair!

Stanley Collymore

# Loudmouth!

The classic loudmouth is someone that  
gives a private undertaking not to  
divulge something then goes  
to great lengths to make  
sure that it's publicly  
known; someone  
very much like  
you in fact!

Stanley Collymore

# Love At First Sight Can Be Rather Overrated But This One Isn't!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm small enough to genuinely care yet big enough to appropriately cope; but neither the intensity nor the immense nature of the love that I intensely feel for you is in any way formed on speculation, wishful thinking or the desperation of forlorn hope but rather on the solid foundation of truthfully knowing that I've found in you my soul mate: someone who I know I can cherish, esteem, share my confidences with and noticeably ardently and abidingly love. And that's precisely how I want it to be as I'm most confident you do too. So let's celebrate this fortuitous and precious meeting between us as we warmly welcome the onset of our new romance while jointly essentially doing everything that we positively can to make absolutely certain it has a fighting chance!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 August 2016.

## Author's Comments:

Amidst all the political turmoil and controversies there are in Britain, the death, destruction and mayhem that currently seems to envelop the world and sickeningly so is premeditatedly undertaken, thankfully one thing remains constant for all sane people that is, and it's love.

And I've no doubt in my mind that when the mass murderers, warmongers,

perpetrators of war crimes and crimes against humanity, the obsessively avaricious and the other lowlife scum that both infest and infect this earth that we're obliged to share with them have all gone love will still persist as a beacon of sanity for those who are fortunate to remain.

And so this poem is for all those who still have faith and confidence in the ability of love to be the healing balm for the wrongdoing inflicted on humanity by the evil morons who currently seem to control our planet; as well as being a bulwark against even worst atrocities that these loathsome reprobates, if given half a chance, would further mete out to the rest of humanity.

Stanley Collymore

# Loveliness Splendidly Interwoven With Natural Sophistication

By Stanley Collymore

You are undoubtedly a very erudite and attractive lady with a charming vivacity and hypnotic personality that are markedly impressive and thoroughly appealing and with all three of these very substantive qualities a visual feast to behold and fulsomely appreciated regardless of whether they're separately or jointly evaluated, since to the observant eye they're nevertheless thrillingly and inescapably harmonized by a natural, absolutely delectable and quite stimulating femininity in which you are rather enchantingly and pleasurably adorned; and for these and other veritable reasons mark you out as the quintessentially beautiful and a correspondingly and unquestionably in every feasible way a genuine cultured and cultivated woman!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 September 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

It has long ceased to be a source of amazement although it continuously still remains one of risible amusement to and utter disdain for me that the average Brit of all races, and in the 21st Century, is incredibly totally incapable of recognizing and appreciating what a genuine compliment and one moreover specifically given in the most altruistic of circumstances actually is, far less so

how to deal appropriately and effectively with such a compliment when it's rendered. And this is manifestly evident of British women of all age groups and social backgrounds and particularly so if that compliment emanates from a man.

Hardly surprising I must confess in view of the distinctly confused, bewildering and aberrant &quot;gender&quot; classifications now prevalent in the UK and which have for some considerable time now been officially, arbitrarily, concertedly, quite idiotically but predictably self-servingly - considering the plethora of Dykes, Queers, Paedophiles and other lowlife political and other sexual deviants with power and influence within the United Kingdom who're driving this particular and sickening agenda of theirs - propagandistically and loathsomely foisted on what I still regard, and will continuously carry on doing so, as the two distinct sexes created by the Almighty God or Nature if you so prefer and are a convinced atheist!

And in predictably run and Reality TV &quot;celebrity&quot; fashion emulated, poorly informed, short attention span and unthinking for themselves general public comprising sick societies and countries like Britain - and what's more both asininely and thoroughly proud of their endemic stupidity - where guile, deceit, vile hypocrisy, tangible dishonesty extraordinaire, rampant double standards, glaringly mindboggling propagandistic puerilities that would instantaneously and contemptuously be dismissively eschewed by any seven year old child from a truly civilized country like Germany, and many other such calamities besides are now deeply ingrained in and laid bare across the ubiquitous British landscape - politically, socially and economically - and furthermore are then ludicrously and/or fraudulently passed off as appealing and even worthy characteristics, which in reality they most certainly aren't! And consequently to all intelligent and discerning individuals fully aware of this British and most especially English malady it comes as no surprise then that in Britain there's no welcome of any kind let alone any room for virtuous actions like well-meaningly paying genuine and unprompted compliments.

So in that respect I resolutely desist from doing so, outside of the exceptions I've earlier given that is, when it comes to persons within Britain; for to stupidly depart from that judiciously self-imposed restriction and without giving it serious consideration would be tantamount in my opinion to the Biblical injunction of not casting pearls before swine. In Germany I have no such constraints on myself nor have I ever had any, equally none have ever been put on me as Germans: males and females alike and of all age groups don't need to be told what a compliment is as it's instinctively ingrained in them, nor for that matter do they require any instructions on how to graciously respond to one when it's given even when the person giving the compliment is a stranger; so I've no problem

complimenting either or both of the two sexes in Germany or writing poems inspired by them which I then either hand to them or electronically transmit to them after we've voluntarily exchanged personal details.

As in those instances the poems are elaborately configured with graphics and a unique colour scheme; distinctively laid out and personalized with the recipient's first name embedded in the said poem. And those who live near me or that I'm likely to run into subsequently on a regularly basis I present them with a framed version of the poem; and it doesn't matter what marital status the individual is as they instinctively know that my gesture is not some sexual "come on" or cheap chat up escapade on my part. And it's not only in Germany as I've had similar positive responses in other countries I've visited over the years and have even formed some worthwhile friendships as a direct result of these complimentary encounters and friendly exchanges.

The expected and customary response would be totally different in Britain I assure you and has even sparked a barbed response from my German partner and some of her friends when the subject cropped up with them knowing I was writing this latest poem of mine, as I'd told them about my plan to do so and anyway they all of them take a keen interest in my work, and what the subject matter was about, that it was the height of irony they concluded that British women who're notorious for dropping their knickers to all and sundry at the drop of a hat when on holiday abroad while acting as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths when at home, and British men mostly of the white Caucasian hue who're among the world's most inured child sex offenders particularly when they too are abroad, and both sets of them residing in a country, the UK, with the highest levels of bastardy and underage pregnancies in the so-called developed world, temporarily setting aside their other activities of and propensity for national debauchery: Queerism, Dykeism and Paedophilia principally among them, should be putting on such outlandish airs and graces as they do when it comes to someone genuinely paying them a compliment and who they probably don't like or fancy, while at the same time idiotically and narcissistically assuming that all such persons, and particularly men, primary and sole motive is to shag them! And frankly that such idiotic and self-centred Brits should in all earnestness get a grip of themselves! My response to these German ladies astute evaluation of such brainless Brits? A categorical QED from me!

However, there are a few rare occasions when my good nature and instinctive gut reaction combined and working in unison with each other have jointly persuaded me to let down the drawbridge of my circumspection when it comes to British women and the delivery of any kind of compliment to them; and this penned version in the form of this now proffered poem: "Loveliness

splendidly interwoven with natural sophistication&quot; is one of them!

Stanley Collymore

# Loving You Doesn't Necessarily Mean That I Also Like You!

By Stanley Collymore

Alright, so I'm in love with you; but to be equally honest I don't particularly like you. For what I emotionally and, I must also stress, involuntarily feel for you and categorize as love I have no control over and am simply a vulnerable hostage to it, even though I've repeatedly done my level best to rein in and sought with the utmost earnestness to permanently put an end to this intolerable situation that I find myself in, albeit and regrettably I must concede having been exceptionally unsuccessful so far in that specific endeavour.

In marked contrast were I to like you that state of affairs would of itself be an entirely different ball game, the rules of which are pretty straightforward and very unlikely, if ever, to be either influenced or even skewed by largely irrational and quite often inexplicable emotions that in the case of love, customarily as well as infuriatingly, have the habit of getting in the way of logical decision-making. As a result the level playing field that would accordingly result from this discerning approach to evaluating matters of the mind through liking someone encouragingly then becomes a much more realistic and sensible way of actually dealing with affairs of the heart.

That unfortunately isn't a credible scenario where you and I are concerned, and therefore I'd like to suggest that we both, out of a deserved integrity to ourselves as individual human beings if not from any sense of duty or common decency

to all those who've not only plausibly fallen  
in love but also genuinely like the person to  
whom that love is freely entrusted, do the  
proper thing and permanently dispense  
with this farce of a relationship that  
maintains its stranglehold on me,  
and which sensibly and with  
hindsight, from both our  
true perspectives, we  
should never have  
embarked on  
in the first  
place!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Lust Artfully Masquerading As Love Is Lamentably A Potent Aphrodisiac For Many!

By Stanley Collymore

Why should I now, of all occasions, start believing a solitary word you're presently saying to me, when throughout the entirety of this personal relationship that you and I have been intimately engaged in you've never once, as I've subsequently and most hurtfully found out, told me the truth about anything; and your demonstrably pathological lying: transparently endemic, systematic in every respect and, furthermore, very symptomatic of a serious character failing on your part, I suspect, is to say the very least on this rather dispiriting and unpleasant subject matter quite embarrassing for me?

For to be absolutely frank with you this odd behaviour of yours wasn't something that I expected from someone who I happened to fall deeply and passionately in love with in the way I had done with you; and who seemingly, both keenly and of her own volition, optimistically assured me with every pulsating emotion you could possibly muster that the love I unequivocally had and furthermore so positively demonstrated for you was equally conjoined, you winningly imparted to me, with your own indefatigably strong, reciprocally transmitted and solidly committed love decisively possessed of a longevity of its very own. How on earth then I ask myself couldn't I have seen this coming or, more to the point,

possibly have  
gotten it all  
so terribly  
wrong?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 December 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# Lying, Murdering Scum!

Murderous intent

How does it feel to take the life of  
someone else; to coldly bring to a  
violent and abrupt end millions  
of years of evolution which  
resulted in that particular man or  
woman: an embodiment of dreams,  
hopes, aspirations and ambitions;  
all undone in a matter of seconds?  
Is it really worth it; to destroy  
all that in one mindless and  
irreversible act spurred  
on by untrammelled  
racial hatred?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 February 1998.

Black Skin

By Stanley Collymore

Ridiculed and scorned it was you  
That gave me the inspiration  
To carry on – for in their  
Intense hatred of you,  
Your foes revealed  
Also their innate  
Fear of you!

Stanley Collymore

# Lyingly Honest!

By Stanley Collymore

You're a liar and a cheat! But interestingly enough from the very onset of our relationship and despite your full awareness and total acceptance of how profoundly opposed I am to such behaviour you've never sought to hide your personal conduct from me, or ever attempted to portray it in ways that would either ameliorate what you're doing far less justify why you've wilfully chosen to act in such a manner.

And that's rather strange and somewhat difficult for me to comprehend; for liars and cheats are by their own nature intuitively highly secretive in the way that they usually go about their normal business and if forced, however temporarily so, to deviate from this to operate in the public arena are invariably quite mendacious in their performances to say the least.

So I thank you for your continuous openness with me, and must confess that in marked contrast to many of the so-called upright citizens and alleged law-abiding individuals that I know or hear about you're undoubtedly, I guess, one of the most straightforward and honest persons that there is.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
26 September 2013.



# Lynda Bellingham Worthily And Fondly Remembered!

By Stanley Collymore

Life can at times be such a vexatious conundrum  
periodically testing our mettle and always  
checking to see if we can properly  
cope with what it presents us  
with or even efficiently  
deal with them while  
firmly chiding us for either squandering  
the opportunities that it sends our  
way or else through our short-  
sightedness and evident  
inability to think beyond the present day that we  
find ourselves in ignoring them altogether,  
because such an attitude is a lot easier  
to readily adjust to and rather  
regrettably does often for  
some tend to carry  
great sway.

Either way Life's ventures do set a tangible, quite  
positive, as well as a durable benchmark whose  
challenges, presented as such, we're then  
left at liberty to willingly take on  
board or otherwise voluntarily  
dispense with in the full  
knowledge that whatever choices we  
decisively opt for and of our own  
volition do make are the ones  
best suited to meet and  
properly fulfil our  
most personal  
ambitions.

And throughout your consummately gratifying,  
tremendously fascinating, spiritedly  
courageous in the face of death  
and commendably diverse  
life as an accomplished

actress, loving mother and devoted wife,  
you've undoubtedly been the truest  
epitome of what's inherently the  
very best in us mere mortal  
human beings, Lynda  
Bellingham!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 October 2014.

Author's Condolence:

In thankful appreciation for the wondrous joy and inner satisfaction that you instinctively and artlessly brought to so many millions of us Lynda, interposed with the humility which you so commendably inspired in countless others as you stoically accepted, courageously and uncomplainingly faced up to, and with not even a hint of self-pity made light of and even unaffectedly embraced the inevitability of your impending death.

Truly a remarkable inspiration as well as a phenomenal role model to us all who already miss you sorely, will continue to do so, and enduringly make sure for the rest of our own mortal lives that you'll be fondly remembered; so no goodbyes, just a heartfelt farewell from me.

With that in mind and together with all the many millions who loved you individually and cherished your amazing charisma and abilities I extend the fervent wish that you rest in eternal peace, Lynda in the firm awareness on our part that you'll equally and just as successfully brighten up your permanent celestial home every bit as you did your temporary and earthly one.

Notwithstanding that, I'd additionally like to express my deepest and sincerest condolences to your immediate family members and closest friends for their sad loss.

Lynda Bellingham: Born 31 May 1948 died 19 October 2014; age 66 years.  
Occupation: Broadcaster, Actress, Author.

Stanley Collymore

# Mae Datrysiad Synhwyrol I'r Pos Lluosflwydd Coition Ddibwrpas Sydd Wedyn Yn Cael Ei Gymysgu Â Chariad!

Gan Stanley Collymore

Rwyf bob amser yn gwybod, ac mewn gwirionedd o'r eiliad gyntaf un a welais chi, eich bod yn ddiamheuol bod un arbennig iawn i mi. sut ddim Gwn fod â sicrwydd argyhoeddiadol o'r fath? eithaf syml mewn gwirionedd; a dyma sut! Fy Nain fam: a graff iawn, ddeallus iawn. drylwyr cariadus mewn yr ystyr traddodiadol absoliwt a chyfanswm ystyro'r gair a accomplishedly bydol wraig ddoeth ac yn bragmataidd, yn fwriadol ac mwyaf prescient gyda meddwl pan fyddaf yn mynd i mewn fy flynyddoedd glasoed Roedd o safbwyntgwybodus iawn ar ei ran, a gan fod y ddau ohonom yn galonnog mewn ymateb i'w sylwadau, argraff heb os ac yn argyhoeddiadol arnaf, ddirdynnu fyrbwyll mewn i dagrau o chwerthin a os yw fy nghalon, fy mhen ac roedd fy pidyn yn y un unol cytunwyd conjointly o ran materion rhamant bersonol dylwn ddibetrus ond er hynny yn graff yn cymryd y cyfle neu rhoi cyfle i ymchwilio i'r posibilrwydd gwirioneddolo gymryd rhan gyda'r person hwnnw. Fodd bynnag, o dan unrhyw amgylchiadau os yw'r rhain tri endidau hollbwysig: mae fy pidyn, fy nghalon a fy mhen, yr olaf drwy y gyfadran fy ymennydd, nid oedd yn ddi-fai sync â'i gilydd dylwn realistig i ymatal ofalus rhag dybio ei fod Roedd osod addas ei ben ei hun cymryd clyfar i mewn i fy mywyd personol y fenyw fel cariad llawer llai felly fel gwraig!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 Mawrth 2017.

Awduron Sylwadau:

Hoffwn ddiolch tragwyddol a graslon i chi Nain am fod y pennaeth a'r mentor offerynnol ddylanwadol, mynwesol, ffrind parhaol, consoler ar adegau o straen neu anawsterau yn fy mywyd personol a'r ymgynghorydd consummate chi yn unol â hynny bob amser wedi bod i mi. Rhywun sydd wedi bod bob amser ac yn barod yno i mi ac yn benodol pryd bynnag yr wyf yn ei angen i chi fwyaf a phwy wyf nid yn unig yn gwybod y gallwn i gyfrif ddibynadwy ar chi, ond dim ond byddai mor assuredly byth yn gadael i mi i lawr. A dim ond ychydig o filiynau o ddim ond rhesymau fy mod ddwfn ac mae'r rhan fwyaf yn frwdfrydig caru chi.

Mae hyn i gyd-fynd yn ddeallusol ac yn synhwyrol gan gyngor clodwiw oddi eich bod bob amser wedi fy sefyll o fantais. Fel rhagrith a dwbl safonau mor gyffredin y dyddiau hyn erioed wedi bod eich beth na'r math o bethau y byddai chi erioed yn cael unrhyw lori gyda; ac nid ydynt â'm rhai gael bob amser yn cael yr athro rhagorol yn chi i mi arwain a bod gennych bob amser wedi bod i amlinellu yn synhwyrol ac yn wrthrychol yr hyn y drygau ganseraidd a malaen yn ei olygu.

Felly, diolch i chi am Nain aruthrol cynorthwyo i wneud fy mywyd hyn y mae'n ei bod wedi cael ei gyfoethogi llawer gan yr holl ydych wedi ei wneud i mi, ac felly fy ngalluogi i fod yn berson hyderus a hunan-sicr, yn broffesiynol ac yn bersonol yn fy mywyd preifat, trwy eich ymdrechion sterling, cariad a defosiwn yr wyf wedi dod yn ddiolchgar.

Stanley Collymore

# Mahmoud Ahmadinejad – Iconic And Truly Inspirational!

By Stanley Collymore

We've never met but even so I feel that I know you ever so well, because empathetically we're on the same plane; a situation reinforced by the consummate respect that your sterling character multiple qualities and abundant skills give rise to and have themselves solidified in me.

The world desperately needs more people and largely inspirational leaders like you Sir that in terms of intellectual acumen, leadership, commonsense, human compassion, foresight, fortitude and the morality to stand up undauntedly for truth, not specious motives, and what intuitively you know and crucially believe to be right, ably can and do rise above the fray to straddle like a gargantuan Colossus the petty, small-minded and Lilliputian political dwarfs who with their bizarre notions of cultural and racial superiority feel that they have an inalienable right to rule mankind.

This risibly to an Iranian like yourself, of all people Sir, who knows, as do all other prescient-minded individuals globally, that were Iran to unlikely even do so, what it blithely chooses to forget in terms of its millennia old civilization and cultural heritage these quite brash, vacuous and totally irremediable western upstarts: not liberators just glorified murderers, have yet to acquaint themselves with let alone master. So as

your Presidency draws to  
its close, rest assured Sir  
of your legacy to  
mankind; and  
thank you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 June 2013.

Footnote:

From time to time, but regrettably not often enough, there appears on the international stage a truly global figure whose honesty, integrity and refreshingly constructive approach to world affairs makes one positively sit up and think; and all thankfully for the better.

Mahmoud Ahmadinejad is such a person! Now as his second and equally successful term of office as President of the Islamic Republic of Iran comes to its close, I personally want to pay tribute to his tenacity and overall legacy, as well as to say to him: "God bless you Sir; I wish you all the very best for the future, and express my sincerest thanks and utmost gratitude to you for all that you've done.

Dr. Stanley Collymore  
Tuesday 11 June 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Make This Promise To Yourself!

I'll lift my eyes up to the stars and venture  
to attain my genuine ambitions, but in  
doing so I won't ever allow myself  
to be blinded by pointless daydreams or  
unrealizable expectations, assuredly  
always keeping both feet firmly  
planted on the ground; in the  
full and quite comforting knowledge  
that if my yearned for ambitions  
aren't to be realized first time  
round I can then always and sensibly,  
learning from the mistakes that  
I've consciously or perhaps  
unintentionally made,  
be more preparedly  
capable in the  
future to start  
all over  
again!

Stanley Collymore

# Marital Un-Bliss!

It beats the hell out of me really why you ever  
bother to come home at all, for when you  
do you obviously have no time for me  
just as you keep saying that the  
kids get on your nerves and  
never afford you any  
peace of mind or  
tranquillity.

What's more, when you're actually here all  
you ever do is loaf around on the settee,  
stuff your face with burgers and chips,  
smoke like a demented chimney  
while additionally guzzling  
down umpteen cans of  
beer repeatedly.

Which evidently begs the obvious question:  
"What on earth ever possessed you to get  
involved in matrimony in the first  
place and, more importantly,  
with someone like me? "

For realistically we've nothing positive  
going on between us, no suitable life  
together or any kind of meaningful  
social intercourse really worth  
speaking about; that's why  
I want out and shall, of  
course, be filing for  
a quick divorce!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 May 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Marry Me!

By Stanley Collymore

I most readily and cheerfully confess to my having a wholly uncontrollable urge to marry you, and ever more so since I realized that the intense passion you've managed to inevitably generate in me is quite literally driving me crazy and, as a manifest and robust consequence of this, I've unmistakeably, unavoidably and likewise, in every other conceivable way, and not the slightest remiss in dutifully tackling this matter without unwarranted delay, I am enraptured to say, have satisfyingly and forever completely, it's true, intensely fallen in love with you.

And when you charmingly told me that that is exactly how you also feel about me too, seriously, what other option could an exceptionally fortunate man, truthfully unable to believe his extraordinary luck honourably do in such fortuitous circumstances when richly gifted with what's unquestionably, as you've always been, a most phenomenal woman; other than to carefully listen to and then take maximum understanding of that perceptive and utterly persuasive voice within, and euphorically entreat of you, the supreme gratification of his life, to award him the best distinction ever and become his wife.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 September 2017.

### Author's Remarks:

In the earlier draft version of this poem and the accompanying article edition, I had initially contemplated entitling both versions of them: "Irreversible in love with you! " but after much consideration on my part and a most astute contribution on hers in a subsequent discussion on the matter with my female German Partner, we favourably, convivially, satisfactorily and not extraordinarily amorously came to the definitive conclusion that this shorter, unequivocal and impactful title: "Marry Me" was most appropriate given the specific circumstances that the clearly besotted lover in the poem was in.

And, of course, that particular statement leaves no room for equivocation or any scope for misunderstanding. So please don't use this poem or the article to anyone whom you think is having the same impact on you unless, I would advise, that your intentions are both serious and honourable. And with that in mind I wish you all the luck in the world in what you may well decide to embark upon.

Stanley Collymore

# Maya Angelou - Thanks For Everything!

By Stanley Collymore

You were indefatigably the inspirational, tremendously comforting and consistently reassuring beacon that ceaselessly and enlighteningly shone into the individual and collective lives of many, providing the incandescent light that brilliantly illuminated what would otherwise have been the inky blackness of night that pervasively enveloped the treacherous rocks around them in a churning sea of despair and forlorn hopelessness.

Acute dangers that were themselves attendant with the accursed indifference to and the wilful marginalization by the rich, the powerful and the influential totally unconcerned about the wellbeing of the rest of us, along with the numerous other premeditated wrongdoings routinely occasioned by every luckless individual, and gratuitously inflicted on all of them by the actions of inveterate foes for their own selfish gratification and utter greed.

Chillingly unbearable heartaches - unmistakably and decidedly detrimental and with distinctly deleterious effects on their lives; but which your intuitive discernment, personal experiences and committed involvement persuasively but

radically helped to change  
much of that for the better. And  
therefore for that, and a great  
deal more Maya Angelou, those who  
were personally affected, in common  
with the rest of the conscionable  
world, are eternally grateful to  
you, will forever be in your  
debt, and thank you  
immensely for  
what you  
did.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 May 2014.

Quote by Maya Angelou:

“Never make someone a priority when all you are to them is an

Stanley Collymore

# Meaningful Change Of Any Sort Begins Within Ourselves!

By Stanley Collymore

You obviously don't know me for we haven't properly met or been formally introduced to one another even though we've seen each other around for some time now and, as such, there's always the possibility I assume that like many in our overcautious and, at its most extreme, paranoid society you might even subliminally be overly wary of strangers like me, particularly those who're perceived as the proverbial Greeks bearing and what's more distributing unasked for gifts to those who didn't expect them; and who can blame you with the world addictively and perilously hooked, as it quite evidently is, on the worst aspects of human nature?

But even so everyone of us, if we've truly a mind to, can do our bit to change all that by simply rationalizing, containing and ultimately eradicating those personal fears that trigger and intuitively, in many respects, needlessly serve as the catalyst for and add to the bedrock of disquiet that collectively many of you are convinced is the source of our societal problems; and in doing so positively try instead to effectively reach out to our fellow man, be they the next-door neighbours or not, as our Divine Lord: the shared creator of us all, intended and still does that we should. And you my imposing stranger have I've sensed the competency to do just that.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 November 2013.

Observation:

It's a truth universally ignored that the vast majority of the difficulties which we find ourselves faced with and like moaning about are caused as a direct consequence of our own actions, wilfully or unthinkingly committed; a situation compounded either by our inability, unwillingness or stupidity to recognize or accept that fact. Think on it!

Stanley Collymore

# Medical Eugenicism, The New Affordable Fad Of The Privileged Elite Rich In Nazi-Zionist Britain!

By Stanley Collymore

Eugenicists assiduously at work in the United Kingdom as they have been for decades now, going back to pre-World War II. Now no longer capable in the 21st century to assertively rationalize their delusional and white supremacism through inhumane and diverse acts of barbarism, sadistically and characteristically inflicted on allegedly inferior races and subject peoples universally, and in terms of these actions varying from the Transatlantic Slavery to ongoing activities of contemporary racism, they instead seek to embark on another deceitful ploy, to attempt at reinforcing their dwindling self-confidence, distinctly and grossly embroidered hubris and, incontrovertibly, the outright challenges presented to them from those they've previously and consistently debased as their victims in the genuine and emotionally charged superiority stakes, pertaining to human kind.

So why try to stop them, these endemically ingrained and demented fantasists, who, it's a safe bet to play, will inevitably get their natural and warranted comeuppance anyway? For Nature, as all sensible, sane and intelligent persons know, works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and most undoubtedly will always hit back in its inimitable way and time against these egotistical and self-serving wannabe deities; and, in this progression, address their own made, and Frankenstein-style monsters to pitilessly, understandably, as well as lethally maul them in impeccable irony

through their sick  
attitudinal and  
crazed stance  
towards life  
generally.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 August 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

They happily, these well-heeled and so-called privileged elites, send off at the most affordable opportunity and also at the earliest age possible to these exceedingly expensive private and boarding schools, in order to initiate and subsequently reinforce their sumptuously bought and paid for futures, these bevy of invariably cuckoldedly-produced children of theirs. Often as is the case the resultant outcome from totally weak, compliant and dimwittedly whored upon husbands by adulterous wives and the biological mums of these very children, or else through a mutually agreed understanding with their female spouses, in legal name only, by husbands whose azoospermic condition or more likely their Queer-dictated propensities masked by convenient but deceptive "conventional marriages" preclude or directly disqualify these men from physically adding to humanity's population tally by producing offspring of their own.

Yet ironically and even pathetically in their utterly fraudulent and vainglorious self-aggrandizement these husbands, openly and haughtily exuding all the classic traits of delusional narcissism, nevertheless, in their bizarre desire to be deemed as "macho males" boastfully undertake to characterize themselves as the biological dads of children whom they evidently father but, in reality, obviously didn't sire, nor realistically could they ever have done so.

Then with their sojourn at these expensive public schools at an end these essentially illiterate - you've only got to briefly listen to them speak and you'll quickly understand what I mean - distinctly ill-informed about all manner of world affairs, as well as markedly incompetent as regards everything they either try to undertake or actually do, head off automatically for the so-called prestigious universities of Oxford or Cambridge, where numerous places at these "privileged elite" institutions are customarily set aside for them.

And here at home, as it were, among the identical backgrounds of similarly privileged elite professors, dons, lecturers, tutors and the rest of them either

running or employed in the purportedly prestigious colleges that nepotistically and in typical cronyism fashion these &quot;educators&quot; are entrusted with, each new intake of rich, thoroughly spoilt and vainglorious addition, as all previous ones were, from these grossly and grotesquely discriminated in favour of expensive public schools, know perfectly well that during their drug-infested - cocaine is their preferred substance - stay at Oxford or Cambridge Universities, academic excellence or personal merit, even if these were achievable by this incorrigible bunch of intellectually impoverished retards which self-evidently they are not, aren't a priority, and never will be, as regards the &quot;attainment&quot; of their &quot;degrees&quot;, courtesy of the entrenched Queer, Dyke and paedophile-practising ring of academic staffers that these privileged public schools' undergraduates and even post-graduate students willingly prostitute their sexual favours with in return for their &quot;academic qualifications&quot;.

And now fully armed with these useless &quot;academic&quot; pieces of paper and a matching ability on their part in relation to their lack of competence, suitability for anything of significance, or of any beneficial good to their society, their wider communities specifically or humanity in general, however as is normally expected of them these new employment and generally head hunted recruits head off automatically to the influential and powerful world of finance: hedge funds, banking, insurance, the City of London incestuously-interlinked Cabals of corrupt and manipulative investments, the Stock Exchange and all the rest of them. Likewise, government created quangos, commercial multinational corporations, influential think tanks, high-ranking NHS directorships and other managing executive positions; top jobs in the Civil Service, and most especially so as part of the decidedly comical and ludicrously self-named First Division, and most notably too the Home Office; the top brass of the UK's military even though they're customarily consigned to deskbound jobs at the MoD and seldom, if ever, find themselves on frontline duties or put in harm's way. Then additionally there are fast track elevations through the judiciary, other law enforcement agencies and certain elements of the British police forces like the Metropolitan Police; and, of course, politics and government. Essentially, cornering every important segment of British society. And accounts for the inescapable air of distinctive incompetence and widespread mediocrity that inimically permeates virtually every aspect of purportedly conventional life across the entire spectrum of the United Kingdom.

But that said it's a state of affairs that in one way or another has been in continuous existence since the acquisition of an empire, of which it was routinely, hubristically and exaggeratedly boasted that the sun didn't set nor would God in his infinite wisdom ever allow that to be the case, that comprehensively

transformed the insignificant and essentially backwater European island of Britain into the global empire that it became, enabling these preposterous, long and deeply ingrained class prejudices to be codified into the ostentatious and detectably risible art form they've unmistakably become. And together with white British barbarism, imperialism, colonialism and invasive racism viciously directed against the native sons and daughters of these colonial countries formulated on Britain's part, its invidious culture of white superiority and naked supremacism against all others, and specifically so those who didn't and still don't look like them or have the same skin colour as themselves.

However, with the Empire finally gone and fortunately no realistic chance of it ever coming back, a redundant Britain, still unable to come to terms with its psychologically devastating loss, has enthusiastically like the clapped out whore it has allowed itself to become and ever keen to ingratiate itself, for a diversity of sick reasons, with Rogue State USA the since 1945 dominant pimp on the block, having initially thought that this was the only way to maintain its appurtenance as a pseudo-world power and correspondingly as an exclusive white racial entity, and most certainly so among its financially well-heeled and "privileged elites" have quite predictably taken to and are now in the process of enthusiastically embracing medical eugenicism as another desperate means on their part of attempting to reinstate their obsessive need to be regarded, and automatically respected by the lower classes and inferior races, as humanity's master race. Adolf Hitler and his Nazis, wherever they now are, must be pissing themselves with laughter. While those who sacrificed their lives for the advent of a better world must understandably be wondering what on earth was the point of it all.

Stanley Collymore

# Mein Kampf! The Unrivalled Solution To The Malignant Plague Of Yiddish Zionism.

By Stanley Collymore

Mein Kampf was the spiritual, psychological, societal and natural representation of the German people collectively, and the longed for regeneration of their dignity and pride in themselves once more after the intentionally humiliating terms, together with their coldblooded imposition, of the Treaty of Versailles settlement. And I see absolutely nothing wrong with that or the apportioning of blame appropriately to those who were principally responsible for occasioning this catastrophic state of affairs so callously, and quite noticeably in the most relentlessly collective punishment terms, somewhat heinously and in an utterly brusque and indifferent stance, handed out to the German nation.

And it's high time then for contemporary Germans and particularly all of their children, who are essentially the future of Germany, were thus straightforwardly told the honest truth about their own country and not the customary fantasy version that purports to be the incontestable veracity of what supposedly happened, and as a result is corruptly orchestrated, peddled and graspingly promulgated ad nauseum by the international cohorts of Yiddish Jewish Zionists and their of one

mind western, declared  
Christian evangelist  
collaborators, and  
manic obsessed  
Armageddon  
Crusaders.

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21 December 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

The several relevant articles that I've gone to great lengths to painstakingly publish today Monday 21 December 2015 prior to these specific tweets that will subsequently be followed by the poem that I've written for the occasion and is entitled: "Mein Kampf! The unrivalled solution to the malignant plague of Yiddish Zionism" and all of which can be seen on my personal twitter site

The poem referred to previously has come in the wake of the German government and the teaching associations here in Germany contemplating the unbanning of Hitler's autobiography Mein Kampf that is analogous to ludicrously shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted, for it's an open secret here in Germany that practically every German family has a private copy of Mein Kampf that was handed down to family members by parents or grandparents who were around at the time of its open and widespread popularity and were themselves also avid supporters of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich. From a personal perspective I've read it in its original German, the copy of a very close friend of mine whose father was a senior officer in the German Armed Forces during World War II and I can find nothing wrong with Mein Kampf; and unapologetically don't mind saying so.

However, Germany after the end of World War II was forced by the victors to do lots of things it shouldn't have been made to do and banning Mein Kampf was one of them to placate the Zionists. Now the German authorities want to reinstate it but for all the wrong reasons I think, as I don't believe it should ever have been banned; and these revolve around using Mein Kampf purportedly as a vehicle to stop extremist behaviour; conveniently overlooking the fact that it certainly wasn't Mein Kampf that initiated extremism in Germany in the first place but the humiliating Treaty of Versailles for one that was a major factor in this German equation. Anyway, here's my take on the issue.

Germany has much that on sober reflection it can by no means or proffered

excuses remotely feel proud about but these acts of inhumanity to others and heinous criminal activities generally pale into insignificance when set against the sadistic and entrenched barbarism of the United States of America, Britain France, Zionist apartheid Israel and Belgium for example, notwithstanding their own multitudinous and dastardly deeds with their own characteristic, longstanding and ongoing pernicious pedigree, nevertheless from the podium of their sanctimonious soapboxes still think they've an intrinsic, divine, exceptionalist and exclusive right to lecture other nations not only on how they should behave in every category relating to their own international and even their domestic activities but also are individually entitled to arrogate to themselves, reserve and utilize the right they accord themselves to determine how this is done as well as to arbitrarily punish any country that's out of favour with them and which they subjectively consider to be conducting itself in an errant fashion. And moreover do so with the unilateral and self-indulgent power that they grant to themselves and without ever perceiving it necessary to provide irrefutable proof that what they say has any basis of truth about it, that what they're doing is absolutely essential or has any legal foundations to it. A classic case in my view that people living in glass houses shouldn't asininely throw stones at other peoples' properties! Unfortunately however many western regimes including that of the United Kingdom are much too dumb to recognize the obvious.

Stanley Collymore

# Merely Fleshing Out Your Concerns!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm certainly not obese, maybe in retrospect just a little bit fat. But hey, come on, what's wrong with that? We can't all of us have hour glass figures you know, and even if desirous to be so just imagine how boring that would be if such an inclination were ever to turn into a dogmatic reality! Anyway, regardless of what you may think or say of me I personally prefer to be well-rounded, a bit meaty, and cuddlesome; and, furthermore, my thoughtful and very adoring man obviously agrees with me on that score, as he noticeably loves me being so you see. And, what's more, states unequivocally that my physical dimensions are indisputably an enormous turn on for him; that in turn doesn't half do a lot for me sexually.

Something, this extremely gratifying situation for him, he most categorically reckons, is evidently due to him physically having lots more of me to grab hold of when it comes down to the business end of things; you know what I mean! And which I can frankly tell you is decidedly an enormous and most energizing catalyst for me particularly when it involves my very thoroughly turned on erogenous system, psychologically as well as physically, and coupled with all matters pertaining to him. Consequently, providing that he enjoyably continues occasioning within me the copious cycle of multiple orgasms which are and delightfully have always been his time-honoured and dedicated habit, and doing so

with breathtaking dexterity and expertise,  
why on earth then should I care or else  
be frightened when people like you  
politely perceive me as obese or,  
more commonly and viciously  
on top of that, judgmentally  
berate me in your inured  
intolerance as outright  
repugnant or else as  
nauseatingly fat?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
23 December 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Obesity or fatness as it's also generally called can be occasioned by a number of different factors, some of these unavoidable others on the other hand distinctly preventable. In the first category of factors I've referred to, the transparently unavoidable ones, of their own accord but are also exacerbated in turn over the months and years of that individual sufferer's life.

The other category, the clearly preventable ones, can be directly attributed to a multiplicity of factors, among them a sedentary lifestyle comprised of bone idleness on the individual's part compounded by little or no exercise at all other than stuffing one's face with highly unsuitable, exceedingly fattening and non-nutritional junk food; routinely poor dieting, assuming of course that that word ever enters the culprit's lexicon of words; and, of course, an ongoing lifestyle coupled invariably with and plagued by entrenched poverty or social deprivation.

Notwithstanding the aforementioned however as well as other factors associated with them, it would be absolutely wrong to automatically assume that obesity or fatness is associated exclusively with one's educational background, race, class or the economic environment one happens to be in. Far from it! Since the anxiety factors associated with obesity or fatness have no specific delineation. But hey, despite the well-known health factors directly associated with being obese or discernibly fat, if you're absolutely comfortable with that state of affairs and also within yourself when it comes to obesity or fatness and you're neither posing nor presenting discernible problems to anyone, whose business is it but yours how you physically look?



# Miracle Worker, Gutsy Labtory Conqueror And Plain-Speaking Hero, Jeremy Corbyn!

By Stanley Collymore

The cynical and narcissistically contrived hubristic onward parade of the Labtory political predators, and schemingly grasping scavengers has thankfully and encouragingly been halted in its tracks; and in the wake of that the relenting thrust constituting the rigorous process by people like us of these Labtories looming eclipse is confidently most welcome; well aware in our conviction that eagerly and enthusiastically it will portend their decisive destruction that formally, earnestly, resolutely and rather beneficially in the end can now truthfully and with passion at last begin.

For in so doing the mass of caring, ethical and conscionable people long marginalized and their lives intentionally and disdainfully made a mess, can in this new, quite noble and entirely unique quest inspired by public solidarity and the cherished determination to reclaim their own personal dignity and respect for themselves have now mutually and freely joined forces with the trove of other, and for much too long, politically comatose that have finally woken up to the real and exciting possibilities before them, including the prospect of positively and informatively taking back their lives again and constructively living them as

they were  
meant to  
be.

Ditching with consummate ease and pride the burdensome tag of being dismissively caricatured as the long misused, the recurrently abused, and the deliberately ignored in our respective communities; or else simply as those that were constantly lured, like the Useful Idiots we evidently were, by political promises which were never intended to be conserved and accordingly found ourselves manipulatively, both literally and figuratively, taken for a ride – what a thoroughly maddening drag as we observably now know and in the bargain, and not to mince our unkind words, prominently, and very much so, also quite abhorrently and measurably absurd!

Now the impetus has dramatically changed and, encouragingly for us within our significantly dysfunctional communities, there has observably been an incredible sea change brought about by this previously unexpected but nevertheless enlivening and very welcome seminal transformation that has blissfully occurred within them, causing us to willingly choose and what's more collectively and voluntarily throw our personal lot in - while maturely assuming full responsibility in relation to matters directly shaping our daily lives and aspirations - with the inimitable, straight talking, a profoundly honest human being, and on the ball politician, Jeremy Corbyn!

© Stanley V. Collymore

7 September 2013.

Author's Remarks:

There's an old and wise Bajan saying that what sweetens rabbit's mouth eventually burns its backside.

Now you don't have to be a Bajan, as Barbadians affectionately call themselves, or be endowed with a genius IQ for that matter to work out the meaning of that statement; however if you happen to be your typical British dimwit, either endemically or manipulatively so, then of course you wouldn't have a clue as to what that Bajan saying means, and quite frankly it's not for complete morons like yourselves that I spend my time writing articles or posting tweets; as to be quite honest with you I really couldn't care what happens to you; you could fall off the face of the earth for all I care, and to be honest with you I'd rather that you distanced yourself from my sites in the same way as I would eschew the plague myself if it were still about. In short get lost! For I don't want nor need you! As my writing is not for the likes of you.

That said, that particular Bajan saying does epitomize what I'm about to say here. The Tory, Labtory and their fellow traveller scum that perfidiously infect Britain were beside themselves with glee when Jeremy Corbyn offered himself up as a candidate for the Labour Party leadership, even applauding themselves that once and for all his candidacy would demonstrate how out-of-touch these dinosaurian "Lefties" as they condescendingly refer to them, and most particularly so Jeremy Corbyn himself, and furthermore then dismissed everyone who sensibly doesn't subscribe their self-serving individualism, Zionist-Nazi, in favour of kissing and obsequiously shoving their heads willingly up the asses of the One Percenters, the big business conglomerates, multinational corporations, the hedge funds, criminal banks and parasitical banksters and, of course, the utterly demented, discernibly feral, psychopathic and conspicuously sociopathic controllers of the Military Industrial Complex – nest egg building politics that these sinister political nerds who sit in our UK parliament and their embedded media stenographers that ape them and propagandize their lying rhetoric as facts to a mind-bogglingly ill-informed and stupid British public at large that literally believes everything it's lyingly and dishonestly told.

We even had the decrepit, post-menopausal hag and "human" detritus Margaret Beckett cynically appending her name to the meagre list of parliamentary MPs that Jeremy Corbyn was able to scrape together to disingenuously on Beckett's

part give the utterly false impression that she and her Labtory slime balls are all in favour of democracy and diversity not only throughout the UK but also and most specifically in the Labour Party - that on reflection and close scrutiny of both instances they clearly aren't and you'd have to be totally brain-dead to swallow that load of twaddle and even worst believe it – and consequently Old Hag Beckett and others just as twisted like her mentally were thus giving Jeremy Corbyn a “fair and honest” chance to air his political views to party members – how bloody “generous” (?) of them – even if the likes of her and fellow travellers of her ilk within the interloping Labtory element of the Labour Party were, as they evidently are, diametrically opposed to his political perspective and proscription for a better Britain. Shouldn't people be subscribing to and honestly voting for what they actually believe in rather than dishonestly pretending otherwise?

While at the same time, these people, having a good laugh behind Jeremy Corbyn's back, since they were absolutely convinced, and also personally willed it to be so, that this most honest of men and the only honourable MP, in my view, in the entirety of parliament on both sides of the aisle would tragically for him and all other “Lefties” not only be soundly defeated in his Labour Party leadership bid but most certainly also in Hag Beckett's sick opinion and that of her likeminded Labtory ilk be massively humiliated in the process; confirming without doubt and self-congratulatory so for this said dubious specimen of a woman and the rest of her creepy morons that constitute and reinforce this foul stain of an unprecedented level of human faeces within British politics, just how “prized” and “vital” the odiously corrupt system of governance by all British mainstream parties is to the United Kingdom.

But to return once more to that wise Barbadian proverb they were dead wrong in their sick and distinctly twisted analysis with even Hag Beckett castigating and describing herself as a “Moron” – how right you are prized bitch but for all the wrong reasons – for signing Jeremy Corbyn's nomination papers as an MP to get him onto the ballot paper. And with the incomparable Jeremy Corbyn and his legion of supporters nationally who are Labour through and through but who over the years have been callously and cynically disenfranchised and marginalized by the criminal antics of mass murderers, crimes against humanity and war crimes perpetrators like Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Margaret Beckett and the rest of them that hijacked the Labour party and turned it into something that its founders as well as its myriad of contemporary supporters never envisaged or wanted it to become, realizing this massive sea change in Jeremy Corbyn's favour by honest people out there who espied a genuine and honest Labourite when they saw one and are prepared to put their heads above the parapet and support him, what do we find ourselves lumbered with from loathsome carpet-

bagging "supporters" of democracy, you guessed it; the employment of every trick in their prolific armoury of fraudulent practices to, by any means of skulduggery at their disposal, rob Jeremy Corbyn of his rightful victory.

But the political climate out here has changed dramatically, and let them try is all I have to say! In the meantime, to all you Jeremy Corbyn's supporters and well wishers nationally, I salute you and proudly say keep the faith; for our march has at last begun and is also irreversibly on its way! So a big thank you to all of you. YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SUPER!

Stanley Collymore

# Momentum: Thoroughly With It And A Truly Inspirational Phenomenon!

By Stanley Collymore

Non-flamboyantly confident, completely devoid of all traces of propagandistic garbage and grandstanding, sickeningly in your face hubris or any veneer of concertedly engineered and disingenuous equivocation so very commonplace among the coterie of today's self-absorbed and obsessively self-serving politicians in both institutions of the UK's main parliament: the House of Lords and the House of Commons, Momentum like a refreshing breeze on a discernibly muggy and utterly debilitatingly humid day has emerged rather welcomingly on the scene, spontaneously and quite timely to diligently facilitate the onset of and crucially coordinate as well the dire necessity for a wholly new kind of UK politics.

The kind that is mature, all-inclusive, intelligently thought out and impartially caters not only for the salient needs of all Britons who require its assistance but also those who choose of their own free will to be residents in our country, while intentionally and quite unapologetically abhorring as it purposefully at the same time distances itself from what has so consistently been the case in living memory and over several generations, as this can rightly be attributed to as commonplace, the distinctly discernible and

disproportionate advantage, almost to the point  
of exclusivity, of absolute partiality in favour  
of the already privileged elites constantly  
and eagerly fawned upon by brainless  
plebeian morons; and why it is that  
Momentum in a masterstroke of  
sheer genius and open-minded  
clarity has vibrantly emerged  
to be the prudent voice and  
an appreciative vehicular  
platform for optimistic  
and lasting change in  
Britain as well as an  
driving force to be  
reckoned with in  
absolute support  
of the People's  
Champion and  
a manifestly  
ethical man  
and caring  
politician  
JEREMY  
Corbyn!

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27 July 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Influentially inspired by the inimitable Jeremy Corbyn and powerfully reinforced by the absolutely sterling work and endeavours initiated by and assiduously and collectively as well as personally carried out by the astute, sensible and professional leadership and completely committed membership and grass root supporters of MOMENTUM, it's my utmost pleasure and great honour to fully dedicate this poem to all of you for what you're conscionably, conscientiously and appreciatively doing.

Namely, to make this Britain that we all love not only a better, fairer and a more just society for yourselves but equally as well everyone who's domestically residing in it and additionally and hopefully too enable the same to happen for the rest of the world's population that so desperately needs our help also.

And to this end and for all of you proudly associated with Momentum I earnestly and gratefully wish to say a wholehearted: "Thank you!" And optimistically implore you to carry on as you've begun, while through our individual and collective efforts doing our very best to make it possible to say a deservingly permanent goodbye to the non-empowerment era of yesteryear that regrettably is still fashionable among sections of our society who delusionally assume that they have an inalienable, unchallengeable and undemocratic right to enduringly rule our country as well as the rest of the world.

Stanley Collymore

# Money Is Our God And We'll Follow It Religiously Wherever It Leads; Even To Germany!

By Stanley Collymore

How sick can you be when throughout your selfish, pathetic, covetous and wholly self-serving lives you emphatically, disdainfully and gleefully condemn Germany - notwithstanding its present day unquestionable status in the harrowing aftermath of what was discernibly for it a most terrible internecine and highly disastrous European Civil War: you know the one which the victors of it vaingloriously did and their corresponding warmongering successors still carry on self-importantly referring to as World War II, and now an ultra-modern, and demonstrably principled as well as a markedly democratic country - as a pariah state to be keenly shunned, while its many and determined critics continue to fraudulently conceive, then quite deviously and propagandistically eagerly promote their purposely biased notions to nastily support their mendaciously contrived and lying assertions that Germany is still some kind of an inveterate Nazi-inspired nation with deep reactionary fascistic tendencies, or as an invented civilized country is neither fit to be living along with in a global community nor for that matter to be dealing with in the 21st Century!

Yet after all these critics' scheming, xenophobic and Brexit escapades creating in the process for them an unexpectedly turbulent situation where their

calculated shit has not only proverbially but also in actuality hit the fan of star-crossed controversy and in addition with the tide of opportunism having turned rather decisively and disastrously against them - guess what? To avoid the dire consequences of what they purposely, hubristically and most agreeably embarked upon, these greedy sods who chronically always with financial aspirations uppermost in their sick minds, incredibly, but unsurprisingly with Germany: that recurrently vilified but all the same in marked contrast to the United Kingdom transparently a much more stable and affluent country now impudently want to get hold of German passports, gallingly and self-servingly become part of the German nation, and as they shrewdly hedge their bets by being German citizens carry on as usual with their vice-like hold on as well as omnipresent control of the rest of Britain!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 October 2016.

Author's remarks:

Say what you will about these loathsome Zionist lowlifes that disproportionate to their numbers within the UK none the less either directly control through the banks and other financial services; the media: whether corporately owned by them or as is the case with the BBC supposedly a state enterprise compulsorily and publicly financed by a longsuffering British public whose needs it doesn't serve; or else manifestly, these Zionists, dictatorially and emphatically always lay down their required policies that must be followed and particularly so when it comes to the chief and undoubted UK political king/queen maker Rupert Murdoch whose insistence MUST be obeyed at all times by whoever is the titular head put in charge of overseeing these dictated policies and very much relating to Britain and always without question at the command of and to the financial advantage of this Zionist scum are carried out. And furthermore whose influence is all pervasive - there's no getting away from the fact that love or hate them they can

hardly be described as dull or not being in one's face.

Warmongers, barbaric war criminals, mendacious purveyors of some of the worst crimes against humanity in the annals of recorded history and still ongoingly so; graspingly avaricious bastards and bitches without even the slightest modicum of conscionable behaviour, principles, integrity, decency, humanity, any comprehension whatsoever of what constitutes genuine law and order far less so natural justice collectively between them; a markedly obsessive and graspingly covetous penchant for exploitatively seizing with the maximum of brutality and in the most barbarous manner the legitimate assets and natural resources of others and doing all of this and much more in that characteristically odious and inhuman fashion of theirs without a morsel of remorse or compassion on their part ever; is very much the perverse and odiously characteristic nature of these lowlife Zionist scum who run Britain!

And how and why do they get away with it in Britain? Simple! Because significant sections of the British public overall are deeply ingrained cap-doffing to their unthinkingly perceived social betters, inveterate social climbing assholes and inured masochists, who the more they get their asses kicked in by these people the more they relish this sort of treatment. Very much akin to the condition known as battered wives/partner syndrome.

Stanley Collymore

# Money, Money, Money It's The Rich Man's Friend; And Obviously House Of Commons Mps Too!

By Stanley Collymore

Wasn't asking overpaid, greedy and highly incompetent  
that the vast majority of the House of Commons MPs  
are, if they wanted a huge pay rise and then giving  
them sole authorization to determine that specific  
conclusion for themselves somewhat analogous  
to nicely asking a serial and recidivist rapist  
with clear psychopathic leanings attendant  
with discernible sociopathic proclivities  
in the bargain if he savours abducting,  
degrading and routinely abusing girls  
and women of all ages; and when unsurprisingly he  
honestly answers yes to that question he's amply  
rewarded not just by him being given absolute  
freedom to carry on as before with what he  
likes doing but also risibly is guaranteed  
the sole right to personally sanction the  
escalation of his criminal behaviour  
with obviously increased impunity  
combined by a total indifference  
to any concern about immunity  
to act at all times as he jolly well pleases,  
since he knows perfectly well that his  
sexual inclinations will be tolerably  
understood by the likeminded and  
influential among the great and  
the good; so no need to worry!  
Snouts in the trough, greedy,  
considerably self-serving,  
British politicians to my  
mind unquestionably  
and readily fall into  
the same dissolute  
category of base  
persons I find!

Author's thoughts:

Why on earth would any self-respecting, self-serving, utterly self-centred, House of Commons career-oriented and snout in the trough MP sully his or her conscience - giving them the benefit of the doubt and liberally assuming that individually they do have one, which frankly this writer doesn't for a solitary moment think is the case or that any of the aforementioned has or is predisposed either genetically or ethically, also providing that they actually know or are in the least concerned as to what that latter word means, to the acquisition by them and naturally in their opinion such a superfluous thing as a conscience, what on earth is that? - or unwarrantedly demean themselves publicly by character-wise ludicrously as they interpret it refusing on rather spurious, insubstantial and also thoroughly specious grounds and similarly unquestionably politically correct notions of supposed "moral principles" asininely turn down a handsome salary increase for themselves?

And furthermore to embark on such an unforgivable thing in deference to the quite spuriously peddled assertion that while they're financially aggrandizing themselves in this open manner the ordinary plebeians throughout the country aren't receiving any such increases in their wages. But hang on a second; all but the most dim-witted of these plebeians across the 650 parliamentary constituencies within the UK must know that comparable pay rises for some or all of them at present would be a complete travesty of justice or any semblance of fair play in the current circumstances. Why so?

Because the nation, our precious United Kingdom, can NOT afford and must not cave in, however onerous or persuasive the pressure might be on us MPs, unnecessarily to such overt blackmailing tactics that at the best of times wouldn't be any credit to our country and much less so at a time of serious and mounting austerity!

However, as for us House of Commons MPs confidently agreeing to and accordingly as well accepting our, and I do believe deservedly so, pay rise that's not only a clear sign of our thoughtful maturity but also of our collective responsibility as your concerned parliamentary representatives of ensuring that we continue to have the very best minds in parliament to resourcefully and successfully fight this accursed blight of austerity that affects the entire country, that's you and us, but also in the process to be able to do so effectively, and in order to fully achieve that must be properly rewarded also for our commitment

and efficacy. And surely you must admit that nothing in this world of any value ever comes cheaply!

So please spare us the criticisms and don't devalue the sterling work we're doing by fixatedly focusing on the money we earn as MPs or equating our salaries and actions to the grasping wishes or unjust demands of those among the public generally or even of our constituents specifically that are either painstakingly and maliciously choosing to deliberately misrepresent what we're doing or else are persons who while happy to consistently and disingenuously criticise us, your MPs for our alleged avariciousness none the less carefully waste no time when it comes to themselves for perpetually it seems wanting something for nothing.

So at this time of the year symbolizing love, fellowship and peaceful accord please trust the motives and word of your "caring" MP. And as you celebrate St. Valentine's Day forget about our unimportant salaries as MPs and DOLEFUL thoughts of austerity. Just a joke! All the very best then hopefully, and we say this most sincerely, from your democratically elected House of Commons MPs!

PS: As mitigating circumstances the writer of the above was inadvertently caught up in scientific gravitational waves while medicinally imbibing of a glass of Mount Gay Rum, Barbados' finest and the world's oldest and original rum. So the analysis of his comments, which is an indifference to him, is left entirely to your judgement!

Stanley Collymore

# More Not Less Sleaze, Please! After All, We're British Mps!

By Stanley Collymore

White Brits of every social strand, educational background and equally the two recognizably known, time-provably enduring, naturally biologically prescribed - whether by the hand of God Himself or through Nature on his behalf - globally commonly acknowledged, correspondingly extensively accepted and thus reputedly honoured genders, in addition to those putative others and perceptibly bogus ones dubiously rolled out in these current times that numerous campaigning advocates of them including these self-same Britons, who in their absolutely perverse, malicious at times and also perverted delusions both pledge to as staunch zealots of, as well as misguidedly at best, and rather illogically at its worst credit to themselves.

Then haughtily in their absurdly proselytized assertions demand that the entirely sane and normal everyday occupants among the British population at large and comparably elsewhere in other evidently autonomous and sovereign nations of the broader world must likewise like them diligently aspire to, amenably follow and naturally too in this idiotic process, self-servingly, unconditionally and unambiguously sexually capitalize upon. While, on the other hand, similarly renowned for intensely, purposely, most fraudulently and thoroughly unreservedly propagandizing the already well-publicized but decidedly none the less phoney conception based on the constructed moral opinion that all white Britons aren't personally basically cautiously diffident but are additionally overtly

respectably circumspect  
when it comes to the artfully encouraged and  
provocatively carnal inveiglement of sex.  
Hence the well-drilled and absorbedly  
specious UK mantra no less of: "No  
sex please, for we are (and thus,  
it's to be intuitively assumed)  
perceptibly, white British! "

A conjecture that very often and much more realistically  
fitting in its subliminal, entirely far-fetched, racially  
constructed and bizarrely employed execution, is  
a most rigorous and rather purposely engaged  
in state of affairs that from a calculatedly  
white British, pompously affected and  
even a self-evident and an evidently  
implausibly deluded position which bears no tangible  
resemblance whatsoever to what actually in private  
at home in Britain, or more frequently so when  
white Brits, either individually or otherwise  
in their collective numbers, habitually go  
overseas on their vacation. Every day  
manifestations, from the customary  
home-based cuckolding and their  
regularized, adulterous affairs  
that are actively engaged in,  
wanton and unmistakably  
clandestine displays of  
chronicled situations  
linking, on the one  
hand, exquisitely  
delightful and  
romantically  
meaningful  
affiliations.

But on the other side of this equation is the  
frighteningly dark side of the delusional  
exclusivist, self-absorbedly pompous,  
implausibly licentious, degenerate,  
British privileged elites and our  
MPs sequential, insulting and

predatory sexual activities.

© Stanley V. Collymore

9 November 2017.

Author's Remarks:

So it's a no-brainer, won't you say, that as honourable and responsible MPs and naturally too as members of that coterie of privileged elites of Britain to which we justly belong that we're thoroughly entitled, and entirely from the perspective if nothing else of simply who and what we irrefutably are and, of course as well, from our obviously elected legislative and decidedly advantaged positions to determine what's best for everyone and de facto the entire nation.

And to that must additionally be added the immensely important and specifically bolstering portfolio, parliamentary-speaking, of what from our very own incalculably, knowledgeable point of view and personal experiences may superficially on the surface appear to be prima face acts of chance or even gross and serial immorality, but when carefully and impartially examined by us MPs turn out instead to be concerted actions of malicious and mendacious gossips or worst still malevolent disparagements that most categorically bear no semblance whatsoever to the honesty as apart from the calumny of the genuine situation being talked about, examined or media-wise reported on.

So please, as MPs we earnestly urge you to get rid of these spurious allegations about us and others our kind from your ill-informed minds, and both intelligently and charitably subscribe to the enshrined principle of due process in the face of these entirely groundless allegations that can correctly be likened to one gratuitously spitting in a gusty breeze. And fully accept on the part of the United Kingdom that, those of us who're most honoured to be part of this divinely blessed and outstanding nation must reciprocally in grateful recognition of our MPs onerous workloads and unquestionably special needs accord to them the automatic right to personally and unceasingly indulge in far more and most certainly not less sleaze!

Stanley Collymore

# More Orgasms Not Less I Say! And Why Not Have A National Orgasm Day?

By Stanley Collymore

I was once haplessly obliged to overhear, as was everyone else on that public omnibus to Worthing, a rather loud monologue debilitatingly pretty annoying because it was actually so mindlessly uninspiring but nevertheless continuously went on apace while risibly passing itself off as a conversation when nothing of the kind, I freely admit, could have been further removed in logical terms from the utter grandstanding and wind-bawling pursuit of this incredibly narcissistic, female twit!

The subject she was distinctly and obsessively concerned with, as was quite obvious to all of us from the very beginning and who unfortunately were ensconced with her throughout our journey on that No.23 public transport bus owned and operated by the regional company Metrobus was sex, which this woman clearly had a problem with but apparently didn't see things that way, making it abundantly clear in her distinctly ostentatious and what transparently for her was also emphatically passed off as an objective discourse, that by no stretch of anyone's imagination was she a fan, or could ever be influenced to be, of sexual intercourse and much less

so the personal indulgence of  
being plausibly prevailed  
upon by anybody, man  
or woman, to having  
sexually induced  
orgasms which  
plainly were  
out of that  
question!

And while she grudgingly conceded that Nature's perverse  
and extremely challenging interventions, as she perceives  
some sexual inclinations to be, do at times cause that  
unfortunately chosen individual to prioritize and  
regrettably out of carnal necessity indulge in  
sexually relieving themselves occasionally  
in such given situations; all the same,  
she emphatically stated, their prevalence  
disturbingly compounded by the well known physical and  
moral dangers of such extravagances ought not to be  
cavalierly understated in the maddening rush to  
get one's self sexually mated, but should  
instead be most sagaciously and self-  
controllably in every conceivable  
fashion be seen as a cancerous  
curse or even worst and never tolerated let alone  
willingly encouraged simply for the sake of  
gratuitously having what are very often  
overrated and, especially for women  
having sex with men, invariably  
impossible to achieve, quite  
uneventful and regularly  
resulting in generally  
embarrassing and  
shrewdly faked,  
hot-blooded  
orgasms!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
23 October 2015.

### Author's Remarks:

This passenger, of course, was and is entitled to her personal points of view and while I support her entitlement to express them in an appropriate forum I nevertheless don't subscribe to any one frequently unprovoked in any way stridently, and most unconcernedly for the sensitivity or the right to travel peaceably on a public mode of transport and who just as intrinsically is entitled to that right having such rights callously and or narcissistically usurped by others with a particular bee in their bonnet.

That said, and even though this woman's arguments were manifestly skewed by God alone knows what and that's not for me to decipher as I didn't know her and even though she was making a profound nuisance of herself it wasn't me that she was directly addressing but in effect all of us who were basically involuntarily trapped on that bus with her, there were some points that she made that were nevertheless valid I thought. But that's my opinion and you're perfectly and at will entitled to yours after reading this poem.

What I would say though is this, that there appears to be a very disconcerting and increasingly as well irritating phenomenon pervading large tracts of the UK where people with little of substance to say and regardless of whether or not anyone wants to hear let alone actually listen to what they decide to unthinkingly regurgitate from within their generally purblind minds, automatically think that they have a dispensation to do precisely that.

And other than the restriction of sex effectively used as a tool to prevent more of their kind being insidiously produced, I really don't see why the curtailment of a rather practical and highly efficient means of continuing a particular species and that generally is most pleasurable as well should be inhibited.

Stanley Collymore

# Most Emphatically A Bajan In Every Regard!

By Stanley Collymore

You persistently gave much needed succour to my forbearers in their hour of need; and throughout the painfully long, trying and devastating calamities they were routinely and inhumanly subjected to you were always there.

Just as you provided the inspiration for the endeavours of my grandparents and parents' generations, as well as my own, to combat and rise above the feral propensity of the albino Caucasian hordes who intuitively, though ludicrously by virtue of their barbarity, convinced themselves then and even to this day still believe against all rational judgement that they are racially superior in every way to the Black sons and daughters that you gave rise to, nurtured and consistently have empowered to forever stand their ground and never ever run away.

We've learnt those lessons well! Are hugely proud of what you've already done and intentionally, regardless of the circumstances, will carry on doing, wherever we are, for all of us; and as faithful sons and loyal daughters all do joyfully and indefatigably reassert our

enduring love, absolute  
and unquestioning  
loyalty and utter commitment to  
you our truthfully blessed,  
beloved and profoundly  
inspiring homeland  
that is Barbados!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 November 2014.

#### A Progenitorial Tribute:

On the 30th November 2014 Barbados celebrates 48 years as a durably stable, democratic, immensely well-educated - the country has a truly impressive 100% adult literacy rate, which is recurrently confirmed by UNESCO and, as a result, proudly puts it among the top five nations globally in this educational stratosphere of the truly excellent.

Education in Barbados is statutorily but welcomingly by all Bajans compulsorily universal as well as absolutely and legally free - namely that it's fully state funded at all levels from all pre-school stages, including kindergarten, to higher educational and postgraduate university studies by consensual parliamentary agreement as well as every Barbadian government that assumes power - regardless of its general and overall political ideology - to all those who are of Barbadian heritage and residing on the island, irrespective of where in the world they were born or actually grew up.

Significantly, too, with a phenomenal and comprehensively universal health care system that's likewise funded by the state at the behest of the government in office and completely free to all those in need of its services at the point of entry and throughout their lifetime, Barbados is truly blessed with an enormously healthy population across the board of its inhabitants, and along with Japan proudly boasts among its physically fit and mentally active populace the encouraging and noble distinction of having in its midst the greatest living and ongoing number of centenarians anywhere in the world. Crucially as well the average life expectancy relative to Barbadians of both genders is an impressive 77 years.

And quite interestingly for a country that's only 21 miles long and 14 and a half miles wide and with a domestic population of 280,000 souls residing there,

Barbados in terms of its national GDP measurement ranks among the top 50 wealthiest nations in the world.

Characteristically a nation of very prudent, economic-wise and exceptionally thrifty people who continue, as they've always historically done, to live well within their financial means, Barbados' exalted and global economic status doesn't in the least surprise any Bajan of either gender or, for that matter, the equally enlightened outsider who is fully cognisant of Barbados' overall history.

For it was Barbados' money derived from sugar, molasses and rum created by enslaved Black Barbadian labour and of which England - there was no United Kingdom then as the union with Scotland hadn't even been conceived let alone brought to fruition - had an absolute global monopoly that made England the prominent country it became and put the Great in Britain. Since Barbados was its most valuable colony that funded the English Industrial Revolution as well as other significant financial, political and social developments in this previously off-shore European backwater called England.

A state of affairs that remarkably catapulted England, and subsequently what would become the United Kingdom, into the global superpower and empire that both jointly became, and remained so until their demise in the middle and latter halves of the 20th Century. A period of time, too, at the outset when Barbados wasn't only England and the UK's most prized asset but also their wealthiest colony!

And therefore against that enthralling and memorable backdrop, and additionally for all the many other wonderful things that you've done over the years and still carry on doing for your eternally grateful sons and daughters, this immensely proud and hugely thankful Bajan son of yours most wholeheartedly wish you the heartiest of congratulations on the attainment and commemoration of the 48th anniversary year of your independence concomitant with your richly deserved status as a sovereign state, attendant with all the conceivable best wishes, in every regard, for your future. Most steadfastly, perpetually and loyally yours  
Stanley V. Collymore.

Stanley Collymore

# Muito Obrigado Fernanda!

By Stanley Collymore

To all those who already and gratefully know you as well as others who've only just recently had the fortunate pleasure of meeting you and were themselves likewise and generously afforded that selfsame opportunity of personally getting to know you too, one must truthfully say that in every conceivable way you're a most truly amazing person Fernanda; and among your numerous and notably praiseworthy characteristics deeply embedded, it must be honestly said, in this remarkably impressive assemblage of highly commendable acclamations spontaneously and quite deservedly showered upon you and, significantly, not at all in the very least difficult to understand why or jointly find, that compassion, selflessness and the instinctive and caring attribute you possess for helping others readily come to mind. And for which I personally would very much like to sincerely say: "Muito obrigado minha querida Fernanda! "

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 May 2015.

## Author's Remarks:

Many ordinary members of the general public would I imagine, comfortably concur that one of the greatest misnomers in contemporary English is the oft-used and exceedingly dishonest terminology Customer Service that in practical terms typically means very little at all or else takes no serious regard, either from an empathetic perspective or in any other sense for that matter, of customers as relevant people or their interests generally as important matters

desirous of genuine concern let alone are earnestly regarded as issues demanding satisfactory conclusions to what sparked whatever unfortunate matter occurred in the first place; as well as nothing that in the remotest sense of the etymological definition of the term service has any direct bearing whatsoever or material relevance to that word.

States of affairs that ordinary shoppers and customers across our country, the UK, have rather stoically conditioned themselves to and, in the usual course of events, either unquestioningly or else left unchallenged tend to acknowledge.

So effectively to startlingly come across someone who is so entirely the opposite of all these things and, what's more, is diametrically opposed herself to this appallingly flawed notion of Customer Service and in fact vigorously goes out of her way at every turn to remedy it is truthfully remarkable indeed, and consequently needs to be unreservedly celebrated. Hence this poem in appreciative tribute to one such individual doing her level best not only to buck what's undeniably a tarnished system and authentically deliver what she's actually employed to do, but is equally enthusiastically prepared to go that extra distance to ensure that even if the customer isn't always right they nevertheless do have rights! And to that end: "Muito Obrigado Fernanda! " – Many Thanks Fernanda!

Stanley Collymore

# Murder A Fitting Retribution For The Zionist Lowlife Deniers Of The Caribbean Slave Trade Holocaust!

By Stanley Collymore

The sparkly and razor sharp blade of the skilfully wielded Machete slashed purposefully and remorselessly into the bared left shoulder of the Labtory adversary of Jeremy Corbyn and vile Tory insider traitor of the genuine British Labour Party; the wound inflicted causing the blood now liberated to rush unimpeded from the surgical cut expertly created; sparked palpable fear in the heart of and visible consternation on the face of the white, lowlife scum trash and designated victim but in a pre-arranged fight to the death there was absolutely nowhere that this dross element of human kind could run to without causing maximum humiliation to himself and even greater opprobrium on his fateful and impending doom.

A teasing pre-slaughtering action as this Bajan Brit determinedly and decisively geared up for the piecemeal dissection and complete annihilation of this piece of white trash, lowlife scum shit that he'd calculatedly challenged and with all the officially stipulated, assiduously accorded and legally guaranteed Barbadian immunities granted for a fight to the death - no quarter agreed nor expected - in the environs of a Bajan sugar cane field and under the same broiling sun, and as close to as achievable the particular inhuman situation that the two sets of my grandparents enslaved grand parents were savagely and barbarically obligated to consistently subsist in during their enforced

duration in slavery.

All this, you Labtory Zionist scum, brought about premeditatedly and exclusively at the hands of your instigating, massively profiteering and now concertedly, mind-bogglingly corrupt, lying and barbaric Yids; notwithstanding the surfeit of meticulously detailed and the contemporaneously and copiously written down evidence, lots of it and quite boastingly at the time written by these same Yids whom you're now fraudulently protecting, that indisputably shows and similarly unquestionably proves that the Transatlantic Slave Trade which began in my Barbadian, ancestral homeland was intentionally the actions, and furthermore was also emphatically and quite demonically these rather repulsive Yids sole and odious premeditatedly implemented doing!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 June 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Jeremy Corbyn who I unreservedly respect and committedly support with every fibre of my being and all the devoted personal resolve at my command is most gratifyingly in humanity and political terms the complete antithesis of Tony Blair: a former leader of the Labour Party which with Gordon Brown his compliant and complicit Tonto figure they both arbitrarily changed for the very worst, who is an undisputed mass murderer, utilizer of crimes against humanity, consummate profiteer from his premeditated acts of criminality, an inveterate sociopath with pronounced psychopathic tendencies, a demented and overbearing control freak and all this in tandem with being an utterly loathsome pathological liar - patently and collectively his most amiable characteristics - that should be permanently ensconced in an appropriate prison cell or maximum security lunatic asylum without any chance of parole or release if only for the multifaceted and horrendous crimes he's directly responsible for after his dishonest authorization

of Britain's illegal attack of and invasion of Iraq on a pack of lies that he knew were lies, rather than to still have the capability and freedom to walk the streets of the United Kingdom at will.

And while Tony Blair lied regularly in the past and consistently does so even now Jeremy Corbyn in marked contrast says what he genuinely thinks and believes; and unsurprisingly for such a highly principled person as he undoubtedly is he's always right! But the tragedy of the Tony Blair and Gordon Brown legacy and their hideous transformation of the Labour Party and its dramatic lurch to the far-right of the British political spectrum is that currently in Britain the three major English based political parties in the House of Commons: the Tories, the Labour Party's parliamentary wing and the Lib-Dems are all now either Nazi or fascist Zionist in character and very much pro-Yidland entities in their entire structure and proselytizing beliefs.

Consequently we have in the present Labour Party's case a national membership having decisively eschewed what Blair, Brown and their rightwing Labour cohorts disastrously stood for and perniciously represent massively taking their beloved party back to its original roots and significantly in that process elected Jeremy Corbyn, a socialist and decades duration, longstanding and committed Labour Party and labour movement man as their indisputable and popular leader.

An emphatic democratic assertion by them that however the composite brotherhood and sisterhood of Dykes, Queers and practising paedophiles that manifestly and overwhelmingly comprise the current 2016 House of Commons parliamentary MP membership of the Labour Party, are themselves to every Dyke, Queer and paedophile one of them fully paid up Nazi or fascist Zionists, together with being instinctive and stalwart supporters of Yidland and doing so in spite of the heinous crimes and barbaric acts of genocide routinely perpetrated against the indigenous Palestinians whose country this colonialist, ultra-racist, Nazi-mindset imbued, interloping Middle Eastern and fraudulent "Jewish" entity has brutally and barbarically purloined; but totally uncaring of all this, these Blairite and Labour aficionados absolutely self-serving and career-motivated in their self-centred aspirations as MPs and therefore aren't respecters of democratic ideals but nevertheless have no compunction whatsoever in dishonestly using the terms properly and genuinely associated with democracy to feather their political and financial nests while serving as well their iniquitous ends, happily and unequivocally carry on with their undiluted and undivided support for the oppressive and sham democratic Yidland construct while at the same time assiduously and contemptuously employing every nefarious means at their disposal to undermine, humiliate, denigrate, betray and reprehensibly essay to undemocratically oust from his elected position the

enormously democratic choice for leader of the British Labour Party, Jeremy Corbyn.

The sickening truth and deadly ironic situation in all this is that Jeremy Corbyn hasn't killed anyone nor has any intention in his political role of doing so; quite the opposite as a matter of fact, and his policies will both dramatically and drastically reverse NOT exacerbate more global wars with their attendant horrendous deaths caused by western hegemonic and illegal regime changes in Global South countries; exploitative natural resources quests and wars waged on an imperialistic and colonialist perspective to satisfy the vile and obsessive greed of Zionist bankers and western multinational corporations; while in knowingly and marked contrast Tony Blair has directly contributed to the unwarranted and illegal deaths of millions of innocent civilians combined with the mammoth creation of total chaos in these peoples' countries; disharmony within and the wilful implementation of failed states on purely ideological grounds but where previously none of this incomprehensible situations existed. Yet it's Tony Blair who has the sheer audacity and temerity to tell the British public and the world at large that election of Jeremy Corbyn as leader of the Labour Party and his perspective prime-ministership of Britain are both virulent and incalculably looming dangers for the United Kingdom and those who live there, as well as the rest of the world. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

Predictably Blair's acolytes in the parliamentary Labour Party have deceitfully taken up this mantra and like the repugnant and blatant liars they equally are have with the speed and determination of Usain Bolt taken to running with it; for in their case they're brain-dead pillocks and pathological liars that risibly to the rest of us intelligent folk even believe their barefaced lies and pathetic fantasies, and if they could would in a heartbeat have Tony Blair back as their leader - but believe me it won't happen, NOT in the Labour Party - or failing that someone like Tony Blair with the same criminal and sociopathic murdering mindset.

And even knowing the massive support that Jeremy Corbyn has and enjoys among the Labour Party's membership and the general rank and file Labour supporters like me these detritus and queer specimens of supposed humanity will even so still persist with their fiendish antics until the long-suffering among us quite understandably get thoroughly sick and tired of them and both fittingly and systematically begin to wipe them out. Hence my Barbadian challenge in tweets published on the 31st May 2016 to these bullying but underneath their arrogant exterior cowardly morons using their residual power and influence in the Labour Party administration to suggest quite idiotically that the Caribbean Slave Trade didn't exist as the initial and main part of the Transatlantic Slave Trade, and in the process of doing so grotesquely and unforgivably insulting the memories of

these enforced slaves, several of whom were my direct ancestors, by JEWS who were instrumental in starting this barbarous enterprise in my ancestral homeland of Barbados, that they monopolistically controlled and profited hugely from had nothing whatsoever to do with the slave trade and to suggest otherwise, is in the sick minds of these ignorant and historical revisionists &quot;anti-Semitic&quot; and consequently Labour Party members like JACKIE WALKER who speaks the truth on this matter must be banned or suspended from the Labour Party as &quot;anti-Semites.&quot;

Well I bloody well take exception to that. Use this fraudulent anti-Semitic scam all you want to but when you start employing it to traduce the memories of my direct ancestors and other Blacks who were horrendously treated victims of the Barbadian and the whole extensive and utterly iniquitous Transatlantic Slave Trade enterprise, that's one of a number of specific REDLINES that I'll happily KILL or DIE for! So if you still asininely feel as you do, you Zionist Labtory assholes, then meet me in Barbados as I suggested!

In Germany, France, Austria and some other European countries it's a criminal offence with the defendant if found guilty subject to a term of imprisonment for suggesting let alone asserting that Europe's holocaust didn't happen. No such punishment though were anyone within the legal jurisdiction of these same European countries to deny the existence of Germany's two holocausts carried out in its then African colony of Southwest Africa, now present day and independent Namibia, at the start of the 20th century and some two decades before the European one.

This despite the Germans having later confessed that the Namibian holocaust were a bench mark for their European one and furthermore that in 1985 the United Nations Whitaker Report classified these African holocausts as a deliberate attempt to exterminate the Herero and Nama peoples of Southwest Africa on the part of the German government and its variously involved authorities then and therefore constitutes the earliest acts of genocide in the 20th Century.

In 2004 the German government recognized somewhat reluctantly and belatedly and in the same vein apologized for these Namibian &quot;events&quot; as they were called but ruled out financial compensation for the victims' descendants. Then eleven years on from 2014 in July 2015 the German government and parliament officially called these Southwest Africa &quot;events&quot; a &quot;genocide&quot; and &quot;part of a race war&quot; but both the Government of Germany and its parliament persisted in refusing to even consider reparations and also did not officially label the Southwest Africa Holocaust as genocide.

Contrast, if you will, that vile attitude of the German government and its parliament to the Namibians with their entirely different and obsequious one to the Jew victims, wholly and subjectively, of Europe's holocaust. Not only reparations paid exclusively to those who survived and are also their descendants to the present day, 3 June 2016 and 71 years after World War II ended while blatantly ignoring the obvious and known fact, and to of all people the Germans, that millions of Gypsies and others far greater in total than the supposed six million touted ad nauseum in respect of these Jews also dies as a direct consequence of Germany and its European allies concerted acts of genocide carried out in Europe circa 1939-45; but additionally it's a criminal offence to deny Europe's holocaust and specifically so in relation to the Jews and no one else - never mind the Gypsies and others who were also slaughtered.

Similarly it's also a criminal and imprisonable offence to involve one's self in any activity perceived by these Zionist thought police that now constitute the German authorities who happily abide by the arbitrary rules of their Zionist puppet masters to say or do anything that they unilaterally consider to be offensive to Jews or more realistically to those who know the truth that they fraudulently consider to be anti-Semitic to a people that ludicrously aren't Semites, or even proper practising Jews but are unquestionably bogus ones. So against that backdrop of such ingrained bigotry: racial and otherwise, it's hardly surprising that the overt display of Germany's rank hypocrisy and pernicious double standards in relation to the Herero and Nama peoples of Namibia as well as the Gypsy victims of Germany's initiated and ruthlessly executed along with its European holocaust allies is as it still currently stands - absolutely loathsome!

Stanley Collymore

# Murder Does Tend To Upset People, You Know!

By Stanley Collymore

What truthfully are you playing at my Black brothers  
and sisters and particularly those of you who are  
young enough to be my sons or daughters?  
Have you actually taken leave of your  
senses in freely opting to spew out  
your pointless and uncontrolled  
anger in this murderous way, and as you evidently  
have done leaving me personally in the process  
and as a fellow Black person myself, and I'll  
gamely venture a guess feeling about this  
matter as strongly as I do, that you will  
realize I'm not alone on this one and  
with no replacement choice nor any  
other rational option left me but to honestly,  
unambiguously and unapologetically say  
it's absolute insanity and a conflicting  
aspiration what you are deliberately  
doing by spitefully depleting the  
ranks of your own Black kind  
by additionally and evilly, to  
my mind, engaging in this  
reprehensibly depraved,  
unlawful and entirely  
self-defeating task,  
in plainly a most  
ill-determined  
lethal way I  
must say?

This is no pointless criticism or any gratuitous  
denunciation of you on my part encouraged  
by stereotypical and sinister conceptions  
that others take to heart and idiotically  
have of you my inherent sisters and  
brothers due to the colouration of  
your skin and respectively your  
racial origins: what they quite

euphemistically and bluntly  
derisively refer to as your ethnicity but we all  
know perfectly well what they really mean,  
and how in these deep-rooted and firmly  
held prejudices mutually underpinned  
by them they haughtily, falsely and  
deceitfully claim in their perverse  
opinions of you, individually as  
well as generally, that you're  
irrefutably and inescapably what you are,  
as it's unquestionably all consolidated  
in your biological genes and equally  
obviously sub-standard DNA; and  
therefore explicitly making you  
inferior to them in every way!  
And consequently there's no  
real possibility of you ever  
accurately understanding  
far less so satisfactorily  
or permanently coping  
with this unique and  
cancerously Black  
ongoing malady!

Nothing of course could be that further from the  
truth either commonly or specifically where  
Black people are principally concerned.  
Furthermore, your general attitude to  
life itself noticeably reinforced by  
your persistently feral, materially  
anti-social and disturbingly  
worrisome behaviour all of which are markedly  
compounded by your accursed disposition  
towards committing inexplicably stupid  
and ferocious murders which neither  
singly nor collaboratively do owt  
positive, as is most manifest, to  
even minimally suppress the  
roaring chorus of justified  
vilification aimed at you  
but most vexatiously in  
that vicious crossfire

indiscriminately too  
pursues the broader  
Black community  
that is in no way  
either involved  
with or linked  
to your illicit  
conduct and  
delinquent  
activities.

So please do hear me out and let me honestly say  
that although I'm not in any way insensitive to  
the variety of problems that on a daily basis  
you're forced to face and routinely endure  
from those who constitute the majority  
elements within our population and  
by and large collectively with the  
official authorities specifically  
of the said country in which  
you too were born in and is also home to you but  
quite disgracefully it's you who are uniquely  
made to feel from birth like strangers who  
neither rightfully belong there nor much  
less so should ever be conferred with  
the common courtesy or more aptly  
the equitable opportunity to play  
any constructive role in it; and  
when detrimental insults like  
these are then injuriously reinforced by  
perceptibly unequal and excessively  
created stop and search crusades,  
widespread discrimination in  
schooling, higher education  
possibilities, standard job  
applications and racial  
profiling intended to  
guarantee that you  
more likely than  
not deliberately  
would be their  
select target

to naturally,  
bigotedly  
and alas  
for you  
not the  
one to  
gain!

Then additionally as they also conspiratorially planned to have you instead end up in jail and for much longer periods of time, unsurprising and routinely so, for comparable offences perpetrated by their white Caucasian criminal kind, it's dreadfully hard I wholeheartedly accept for you being the visible and innate legacy of the several centuries long Transatlantic Slavery, incessant black male emasculation and the 21st Century entrenched mindset of white supremacist racists, coupled with the horde of empire loyalists and the ongoing ravages of unchecked pseudo-colonialism to rein in this subliminal and hugely provoked anger which you clearly feel. But I do believe that there are other and more constructive avenues to remedy these harassing problems; and turning this pent up anger of yours, through gratuitous acts of murder, on your fellow Blacks is definitely not one of them, and also most categorically not the answer!

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8 April 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

This is not only personal but is coming from a fellow Black, as you are. So I'm not going to mince my words and will tell you like I see it is! It's among the easiest things in the world to mindlessly use a knife, take another person's life and in the process of doing that think you're actually big for doing so. Well you're

wrong my friend, you aren't and all it actually does is to show how gullible you really are to the criminal propaganda of the street. How very little or no value at all you place on human life including your own and what a waste you've made not only of your victim's life but your own as well when with some reasonable forethought and a completely different approach to both these lives, yours and the person you chose to kill, could have with basic commonsense combined with critical deliberation been positively turned around in a fashion for the good of yourself, the society you belong to and overall humanity itself. But if you can't or don't want to see that then perhaps you're bound for the right place if you aren't already there: jail and possibly even on death row.

And if that's all the recompense you're going to repay your dear Momma for carrying you those 9 months and 2 weeks and the agonizing pain she experienced giving birth to you combined with all the people who love you and have tirelessly endeavoured to let you know this while you were growing up from the state of babyhood, through your pubescent years and into young adulthood, then with that kind of blatant ingratitude on your part in gratuitously indulging as you are in your criminal behaviour all I can say is that you have a very serious problem to which you must quite urgently attend.

I'm not preaching at you but simply suggesting that you take stock of your life and realize that there are other more constructive ways to conduct your life. So let me be absolutely frank and honest about this and categorically state that I'm not asking you to be the willing target of other people's wrongdoings whatever these are; nor am I suggesting either that you gratuitously turn the other cheek in relation to what they're doing; but even so I'd like to implore you to do what my beloved and wise maternal Grand, and we all know how important and prized grandmothers are in all Black communities, who has played an instrumental role throughout my own life told me.

When you see trouble coming your way she said, give it a wide berth and walk away from it; if it should follow and continue to stalk you in spite of your doing so still keep on walking away from it while intelligently maintaining a keen eye on what it's up to she advised, and only if the person or persons involved refuse to heed this pragmatic and sensible response of yours, then arrogantly on their part interpret your conciliatory gesture and actions as a sign of cowardice or weakness, or wilfully opt to misinterpret them not as restraint on your part but fear instead and consequently is/are about to attack you, should you act in self-defence with every resource at your command. That way you'll have a moral right and hopefully even in this discernibly bigoted western society where it's the white Caucasian man or woman that controls both at home and significantly too in other countries that idiotically let them dictate what happens there, you'll have

the law on your side. Adding astutely that even criminals and especially those with nous don't pick fights that are utterly pointless since with them it's all about hubris; and deny them that and they're like a rudderless boat all at sea. So believe me when I say that their pride alone won't let them willingly fall into the position. Now my friends it's entirely up to you!

Stanley Collymore

# Murderous Motherhood - The Ultimate Act Of Human Betrayal!

By Stanley Collymore

Motherhood is and has always been regarded in every society that's truly civilized one as the fulcrum of a truly advantageous family life, the consummate preservation of societal norms and the intrinsically formulated and profoundly treasured values that vastly and invaluable contribute to and indelibly decisively fashion the mindful understanding and even the subconscious acknowledgement and free acceptance of who we are or studiously want to be as an ongoing progressive and thoroughly enlightened society or nation reciprocally and harmoniously benefiting from the fruition of our collective aspirations. And as such there is an intentional amalgamation of markedly right-thinking people internationally, and not only those confined to Britain, who fundamentally and willingly entrust their fullest, staunch and heartfelt cooperation towards the attainment and overt utilization of what is essentially an exceptionally exemplary human rights situation and furthermore a veritably admirable and durable, principled system exposition! And when fatally sabotaged by of all persons a mother, cannot be verbalized or understood as anything other than a murderous betrayal of motherhood!

© Stanley V. Collymore

24 May 2016.

Author's Remarks:

It's hardly surprising that those who are cosseted by and criminally protected by the powerful and most influential in the land not only think but also assuredly convince themselves that they can and will with impunity get away with murder; and what's more are entitled to vituperatively vilify those who dare question this assumed right of theirs.

The frequency and number of children deliberately killed in Britain either through the individual actions of their respective mother or else as a direct consequence of the dastardly collusion between her, her husband, boyfriend or lover and irrespective of whether or not there is any biological connection between the murdered victims and their mothers' co-conspirators of wilful death is not only frightening and an alarming aspect of contemporary British life but also a consummately shaming societal development.

And so this poem is written in commemoration of all such murdered and innocent victims, the vast majority of whom once their tragic story is out of the limelight and the perpetrators of their crimes having been arrested, tried, convicted and sent to jail where they belong, are unfortunately quickly forgotten and remain that way until the next child homicide is given media prominence.

But that's not always the end of the story as not every murdering mother who's patently guilty of killing her own offspring, and even more contemptibly culpable of infanticide in the process, is ever arraigned brought to court and treated objectively, as anyone else in her specific situation would be, before the law; since primarily there are dark forces at work to ensure that in her case that's never likely to happen.

For despite her privately known and even acknowledged criminality this immune felon because of her powerful connections, biological or otherwise, that are then ably assisted by those with immeasurable influence knows full well that with a mind-boggling mixture of pretentiousness and hubris she can manipulatively play the innocent or cruelly misunderstood victim in this self-willed matter that she herself, it mustn't be forgotten, has both rashly and irresponsibly created and what's more is principally, if not solely, and in spite of her intentionally obfuscating tactics profoundly responsible for.

And while the immunity that she has secretly and unjustifiably been given and which is itself scandalously buttressed by the impunity she officially reserves for

herself to act in any manner she cares to and that accordingly sees her as the classic portrayal of the Untouchable Teflon Woman able to freely walk the streets of her country rather than being justly and legally placed behind bars and serving a lengthy prison sentence; the public is additionally confronted with the toadying and asinine spectacle of seeing the forces of law and order at considerable expense to the taxpaying public and with a Canute-ingrained mindset essaying to bizarrely fortify this murdering mother's house of cards with the most elaborately manufactured and media propagandized but all the same sanctioned at the highest levels implausible story; although easily recognizable as such to the average observant or prescient-minded person who from the onset of this massive charade has been perceptibly and consciously aware of what has been going on.

And the observable moral and the truth here? Any woman who's fertile can breed; getting pregnant however doesn't necessarily mean that she possesses the requisite qualities to be a fit or successful mother however unconscionably she is cosseted or unwarrantedly protected!

Stanley Collymore

# My Amazing Grandmother!

By Stanley Collymore

You are my mentor, have always been my staunchest protector and throughout my life were always there to help me whenever I had a seemingly insoluble problem, whether it was my own or someone else's doing, that I hadn't the slightest clue how to go about satisfactorily solving; yet you always in such circumstances quite undauntedly and with an indomitable encouragement calmly, consolingly and appreciably encouragingly as was your customary wont stepped in and with your knowledgeable expertise consummate wisdom and in your typically enlightened fashion tenderly and most pragmatically placed before me the realistic options opened to me while astutely leaving me with the concluding decision as fully mine to make, but whatever that was I honestly knew would confidently be assisted as ever by your intrinsic and concrete guarantee, itself perceptively and devotedly supportive of me! Honestly an inimitable woman that's what I freely reckon, and candidly how providential and entirely absolutely rewarding to know you're my Gran!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 May 2016.

## Author's Thoughts:

In an utterly screwed up world where significant numbers of people, and possibly even the vast majority of inhabitants of this Planet Earth that we contentiously

share with each other and most conspicuously so in the so-called western developed world, haven't a realistic clue who or what they really are or even why they're actually living and consequently for the overwhelming majority of them life is utterly meaningless.

Thankfully for me and my entire family that has never been a problem or isn't ever likely to be and for that fortunate and most rewarding situation the inspirational force and the invaluable contribution to this immeasurably beneficial and most prodigiously rewarding situation is unquestionably and significantly due to my incomparable Gran!

And this poem is just a small token of my appreciation, gratitude and my fathomless love for a truly remarkable human being who is also incontestably a principal and highly prized member of my family!

Stanley Collymore

# My Aversion To This Tiresome Obsession With Queerism And Dykeism!

By Stanley Collymore

What do you actually want from me, as if I didn't already know?  
But as I've categorically stated, unwaveringly mean and have  
no intention at all of ever backsliding on in any way, I'm  
staunchly and unyieldingly heterosexual and have no  
intention whatever of changing my personal sexual  
status in order, as you incredibly put it and even  
ridiculously suggested that I should consider  
the alternatives to how I'm happily living  
my life, to even, in your point of view,  
beneficially enhance my social and  
economic situation by actually  
becoming gay? Really? No  
way, I must honestly say!

For such Queer actions, attendant with their Dyke and  
Paedophile activities, are truthfully sexual deviant  
acts that I perceive to be utterly disgusting and,  
irrefutably repulsive in every conceivable  
way, detrimental abominations to me  
that I don't want, with their tiresome  
and inappropriate strife, to ever  
be remotely associated with,  
play any part in, or have  
within a billion light  
years of my life.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 August 2017.

## Author's Comments:

I've no problem, or do I envisage any on my part, relative to two genuinely  
consulting individuals having sex with each other within the confines of their own  
private environment; personally understand and feel that their conduct legally  
embarked upon is no business of anyone other than their own unless they

coercively try to push their sexual preferences down the throats, so to speak, of others whether the latter, and accosted clearly encounters, are themselves predisposed or empathetic to what these sexual proselytizers are doing.

And consequently, that the former stipulations aside and steadfastly adhered to, the preferences and or activities of these practising male homosexuals or lesbians should not, is my firm contention, be condemned per se just because of what they sexually are, any more than heterosexuals of either gender - and I still steadfastly believe and accept that they are only two such differentiations - likewise indulging in their own preferred sexual activities and doing so equally within the full remit of the law of the land shouldn't be forced to find themselves singled out for personal abuse either by homosexuals or lesbians, or even sexual prudes, for who or what they are.

An equality of clarification and mutual distinction openly and honestly expressed from my own perspective. And this, I will add, in spite of the fact that all of my life, and for me an unquestionably unchanging situation, being the consciously staunch heterosexual that I am, homosexuality, of any form and that includes lesbianism, doesn't, hasn't or will it ever appeal to me personally. And for the self-evident reasons that I'm not that way inclined, cannot in any shape or form be persuaded to be homosexual, and furthermore homosexuality doesn't hold any attractions for me, or do any permutations of it, even in heterosexual relationships that I've mutually and legally embarked on in the past as well as my current one ever tempted me to change my mind; and that applies to same gender sex. And whatever criticisms that anyone might care to level at me for holding these points of view, feel free to do so as you won't change my mind, and besides just as you're entitled to your opinion, and I respect that, I'm equally entitled to my own, my civil entitlements and, of course, my inalienable right to feel the way I do, respectfully accepting that I don't go around proselytizing others to my point of view.

What, however, I'm diametrically opposed to as regards same gender sex and understandably from my own perspective totally abhor in all their forms are Queerism and Dykeism, which in my view bear no semblance to homosexual on the part of men or lesbianism when it comes to women. And personally, and again from my perspective, have no credibility whatsoever in my analysis of both these features any more than child abuse, rape or paedophilia carried out by heterosexuals do because they're heterosexuals. Since from exhaustive observation on my part reinforced by meticulous and extensive research the loathsome techniques of Dykeism and Queerism that I've long attached to these two deviant forms of sexual behaviour are quite manifestly abnormal, sickening, and iniquitously corrupt; despicably inappropriate, and in the most contemptibly

self-serving manner thoroughly and destructively exploitative.

An aberrant form of sexual behaviour whose proponents seek to mask its endemic evilness by deceitfully taking and then barefacedly and callously misappropriating the &quot;finer&quot; aspects of lesbianism and male homosexuality to not only put a seemingly positive gloss on their odious agenda and proselytizing approach to harvesting converts but also through their mendacious and fraudulent approaches and obnoxious pursuits vaingloriously portrayed as &quot;normal and conducive manifestations of physical and emotional love&quot;, and quite categorically not above intentionally and disingenuously employing in the most concerted manner their well-honed, British establishment and &quot;privileged elites&quot; accommodating methods, themselves extremely intimidatingly with all the political and parliamentary support and goodwill they can muster - and which to be perfectly honest is truly enormous to say the least, as this is both fertile and friendly territory for them - manipulatively and exploitatively have turned Britain &quot;ass over head&quot; into becoming a Queer and Dyke domain.

The resultant effect of which is that the United Kingdom has not only become a decidedly perverse as well as an exceedingly and predominantly sick society but also one in which genuine heterosexuals have effectively become a rare breed while virulently regarded by these aberrant sexual deviants as the enemy within. What a queer state of affairs!

Stanley Collymore

# My Independent Declaration Of Life! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

I'm not obsessed with life as the vast majority of you out there evidently are and therefore I enjoy my life to the fullest and have always done so, reinforced by the fact that I don't fear anyone or anything, come to that, and that most definitely includes death. So given the choice of dying or forced to stay alive in this world I'm living in and itself run by cunts like Donald Trump and his Yid Nazi-Zionist ilk, it's basically a no-brainer of a decision for me which of the two, in that given situation, I'd immediate prefer.

So they can all blow this entire Planet Earth up for all I care, since as the practising Christian that I am and have always been, I firmly and unconditionally believe in an after-life attended by a much better existence because of the life I've lived here on earth so far, coupled with the one that I presently enjoy; and which to-date isn't all that bad, I can assure you. So please, go ahead and ridiculously press the Rogue State USA and dual NATO nuclear buttons Donald Trump together with other others of your kind, and in your predominantly narcissistic, self-opinionated, methodically dim-witted Reality TV minds and alike delusional manner, gratuitously instigate and stupidly create your farcically posturing, profoundly insane and clearly irreversibly nuclear winter!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 August 2017.

### Author's Remarks:

A global nuclear war instigated by Rogue State USA is neither Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Operation Gladio nor the numerous other illegal and barbaric escapades that this bullying and reprehensible entity has been involved in from its very inception and that since the end of World War Two has resulted in the gratuitous mass murder of in excess of 50 million people worldwide.

Rogue State USA, its toadying and arse-licking sycophants like Britain and the others of its ilk in the terrorist organization NATO must be challenged and brought to heel, and not least so because of the massive and invariably irreparable damage they've done in a diversity of ways to the rest of humanity and still carry on doing. And that involves constructive global unity between the decent and legitimate nations on this planet earth grasping the nettle and doing something about these intolerable travesties being perpetrated against ordinary and innocent persons, in their millions, globally.

And self-reliance is the key to achieving your objectives, since the likes of Russia, and China that like to pretend they're the friends of those in the Global South evidently aren't; and in my opinion are no fucking different from Rogue State USA and NATO. And are essentially no more than wannabe entities themselves that want to be part of the same white, western and discernibly barbaric and exploitative world that Rogue State USA currently and with the assistance of its white western lackeys and largely but not exclusively so Middle Eastern, Arab Useful Idiots control. And if Rogue State USA that hogs all of this were to open its arms to Russia and China these two mother-fucking hypocrites would jump at the chance to be a part of this Cabal of the ongoing murderous and exploitative practices directed against the Global South.

Stanley Collymore

# My Life! My Decisions!

I surely know what my place in life is but it's not what others who perceive me as less than a human being think it ought to be, nor will their bigoted and ignorant assumptions of me become reality on my part. For I'm a highly intelligent person with a fully functioning brain in my head who thinks for himself and then consciously makes his own decisions in relation to what's best for his individual life.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 December 2010.

Stanley Collymore

# My Name Is Ebola. And Officially You'D Be Most Wise To Fear Me!

By Stanley Collymore

My name is Ebola, and to all intents and purposes it seems that I am a highly infectious and deadly disease like no other before me in living memory, or even on record I'm told; and going by the immense and undeniably propagandistic hype surrounding me, I veritably constitute a very scary proposition both to behold and likewise to get your head around, understandably; as well as being as unlikely a favoured companion you could ever possibly imagine to expectantly find; freely want to relate to; or sensibly involve yourself with; if, that is, you're genuinely compos mentis and truly of a sound mind.

Yet despite all that I've actually been around now for more than half a century, and as circumstances previously dictated was habitually and exclusively confined to Africa it's true; although surprisingly as it happens and incredibly as it may seem to you relative to my global infamy, neither the relevant details of my origin nor how I came in the first place to be there are either known to me or have ever, I assure you, been made explicitly clear; and it's a safe bet I guess, courtesy of the official scaremongers in the west whose job it is to manipulate and deceive you, that nothing about this, whatsoever, will you learn of or ever hear

But fatefully or even perhaps more fittingly, deservedly, logically and propitiously so and no longer alone, the oft-referred to, generally regarded within some

sections of our white Caucasian societies  
and contemptuously categorized by  
them as the Dark Continent, and whose luckless and  
endemically poor inhabitants have consistently  
against the concerted backdrop of my intentionally  
implanted, devastatingly rampant, much feared  
and understandably unwelcome presence  
and longstanding residency among  
these Africans been at best studiously  
marginalized and at its worst callously  
ignored by the more acquisitively  
affluent and aforesaid white  
Caucasian west that could  
have made a perceptible  
and quite constructive  
difference towards  
curbing my zest  
but instead and  
together with  
all the rest  
chose not  
to know.

And so now predictably finding themselves rather  
dauntingly and inescapably thrown well within  
the trajectory of my ever expanding reach  
they quite cowardly and selfishly  
scream blue murder, evidently  
afraid to die; yet very much aware as panic-stricken  
and fatalistically they watch me cross over and  
establish myself well within their own  
precious borders, that their racist  
hypocrisy and most appalling  
double-standards towards  
Africa, starkly epitomized by their criminal  
attitude of studiously not caring have  
forcefully and with a terrifying  
inevitability come home to  
roost and axiomatically  
will be their own  
damning but  
sadly merited

undoing!

© Stanley V. Collymore

17 October 2014.

#### Author's Declaration:

At the height of apartheid the white Caucasian racists infesting the southernmost corner of Mother Africa, which they unilaterally renamed South Africa, and very much aware that however much or brutally they subjugated the indigenous peoples of the region, hamstringing their inalienable rights as fellow human beings, grotesquely restricted their freedoms or negated their entitlement to the same dignity they reserved for themselves that was also intrinsically theirs as well, that demographically, unless they could find and quickly adopt extraordinary and extreme measures that would seriously counter or else eradicate this observable and for them a most challenging phenomenon they would otherwise be backing a noticeable loser, since the Black population of South Africa generally and that of Africa in particular far outweighed in number the somewhat paltry total of white Caucasian colonial immigrants who unilaterally and quite savagely controlled not only South Africa but also the wider African continent.

Therefore, drastic measures were needed and had to be introduced as a matter of the most urgent priority if the continued survival of the white Caucasian man, woman and their offspring in Africa and crucially their ongoing theft, exploitation of that continent's vast mineral and natural resources, and their exclusive grip on them together with the control of the said African continent were to be guaranteed and maintained.

World War II had taught these white supremacist warmongers and their kith and kin across the so-called western world that all out conventional or even nuclear wars attendant with their massive destruction was not the answer. For starters, they were too costly and manpower-intensive, and furthermore damaged infrastructure ravaged by the wars fought within these countries had to be rebuilt at some time or other if even a modicum of civilized standards of doing things was to be maintained; and that too was a very costly exercise as the post World War II development of a massively destroyed and the subsequent embarked on redevelopment of West Germany, as it was then proved to be.

As such therefore an alternative had to be found; and after detailed and secretive discussions and negotiations among themselves the Cabal of White Supremacist Countries from Canada in the far northern hemisphere to Australia at the other end of the world and all the other usual white culprit countries in-between: the

United States, Britain, France, virtually every other mainland European state, including Germany, for example, together with Israel and apartheid South Africa hit on what they considered to be a most efficient and in relative terms cost effective way of dealing with the world's non-white populations, and most particularly so its Black inhabitants. And the panacea that embodied their intractable racist views and whose concerted implementation they earnestly pinned their jaundiced hopes on fulfilling them was germ and or biological warfare.

Through these biological and viral mechanisms this global Cabal of White Supremacist Countries, their racist governments, scientists and populace at large hoped at best to manage and at the other extreme even eradicate at will in both instances those non-whites anywhere in the world that they quite subjectively and selfishly regarded as superfluous to human requirements and therefore no longer fit to continue living. Blacks who indisputably constitute the oldest and most longstanding of all the races on Planet Earth and from whom all others, including these white supremacist most ironically are also descended, would have the most torrid of these viral and systematic biological germ warfare assaults directed at and conducted against them.

And in apartheid South Africa the fevered minds of those running the apartheid government and system there together with scientists from every corner of the white world including, most ironically and perversely so, those from the Zionist state of Israel with its World War II holocaust survivors and who leaders apart from their love of money like nothing better than repetitively bleating to the world how monstrously their white Caucasian Jewish kith and kin were mistreated by German and other European Nazis, yet here they were clandestinely collaborating with others of their ilk not only in the planned viral and biological extinction of the Palestinian people but were also in cahoots with the apartheid Boers of South Africa - to a man and woman proactive supporters of and significantly staunch fighters with the Third Reich - to intentionally through the auspices of viral and biological machinations at best drastically reduce South Africa's black population and in the worst case scenario ably assist in its extermination altogether.

Hence the creation of AIDS and other laboratory designed diseases targeted primarily at those with a greater concentration of melanin, a principal constituent of all Black People, in their physiological make-up, extending right up to the present time and the so-called current Ebola outbreak. Pray tell what exactly is current about the Ebola outbreak; and what are these odiously infamous but all the same extremely accomplished, propagandist-jerks and their useful and manipulative idiots ranting on about, when Ebola has effectively been ravaging

parts of West Africa now for in excess of 50 years, around the same time that South Africa's apartheid leaders were openly boasting about how their home-grown scientists and other white western ones working in collaboration with them and whom they fondly regarded as their own kith and kin had produced the viral and biological means to eradicate Blacks that were openly, unashamedly and contemptuously spoken of by them in the most offensive white supremacist language.

Don't just take my word for it; do your own research, as I always implore you to on every single matter that I write about, and see how the likes of F.W, de Klerk other notorious luminaries within the apartheid system and scientists like Wouter Basson, dubbed Dr Death, did their utmost to annihilate South Africa's black population and in the process create as we see in Australia, Canada, the United States. New Zealand and Argentina, for example, an irreversible demographic change that significantly and even exclusively favoured Whites. Is that why these utterly sickening and odious white Caucasian bastards who following in the footsteps of their barbaric ancestors, and from Canada to Australia and right across Europe are so shit scared of non-white immigration to the lands they now inhabit; petrified that they'll have done to them what they and their forbearers did to other races across the world? Sorry to disappoint you chumps, but not every other race is as sick and evil as you are; because if they were they wouldn't have allowed you to set foot in their countries or regions in the first place, let alone show you the hospitality they routinely gave you and that you so savagely and treacherously abused in your sick process of then dispossessing them of everything they ever had, equitably shared among themselves and treasured for millennia, until your lot came along.

Now stick that in your pipe and smoke it!

The truth is, reverting once more to these obviously manmade diseases, that Ebola just like AIDS only became a problem for the west's leaders, its media and exceptionally grasping pharmaceutical companies when the Trojan horse callously and conspiratorially implanted in Africa actually broke free of its tethered lead and rather unexpectedly started wandering on to the pastures and fields of the white west. Too bad for you, since you had to take action in order to stave off from within your own ranks the identical pandemic that you'd intentionally caused in Africa. Well since you prized assholes seemingly never learn from your past misdeeds that's precisely what happens with Frankenstein monsters whether they are of the military or biological kind; and personally I have no fucking sympathy either with or for any of you!

Finally, Britain which has one of the oldest biological warfare institutions and

laboratories in the entire world located at Porton Down is quite literally up to its eyes and ears in nefarious and ongoing activities of germ, virus and biological warfare; and who can forget the myxomatosis scandal that almost eradicated the entire rabbit population of the United Kingdom? And the United States too similarly belongs in this rogue's gallery of perfidious infamy; and to assure one's self that it meets the criteria for this hands down one only has to mention the Tuskegee Project; and in time honoured fashion I'll once again implore you to check out for yourself this distinctly dastardly act of notoriety and betrayal on the part of the USA that went on for decades.

So feel free to believe these lying bastards, if you want to, when they dishonestly and mendaciously tell you and with straight faces too all the duplicitous crap about Ebola that they're currently spewing out; but it doesn't say much for you when you take it at face value and don't do the research for yourself.

Stanley Collymore

# My Pledge As A Lone Wolf Assassin!

By Stanley Collymore

If I must live then please let it be as a free man purposely endowed with the unfettered and unchallenged realization concomitant with a universally accepted right to openly and at all times act in accordance with my personally and deeply held convictions attendant with the inherent beliefs and precious value system that stem from them and which combined, definitively represent my conscience. A well thought out, earnestly engaged in, fully implemented and thoroughly moral situation completely devoid of the fraudulent influences of coercive actions or other insidious and pernicious measures that either blatantly or else surreptitiously endeavour to forcibly undermine my will or self-confidence as a rational, conscionable and principled human being fully and of my own free volition and accordingly greatly aware and therefore not having to continually be reminded, not just of the individual responsibilities that I have to myself as a prescient-minded and thinking person but also in terms of my benevolent duties to those among my fellow man who are extremely deserving of them; and willingly and daringly doing so in both of these instances without either asking or expecting anything in return. And in such circumstances, as any genuine right-minded person will intentionally do to achieve such a creditable ambition, voluntarily make the essential sacrifice of their life should they ever be required to!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 December 2015.

Author's Thoughts:

I could have written this poem in the third person and additionally as some

abstract dissertation but intentionally and unapologetically chose to pen it in the first person – those of you with any intelligible knowledge of the English language will instantly know what I mean, the rest of you it's much too complex I know for your quite limited brains to grasp so do yourselves a massive favour and just forget it – that I've accordingly done and for the quite simple and unambiguous reasons that the markedly ethical sentiments that are unequivocally and sincerely articulated in this literary exposition of mine are those that deep-seatedly and conscionably resonate with my own honest opinions which are themselves consciously conceived of and given birth from very exhaustively well-researched, compellingly convincing and most significantly a moral compass-instituted, comprehensively implemented, recurrently fostered, moral, religious, cultural and also a profoundly and enduring familial upbringing to which I instinctively and irreversibly owe a great deal and consequently attach paramount and unalterable importance to.

Those of you with functioning brains and who're in the routine habit of thinking for yourselves are already familiar with the numerous false flags and other similarly dastardly scenarios which your domestic political regimes, elected representatives, risibly named security services and the entire kit and caboodle of state apparatuses which habitually control and even dominate your lives have been conspiratorially involved in and at the proverbial drop of a hat, so to speak, are quite murderously, dementedly, sociopathically and with the evidently frenzied and feral intensity of the toxic and inbred psychopaths that they are, rather venally and most enjoyably go about their homicidal work.

In quite recent times the premeditatedly formulated and lethally realized false flags operations of 9/11; the dodgy Iraq dossier; the Libya scenario; the Tunisian beach "massacre"; the Charlie Hebdo affair; and the 13 November 2015 Paris "slaughter" to cite only a small sample of them are all examples of the perverse and conspicuous evil that wholly permeates the sick minds of those with their well established and white supremacist delusions, deeply ingrained imperialist, colonialist and to the Manor Born class-based and antediluvian hereditarily endowed illusions coupled, as is markedly the case in Britain with social-climbing aspirations of the most hideous kind, that are symbiotically conjoined with the avaricious zeal derived from and consummately engendered by those like the Military Industrial Complex, affiliated financial organizations and their media associates whose sole agenda is death, preferably and as is usually the case effected in the Global South, and accordingly grotesquely profiting from it. However, to carry on doing so they must have at their disposal an incredibly gullible, brain-dead or otherwise an easy to manipulate public and lamentably there's no shortage of such persons across the west and most noticeably so throughout the United States and Britain.

In conclusion, do I see myself for whatever reason as a lone wolf assassin or empathize with those who might categorize themselves as such? Well as the old saying goes that's for me to know and those, whoever they are: official state players or mere curious or nosy individuals, that are desirous of ascertaining the true facts about me in that regard to find out. But trust me; you won't! However assiduously you monitor me. Now there's a challenge for you!

Stanley Collymore

# My Sincere Pledge To You Having Intensely Fallen In Love With You!

By Stanley Collymore

You positively mean everything in the world to me and always will do, I honestly and most assuredly promise you; and, what's more, readily, openly and willingly confirm that from my personal perspective there's absolutely nothing, either singly or jointly, in either or both of our two lives that could conceivably or will ever change anything in that respect. The net asset of all this being that we shall continue and forever, whether in sickness, health, poverty or the unlikely acquisition of wealth, still affectionately, loyally and, of course, most adoringly have each other.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 July 2015.

Author's remarks:

If love does indeed make the world go around then there's every possibility that respecting, promoting and consolidating it in every sphere of our lives might in the same way conceivably ensure the survival not only of mankind, the other creatures that similarly dwell on this planet which we reciprocally share but also Planet Earth itself. Food for thought, I'd say! What do you think?

Stanley Collymore

# My Truly Exceptional Maternal Grandmother!

By Stanley Collymore

You are my mentor, have always been my staunchest protector and throughout my life were always there to help me whenever I had a seemingly insoluble problem, whether it was my own or someone else's doing, that I hadn't the slightest clue how to go about satisfactorily solving; yet you always in such circumstances quite undauntedly and with an indomitable encouragement calmly, consolingly and appreciably encouragingly as was your customary wont stepped in and with your knowledgeable expertise consummate wisdom and in your typically enlightened fashion tenderly and most pragmatically placed before me the realistic options opened to me while astutely leaving me with the concluding decision as fully mine to make, but whatever that was I honestly knew would confidently be assisted as ever by your intrinsic and concrete guarantee, itself perceptively and devotedly supportive of me! Honestly an inimitable woman that's what I freely reckon, and candidly how providential and entirely absolutely rewarding to know you're my Gran!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 May 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# My Tunisian Awakening

By Stanley Collymore

I have just experienced the most unexpected and exhilarating experience I could ever have imaged or hoped for while being on holiday of all things; too considerable for words and rightly so. I met you: previously a complete stranger to me but in the ensuing hours we were together the transition of you from stranger to some very special to me wasn't only dramatic but was also in this remarkable process significantly life-changing as well.

For having reciprocally empathized with you so instantaneously and to such an extent, in ways that strangers rarely do, I happily became aware on this most incredible of Sundays – 30 January 2011 – that I was possibly falling in love with you.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Narcissism Is Not A Mirror Image Of Love!

By Stanley Collymore

Truly respectful love of one's self and likewise for others who're truly deserving of such love is the definitive answer of exactly who and what we individually are or equally simply aren't; and any other approach to this evidently influential matter, or come to that owt else that's constructively associated with it, that's willingly entertained by or else selfishly embarked on is quite frankly either a cynically devised and divisive misnomer at best or at its menacingly worst a deceptive interpretation of what love is really all about. And don't be taken in by those who recurrently shout or indifferently wrap up everything they're individually mixed up with in an useful blanket of love; take to extravagantly wearing this rather precious emotion on their sleeve as though it were a fashion icon, and like the standard narcissist totally determined on obsessively pushing their own spurious agenda cleverly sees love as nothing more than a spectacular and accessible wheeze to exploitatively pull in the very gullible, stupid, feckless or the awfully harebrained!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 August 2016.

## Author's Comments:

No one will ever know for sure how many hearts have been broken, how many dreams were forsaken, heartfelt and positively beneficial ambitions abandoned, lives completely ruined or multiple deaths occasioned in the supposed name of

love. Nor conversely, for that matter, how rewardingly satisfactory love has been and stalwartly continues to be the principally redeeming factor as well as the highly motivatory catalyst in the routinely productive lives and accompanying achievements: major as well as small, of millions of people, the overwhelming majority of whom we've personally never heard of and the chances are we're never likely to meet.

But does it really matter in the end if this distinctly precious commodity we variously see, treat and term as love helps assist us in getting to know and understand each other much better so that we are more suitably equipped not only to competently accommodate our acknowledged similarities but likewise having recognized them, accept and similarly deal with our differences too? Of course it does! For in so doing it enables us all as part of the human family to cease being enemies and instead warmly embrace the other and far more constructive option of being friends.

Happy significant birthday on the 5th August 2016 Margaret Doreen!

Stanley Collymore

# Naturally Impressive Yet Relaxed About It!

By Stanley Collymore

The most intriguing and sometimes totally captivating thing about the unpredictable vagaries of life are the chance encounters which they present, enabling one to occasionally, quite out of the blue as it happens, come across persons that previously were entirely unknown entities to the individual concerned.

Yet, in spite of the unfamiliarity associated with such encounters, the instantaneously thrilling, disarming and natural rapport coupled with the effortlessly mutual understanding that this unique situation generates, itself securely fused with a consummate and genuine affability quite clearly discernible on both sides of this budding relationship, epitomize as well what I both feel and know that true and unpretentious living is really all about.

And interestingly and honestly said there can be no denying the fact that these endearing features, and many more besides, you obviously have in abundance  
Samantha!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 August 2014.

The Author's Personal Tribute:

In a world where so many intolerable pressures, and of such diversity too, are unwarrantedly and quite invariably damagingly as well exerted on others who unthinkingly assume and even implausibly, in my opinion, literally convince

themselves that they must flow with the tide of embarrassing inanity and even outright, rank stupidity is rather mindboggling to say the least; yet this quite preposterous conduct and the glaringly compulsive craving to please others, even those that the individual doesn't really know at all and simultaneously to be some person other than one's self happens repeatedly.

So it's a most refreshing change and in the process an undeniable inspiration, I freely admit, to happily come across someone like you Samantha, who despite your having a complete array of the most endearing qualities that huge numbers of individuals clearly don't have, and therefore can only dream about, you nevertheless are the personification of self-control and graciousness coupled with a selfless readiness to be both pleasant and helpful at all times. And very aware of this from the onset of our first meeting I've decided to write you this poem Samantha.

Stanley Collymore

# Nelson Mandela; A Truly Remarkable Man!

Twenty seven years of personal sacrifice selflessly but passionately combined with a lifetime of national and global inspiration to all those who genuinely believe in freedom, justice for all and equality of opportunity for everyone to exploit their God-given attributes, fully realize the ambitions they aspire to and have earnestly and positively set their hearts and minds on ultimately achieving.

That's your enduring legacy Madiba: the indisputable and amazing embodiment of the resounding triumph of the human spirit over the formidable and pernicious challenges of adversity that one can and does encounter, fashioning you as a result into the Moral Colossus and the Giant of a Man you inevitably became and will forever remain in the full consciousness of those who, as you most evidently were, are likewise perceptively, acutely and empathetically in touch with their own comprehensive and inborn humanity.

Most notably among them the progeny of Mother Africa that together with the children of her wider Diaspora have proudly watched you evolve into the fixed and guiding Southern Star you eventually emerged as, and whose bright, stubbornly undiminished and consoling light permanently radiates both near and afar serving as a trusted and reliable beacon of reassurance whose influential moral compass directs and assists us in navigating our way safely and appreciatively through the perilous waters

of racism, bigotry, ill-natured intolerance  
and the insidious contempt  
generated by and routinely directed  
at us from others on our onward  
journey to the tranquil haven  
of collective forgiveness,  
mutual respect for  
and much needed  
reconciliation  
towards one  
another.

Stanley Collymore

# Nemesis Of A Female Sexual Predator

From a personal perspective I've never ever considered you to be a good liar, which you evidently are not; and as such have always been able to see right through you and accurately determine whatever it was that you were up to, that put bluntly and to say the very least was never any good. Even so I never said anything, and at no stage of your outrageous behaviour did I ever reproach or condemn you for your permissive actions choosing instead to let sleeping dogs lie, as what you did didn't impact on my life and quite frankly was therefore none of my business.

All the more so as lawfully and physiologically you're obviously an adult and for that reason if none other must shoulder full responsibility for your personal conduct, just as those who allow themselves to be used by you have a comparable obligation to themselves to do likewise and therefore shouldn't expect a third party to constantly be on hand to act either as their guardian angel or individual protector.

However, when the likes of you grow tired, as you invariably do, of the relative ease with which you comprehensively outwit and ruthlessly manipulate those whom you've chosen to exploit, and who incredibly permit you to do so, turn your predatory instincts to the task of temptingly ensnaring what you self-servingly perceive as far more challenging prey of the calibre of myself, then to stand idly by

and witlessly refuse to  
confront such an  
outrage would  
at the very least  
be a non sequitur  
on my part were  
I specifically  
to be your  
selected  
target.

Something that I couldn't conscionably tolerate  
let alone sensibly accept. So in my case please  
spare yourself the ignominy of being told  
in candid terms where to get off and  
what best to do with yourself,  
relative to your predetermined  
designs and self-centred  
plans, where I am  
concerned!

For while the issue of my inside leg measurement and its  
speculative size are obviously matters of considerable  
interest to you, it doesn't necessarily follow that I  
must automatically or should unthinkingly comply  
with your personal demands on how or even  
whether or not I ought to make use of them  
with you; for I'm not or will I ever allow  
myself to be a sexual automaton: conveniently available  
on demand only to be casually disposed of when I'm  
no longer required or deemed fit for purpose as  
you evidently would rather prefer to think  
that I am, and shockingly surprising  
for you, I'm sure, do instead  
have a very functioning  
and well-utilized  
brain in my  
head!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 May 2014.

## Author's analysis

In the west predatory sexual instincts ascribed to and routinely acknowledged to exist among Homo sapiens is often principally associated with the male gender, this despite the accumulation of a plethora of historical and decisively, irrefutable empirical data that's readily available to substantively support the contrary point of view that this is distinctly far from being the case. But white Caucasian males, for the most part, demonstrably like and very much prefer the first, well-received but erroneous narrative that evidently gives them the emotional, comfort blanket boost and psychological peace of mean which they desperately yearn for to misleadingly corroborate what to others is the glaringly fictional notion of their machismo alpha male persona that they boastfully like to gird themselves with.

A right questionable state of affairs that from their ludicrous perspective nevertheless fittingly reinforces their staunch belief that they're not only racially and culturally the Master Race but unquestionably too also superior in bed; a conclusion which conflictingly, as I've personally discovered on numerous occasions, is a point of view that many of their womenfolk don't share at all, find risible in the extreme and privately have no hesitation in saying so, as their ongoing and intentional cuckolding of these purported Master Race specimens of humanity clearly attest to and firmly demonstrate.

That said members of both genders periodically tend to keep souvenirs of sexual encounters that they've engaged in and which at the time meant something, and even specially so, to them. However, what no normal individual among them ever does is to send semen or vaginal stained clothing, specifically derived from that sexual involvement, to either their mom or dad for safe keeping; as to do so would be most bizarre to say the very least and in a worst case scenario have serious overtones of premeditated and devious machinations in the offing on the part of the person involved in this kind of outlandish conduct.

Therefore in my opinion Monika Lewinsky is not and has never been the hapless victim she self-servingly seeks to portray herself as, nor have I ever thought for a solitary moment that Bill Clinton was or is a sexual abuser. A charismatic Lothario no doubt, but what may I ask is wrong with that if no coercion or manipulative deceit is ever contemplated or employed in the seduction process?

Candidly and significantly to-date even though I've long and voluntarily desisted from liberally but quite selectively sowing my wild oaks, as was previously my wont to do, as I not only grew up as normal people in such circumstances invariably do but have also sagaciously realized that however keen I was on proverbially climbing mountains so to speak, I didn't have to persistently scale

either new ones or the likes of existing and challenging ones like Mt. Everest every time, or for that matter regard their successful ascent as proof positive that I was still very much a highly skilled, undeniably accomplished and a remarkably competent mountaineer; a similar conclusion I logically arrived at in relation to sex and consequently determined that I had nothing to prove to myself and much less so to anyone!

And since I've comprehensively, and pleurably as well, had considerably far more than my fair share of sexual conquests: all of them perfectly legal, non-predatory, exclusively heterosexual, highly emotionally compatible – else I simply wouldn't have indulged in them in the first place - and distinctly always mutually consensual, set against that backdrop the quite lunatic idea that all sexually active men are invidious predators and conversely every female is chaste, naïve at worst or wholly innocent relative to the actions she embarks on is as preposterous, I firmly believe, as someone of either gender reaching the age of puberty and still believing, if they ever did in this contemporary and promiscuous world of ours, that newborn babies are found by their respective mothers under gooseberry bushes or else delivered to them by rather longsuffering but none the less altruistic storks tasked with the dubious privilege of doing so.

Stanley Collymore

# No Contest

I should really hate you as your influence  
on me is such that I instinctively and  
completely lose all control over  
everything I say and do  
whenever you're with  
me; but on the  
contrary, I  
love it!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# No Guarantees Mind, But All The Same A Happy New Year To You!

By Stanley Collymore

Another year will soon be gone as optimistically those who want to forget the tragedies and self-inflicted calamities of this outgoing one welcomingly beckon a new one in its place; but as these pre-planned celebrations transpire and festively explode with much hoped for celebrations, what guarantees are there that come the 31 December of the incoming New Year that people wouldn't have learnt any lessons in the interim; and then, will be ruefully glancing back and rather as it happens, dejectedly ruminating that for all their cherished good natured optimism and great cheer, 2016 unfortunately was really no different from other preceding and adverse years?

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31 December 2015.

## Author's Remarks:

The world is in turmoil and incredibly as it seems those who are directly and personally responsible for the terrible mess that we're in unsurprisingly like the purblind morons that they are and seemingly oblivious or else uncaring of the cataclysmic state of affairs they've inconceivably fashioned and asininely carry on with, rather than sensibly climb out of the hole they've created, caused us to be in and likewise stop hindering and allow the rest of us to do the same, they nevertheless like the dead-beat imbeciles that they are, and frankly that's putting it mildly, relentlessly carry on with their incomprehensible and utterly catastrophic digging!

Die Welt ist in Aufruhr und unglaublich, wie es scheint, die, die direkt und

persönlich für die heilloser Durcheinander verantwortlich sind, die wir in  
überraschend wie die blöden Idioten, die sie sind, und scheinbar nichts sonst  
gefühllos der katastrophalen Lage der Dinge sie unvorstellbar haben sind  
fashioned und asininely weiter mit, anstatt sinnvoll aus dem Loch, das sie  
geschaffen haben zu klettern, uns veranlasst, in sein und ebenso aufhören zu  
behindern und lassen Sie den Rest von uns das gleiche zu tun, sie doch wie die  
dead-Beat-Dummköpfe, dass sie sind, und ehrlich gesagt, das ist noch milde  
ausgedrückt, unerbittlich weiter mit ihrer unverständlichen und absolut  
katastrophalen Graben!

Stanley Collymore

# Not My Kind Of Game

I don't give a toss what other people think of me  
just as it isn't my problem, or will it ever be,  
that such people are bloody idiots with  
uneducated, boring and unfulfilled  
lives, because I have in my head  
a very astute brain which I  
regularly use to do my  
own thinking.

But I think that the problem I've previously  
referred to, great as it is for these people,  
in reality is much greater for you, as  
you have the same attitudes they  
do with one major exception;  
they have the courage of  
their convictions,  
and you don't!

So, instead, you conveniently hide your own  
contribution to this unbecoming saga by  
hypocritically lambasting the conduct  
of those who were created in the  
same mould as yourself!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 December 2010.

Stanley Collymore

# Not Part Of The Maddening Crowd

By Stanley Collymore

Neither in my life time nor that of my great-grandchildren,  
who are yet to be born, will the venerable concepts of  
altruistically giving or in return genially accepting  
compliments as well, as willingly and selflessly  
praising those who're undeniably deserving  
of such recognition in precisely the same  
manner as there are no qualms in either  
liberally dispensing criticism or else  
conveying gratuitous condemnation if the vexatious  
accuser has a mind to, ever become embedded in  
British culture; as it's much easier to criticize  
than perspicaciously praise someone if, as  
it happens, you were to find yourself in  
that category of completely brainless  
clowns that significantly, but alas,  
infest the hinterland of Britain.

So why then do folk like me carry on irrepressibly  
to keep banging our heads against what appear  
to be seemingly intractable brick walls and  
always with the existent prospect in that  
procedure of really achieving nothing  
for our earnest labours? The honest  
answer to that pertinent question?  
Outstanding persons like you  
Madge: formerly a stranger however no more  
so; but instead is someone that has become  
a most treasured friend and thoroughly  
appreciated neighbour; and who on  
my part and profoundly together  
with correspondingly beloved,  
time-honoured and enduring  
ones of this genre certainly  
makes each personal act  
of generosity that I'm  
occupied with, very  
much worth doing.

© Stanley V. Collymore

31 December 2016.

Author's Remarks:

This poem was inspired by and is dedicated in fond tribute to Madge: a neighbour and close friend of mine now of 13 years standing, who is also a brilliant, highly principled and a truly altruistically committed individual and a markedly conscionably active community activist of the highest order in her mid eighties.

Consummately fit, amazingly agile and most outstandingly healthy for her years Madge, who is always positively on the go, literally outdoes in virtually every department that is rationally worth considering many of both sexes who are several decades younger than she is and does so transparently both in physique as well as in relation to their customary sedentary lifestyle and pursuits, and in comparison to them is as a graceful swan in contrast to their statuses as uncoordinated and lumbering hippopotamuses.

Furthermore, Madge is additionally a committed, profoundly involved and an ongoing active benefactor to all manner of birds in her locality whom she willingly and voluntarily provides for out of her personal income with everything from suitable bird housing that she locates in the neighbouring trees which form the backdrop to her home, to the regular supplies of very nourishing food and water supplied to them throughout the year, and in the latter's case not only for drinking purposes but also to enable them to happily indulge themselves in bathing with during the warmer weather.

A similar all round attention that Madge assiduously pays to any number of stray cats that depend on her boundless generosity for their daily care and wellbeing. And it's indeed very touching and inspirational to observe the close bonding relationship that she has with these diverse animals and how very much they absolutely trust, appreciate and intimately interact with her, yet at the same time retaining their non-domesticated status.

Consequently, in my estimation and by any objective definition of the term, this remarkable octogenarian female is not only one outstanding sociable and humanitarian lady but also, and without any doubt in my mind, a truly phenomenal human being.

Stanley Collymore

# Nothing Good Ever Comes From House Niggers!

By Stanley Collymore

Why would ordinary and decent white Brits, of whom they are some, let alone any principled Black man or woman want a loathsome House Nigger as Prime Minister of Britain, with or without the inclusion of the entity we know as the United Kingdom? Far less so any number among the plethora of lowlife, white trash, redneck and discernibly intellectually impoverished retards routinely used and mercilessly manipulated by their alleged social betters - and come to think of it they don't either, as these privileged elite pillocks wouldn't stomach having a nigger: house or other mixture, marring their obsessive and delusional social strata status would they? - or these controlling puppet masters established and self-appointed mainstream media cons who mockingly pretend they're responsible and factually recounting journalists when obviously they unmistakably aren't!

So out of respect, if indeed you have any such thing, for each honourable human being who is Black, white, yellow or brown throughout the whole of Britain, uumm shall we say, exhort your half-breed Black moron, to firmly chuck this imbecilic and delusional notion of his forever out of his stupid head that he will be the leader of the Labour Party in place of our current one Jeremy Corbyn, and thereafter be Prime Minister of a vile Nazi Zionist encouraged, bottom engrossed; and a demonstrably run,

imperialistic and,  
quite ironically  
in his House  
Nigger case,  
colonialist  
Britain. But sad for you  
house boy it's never  
going to happen!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 May 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Blacks globally put their faith solidly in Barack Obama when he ran for President of the United States of America and many of them wept openly and unashamedly with relief and in profound gratitude to the Almighty God on the night that he was officially and tumultuously declared as the popularly, and certainly among Blacks and other non-white victims of white racism, imperialism, colonialism and global exploitation of themselves and their numerous supplies of natural resources, and democratically elected president of what was previously, continuously, firmly entrenched and customarily expected white and frequently redneck, constitutional and executive head of the United States of America.

But despite his electoral mandate for change which he'd solemnly promised it soon became quite disappointingly obvious to every discerning soul within and outside of the United States that Barack Obama's much vaunted mantra of change was nothing more than a skilful and cynical PR exercise in sleight of hand on his part commensurate with the customary duping of a domestic rogue state USA population that's traditionally kept obliviously ill-informed, cold-bloodedly and continuously mainstream media manipulated, Zionist bankers and other exploitative financial institutions exploited; the Military Industrial Complex abused; and a whole assortment of other nefariously assorted multinational corporations, all of whom are controlled by their privileged elite, Nazi Zionist cadres of puppet masters.

However, these home-grown Americans weren't the only ones who were dishonestly caught up in these disreputable, contemptuous and glaring contemptible shenanigans. As millions of non-whites and principled whites worldwide also were. For far from fomenting and heralding in change, Barack Obama and his puppet masters instituted more ferociously than any other rogue state USA regime had previously done more of the same, to which the entire

world had been forced to get accustomed to, and that the US electorate for once in their huge numbers had voted against. It didn't make any difference though!

So instead of a noticeable and positive transformation in both the United States and global societies we were quite despondently obliged to observe a fundamental worsening of both situations in tandem with the Barack Obama regime presiding incomprehensibly over more gratuitous and monstrously sadistic African-American killings by US police forces, redneck racist vigilante in common with sanctioned state murders of Blacks specifically, than at any other time since Slavery and the Jim Crow era; and with Barack Obama himself concerted doing nothing to rein in any of this. While internationally his earnest and perceptibly vested interest obsession with rogue state USA wars, illicit and war crimes initiated drone killings and the shoring up of the barbaric entities of dictatorial satrapy Bantu Saudi along with that of Nazi Zionist, apartheid, illegal nuclear pariah and Khazar embedded Yidland carried on unabated under Barack Obama's tenure of office, as they still do now he's thankfully gone.

So if this is what another half-breed Black and House Nigger, Chuka Umunna and his backers covet for a toadying to all things rogue state USA Britain, from my personal perspective they're quite welcomed to their fantasies. As it won't happen! And certainly NOT with a House Nigger at the helm! Not that sensible Black and white voters of Britain don't ever want to see a Black as Prime Minister of what ultimately remains of the United Kingdom, or the entire UK if miraculously it stays in one piece, but having seen one House Nigger in operation and rather arguably in charge of the world's supposedly most powerful nation, we just don't want to see another House Nigger moron in charge of the UK this time or, come to that, any place or anything. And besides we all know what white Zionist racists do to their imbecilic stooges when they become surplus to requirements.

Remember Saddam Hussein and Manuel Noriega to name just two examples? I'm sure you do!

Stanley Collymore

# Nothing Ventured; Well You Know The Rest Of It!

Forgive me, but could I be impertinent and ask you a personal favour? I imagine that your mother must have warned you when you were a girl growing up not to talk to men who are strangers to you, but I swear I wouldn't have approached you in this direct manner if I didn't need to. My problem is that I'm petrified of flying, and since there's no other practical way of getting to Barbados except than by flying there you can see the predicament that I'm currently in.

Colleagues and even friends of mine have told me I should take a couple of strong alcoholic drinks before take-off and that would calm my nerves, but I'm a teetotaler, have been all my life, and don't know which is worst: the fear of flying or the after effects of consuming alcoholic beverages that I'm obviously not accustomed to.

So will you be a pal, and as our seats are next to each other, I wasn't eavesdropping but overheard your conversation with the check-in clerk, let me hold on to you for reassurance during take-off and until the aircraft is safely in the air and the pilot has charted its course successfully, allowing me the opportunity to chart mine with you?

Stanley Collymore

# Ode To The Indomitable Seumas Milne!

By Stanley Collymore

Hang on a bit don't I know you? Yes of course I do! You're that leftist, terrorist-loving twit who likes masquerading as a serious journalist as you strive not only to befuddle the heads of but as well perniciously and deliberately fool your everyday Brit while premeditatedly incensing those of us: people effectively like me, that these ordinary people look up to and unconsciously quite happily, endemically and traditionally too, class-consciously know full well and readily accept that by Divine Right are born to rule them. So why then as you've consistently done in the past, and still carry on doing to this day, purposely go out of your way to unnecessarily upset and confuse them with your far-fetched, treasonous and obviously impracticable notions, compounded by your risible assertions of their inalienable and, listen to this, legal entitlement to them of universal human rights, racial and gender equality and what you leftists vaingloriously see, promote as, and even absurdly guarantee aren't only the principles of democracy but must also lawfully, constitutionally and permanently be enshrined as the only practical way forward in relation to how the people not just of Britain, but also other societies worldwide ought independently to administer their own individual country.

I ask you! Does such political blasphemy realistically do anything positively either for our happy subjects – citizens I mean – or the rest of us their superiors? Of course not! For it only causes rancorous divisions where previously none existed and that ideally can't be beneficial, by

any deduction, for the overall good  
of our proud and unified nation,  
the United Kingdom! And looked at pragmatically  
and not through some idealistic and hopelessly  
ill-conceived prism liberally fashioned in an  
undoubtedly bizarre cauldron of the hatred  
of our people and a fanatical derision for  
your own country by you and others of  
your sort and that unhappily you were  
quite irresponsibly and significantly  
dangerously indulged in, I earnestly  
believe, by media outlets like the  
Guardian, is it really any wonder  
then that with him now the leader  
of Britain's Labour Party you've  
rather shamelessly opted Seumas  
Milne to explicitly and firmly  
align yourself with another  
traitor, terrorist lover and  
obsessive hater of the  
United Kingdom,  
Jeremy Corbyn?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 October 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

In my honest opinion, as well as by any objective analysis one can employ, Seumas Milne is undoubtedly and incomparably not only the best but equally by far the most straightforward, interesting to read, informative and principled journalist of any gender throughout the entire United Kingdom and furthermore, I firmly believe, has been so for a considerable time now, and rather pleasurable for me I don't see him ever being remotely overtaken in that capacity; and most certainly NOT by the vainglorious, completely and unwarrantedly full of themselves, transparently ill-educated by any benchmark that one can devise - my maternal Grandmother lovingly implanted in my mind from the age of four when for the first time I formally attended primary school that book learning should never be equated with basic commonsense or for that matter genuine intelligence - and furthermore, profoundly educationally challenged and obtuse stenographers who when not two sheets to the wind would be hard-pressed to tell you what time of day it was, so effectively brainwashed are they in other

words that the making of independent decisions that normal people habitually engage in during their everyday life is a Himalayan assignment for these robotically controlled freaks who simply do whatever it is that they're told to do.

So understandably looking at it from their skewed perspective on life people like Seumas Milne are unsurprisingly regarded by them with the utmost suspicion and not only because he's a far better journalist than they could ever be but principally too because he's not psychologically like them nor is he the sort of person to demean himself and his values for the filthy lucre that these useless stenographers prostitute themselves for. For whichever way that one objectively assesses Seumas Milne it soon become demonstrably clear that compared to all of the others in his line of work he is one colossal giant in every plausible way when compared to or set beside the throng of unctuous stenographers that infest the plutocratic world of Pygmyland, or more fittingly put the misnomer that narcissistically and quite delusionally sees itself as the British mainstream media. So there's certainly no need: pressing or otherwise, on my part for me to defend Seumas Milne who is fully proficient at defending himself.

However, as a longstanding and committed supporter of Jeremy Corbyn I couldn't resist the temptation to serve up some of these morons own and unpalatable medicine to these brain-dead detractors and vilifying castigators of both Seumas Milne and Jeremy Corbyn for their recently conjoined alliance that has thankfully really got up the noses of these imbecilic pillocks. For it powerfully confirms one thing at least, if there was any doubt at all about that which there never was, how completely petrified and intensely worried these perfidious and downright pernicious "Divine Righters", class-privileged entrenched lowlife scum and the virulent enemies at every turn of real democracy are. For why else would they unremittingly keep spewing out the same noxious vomit that they do? So forgetting them and using irony and sarcasm in this poem to ridicule them I'll simply say to Seumas Milne on your new and superb appointment as advisor to Jeremy Corbyn, welcome on board mate! And keep giving these lowlife scum nightmares.

Stanley Collymore

# Often Is Not Nearly Good Enough

I know that it's only a few moments ago since  
I last told you that I love you but it seems  
already like ages to me; anyway, any  
number of times that I say it to  
you I also know would be  
quite insufficient as far  
as I'm concerned.

Stanley Collymore

# Okay! You Win.

By Stanley Collymore

Give over; and do give it a break will you? Look!  
I've heard all this baloney before that you're  
giving me from guys like you who swear  
as you do that they're principally interested  
in my mind and not my body. Well, go  
tell it to the birds! Hey, wait a minute;  
what on earth am I saying? For  
you've evidently and rather  
successfully it seems, done that  
already and it's why you're  
now trying it on with me.  
Spreading your quite  
practised wings  
ever further so  
to speak!

Nice try; but you've got your work cut out for you  
mate, as I'm no easy pushover. Mind you, I'm  
very susceptible, I must confess, to lapses  
of resilience when confronted with  
cogent and compelling arguments of persuasion.  
It's a terrible weakness of mine I know; one  
that I personally and readily admit to but  
rarely confide to anyone else unless  
encouragingly placed in the quite  
intriguing but none the less  
highly compromising  
situation of the kind  
you've clearly  
put me in.

And now that you know this I suppose you're  
going to take full advantage of what I've  
told you; and were you to do so who  
could really blame you? I know  
that I won't, as by confiding in you in  
this way I would have subliminally

asked for and hopefully as well  
quite consciously set myself  
up for getting everything  
that I'm hopefully, as  
I'm sure you well  
know, naturally  
asking for!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 November 2013.

Commentary:

Practically every one of us likes to think that for most of the time we're fully in charge of our individual sexuality. It's a myth, of course, as unforeseen and even premeditated encounters coupled with the circumstances triggered and generated by them are irresistibly strong determinant factors relative to how we ultimately behave sexually.

But who the hell cares or has any lasting regrets, for that matter, about these outcomes if they succeed not only in unleashing but also spellbindingly manage to liberate and fully sate in the process the surging sexuality, however embarrassing that might be for some of you, that each of us periodically experiences and invariably succumb to; yet for all that still try to pretend, and unconvincingly so, it must be said, that you seriously want to suppress such inclinations from ever surfacing.

Stanley Collymore

# On Becoming A Vibrant Woman

By Stanley Collymore

Uncontrollable passions surge through my veins for you  
as I intentionally throw all semblances of discretion  
and rationality out of the proverbial window. For  
never before has anyone impacted quite so  
instantaneously and emphatically on my life  
like this creating in the process a vigorously  
swirling and seemingly unchecked whirlpool  
of unbridled emotions that have me in a  
complete tizzy where everything else  
but you is now inconsequentially  
implacably and forcefully  
shut out of my mind.

How could this be? But more importantly why is  
it happening to me of all people, someone who  
is unapologetically staid, considered to be  
and in actuality is imperturbably level-  
headed, not given to flights of  
fantasy and what's more is  
discerning to a fault?

But your alluring impudence has changed all that and  
like a young foal skittishly in oestrus for the very  
first time and irresistibly drawn to the assertive  
stallion that has triggered her condition in the  
first place I too find myself completely under  
your dominant spell. So what will happen  
to me now I wonder? As I really don't  
know for sure and your guess is as  
good if probably not better than  
my own. But one thing is for  
certain; the previous me is  
no more and to be quite  
honest with you I don't  
in the least regret  
her passing.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# One Man's Libertarianism Is Another One's Subjugation!

By Stanley Collymore

Give over will you! For regardless of what you might say on this matter or how much you may try to persuade me to see your point of view I must truthfully say that I really don't want to hear of or actually know about any of those things that rather laboriously you've been relating to me.

And frankly, regardless of whether or not you approve of my honesty and straightforwardness, choose to agree with me or else prefer to take offence at my open response to what you've been unconvincingly saying to me all along, I still quite seriously don't give a damn about what I personally consider, but am also fully cognizant none the less while at the same time realistically acknowledging that you and I are worlds apart on this matter, is the wittingly make-believe, allegedly universally caring, meaningfully and logically far-fetched, considerably fabricated, enormously irritating to those who're fully aware of what you're most deceitfully doing - in showcasing what basically, and quite risibly at times, is accurately a purported and not by any rational means either a credibly structured or a convincingly egalitarian society.

And while I'm on that subject I wholeheartedly reject too, as indeed all other sensible, logically-minded and very

intelligent persons predictably will do the ostensibly plausible but in effect discernibly scaremongering tactics coupled with the totally delusional notions and the declamatorily peddled assertions that quite unsurprisingly and most self-servingly for those determinedly pushing them are forcefully said by these same persons to not only be the embedded components but also the salient philosophy that's fundamentally, as well as self-liberationally, inextricably intertwined with and thus, in reality, indispensably comprise the bedrock principles of so-called genuine democracy.

Well to all that I most insistently, individually, beg to differ with you and furthermore do know that with the absolute certainty stemming from the vigorous opposition to it within me that I, for one, shall never in any imposed situation voluntarily allow myself to robotically, far less so intentionally, be subsumed by the pervasively consuming turpitude fatuously, I believe, being peddled to a rather weak-minded, unthinking and evidently too an effortlessly convinced multitude among those who infernally are always on the take and additionally forever wanting something for nothing; and therefore have no problem or inhibitions in willingly signing up to and fully embracing this liberally manifested, extraordinarily prodigious and obvious zealously, robust proselytized, execrable chicanery which misguided and irresponsible people like you are unjustly and inexcusably feeding them.

To begin with it emphatically goes against the grain of natural selection: Nature's unquestionable and explicit way of sagaciously and quite rationally weeding out the human version of our own

flotsam and jetsam that truthfully should  
never have been here in the first place;  
and, as such, is a totally unforgivable  
disgrace, a distinct slap in the face  
and a shamefully tolerated stumbling block to  
the studiously envisaged, carefully laid out  
and thereafter the indefatigably instigated  
plans that our Great Creator, nonpareil  
in all things, obviously had in mind  
all along when in his inestimable  
wisdom he created those of us  
that worthily like me are by all comprehensive  
and, of course, quite justifiable means fully  
entitled to both see and honestly regard  
ourselves as being suitably apt, vitally  
creditable and hugely indispensable  
in our primary duty to always be  
genuinely responsible in our  
individual and collective  
actions as insightful  
human beings  
must be!

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9 November 2015.

#### Author's Thoughts:

My Great-Uncle Aubrey once said to me during my teens – he wasn't eavesdropping but had overheard a conversation I was having then at his house which I looked after during the entire and busy crop season; he worked shifts as a highly skilled engineer and pan-boiler in charge of the totally integrated system whereby the massive deposits of sugar cane at the factory were systematically and expertly transformed into either molasses or sugar, as required, at the long established, very popular, local cane grinding and sugar producing factory located two miles distance from his home - with some basically largely school friends of mine who regularly congregated there to either jointly do our homework together or else play dominoes which Uncle Aubrey was not only an aficionado and expert of but also generally recognized by all those cognizant of his phenomenal expertise as a formidable opponent to cross swords with when playing a game of dominoes with him: a love of his that was on a par with his passion for cricket and more akin to a religion with him we would all tease him

when invariably he either singly or in a partnership with others thrashed his opponents, ourselves included, during those contests we had with him

And not unnaturally his home, whether he was there or not, became a Mecca for teams of domino players, all of whom were determined to challenge each other and simultaneously hopefully improve their own expertise. A situation that was largely practicable because Uncle Aubrey was a bachelor all his life, even though there hadn't been any deficiency of important lady friends in his life, though I doubted that any "legal auntie" of mine on his part would have tolerated the intrusion, as she clearly would have seen it, of so many comings and goings of domino players and spectators into her matrimonial home but thankfully as an avid domino player myself who had acquired my skills from the master himself I never minded too much, and for a number of personal reasons, that there was no formal Mrs Uncle Aubrey around; at least not permanently in the house that is.

Anyway, to slip back to Uncle Aubrey's sagacious and measured interjection relative to the conversation that my friends and I were having and which had revolved around a homework assignment we had on the merits and demerits of democracy, my Uncle Aubrey's contribution was along the lines that democracy was like sex: something most of us assume that we must in one form or another have, then afterwards convince ourselves that our own individual approach to it shouldn't simply be regarded by ourselves as the best there is but more often than not also as the only and definitive appropriate manner of acceptably dealing with that particular personal issue. And because it's something that is intrinsically part of our psychological and physical make up and irrespective of whether or not one is directly involved in participating in it, the future implications of either doing so or knowingly withholding one's self are nevertheless forever prevalent in our minds, and therefore can be a very sensitive topic indeed, in a multitude of ways, for those that either egotistically think they indisputably have all the answers required, set against those others who're still literally feeling their way around what for many of them will continue to be a very thorny subject indeed.

Politics is very much like sex Uncle Aubrey authoritatively explained with very often those that know the least about either doing the most shouting in relation to their narcissistic and often highly disquieting disclosures on the matter. How absolutely right my Barbadian Uncle Aubrey was; God rest his immortal soul!

However, in winding up this conclusion, I'd like to finish off with three comments which I think are most apt in relation to this poem and the sentiments behind it. The first is from Ken de Silva of Kent who writes: "Nicholas Houghton could have expressed his views on the nuclear weapons issue without resorting to deliberate political bias, just as the military expresses its vehement opposition to the

Conservative budgetary cuts to the armed forces without expressing political hostility to them. His comments were partisan and anti-democratic and he should apologise. Furthermore, the anti-Corbyn right of the Labour Party should have a refresher course in democracy and cease undermining Mr Corbyn at every opportunity or leave the party."

OR PREFERABLY BE SUMMARILY DESELECTED! My personal interjection in this MATTER.

Dr Richard House of Gloucestershire adds: "Jeremy Corbyn's disquiet at the undemocratic outburst of Nicholas Houghton is entirely justified. "If he were a public-sector whistle-blower he'd have been summarily dismissed." And on an allied subject Catherine Warner of the Wirral sums up my feelings entirely when she says: "To those complaining about the protests against university fees, an educated workforce is not a privilege but a necessity. Universities create doctors, teachers, social workers, scientists and much more. Without them, society would be nasty, brutish and short."

Stanley Collymore

# Our Calendar Of Love

By Stanley Collymore

We first met in Springtime, appropriately as it happens when things themselves, already in accommodating existence, come into full bloom and new life in tandem with this fresh and appealing surge of optimism, joyously in its refreshing and untainted innocence, set out in their own inimitable ways their highly impressive stall of irresistible temptations to fabulously enthrall one and all with the exquisite dawning of a new beginning. Then came Summer, and with it the sun-packed days of light-heartedness, jollity and fun when those who were previously strangers to one another but now discovering they were outstandingly impressed - suitably by, as well as individually attracted to each other - by this pioneering occurrence they were now a part of, happily considered and afterwards willingly set off on a mutually loving and enlivening relationship of their own. A situation in which, and similarly from our own delighted condition and personal perspective, they weren't by any means, whatsoever, exactly on their own.

Autumn with its noticeable motif and like the resolute relay runner receiving the all-essential baton, in this traditional season run, from Summer: the having actively participated but now on the verge of becoming an outgoing participant player in this imminently impending and seasonal renovation, not to be outdone initiated its own distinctive kaleidoscope of organic colour which appealingly and constructively both helped to inaugurate and consolidate,

associated with the process  
of fully highlighting and  
boosting, the certainly  
emotional Odyssey  
gladly instigated  
by you and me.

Winter with its impressive and teasingly flirtatious  
display of iced-chilled winds, pristine snow and  
periodic rain and, in the interim, markedly  
symbolic of the time of year, typically  
in its customary well-rehearsed and,  
inimitably, distinctively portrait-  
styled display of eye-catching  
beauty and transmittable serenity, steadfastly  
carried on, with its endearing equanimity,  
the final stage of this traditional and  
annual seasonal run first begun in  
Spring and finally nearing its  
climacteric end in Winter.

While, in return, you and me: a twosome of  
new lovers, indefinitely appreciative of the  
alternating seasons for their picturesque  
and considerable contributions to our  
enchancing and amorous situation,  
expectantly looked forward to  
the future and the important  
influences of its seasonal  
sway on our particular  
and comprehensibly  
satisfyingly and  
courageously  
reciprocal,  
amorous  
affair.

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5 September 2017.

Author's Comments:

There's nothing more exciting, thrilling, personally intoxicating and incredibly rewarding than to unexpectedly encounter someone with whom you've madly, inescapably, passionately, and shrewdly as it also turns out, fallen in love with; and, furthermore, to subsequently and significantly shortly afterwards discover that the intense love which you exhibit for that specific individual is likewise reciprocated.

The poem of this name: "Our Calendar of Love" and the articles associated with it is therefore personally written for and fondly dedicated to all such fortunate and blessed individuals. And is done so by me in the earnest wish and fervent hope that your mutual love for each other remains steadfast, and like a vintage wine or champagne increases in value and its treasured preciousness to you with each passing year in your joint lives.

Stanley Collymore

# Our Strong And Stable President - Oops Sorry - Toadying Pm Of Great Britain!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm the delusional Prime Minister who'll put the "Great" back into Britain again and who therefore, and unsurprisingly so to anyone but quite evidently left-wing and hopelessly out of touch with reality morons of the discernible ilk of Diane Abbott, John McDonnell and unquestionably Jeremy Corbyn, is actually both generally and flatteringly, gratefully perceived by people who're equally likeminded, together with others far more dim-witted and racist than me as being somewhat astute, politically outstandingly and very clever; principally as a result of the things they hear me say and watch me do. Not realizing for a single moment: these lowlife, white trash, redneck scum, who in private I socially spurn but publicly hail and acclaim as my alluring supporters and most adorably beautiful babies - even though I've never been a parent myself, as honestly I've neither relished nor would I ever individually wish to even be remotely connected with anything that distantly touches on maternity - but how then could they effectively have sensed otherwise, when intrinsically they are all so amazingly intellectually impoverished, daft as a lavatory brush and furthermore, being, as in perpetuum is the situation the electoral fodder they routinely are, candidly indisputably, futilely and irrationally

too, quite  
patently  
dumb?

Joyfully unaware, these poor and pathetic dears, that what I'm abusively doing in the actions they see me take and the pronouncements that I rather robustly and in my echo-chamber-like manner make, is essentially me engaging in the proselytizing and subsequently, as is also my remit, repeatedly regurgitating at every opportunity that I can conceivably get or is fulsomely and unquestioningly provided for me by the BBC and the rest of the Establishment embedded MSM, is effecting my avid best, not as I always and deceitfully assert for the benefit of the United Kingdom or even imaginably a truncated Britain after the conclusion of Brexit, but instead thoroughly committedly as I certainly am - as are my fellow Tories, Labtory and Lib-Dem collaborators - to the Nazi Zionist, combined and obsessively anti-Palestinian, Hezbollah and thrilling Iranian hate-filled agenda plan we've all mustered and clearly contrasts with our determined and wholly deferential, pro-racist stratagems acceptingly but nevertheless, rigorously and comprehensively disseminated, and furthermore discernibly authorized by the orders of our Yiddish kith and kin, terrorist, puppet masters in rogue state USA; and absolutely reasonably, and as your loyal PM I'd say, in every likely way in what these damnable, most objectionably and rather opinionated ridiculers censure as Balfour's absurdly designed and barbarously made Khazar, adulterated

Yidland!

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12 May 2017.

Author's comments:

Other than money, power, influence and the execution of these attained by any nefarious means they can likely conceive demographic control by their white barbarian hordes is another principal mechanism employed by most whites universally and in particular by their Yiddish, Nazi-Zionist counterparts to obsessively endeavour, and on a continuous basis, dominate the rest of the world.

The normal and sane world has quite repeatedly, most unfortunately but rather sickeningly witnessed these practices murderously, premeditatedly and genocidically employed by and also carried out in rogue state USA, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, apartheid South Africa, the formerly named, Germany colonized territory of Southwest Africa, now independent Namibia, where the wilfully German conceived and barbarously executed first two holocausts of the 20th Century and which were both the benchmark and the precursors to the eventual and absurdly much more aware of from a racist perspective, as this time whites were murdered in the European one while in the Southwest Africa and German implemented holocausts the hapless victims and additionally 85% of that country's indigenous population that was callously and intentionally exterminated was exclusively Black, not so the European holocaust that took place in Europe circa 1933-1945.

While complementing the aforementioned atrocities there were also the white and distinctly racial barbarities effected against Blacks in Southern Rhodesia under the aegis of the white minority led and apartheid regime of the late and unlamented in the Global South Ian Smith, a brutally racist regime as was clearly the case in likeminded apartheid South Africa that was enthusiastically supported by successive British regimes, including that of Harold Wilson a supposed Labour Party Prime Minister with sentiments firmly backed by significant numbers of white Britons asinine and flamboyantly supporting their white kith and kin in Southern Rhodesia as they typically did in apartheid South Africa. And not forgetting Britain's own massive and equally racist atrocities in Kenya accompanied by those of France and Belgium for example among other European nations in their own African colonies.

Endemic barbarities that were carried out either personally or else through their

toadying surrogates at the behest of every western white country or their thoroughly demented and unequivocally terrorist organization NATO, and habitually at their revolting will globally conducted, as well as at home in entities like Portugal, Spain and in Italy the Gladio operations, in addition to others in the Ukraine, Poland and all of Eastern Europe, by these endemically barbaric Caucasian sub-humans masquerading through their concerted and utterly bogus acts of barbarism as actions derived from and spurred on through their concerns for and keen desire to implement conditions of humanitarianism on their part - when nothing could be further from the truth on their part, and the real reasons for their most unwarranted interventions in the domestic and foreign affairs of other sovereign and independent UN member states worldwide were themselves instigated by consummate greed, natural resources exploitation, regime change in those countries whose rulers, prizing enormously the independence of their countries, resolutely refused to bend the knee of subservience to these white interloping carpetbaggers, colonialists and imperialist hegemonists staunchly imbued with their delusional notions of white supremacism and exceptionalism.

A white demographic obsession that still steadfastly prevails in the west in the 21st Century as it carries on hauntingly stoking the fears of those desperately afraid they might lose what they unquestionably consider as their inalienable right to forever and numerically control others - somewhat of a ludicrous pipe dream, since whites statistically are undoubtedly the smallest racial group among human beings and clearly the very last among Homo sapiens to emerge on earth - even within the confines of the latter's own indigenous countries and, of course, their millennia old ancestral homelands.

And accounts for Donald Trump's compulsively conceived Mexican Wall to keep out those southern and neighbouring to rogue state USA foreigners. Irony completely lost on him and his equally numbskull supporters in this regard that unless they're Native Americans they're all of them foreigners either by birth or descent to this genocidally stolen and usurped Native American ancestral homeland. But the debilitating fear that Donald Trump and the majority of white Americans feel is that Latinos and others will displace them as the principal ethnic group in what these essentially white northern Europeans have manifestly turned in rogue state USA; and as such it's literally driving these conceited and barbaric immigrant fuckers crazy.

A similar mindset that prevails in Britain, France, Holland, Belgium and the rest of these demographically dominated and exclusively controlled white European states. Absolutely aware or should be, despite their airbrushing of the facts in their coordinated, revisionist history books of what their unquestionably barbarian ancestors and now themselves have done, and in numerous situations

too irreversibly, as well as barbarically, transformed the demography of several countries worldwide. Situations insufferably compounded by the horrendous and evil barbarities perpetrated against the local indigenous inhabitants there; and who in 2017 are still in their own countries the wretched and reviled victims of racist, exploitative, warmongering, mass murdering, war crimes, lowlife and white scum barbarians.

A student of mine drew my attention to this headline in a British rag that I shan't dignify by naming it. The explicit headline, referring to testosterone Theresa May and her husband, for the lack of a more appropriate term I thought, read: &quot;Our strong and stable marriage.&quot; Those of you who routinely read my articles and the like know that I went to a grammar school and also had a very classical education that I'm thoroughly proud of. And couldn't resist when I was shown the aforementioned headline of asking myself in what context was stable being fraudulently employed in relation to testosterone Theresa? Then instantaneously I realized that even if the intellectually impoverished retards lauding testosterone Theresa weren't aware of it at least with my classics educational background I did know of it. And consequently there was only one stable applicable in her case, namely: The Augean Stable! Exceedingly apt and deeply entrenched in 21st Century Tory run, and most sympathetically supported Labtory and Lib-Dem infested Britain. Other than being a chronic redneck racist, Nazi-Zionist, gullible and likeminded lowlife piece of white scum yourself, wouldn't you agree?

But who cares? I know I fucking well don't! So be my guest to get as offended as you care to! It'll be like water off a duck's back!

Stanley Collymore

# Oxford University - Lone Wolf Assassin Urgently Required!

By Stanley Collymore

It calls itself the beacon of learning and those in charge of it, tasked with being so, and who then arrogantly and vaingloriously run it to suit their insolent egotism, foster their ingrained and pernicious prejudices; assiduously and fixatedly participate in their nepotistic, sociopathic, psychopathic and inured abusive paedophile and sex-for-degrees indulgences evidently in line with their delusional perception of themselves as the crème de la crème not only of the coterie of privileged, white racists, supremacists and exceptionalists to which they committedly and haughtily belong; the leading lights, as they envisage themselves relative to the British social and intellectual scene, and also and naturally for them, as they unquestionably believe, the pivot both in terms of worthy societal principles and the spirit of their perception of suave intellectuality obligatory not just to Britain but equally too the whole of white western and urbane humanity.

And therefore as one objectively looking in on this perverse, twisted, narcissistic, utterly subjective and fully one-dimensional conceptualization of theirs swiftly understand why it is that these egocentric, full of themselves, awfully out of touch with reality and dross Oxford University

morons and lowlife scum  
can't discern anything  
wrong in what they wilfully and recurrently,  
although in the most observably depraved,  
abominable fashion and insupportable  
circumstances, cheerfully embark on  
doing; never mind the deleterious,  
crushingly disadvantageous and  
long-term effects that Oxford  
University's fraudulent and  
criminally proposed and  
its subsequently master  
minded, deliberately  
placed and grossly  
repulsive actions  
have on those at  
the sharp end of  
them; and for  
whom they'd  
always been  
knowingly  
intended.

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8 February 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

There's a rather misguided, wholly unthinkingly subscribed to and dimwittedly accepted misconception that because something has been around for some considerable time, and even occasionally for centuries, that that specific entity ingrained in those involved over all that time and replete with their prejudices and calamitous travesties of life and that in turn have themselves been encouraged, reinforced, consolidated and actively promoted by the elites at the time who arrogantly and even disdainfully deem and unsurprisingly conclude that they owe no explanation of any kind nor, come to that, any allegiance to those whom they unilaterally, self-servingly and uncaringly lord their unilaterally subscribed to, deeply entrenched and confidently inspired, personal interest commitments over, and with whom the aforementioned special-interests groups rapidly and committedly align themselves with, that nothing else needs to be evaluated or taken into consideration by them so long as their individual, joint and constantly reciprocally beneficial and overwhelming wants, with the

occasionally relevant requirements intervening, are well catered for.

No discernible recognition by any of them during any of this, in psychologically much less so in concrete terms either, honourably suggesting or seeing the basic requirement on their part for any consultation with or a requisite dialogue between themselves and those whom they quickly and patronizingly dismiss as absolutely undeserving of any such approach or respect, and instinctively regard as consummately beneath them intellectually, physically and in every conceivably social and civilized way.

This, to put it bluntly, is precisely how Oxford University with its chillingly pernicious and elitist mindset has operated ever since its establishment; and particularly good at using and manipulating those who've either been idiotically or self-servingly conned or persuaded to align themselves with its invidious practices, has managed to create an almost indestructible chain over the years and centuries of ingratiating and essentially evil cult worshippers, not dissimilar from the Masons, that assiduously ensure those of their kind are well catered for and coupled with the myth of Oxford University's intellectual and civilized greatness have markedly distorted and even irreparably damaged in a multiplicity of ways the entire fabric of British society.

So assuming and worst still even firmly committing one's self to the asinine concept that because something has been around for a long time and especially so when that entity has throughout its entire existence done absolutely nothing, and moreover arrogantly feels that it doesn't have to, to adjust to the relevant and pressing needs of the society or the nation it hypocritically and through its blatant double standards purports to serve is not only brain-dead drivel gullibly consumed by mendaciously manipulated village idiots like YOU but equally too the disingenuous mantra of the privileged elites and their toadying kind who either benefit sumptuously from the crass privileges that Oxford University dispenses to its cult supplicants or those aspiring to become part of that perceptibly moribund, habitually corrupt, overtly and pretentiously lowlife, sewer repository.

Stanley Collymore

# Paedophile, Married Mother Of Three And Adulteress Wanting To Be France's First Lady!

By Stanley Collymore

Western politics in the hands of and manipulatively controlled by imperialistically indoctrinated, obsessively implemented and Nazi Zionist capitalism promoters and well-heeled beneficiaries have seen the latter readily throw their hats fittingly, willingly, firmly and expectantly into the political ring of Emmanuel Macron: arch sycophant of the excesses of western universal imperialist strategies, NATO expansionism, subjective and wholly unjustified regime changes in truly sovereign and independent countries that persistently and resolutely refuse to bend a subservient knee to the haughty demands of western and especially white Caucasian led global hegemony, or else these interlopers' perverse ideology of an inalienable and contrary to any question, complaints of any kind regarding such, or the slightest defiance to the absorption of their delusional but none the less staunchly perceived and deeply ingrained notion of white supremacist dominion attendant with its exclusive view of fixed and absolute, white exceptionalism in all things conceivable that sure idiots and brownnose persons like dim-witted Emmanuel Macron indiscriminately and conceitedly put their unshakeable allegiance in.

And logically then shouldn't in the least be a surprise to any logical person considering, when all is said and done, the sexually stimulated and egocentrically

predatory antics of this erstwhile and utterly deviant adolescent, Monsieur Emmanuel Macron, still basically of that identical compulsive and typical mind-set of his, that asinine for him adopts in his twisted mind an automatic and indisputable right to privileged entitlement. Precisely as he did with his quarter of a century much older, married and discernibly mother of three, when he was barely fifteen years' old paedophile lover that he now wants, with her utmost cooperation and calculating blessing, to rather implausibly thrust onto the populace of France as an extremely unacceptable, unconscionable, but even so First Lady!

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27 April 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Anyone with even a casual observation of Britain let alone an in-depth comprehension of this country knows full well that the UK, right across the board, has consistently, as it still is now, run by a closely knit and comfortably nepotistic, as well as an enduringly intimate, communal and politically embedded incestuous coterie of unrestricted protected paedophiles and several other hazardously sexual deviants who ascribe to themselves the vainglorious designation of 'privileged elites' and whose only other purpose in life in addition to satisfying their crazed, obsessive and discernibly decadent sexual inclinations is to make huge amounts of money at the expense of those whom they endemically consider to be either inferior to or less fortunate than themselves, and to do so by any means, fair or foul, that appeals to their insatiable greed.

Now it seems that the likeminded deviants among France's own equally so-called 'privileged elites' are earnestly endeavouring to do the very same things as their counterparts in Britain, and what's more with the extensive and expedient backing of their fellow foremost European states' collaborators, patently undemocratically appointed and forthwith installed EU bosses and

apparatchiks who collectively are pulling out all the stops to ensure, either by hook or crook, that Emmanuel Macron emerges as the next President of France.

All sense of irony completely lost in the spurious endeavours on these loathsome bastards and bitches and indisputably ingrained morons that in the most offensive manner to anyone with an objective mind can readily see that they are gratuitously and unlawfully interfering in the domestic affairs of what is unquestionably in France's case a sovereign and independent nation. Something that these same boneheaded lowlifes virulently and without a shred of any evidence to support their tedious, tendentious and obviously lying accusations repetitively accuse the Russian Federation and Vladimir Putin of maliciously doing.

And why? Because they all of them desperately want to maintain the corrupt status quo that they handsomely benefit from by scuppering the presidential prospects of Marine Le Pen who has repeatedly and courageously pointed out their several shortcomings as well as called out their dishonest and unethical practices; laying bare for all to see their blatant double standards and pernicious hypocrisy, as she scathingly denounces the fraudulent political and financial activities, the overwhelming majority of them undoubtedly criminal by any genuine objective assessment, that these socially perceived "privileged elite" crooks and compulsive criminals characteristically and with complete impunity for themselves opportunely engage in while in addition hugely and beneficially profit from.

And to hopefully secure their goal and fraudulently mislead as well as lie to the electorate of France specifically and the European and global public that listens to what they say generally they virulently set out to paint Marine Le Pen as everything noxious under the sun. Well I'm Black and quite intelligent with it and know the difference between truth and fiction. And for me the malevolent fiction is Emmanuel Macron and not Marine Le Pen who says and does what she genuinely believes in. And given the unambiguous choice between someone who calls me a NIGGER to my face and tells me they would rather that no Blacks lived in France or the rest of Europe, I smile disarmingly at their remarks because I've heard it all before and it's like water off a duck's back to me; we part company and as I continue on my way I'm unexpectedly forcibly pulled to the ground by the person who'd earlier made those remarks to me, only to later discover that unknown to me they'd seen some scaffolding I was about to go under collapsing overhead and had instinctively and altruistically pulled me out of harm's way and clearly saved my life.

Given the choice of someone like that and the usual liars who constitute the

British and European establishment who claim they're &quot;friends&quot; to all persons including Blacks like me when given half a chance these fuckers will cheerfully knife me in the back, I know who I'd prefer to have around me.

And finally! If you found out that your 15-year-old daughter was being fucked by her male school teacher who was over 25 years her senior; was himself married with three children from that marriage one of whom was the same age as your daughter and at the same school, you would, if you had any sense, immediately regard that as paedophilia and the rank abuse of teacher responsibility. You would also involve the police. Not so apparently if you're from the &quot;privileged elites&quot; and in the case of France the 15-year-old pupil then was Emmanuel Macron and his 40-year-old teacher lover was Brigitte Trogneaux.

Playing Devil's Advocate, just imagine for argument sake as I know nothing of the kind would ever have happened in Jeremy Corbyn's case as he's much too principled a man to act in that sordid, licentious or criminal manner, but like I said playing devil's advocate, can you imagine the hypocritical furore there would be from the deeply ingrained paedophiles among the Tory, Labtory and Lib-Dem paedophile class and those in the MSM! But when it comes to protecting their Nazi Zionist and obsessive capitalist asses they'll do anything they can to maintain the status quo.

So Marine Le pen MUST be eradicated from the political scene while toadying to the overall aims and malevolent financial objectives of virulent capitalism Emmanuel Macron and who is himself a thoroughly ingrained paedophile sympathizer and incontrovertibly too a culpable practitioner of that odious human conduct must be supported at all cost permitting France, in the process, to have bask in the social and political limelight an unprosecuted and seemingly immune paedophile as its First Lady. So rather absurdly Marine Le Pen &quot;No&quot; but Brigitte Trogneaux &quot;Yes! &quot; I'm not French and can't vote in your elections but there's nothing in the current circumstances that can stop me from advocating support for MARINE LE PEN on the part of those who can vote!

Stanley Collymore

# Parenting Or Narcissistic Posing?

By Stanley Collymore

It's not rocket science on how to produce, or not to, babies whether voluntarily, accidentally, or come to that even enforcedly; or just as importantly if you're the least bit compos mentis, that once they're here that as the vulnerable and quite helpless infants which they conspicuously are they're going to need a considerable amount of continuous care to prepare them physically and psychologically for the journey ahead of them, transforming them from the children they are into adult persons hopefully capable of confronting and dealing appropriately with life's several problems which will certainly and even at the best of times inescapably beset them. So why is it then, that so many of you out there still persist in embarking on what you're rather stupidly and quite immaturely doing and in this absurd process creating totally hellish nightmares for loads of children every where whom you've irresponsibly brought into this world and candidly, as it seems simply don't really give a damn, or the least bit care about the vast majority of them, and who, let us not for a second forget, didn't ask to be and now knowing what they unmistakably do wouldn't have chosen to be here?

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## Author's Remarks:

It doesn't take a great deal of intelligence, if any at all, or any planning that's worth the term to have children and observational experience, certainly on my part, confirms that those who're least capable of being parents in any sense of

that word are often the ones who produce children on a conveyor belt process and with even less thinking behind their actions than when placing their groceries on an actual conveyor belt check-out system in the supermarket where they buy their groceries.

But why should they care when they know full well that the responsible ones in their community generally and the country specifically will unhappily pick up the financial tab through their taxes for these free loaders lascivious I'm all right Jack or Jill irresponsibility? And the children? Well knowing nothing better they'll invariably grow up doing the same and so the cycle of immaturity carries on.

Stanley Collymore

# Peerless Barbados And Incomparable Bajans! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

You're so indispensable to all of us Bajans, Barbados, to the extent that if you didn't actually exist there would clearly have been a most pressing need to inescapably invent you. But thankfully you not only do exist but also have additionally always been, presently are, and will forevermore be profoundly and enduringly embedded in my personal psyche and all other sentient parts of me that draw their motivational inspiration from your very existence. And as such then, you are certainly much more than another country or even a beloved nation to me. For in truth you're my familial homeland, the unwavering inspiration from where and via who everything that includes a constructive and sustaining part of me as well as a cultivating and involved element of my habitual life was formulated, cherished, and awarded clear substance to obviously by you.

The Aliis Non Sibi of my own existence; the rousing dawn of my religious awakening, and the glorious basis on which my matured expectations were magnificently transformed and then as well most accommodatingly encouraged to beneficially blossom into splendid fruition. A truly Caribbean idyll, Barbados, sanctified by God Almighty, and where kudos firmly centred around the distinctive, cardinal and shrewdly woven with each other united principles

and virtues of securely established norms of democracy, distinctive bonds of fidelity, usefully free and available to all universal health care, and likewise a brilliantly superb, at every level - ranging from, but inclusively and totally accommodating nursery and kindergarten allowance; to higher, and as expected of this very brilliant and nonpareil educational structure, all tertiary and postgraduate academic study.

Thus accounting for the omnipresent, one hundred percent across the board national literacy rating and the truly impressive centenarian global record of living - well thought out and meticulously administered academic system linked with the unhindered freedom of thought and personal expression, and themselves positively combined with an inspiring cultural and cultured morality that are transparently the principal focus of us Bajans, as well as the obvious and undeviating embodiment of our treasured Motherland Barbados.

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9 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

The poetry and articles that I create, write and subsequently publish are always motivated by issues which I consider to be both important and relevant or that have unquestionably made an enormous and lasting impact on me. And it was during a recent conversation between my partner and me, and among the several and interesting ones that she and I customarily have with each other, that the outcome of her remarks ably assisted me in triggering the genesis of this article and the attendant poem.

We'd commented on and readily agreed among ourselves how very fortunate

Barbados was to have been spared not only Hurricane Maria that unfortunately devastated other parts of the Caribbean but also over the several past decades as well numerous other hurricanes that had similarly struck and likewise overwhelmingly destroyed the lives and ordinary livelihoods of many hapless Caribbean residents but not Barbados; and as a result came to the conclusion that Barbados and its Bajan people were probably spared these identical desolations because of the general and strong commitment that all Bajans have to their Almighty God, their staunch Christian faith and, for the most part, the momentously altruistic lives which Bajans live, due to their deeply ingrained, as well as a well-integrated combination of their thoroughly cognizant, moral and cultural upbringing. Something that I unambiguously understand, wholeheartedly empathize and agree with and intensely support.

So in full and grateful appreciation of and my immense satisfaction with all that, I'd like to decisively dedicate, as well as commemorate, this work of mine to all Bajans: alive or who are no longer physically in this world with the rest of us, stretching back in the process over the centuries to our enforced and enslaved Black ancestors. To all Bajans then, at home and co-operatively residing with each other on our cherished island homeland of Barbados, as well as those throughout our broader and global Bajan Diaspora; accompanied with a very warm and embracing welcome to all the present new additions and the projected but as yet unborn future ones everywhere, of our remarkable &quot;tribe&quot; of phenomenal Bajans.

But I couldn't, nor would I ever have contemplated closing this work without mentioning my immense indebtedness to all the people, past as well as present and including my numerous biological relatives, happily adopted ones and close personal friends, of the entire region of St. Andrew and comprehensively incorporating: The Lakes District where my familial roots are deeply embedded; the East Coast, Benab, Belleplaine, Walkers, Shorey Village, Chalky Mount, Haggatts, Baxters, Bruce Vale, Cane Garden, Rock Hall, Hillaby, Redman's Village, St. Simons, Cambridge where the Collymore Clan was conceived, Turner's Hall, Farley Hill, Corbin's Village and the picturesque, iconic and extraordinarily panoramic landscape of the Scotland District of Barbados. Finally, with my personal acknowledgement of and dedication to my religious Alma mater: St. Andrew's Anglican Parish Church located in St. Andrew and established in 1630 just 3 years after the English colony of Barbados was officially founded and 9 years prior to the formation of the Barbados Parliament in 1639, which is the second oldest and continuous parliament in the entire world after the House of Commons and is significantly much older than, for example, than the creation of Germany, what is now Rogue State USA and many other such white western political entities like Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

Similarly, in dedication too, to my two principal, distinguished, and formative educational Alma mater: St. Andrew's Boys School (locally referred to as Belleplaine Boys School after the district where it was located) and the 1785 established Alleyne Grammar School: School Motto: Allis Non Sibi, which throughout all the academic, other ground-breaking and highly commendable things it has done in its ongoing 232-year-old history, became in 1947 the first grammar school in Barbados to go co-educational.

Stanley Collymore

# Perfection In Motion

Everything about you is so absolutely perfect except for one thing – the man whom you’ve chosen to entrust your love with; but even so I’ll do my very best to justify the faith which you’ve confidently placed in me; even though, quite typical of you, I know that you’ve never or would you ever try to make any such demands on me to do so.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Personal Dreams However Exciting Are Simply The Landmarks To The Permanency Of Reality!

By Stanley Collymore

Didn't I once hear you openly, rather insistently and quite categorically say that from your own personal point of view that realistically there was no conceivable way you'd ever allow yourself to emotionally fall in love and, furthermore, that being the proud, independent and strong-minded woman which you obviously are would you ever assent, and these were your identical words: "Physically subvert myself or my integral being to any living man and in so doing, and for the rest of my allotted life, become nothing more than a highly suitable and, in reality, a typically handy conveyor belt deliverer of his much desired and naturally predictable biological offspring; to whom I would, of course, immediately and intuitively become the noticeably appreciative, constantly doting and ever buoyant mother, while at the same time and long-sufferingly, but with no allowed practised career of my own, regularly administering at home as his every ready job's disaster or career concerns attentive ear, and all this associated with my painstakingly choreographed and earnestly socially encouraged public role as the lace curtain and fashionable woman cum loving and dutiful wife.

For as I vividly and somewhat amusingly recall when you voluntarily of your own accord made that emphatic and uncompromising statement of yours that seemingly, essentially and securely, permanently closed the door and all other options in relation to your

development of any essential or emotional relationship with anyone of the opposite gender, even though it was absolutely clear to anyone possessed of a perceptive brain and firmly equipped with a competent awareness of such things that you were not by any stretch of the most creative of imaginations either disposed towards becoming or far worst and in such complex circumstances, were actually a practising lesbian.

All the same were distinctly a woman who was very much in your prime, twenty-eight years old at the time, long out of your distinctly personality-establishing and teenaged rebellious years, and furthermore at that age appropriately, as one would quite unsurprisingly expect, a matured lady in every respect, who was wise and independently carving out a career for herself that was wholly of her own preferring, and whose amazing progress, exceptional development and truly magnificent achievement had nothing whatever to do with the direct influence or, for come to that the personal control of any one-person, other than of course yourself.

So why then, and out of understandable curiosity on my part I must confess, did you renege on essentially everything you formerly and solemnly said and even persuasively signposted that you determinedly believed? And, instead, now seem to be gratuitously and contradictorily embracing the identical things that you once considered were so extremely antipathetic to the very concept of the lifestyle you formerly, distinctly and positively confirmed to persons like myself was the

solitary one that  
you wanted to  
always live.

Your right, of course as it is everyone else's  
on whatever matter that infiltrates their  
thoughts, to change your mind, as  
long as you make the effort to  
remember that regardless  
of how exciting personal dreams  
seem to be, they're none the  
less purely the landmarks  
to the permanency of  
one's own reality!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Whatever one might think of the biblical story relating to Adam and Eve the good Lord, from my Christian understanding of it, did not impose any divine prescription, which he evidently could have done had he wanted to, that these two individuals should necessarily pair up with each other and therefore rather shrewdly and pragmatically on His part allowed a free choice of a relationship between the two of them, which would basically be a matter entirely of their own. And that's exactly what occurred, and therefore the consequences of their actions rested solely with themselves.

And it's the same situation with every one of us. For we're all of us endowed with a personal brain and the capacity from birth to be able to think for ourselves. Granted that this is clearly a developmental process that can be influenced by others. But ostensibly as one gets older and presumably wiser the choice is still there pertaining to whether as an individual you choose to actually think for yourself and objectively, as a result, make your own informed decisions in relation to all aspects of your personal and professional lives or instead prefer, for whatever reasons, to allow others to do that for you.

But even so, while we all have dreams of one sort or another and are perfectly entitled to live and explore them irresponsibly allowing them to dictate every aspect of one's everyday life is not only a grave mistake, it's also the height of folly. And getting emotionally and physically involved with another person for all

the mistaken reasons is just as stupid really as assuming that one can cut oneself permanently off from reality and then call that living a normal life.

But a word of caution. Whether you get involved with someone or choose to stay single and unattached that decision, if it's to really make any sense, should be yours alone. And if you select to become part of a couple that doesn't necessarily mean or should it in any way make you cease to be the individual that you actually are. Unless, of course, you purposely decide that you want to become another person's personal doormat!

So do remember, and constantly so, that in everything you personally do individual choice and basic common sense should be your faithful watchword and guiding principle. After all it's your life! So why let someone, or others, supposedly or arguably, even with the best of intentions, arbitrarily live it for you? Your decision. And the best of luck in making it.

Throughout all this and taking full cognizance of the realization that the intuitive or conscious decision by you not to trust or get personally or emotionally implicated with anyone might in actuality stem from the direct influence of the traumatic experiences you've undergone at the hands of sexual predators and/or abusers, whether they're serial or otherwise, ongoing still or are incidences of the past, while not an abuser myself nor could I ever imagine myself being one far less so permit anybody to ever have taken such a diabolical liberty with me and then because of the power and influence they wield or buttressed by whatever sick reasoning that their likeminded verminous supporters or encouragers can come up with to justify or absolve their vile actions and then have the gall to ludicrously and insultingly posit these as "plausible excuses" and therefore on my part can't honestly profess, nor would I ever attempt to do so, that I truthfully know how you feel or what it is that you're personally going through as a result of this onerous travesty of brazen injustice gratuitously inflicted on you, the answer I do know is not to shut yourself permanently away from the consequences of reality that you suffered and in all likelihood still endure.

For in doing so you merely hand victory to your abusers and unwittingly through this de facto process grant them carte blanche to carry on controlling the terms and conditions of your life. And quite honestly after all that they've malevolently done is that seriously what you want to happen?

Stanley Collymore

# Persuasion And Not Commands Is The More Likely Way To Influence Me (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

Please, I do seriously, with you openly declaring that you've taken a personal and romantic interest in me, have in turn to insist, on the firm basis of other things you've also said, that if you truthfully wish to have any kind of meaningful relationship with me, that you first realize and then fully acknowledge, in the agreed circumstances that we now find ourselves in, that you must explicitly and also straightforwardly strive your hardest, as a subsequent part of this, to clearly appreciate and voluntarily accept me for the man who I patently am, and not essay in any conniving way to either arbitrarily or unilaterally, for that matter, venture to alter me into someone, and for me an unrecognizable person, who you would much prefer that I ultimately, or undoubtedly more acceptably to you immediately become.

Sorry then to disappoint your fanciful dreams! For let me make it unequivocally clear and as best that I can for you to comprehend. Such a distinctly one-sided and furthermore a patronizingly authoritarian plan only signifies for me a misguided scenario on your part that not now or at any time in the foreseeable future is ever likely, by me, to be permitted to happen. And for the firm and obvious reason, when everything is said and done, that I specifically and furthermore, particularly like me for who and what I visibly am!

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3 October 2017.

### Author's Remarks:

We all of us either already, or will certainly do so in the future, have persons of one sort or another invitingly from us or unilaterally by them enter our individual lives in a manner that we're absolutely delighted with or alternatively in some circumstances we distinctly on our part regard as a diabolical liberty unwarrantedly inflicted on us by them; while on theirs, and again from our own perspective, consider their unilateral and inconsiderate actions as the summation of what the worst case hellish scenario in any such attempt at a relationship actually represents.

And while there are those who will unfortunately be influenced by fear, the real or imagined incidence of retaliation prompted by rejection of any of these persons, cowardice, a marked reluctance not to deliberately cause offence or even the stigma of personal loneliness into not doing anything to remedy this intolerable situation that you happen to be in, it literally makes no sense to carry on in this unwarrantable way indefinitely. Since the only person who winds up feeling totally uncomfortable, being utterly miserable and hating yourself for what you're implicitly allowing to happen to you is yourself.

So why not if you're likely to be or even inadvertently find yourself in such untenable and perplexing circumstances do what the clear-sighted and no-nonsense among those of us do and decide for yourself independently who and what you convincingly and truthfully want to be? It won't do you any harm and conversely might end up doing you a whole lot of good!

Stanley Collymore

# Pertinent Questions To The Venal Snouts In The Trough British Politicians

By Stanley Collymore

Self-serving and utterly conceited with it! That's your uniformed approach to life specifically, everything associated with it, and all else that one can clearly and conceivably think of. Consequently, your views and those of others that likemindedly share the same biased, ill-informed and arrogant opinions which you hold dear, self-centredly subscribe to, witlessly champion and egotistically cling to at all costs, must by your undoubtedly perverted thinking, automatically, lastingly and obsessively command the greatest, most extreme, unconcealed support and respect that is itself coupled with a distinctly rapt attention to everything that you and they say, and then quite purposely and rather one-sidedly always take to greedily addressing in every way!

And crucially it's also relevant to say that in no way are any valid or convincing explanations ever advanced by you as to why that ought to be the case; the only mention to any of this being that it's your individual story, your totally warped theories and thus essentially constituting the hardcore Lib-Dems, Labtories or full-blooded Tory Nazis and grasping, self-centred fascists that you manifestly are; and as such you're therefore quite entitled in your markedly perverse attitude to politics and all else for that matter, and this powerfully

conjoined with your astonishing  
hubris persistently, explicitly  
and publicly displayed, as  
well as your twisted antithesis to everything you  
subjectively disparage or abhor don't render it  
either imperative to consider or desirable of  
your perceived precious time to graciously  
exemplify any clarification whatever of  
what definitely it is that you are doing  
or, furthermore, specifically why in  
your narcissistic intolerance you  
find it so absolutely necessary  
to intentionally inflict such  
premeditated austerity in  
cooperation with what's  
evidently a protracted,  
unwarranted misery  
and dire poverty on  
average members  
of the indulgent  
UK community!

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8 January 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem is affectionately dedicated to my personal inspirational British politician Jeremy Corbyn the democratically elected, and by a massive majority, incumbent leader of the British Labour Party - and a timely up yours from me reminder to all those either too stupid to accept that fact or are so full of themselves and living in their delusional world of make believe they're unmistakably aren't in the same rational world that the rest of us sane Homo sapiens inhabit; a political party, the Labour Party that I've always steadfastly supported, though not most of its previous leaders, cabinet members nor governments. And on the topical issue of Jeremy's quite recent shadow cabinet reshuffle if hypothetically that task had be left entirely up to me I would have wielded the axe much more widely, purposefully and viciously and quietly literally across their collective necks.

But then we all don't, and that includes me, have the same indisputable and

laudable tolerance level and penchant for forgiveness that Jeremy Corbyn evidently has. What a terrible shame though that undemocratic and barbaric Bantu Saudi that these purblind House of Commons pillocks, masquerading as MPs, and who graspingly and avidly bend over backwards, their usual thing really, to support this Persian Gulf obscenity laughably portraying itself as a "state" can do that sort of thing; quite cavalierly and noticeably indifferently lop off multiple heads at will and in a single day and with supportive impunity from the west, including those aforementioned jerks infesting the House of Commons, and a purported democratic Britain, if only for the sheer hell of it, can't do the same with our odious and genuine political felons. Not fair is it! (Laugh) .

Seriously though, never mind Jeremy your supporters like me are staunchly behind you all the way. And as a comforting thought and note of reassurance the Pharisees and the Sadducees of his time, and the feckless Westminster Bubble and privileged elite who are our contemporary equivalent, neither understood nor tolerated Jesus Christ for who or what he was or even what he was all about, just as our contemporary clique of corresponding, self-serving and avaricious Pharisees and Sadducees obviously don't with you Jeremy. But we out here don't worry about that and why should we? After all you're in excellent company; as Jesus Christ's message still prevails to this day, well over two millennia since he was physically on this same planet which we call Earth!

And Messiahs most categorically don't only have to be religious. They can be political as well. Now let them think on that!

Stanley Collymore

# Physically Strangers But Emotionally Soul Mates!

In reality we're actually complete strangers to each other not having previously met or even spoken to one another before, yet intrinsically and quite astonishingly strange, although by no means peculiar in the least, a consummate and remarkable understanding seems to have spontaneously developed between the two of us, that had it occurred in circumstances where, however transiently so, we'd physically met before it would instinctively have been specifically categorized I know and generally accepted by those aware of it, including ourselves, as a tangible sign of mutual chemistry between us. But in the clear absence of any concrete physical or clear-cut emotional stuff, the pertinent and engrossing question is, how should we realistically define what's really going on between us, knowing that the present situation alone if left entirely to itself is quite evidently from both our perspectives perceptually not enough?

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5 September 2014.

Stanley Collymore

# Please! Refrain From Your Hyperactive And Irrational Behaviour!

By Stanley Collymore

Please, don't tell me what you think I want to hear, and while we're on the subject let me make it absolutely clear that you adopting such a position like that does nothing to clarify the authentic situation of this embryonic relationship between the two of us and, in its place, either raises undue expectations which realistically can not be fulfilled or else simply rather prematurely and even needlessly kills off those that if considered objectively and given the time, effort and the opportunity in obviously appreciable circumstances to possibly succeed, logically can be. But because of the manifestly irrational manner in which you're behaving quite clearly aren't allowed the likelihood to, since for you to cooperatively do so would, instinctively on your part, be explicitly looked upon as anathema to me and therefore as something that's not only as completely thankless an assignment as they come but also and ominously even singled out as detrimental to this shared but entirely new relationship that we're having.

Well let me in response to that attitude be perfectly honest and forthright with you and in addition from a personal point of view candidly say that your second guessing of what I'm supposedly thinking is something you must without any delay refrain from doing, as it's entirely unbecoming in every conceivable way of any purportedly consequential and adult relationship that two prudent and rational people could possibly share, and unquestionably from my perspective of the kind you evidently would like for us to be establishing. For whatever conclusions you arrive at in such an unconventional situation is forthrightly, when all is said and done, mere speculation, and so is neither the appropriate

basis nor any guarantee either that it bears, or will ever do, any similitude to reality, or as I anticipate it effectively serve as a relevant catalysis for an established relationship, if things were to carry on uninterruptedly and put bluntly as they presently and glumly are with you, between you and me.

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20 February 2017.

Author's remarks:

It's both a safe bet and a massive understatement too to say that significant numbers of individuals globally who either knowingly or else unintentionally but all the same pleurably get caught up in a one-to-one personal and emotional relationship with another person, normally, if not always initially to start with, expect from their mutual association with each other the kind of enlivening, heartening and reassuring satisfaction commensurate, they feel, imperative to achieve and would therefore like to unrestrictedly realize from voluntarily engaging both empathetically and intimately with that specific and exceptionally special person on whom they're completely depending on to fulfil their innermost and even undisclosed expectations.

Wishful thinking on the part of some who would earnestly like for these deeply felt and often treasured expectations to be endorsed and fulfilled, in the process of this happening, through the mechanisms of this entirely new, propitious and decidedly intimate association that, as things stand, both individuals are beneficially having. That said though, appearances can often be unreliable in the perception they convey, and in the worst case scenario be cruelly deceiving to those who invest their complete trust and immense time and effort in them.

Then there are those who have no compunction whatsoever in cynically or callously exploiting the touching faith placed in them by others for their own perverse ends, and doing so regardless of the psychological harm they occasion to those who're involved and intentionally put on the receiving end of their heartlessness as well as their endemic selfishness. But, of course, none of this is ever going to stop people from falling in love or speculatively hoping that things turn out as they would like for them to be; as love isn't just a romantic experimentation it can also be a mug's game, and which category you let yourself fall into is, I'm afraid, a matter that's totally up to you and I would

presume of your own choosing. And if not, it's too complex a pursuit, which honestly you shouldn't seriously be involved in!

Stanley Collymore

# Poignant Memories Combined With Sincerest Birthday Greetings Jeannette! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

Those distant days we made our own have literally flown by and the several years which inevitably they've given rise to have harmoniously coalesced into an enterprisingly beautiful and kaleidoscopic reservoir of supremely rich, fondly enlivening and unquestionably noteworthy charming and enduring memories of you and me. Memories that on reliving them in my mind their energizing experiences instantaneously and rather vividly roll back the several years passed to those halcyon days first initiated in the quite blissfully conducive, romantically mesmerizing and, oh so truthfully, spine-tingling surroundings, of Rebecca's Discotheque in our hometown Reading, Berkshire where we first met, where courtship and romance were instinctively triggered and shortly thereafter afterwards companionably blossomed into a specifically, truly vivacious, passionate and a really reciprocally loving, relationship.

But Fate, alas, and the private circumstances at the time that we were both in: you a married lady, though unhappily so, and with a young family affectionately in tow; myself having just a couple of years previously got divorced and still in the process of shaking off that erstwhile calamity - jointly conspired and, moreover, regrettably succeeded, adequately assisted by the evidently challenging situation which we were unquestionably in, in scuppering the further progression of the propitiously amorous but yet, by any unbiased prospect or optimistic deduction, the truthfully emergent relationship that had

rather delightfully and quite  
encouragingly developed  
between the two of us.

Evidently, it wasn't what either of us honestly wanted but, all the same, we had to face facts and the glaring reality of knowing precisely what the devastating impact of your split from their father would have on your two delightful children who I'd met, and so for the overall good of them and despite us being very much in love with each other we were none the less starkly aware of both the moral and practical dilemma we were jointly in. And with neither of us the least enthusiastically in favour of either indefinitely or surreptitiously carrying on with an illicit love affair we painfully but conclusively honourably and determinedly decided to bring our personal relationship to a fitting and dignified end. Soon afterwards and thankfully as an essential assuagement from the searing pain which we both felt within, after our brave but pragmatic decision, I decided in consultation with you to procure the offered opportunity proffered to me and migrate from England to Germany and the rest, as they say, is history.

Eventually, however, the conscientious termination of our amorous relationship coupled with the now locational separation that we'd unselfishly, consciously and selflessly placed between us, enforcedly, and principally it's true to say from you and painstakingly so for the sake of your children, had a determinedly corrective effect on the state of your marriage in a number of ways. While for my part, providentially ensconced, as I was, in my fresh and romantically unblemished environment and with the final remnants of my marriage baggage thoroughly and permanently dispensed with,

I too was ready for a new start.

A situation which was further strengthened by the excellent and comforting news that the interminable and seemingly intractable problems that you were relentlessly having and were themselves grimly compelling you in the given circumstances to genuinely want to leave your husband, were it not most distressingly for the menaced instability that was likely possible as a result of you doing so, to be caused to your adorable children.

Problems that were occasioned in full previous to your first meeting me, continued thereafter, other than for those short-lived occasions of respite favourably granted to us and them when we were together alone and whose heedless indifference to all of them your insensitive husband, bearing in mind that it was him who was directly responsible for initiating and sustaining them, were eventually with your final ultimatum to him and itself coupled with his belated recognition that his ongoing and conspicuously unsatisfactory conduct seriously advanced the genuine prospect of him losing his children, abruptly focused his mind on the serious situation that he was obviously in and consequently, what was undeniably required of him if plausibly he expected to remain a part of your assimilated family.

Ultimatums, I know, can be and generally are very unpleasant and even disturbing experiences for those persons forced to be on the receiving end of them, but employed sparingly, objectively, wisely and with largely altruistic pursuits in mind by the user of them can suitably and most beneficially, as you well understood Jeannette, be a great fillip and a tremendous force for good, as sensibly they justifiably ought to be. And your perceptive knowledge of the latter, my Dear, in that specific regard was then and still is outstandingly

exemplary. Meanwhile, your well looked after  
children have in a glowing compliment to  
you, admirably grown up, are all gone  
having left home to chase their own  
individual ambitions in life; and  
you the formerly despairingly  
fraught mother with a deep  
and quite understandable  
anguish for them, and  
discernibly yourself,  
have providentially  
been wonderfully  
converted into  
an optimistic,  
outstanding  
and now a  
precious  
spouse.

Someone no longer enforcedly stuck in the past while  
rightly dreading the outcome of the future, but have  
instead become an amazingly transformed woman  
in every imaginably confident way, who with  
unbounded optimism and renewed vigour  
now indisputably look forward to each  
fresh day which opportunely dawns.

And with that optimistically in mind and specifically  
for your exclusive and singular day, Friday the 22nd  
September 2017, I would proudly like to say all  
the very best to you my Dear and, naturally,  
wish you a greatly resplendent, exultant,  
undoubtedly a tremendously happy  
and, of course, a most treasured  
together with an amazingly  
unforgettable day, and  
landmark birthday.

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18 September 2017.

Author's Remarks:

Marriage is an estate that not everyone who enters it is suited for or does so with the best of intentions in mind, and not infrequently those intentions that are therefore either concerted and premeditated or even enthusiastically and gratuitously engaged in can quite purposely in nature be surreptitiously malevolent and wilfully inimical to the overall beneficial interests and general welfare of the unsuspecting person who unwittingly and unwarrantedly ends up as the consciously chosen victim of the concerted evil machinations that specific individual who fraudulently and quite disastrously but, all the same, most influentially for their perverse, selfish and utterly demented reasons talked their way into their target's life.

And while there's absolutely no sure-fire way or method to totally eradicate such pernicious incursions into one's personal life, strict vigilance maintained throughout the initial stages at least of one venturing into an intimate relationship with another person can and does help. As does effectively employing the quite sensible mantra of not taking everything that you're told for granted or at face value because you're simply either hopelessly in love, or are even worst still manipulatively, as it happens, controlled into thinking that this ostensibly advantageously permitted entrant into your personal life is unquestionably everything you could possibly and most beneficially hope for. Don't willingly fall for any of that and always let caution be your personal byword.

And in the interim good luck and continued happiness in your choice of partner should you after serious thought responsibly decide to embark on your personal marital adventure.

Stanley Collymore

# Pragmatists 3 Daydreamers 1!

By Stanley Collymore

Dreams are the means that we regularly employ,  
whether consciously or involuntarily so, to  
hopefully either circumvent or attempt  
to postpone, and possibly forever,  
the harsher experiences of  
life with which we find  
ourselves confronted and don't really know  
how best or most suitably to deal with  
these problems; a fabricated world  
of daydreams conflated with  
legitimate aspirations and  
where reality, if at all  
allowed a look in,  
is generally not  
permitted to  
play any  
major  
part.

Reality however is the very antithesis of dreams;  
and though not always welcomed or specially  
favoured by the overwhelming majority  
of daydreamers is all the same, I  
firmly believe, still our best  
chance of pragmatically  
tackling and dealing successfully  
with life's various difficulties,  
as well as our best hope of  
realizing if not all of  
them, then surely  
most of our  
cherished  
dreams!

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3 January 2014.

Criterion:

Among my diverse outdoor activities and sporting pursuits cricket and athletics rank as two of my principal sporting pastimes, but although I also have a full awareness and much more than a proficient knowledge of football or soccer if you prefer to call it thus, principally so because of specific family and a few other personal reasons, this sport is not by any stretch of the imagination one of my major preoccupations, or is it ever likely to be.

However, fully cognisant of the role that football obsessively plays in the lives of many of you and that 2014 is the designated year for its next World Cup in Brazil, I thought that the football analogy used in the title of this poem might be an appropriate vehicle to get over to you the message, which is inherent in the poem itself; that pragmatism on average usually trumps daydreaming 3-1 in life's everyday race to succeed.

Stanley Collymore

# Principles! Not Profit Motives Or Baseless Prejudices.

By Stanley Collymore

I want my MP and the man or woman democratically selected to represent my constituency in the House of Commons to be someone who knows what probity is all about; who passionately subscribes to the principles of a fair and just society for all; equality before the law for everyone and who instinctively knows, and doesn't have to be reminded, what the meaning and value of meritocracy stand for and how best this should always be implemented in an equitable society; and, moreover, is skilled in the art of motivating all those who're genuinely disposed to, to fully acknowledge their God-given abilities and additionally are persuasively emboldened to single-mindedly summon up the courage and determination to diligently, and with the maximum resilience, pursue and ultimately realize their most cherished aspirations. For as the past thirty plus years have confirmed Jeremy Corbyn, you've conscientiously been the characteristic personification of such an MP and explains, without any apologies at all to your dim-witted detractors or Machiavellian opponents, why I not only salute you as the epitome of what an MP should be, but also why it is that I want you not only to be the leader of our Labour Party but, equally too under your inspired management, the next Prime Minister of what categorically would become a celebrated country!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 September 2015.

### Author's Remarks:

Those of you who previously weren't aware of the exceptionally high esteem that I've always held Jeremy Corbyn in both as an outstanding and principled human being and a conscientious MP, or for that matter that I'm explicitly committed to assisting him in every conceivable way that I persuasively can in his credible and justifiable mission to become the next leader of the Labour Party, then you have either just moved to earth from a different planet in the outer reaches or the universe or having emigrated there have after a long sojourn there decided to return home, in which case I extend my warmest welcome to you and categorically state that I fully understand why it is that you'd be unfamiliar with what's going on.

To the rest of you however: the legions of dim-wits and intellectually challenged who serve as the willing manipulative "Useful Idiots" of the Nazi-Zionist Tories, their Labtory conspirators and toadying so-called mainstream media that feed you the garbage they want and that you enthusiastically consume, because poor silly sods that you are you don't know any better, I shan't spoil Jeremy Corbyn's parade by telling you here - in this celebratory poem about him - and in my usual characteristic language what I really think of you; but I have a feeling that you already know how much, to put it mildly, that I utterly despise you.

So instead I'll just confidently finish off by cheerfully saying to the Great Man Jeremy Corbyn; all the very best for Saturday 12 September 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# Private Lives With Public Legacies

Let me hold you in my arms; shield and protect you from harm with my love, and comfortingly embrace you with the multitude of expectations I have for us as man and wife sharing a life together for the rest of our lives: uniquely and properly so; simply, because it'll be a model creation of our very own. Yet in commonality with others like us, likemindedly in love and who similarly in regard to themselves astutely aspire to achieving the same goals as we do, will positively encourage us to press on all the more.

Fortified in the knowledge, for sure, that love although evidently the key to what we ultimately aim to achieve, is even so not on its own the totality of what that end result will be: our own distinctive contribution to helping the world become a better place; and not just for the sake of ourselves but equally as well the entire human race.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 January 2014.

For all those happily in love and firmly committed to creditable family and societal values. Dysfunctional or feral oiks not included; so please clear off!

Stanley Collymore

# Profoundly Sexually Blooded

By Stanley Collymore

You were man enough to audaciously and most competently &quot;chaste away&quot; the quite evidently innocent girl that was there and with your consummate skill, tenacity and in a most demonstrably electrifying and totally compellingly authoritative fashion at once, erotically, thoroughly pleasurably conjoined with supreme manly determination absolutely gratifyingly elicit the sexually craving but previously dormant and utterly unrealized coital woman in me. So my profoundly indebted, enduring, and inestimably steadfast thanks for what you phenomenally and so capably pulled off.

Caused me to rapturously achieve not only orgasmically but also and discernibly in other unfamiliar feminine terms, and in the process of all this appreciably installed a clear marker which as far as I'm personally concerned you're perfectly at liberty and predictably in the same way, I must say, most graciously entitled and with my full cooperation to entirely look after, as well as to explicitly at will unreservedly keep going whenever you favourably determine that you'd love to replicate this

elated tryst  
and return.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
16 March 2016.

Author's Remarks:

It's a long trip back for many of you down memory lane I know and the recollection even as it was happening at the time wasn't and very much so still isn't an exciting or by any stretch of the imagination an impressive remembrance.

That said, for others it was an extraordinary and earth shattering experience in your respective life and one which you enduringly look back on with fond memories and great nostalgia. So how was it really for you?

A consummately liberating experience that still wows you to this day even though that special person is no longer in your life or a thoroughly unmitigated disaster that even now makes you ponder why the Hell did you ever bothered in the first place?

Just mischievously thinking out loud! And quite glaringly happy like the cat which naughtily but satisfyingly proverbially licked the cream. And a dedication, this poem, to all of you who've come of age and about to tread this same path! Good luck!

And as my Mum told my sisters and my Gran told me, if things don't go well don't forget to always maintain your dignity! Unless of course they're going so well you think, what the bloody hell! Life is about enjoying one's self and I'm going to make the most of my opportunities.

Stanley Collymore

# Proto-Fascism Is Actually The Essence Of The Supposedly American Dream!

By Stanley Collymore

The much proselytized American Dream, bearing in mind its grossly overstated and pretentious exposition, is in all truthfulness an irrelevance to the genuine personal dreams, deeply and quite often delusinally held but all the same earnestly clung to and hopefully invested in psychological aspirations that are themselves, and most curiously but conspicuously so, firmly conjoined with clearly and unquestionably astutely realistic expectations.

Expectations that are endorsed by considerable numbers of people who're based globally and therefore are physically distanced from the everyday stark realities and their underestimated long term consequences of this illusory pie in the sky ambition which they're routinely sold and is itself persuasively enjoined with the many fraudulent or unrealistic blandishments that these gullible or duped people then rather stupidly;

but quite avidly,  
misleadingly aspire to

achieving together with the hordes of  
discernibly home-grown, still very  
enthusiastic and manifestly  
locally residential and  
continental North  
Americans, is  
something  
that's absolutely unfathomable I  
honestly believe, not only to  
me but also other astute  
and rational persons,  
and as such is well  
past all logical  
explanation!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 July 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

Empires come and they eventually go and even though those who ran, controlled and invariably benefited from them influentially, politically, financially, socially and even militarily might have wished that these empires with which they were closely and deeply associated would have carried on existing indefinitely if not forever, the more intelligent and objectively thinking among them even if not prepared or willing to say so openly knew within their hearts that such an aspiration would never realistically be the case and that ultimately the power of and the very existence of the empires would come to an end.

But for all the many obvious failings of these past empires prospective empire builders rampantly obsessed with the notion of autocratic power to do with as they please still endeavour to carry on in one guise or another to create these monolithic institutions of selective power, privilege, influence and financial empowerment for those who asininely but all the same desirously wish for empires to be in vogue again; inescapably quite ludicrously so in what's supposedly a modern world that's increasingly and properly motivated by and deeply attached to the laudable and egalitarian concept of universal suffrage, democracy and political empowerment for all peoples and in a socially empowering environment where frankly the autocratic dictum of empire plutocracy should have no sway.

That said it's nevertheless quite discernibly a realization that the latest addition

to the annals of empire creation: the 240 year old established United States of America but which only post World War II realistically and effectively mushroomed into the empire it has become miserably fails to grasp. And very much like the narcissistic and highly arrogant emperor in the children's story, the Emperor's New Clothes, bedecked as he thought he was in the most ornate and expensive finery and conceitedly as such parading in a grand posture in front of his many fawning couriers who collectively and in characteristic toadying fashion balked at the mere idea let alone actually telling this narcissist that he was absolutely stark naked and not fitted out in the sumptuous haute couture he not only thought but also deluded himself that he was adorned with contributed vastly to his subsequent and terrible embarrassment.

Regrettably, as it happens, in the 21st Century the American Empire which, whatever its supporters think, will eventually also come to an inevitable end is alas currently in the same situation as this arrogant and deluded emperor and quite conspicuously is similarly surrounded by its own self-serving and equally self-absorbed sycophants; and some of them like Britain with its own history of the rise and fall of the British Empire who frankly should know better than to be acting in the way that they're doing.

However, they've all chosen instead to buy into this totally idiotic and delusional notion of American exceptionalism and the incomprehensible belief that the American Empire will last forever and with it their self-serving fortunes, clinging on obviously they think to its success, as well. To which I contemptuously and unapologetically add: "Dream on!"

Stanley Collymore

# Pubertal Disquiet

By Stanley Collymore

I'd no idea at all, nor did anyone or anything either remotely or illuminatingly, for that matter, seek to acquaint, counsel much less informatively prepare me for the unwittingly, in my case, looming expectation that the seemingly sudden for me, invasive and completely transformative realization of the onset of puberty in my life would be such a complex situation persistently interposed with a serial avalanche of the most intensive and highly unpredictable array of physical and emotional sensations whose only remit it seemed to me was to keep me uncontrollably but all the same profoundly in a bewilderingly perpetual state of sexual turmoil.

In tandem with which diverse and powerfully injected erotic transfusions of unbridled and sustained lust whose unadulterated and compellingly effective cravings, involuntarily for the most part though not always exclusively so, robustly unleash within my young and compensatory nubile body a plethora of pleasurable delights liberally laced with lascivious wantonness that although unskilled as I evidently am in such matters my untutored shrewdness coupled with the protracted yearnings now forcibly released in me inescapably none the less convincingly persuade me that I must pressingly and earnestly address.

At 15 years old, an age which from a societal perspective as well as a legally entrenched position accumulatively and unequivocally set out then proceed to universally with the commonality deemed characteristic of those of my age discriminatorily label us all

the same, whereupon they then firmly and quite arbitrarily place the likes of me in the purview of that unchallengeably prescribed role predeterminedly decided for me without any consultation on my part; doing so ostensibly for my own good and protection it's claimed, notwithstanding what's patently obvious for those with eyes to see, that for all their stated concern, genuinely expressed or pretentiously contrived and arrived at, I'm nevertheless and undeniably so physically a woman, though legally categorized as a child, with all the intrinsic desires and foibles of my respective gender.

And what I need therefore, and compassionately so, is a broad understanding of, together with a full explanation and relevant answers not only to what's going on in my head but crucially also inside my body, and why? Why, for example, the hot flushes that regularly engulf me; the wet dreams I'm too embarrassed to talk about even if anyone would let me; or the sleepless nights routinely interposed with carnal yearnings that agonizingly rock my acquiescently tense body with their exquisitely pleasurable overtures willing me to welcomingly entertain and avidly seek the release which I know will eventually come either of its own contributive accord: the resultant effect of the churning contents of my Poseidonian Dam having convulsively overspilled their relentlessly buffeted enclosure, or through the clandestine exertions of willing and collaborative fingers energetically conjoined in empathetic solidarity with each other under the safe nocturnal privacy of my immodestly disarranged duvet.

So stop patronizing me, will you? And desist too because of my age from arrogantly assuming

that I'm nothing more than a gullible or  
naïve child who must therefore be  
oppressively cloistered for her own good from the  
realities of life; or worst still the make-believe  
but in your vivid imaginations where such  
thoughts perennially live and have full  
sway, omnipresent dangers that  
you luridly and ill-advisedly conjure up and  
incredibly hoodwink yourselves into  
thinking lurk around every corner  
and in every sphere of my  
unsupervised and young life with the explicit  
purpose, it's duplicitously pointed out, of  
at best dishonouring me and at its  
very worst occasioning me  
grave harm, or even  
the forfeiture of  
my own life.

It's all a deliberate lie, isn't it? This supposedly united front  
of yours that the lot of you deceitfully display as you  
awkwardly contrive, but for all your scheming  
failing miserably in that regard, to assure  
me that it's otherwise than what it really is; yet never  
admitting in the process of doing so that much  
of this public concern you self-righteously  
exhibit has more to do with you than me.  
Exemplified in your marked unwillingness coupled in  
many cases with a manifest inability on your part  
to honestly diagnose and grapple successfully  
with your own sexuality let alone have the  
capability to accept the fact and deal  
realistically with its attendant recognition that  
for all your dissemblance towards me I'm  
no longer nor do I want to be that child  
who you absurdly like to pretend,  
for all the many outrageous  
reasons you consistently  
advocate, that I  
still am.

For God's sake grown-ups get a grip on yourselves and

stop this cursed preaching at and puritan proselytizing  
towards girls like me who're in dire need of your  
help and genuine understanding; not your  
attritional condemnation. And while  
you're at it lawmakers try cleaning up your  
disreputable act that allows the unbridled  
commercialism of sex in all its  
manifestations yet disapproves of  
and even criminally penalizes  
lactating mothers from  
breast feeding their  
hungry babies  
in public!

And don't give me all that stiff upper lip we're British  
and no sex please stuff, for it doesn't wash with me;  
reality I know is much different for I live in the  
real world which I also know you're quite  
familiar with, for you created it! Not a  
particularly pleasant one you must admit: adulterous  
vocational liaisons abroad yet coming home  
afterwards as if butter wouldn't melt in  
your mouths. The cuckolding  
rigmarole and much more at home where 36%  
of us at least don't even know for sure who  
our biological fathers are. All adding  
up to the classic hypocritical case  
conveyed to us pubescent kids  
by you adults of do as we  
say but not as we do!

Yet you've the gall notwithstanding all that to censure,  
belittle and even conceitedly restrict any attempt on  
our part at an honest dialogue, which is all we  
want with you about our sexuality and how  
to sensibly manage it not only in our best  
and long-term interests specifically  
but also for the overall good of our society  
in general, something that our mainland  
European counterparts don't have a  
problem with in respect of their  
parents or elders; and most

certainly not their  
lawmakers.

For all the concerned parties there both recognize and readily accept that sexual maturity, as distinct from an eagerness for or the demonstrable ability of itself to have sexual intercourse, is categorically indivisible from mental maturity, and that these two sets of apposite components, separate and distinct in every way from each other, of what is undeniably the most privately engaged in of human interactions shouldn't ever, they genuinely believe, either be mistaken for or confused with each other, as most British people conveniently and quite intentionally hiding behind their mask of moral rectitude are prone to do!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 November 2013.

Commentary:

Several years ago when I was a comparatively newly qualified teacher and employed at a secondary institution whose name and location I shan't mention in order to protect the personal identities of those involved even though before writing this poem I sought and readily obtained the unreserved permission of the principal characters concerned, I was allocated as part of the complement of classes that I would instruct a fourth year form which I was warned in advanced contained one of the most, shall we say, challenging pupils in her year if not the entire school.

Every one of my teacher colleagues who'd previously taught this girl, whether it was in my subject or some other, had openly voiced their satisfaction at no longer having to do so and said they didn't envy me having to take her on. However, not one to take up without sound justification someone else's fire rage or jump to conclusions only on the basis of other peoples' say so, something inbred in me from childhood and which I still resolutely and passionately adhere

to, I decided to formulate my own opinions of this girl based on incontrovertible facts and how I found her as an individual and not as some stereotype.

Fifteen years old at the time this girl I discovered was indeed a personal challenge but rather than falling back on what I was told about her and judge her accordingly I decided to do what I always undertake in problematical cases of any kind I'm confronted with; I opted to do some intensive investigation of my own.

In the course of this it transpired that the young lady in question had involuntarily become the product of a broken home, with her parents having divorced, dad, to whom the girl was deeply devoted and had a mutually cherished bond with, moving out of the familial home, and as so customary in Britain mom given custody of the child or children involved along with the indeterminate residence, ownership or possession of the said familial home and with an ousted father legally obligated to pick up all the financial tabs, which could include apart from spousal and child maintenance any ongoing or outstanding mortgage payments to guarantee, it's legally explained even if disingenuously so, to keep a roof over his child or children's head; regardless of the extent of the contributory role that the ex-wife played in the breakup of her marriage.

And it was evident from information I was made privy to from sources who knew what had gone on that the ex-wife and mother of this girl was very much the guilty party even though our divorce laws had drastically changed to introduce the factor of the irretrievable breakdown of a marriage to speed up divorces and attempt to do away with the stigma of marital adultery.

Even so this girl, no fool, knew well enough what had gone on and readily empathized with the dad she loved and who she felt had been hard done by. A deeply nagging situation that became acerbically bitter as regards her mother when the latter moved her lover into the familial home and announced to her daughter not only that she was going to marry this man but also wanted her daughter to call him dad, and with the distinct likelihood of the girl being made to assume this man's surname as well.

Bitterly opposed to these planned but totally unwanted changes in her life the girl confided her fears and anger to her biological father whom she still did her utmost best to see as regularly as she could; pleading with him to take her away from the home she'd always known since birth to live with him. But in the ensuing court case initiated by her father the judge while blocking the adoption and name change envisaged by the girl's mom and her new husband

nevertheless refused the girl's biological father the custody of her that he'd requested. However at the girl's insistence the judge did increase and also formalized the amount of time that this determined young lady could spend with her father.

Replete with all this information and fully cognisant of how trying and even traumatic all this was for this girl I now earnestly looked for viable and constructive ways in which I could assist her without appearing to be a nosey parker or otherwise intentionally or inadvertently appear as if I were stepping on anyone's toes. And fortunately as I was wracking my brains on how best to achieve this specific pursuit a God-given opportunity I'm absolutely convinced of this, even after all the intervening years that have elapsed since the, presented itself.

I'd given the class that this girl was in a creative English assignment in which the respective members could choose whatever subject matter they liked and expressively give full vent to their imaginations as it were. The response as I expected was tremendous as they all knew the criteria which I was looking for and accordingly they didn't disappoint. The subject matter this girl selected and chose to write about was horses; and no word of exaggeration it was a brilliant piece of writing both in its eloquent and material content that estimably transported the reader in utter fascination of what the writer was depicting and saying.

Having marked and complimented the entire class on its excellent work, as a firm believer of democracy in the classroom and a staunch opponent of any dictatorial tendencies regrettably still favoured by far too many teachers in the UK even in 2013, I then allotted to the full class the responsibility of selecting in their collective opinion the three best creative pieces that they wanted me to read out to the entire class prior to my opening up for them the much anticipated task that they always eagerly looked forward to in such classes exercises of them carrying out critical appraisals of their peers' works.

And I must admit it came as no surprise to me that this young lady's creative offering came top of that list determined by her peers. When the lesson finished I asked the three winners to stay briefly behind so as to personally thank them for their contributions to a brilliant lesson. It also afforded me the chance to touch on and discover more of this young lady's love for horses.

Having garnered the information I needed from her in that regard I was now able to embark on the next phase of a carefully worked out plan I had in mind. I grew up in the country and have a tremendous love for and great affinity with rural life

in general and the countryside especially and unsurprisingly I have many friends and relatives who are in the same position as me. And it so happened that a longstanding friend whose husband and family are likewise close friends of mine between them owned a farm and also ran an established horsing stables.

This female friend was quite enthralled with the plan I put forward to her and promised that she would do everything she could to help. That out of the way all that was now left for me to do was to find a way to sell the idea to my 15 year old pupil which when told about it she eagerly bought into even after I'd cautioned her that the matter would have to be cleared and approved of both by her mom and dad who I needed to see and fully discuss the matter with. Once again things went swimmingly and with that likely hurdle successfully negotiated and completely out of the way we all went to see my friend and owner of the stables. That meeting was similarly a huge success.

Pragmatic Christians like me who grew up in the church, so to speak, and therefore attach great importance to their religious faith do know that faith can and certainly does move mountains, and moreover that miracles aren't beyond the remit of God or the attainment of those who seek his help to have them realized. So it's a massive understatement to describe the transformation that took place relative to this young lady as anything less than miraculous.

Never for once in any doubt myself about her academic ability it was the personality evolution that she underwent that was truly incredible and a joy to behold. At her home the relationship between her mother and herself dramatically improved and she even confessed to me that she no longer regarded her stepfather as the ogre she'd always seen him as and laughingly admitted that she'd even grown to like him.

In marked contrast the bond between her and her father had remained unshakable but it was to my stable owner friend whom she paid the greatest compliment of them all for unassumingly, freely and quite willingly taking her under her wings so to speak, altruistically shouldering, of her own accord, the weighty responsibility of surrogate mother to her as she tenderly, carefully and informatively, a process combined with an abundance of patience and love, enabled her to face up to, effectively deal with and eventually permanently eradicate her several and willingly acknowledged personal demons, including those of puberty. For my part I had long discern that the latter was also a significant contributory factor to this girl's overall truculent behaviour and having candidly discussed this with my friend who concurred with me and was deeply relieved and proud that she had chosen to deal with it in the successful and engaging way she had.

At school everyone who'd taught this girl or knew her in any capacity remarked approvingly on the striking transformation she'd undergone and speculatively advanced their own theories on what had actually brought this about, with some of my teacher colleagues teasingly dubbing me the miracle worker and humorously vowing if I didn't let on to dump their difficult charges on me as well. But those genuinely in the know not least the girl herself doggedly kept mum on the matter, and that's how it stayed until now.

With the heavy weight of the world comprehensively lifted from her young shoulders academic success at school was naturally assured followed by a much deserved place at one of our most prestigious universities; outstanding scholastic achievements in wake of that, and the inevitable embarkation on the career that she'd always wanted to pursue.

Like many of my past pupils and former tertiary education students this young lady too often keeps in touch updating me as the others do with what's going on in their lives and reciprocally apprised by me of what I'm doing. Eighteen months ago she contacted me and enthusiastically broke the news that the young man she'd met the previous year, had fallen madly in love with as he had with her and who I already knew of, had popped the question and asked her to marry him, revealing that she'd delightedly accepted his marriage proposal and wanted to know if I'd like to attend their wedding.

I replied that other than death nothing would keep me away, and it goes without saying that I was there as was my stables owner friend who was still quite affectionately referred to as her surrogate mum, my friend's husband and their family, as well as many others from the past that we all knew and were absolutely delighted to see again and together after such a long time. But among the several memorable moments of that truly amazing occasion I was fortunate to be a part of one in particular comprehensively summed up the entire essence of that remarkable day.

Seated expectantly in our pews the congregation waited excitedly for the bride to arrive and we all knew she had when the stirring strains of the wedding march reverberated from the massive church organ throughout the entire edifice of that religious and historic building. In instinctive unison everyone in that packed cathedral rose immediately from their seated positions and not unnaturally necks strained intuitively in the direction of the porch from which the bride and her father began their majestically advance up the carpeted aisle that conspicuously separated the two halves of this impressive cathedral.

Along with my friend and her family we'd been allocated seats in the front pew located on the side of the church reserved for family members and close friends of the bride, and as the bride and her father drew alongside us I espied this stunningly beautiful young woman immaculately dressed in shimmering white the long train of her wedding dress meticulously held in place by her bridesmaids tilt her head almost imperceptibly in our direction, the lustre of assuredness in her sparkling eyes, the warmth of her smile radiating not only inner peace and satisfaction but also a huge thank you to those of us who in our own inimitable ways had contributed to the full realization of this glorious outcome.

None more so perhaps than her own father who despite his own imposed trials and tribulations had never given up on his daughter and was always there for her. And as he proudly escorted her to the side of the man who was about to become her husband I could feel the emotion that this occurrence had triggered begin to well up in me.

British men from infancy are conditioned that they shouldn't publicly or even in private show their true emotions much less cry, since per the British psyche it's not considered as macho or even masculine to do so and very much goes against the grain old boy of stalwartly preserving at all costs the purportedly British stiff upper lip. Appreciatively my cultural duopoly which is a combination of British and other negates all that in a deep and rich way and therefore I had no difficulty, or would I ever have had, in taking my handkerchief and dabbing unreservedly at the tears that had silently started to trickle down my cheeks.

A beautiful wedding finalized and a good time had by all the newlyweds said their farewells and to a clamorous send-off from the rest of us set off on an extended honeymoon to Barbados. A complimentary gesture I was informed because of my close links to that Caribbean island. An excellent choice I jovially remarked when I was initially told, as I also happen to believe as they too delightfully and most enjoyably found out in diversity of ways it's the most beautiful country in the world.

Finally, it should be sagaciously and realistically acknowledged from the outcome of this story that puberty is none of these things: an incurable infection, mental problem or an embarrassing addiction to be talked about, if at all, in hushed tones and only then behind doors; but rather it's an inevitable part of the process of growing up, and how it's dealt with invariably determines the level of physical and mental maturity or otherwise, let's face facts, that one eventually and not unusually in the majority of instances permanently acquires.

And both thankfully and remarkably to her credit my former pupil is an

exemplary case of how in this regard and with the proper degree of help lovingly and understandingly applied coupled with a deep and mutual respect for all involved success will immutably triumph over adversity whether naturally occasioned or conspiratorially manufactured.

Stanley Collymore

# Quad Erat Demonstrandum Et Cui Bono?

By Stanley Collymore

Automatic rifle fire methodically and deadly rakes semi-naked and exclusively pink-coloured bodies casually laced across a Sousse, Tunisian beach while earlier their owners, in the customarily contrived process of doing so, were cheerfully aspiring to temporarily become brown: the permanent and natural skin colour to those for whom it's a constituent part of their DNA and ethnic make-up; but, all the same, generally and contemptuously much despised as well as openly derided at home by the vast majority of these same white holidaymakers that were then consciously, and most ironically so, earnestly endeavouring to acquire this self-same bodily pigmentation while vacationing abroad. Conclusive proof, as they saw it, to tawdrily exhibit by those involved in this intentional and vainglorious act of planned ostentation on their eventual return home, that in the current environment of inflexibly enforced financial austerity they'd, nevertheless in reality and quite affordably, managed to visit and pleurably frolic in warmer climes.

The time-honoured and snotty sport of one-upmanship that alas for them was over and won't be happening this time, as death would cruelly and mockingly intervene to silence forever their intended and evidently childish self-obsessed brag on returning home again; their prearranged demise – damnably and forthrightly elicited through the auspices of recruited and wholly compliant, Islamist Tunisian and expendable useful idiots – the unreserved wish and unflinching resolution of their own country, the United Kingdom and signally as well their

democratically elected  
Tory government's -  
clandestinely assisted by the Labour Party's  
equally warmongering hierarchy in the  
House of Commons - sardonically  
unrestrained, devilish, Zionist  
instigated and politically  
motivated false flag  
operation!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 July 2015.

Author's remarks:

It's mistakenly and widely believed that false flags are the invention of the United States of America and are used exclusively by that country and its *bête noir*, enfant terrible Israel and that the lilywhite hands of the United Kingdom would never be involved in such evil atrocities. Well nothing could be further from the truth; for let's not forget that our precious Britain: the once all-domineering and globally dominating imperialistic entity with an Empire on which it was boastfully said by its class-indoctrinated rulers and their equally class-ridden subjects that the sun would never set – a delusional belief that significant numbers of both these two groups of imbeciles even in 2015, and what's the embodiment of a whole new century, still tenaciously cling on to and the principal reason why they and the UK's authorities, across the board, have fawningly chosen to voluntarily, continually and eagerly shove their heads up the backside of the relatively new, evidently bad boy on the block, and English speaking American Empire.

But even if one were to temporarily put that aside, let's also remember that what became the United States of America but were previously British colonies, as indeed what's now Israel but was Palestine at the time were both ruled and effectively controlled by Britain itself. And therefore as in life and with all progenies it's not in the least surprising that offspring do emulate the habits – good and bad – of their parents or guardians. And trust me Britain has a lot to answer for and likewise to be ashamed of even in 2015; and false flags are just a miniscule part of this iniquitous equation indicative of my country!

Stanley Collymore

# Quite Common As Muck And Stupid With It Too. That's You Michael Gove!

You're as common as muck even though by describing you in this explicit way I'm doing a grave disservice to a commodity that is much prized by the farming community for the essentially productive effects which traditionally it has always had on their beneficial industry. You, however, are by no means an asset to anybody, Michael Gove and that includes yourself; and since the discernible downside of muck is that it can despoil and generally be a right bloody nuisance too in the process it's this explanation of the word that is specifically relevant to you Michel on this distinct occasion. So do yourself a massive favour won't you and clean up your perfidious act, assuming of course that you can, for it's duly transparently self-evident that your existing one not only stinks but is also a vulgar affront to every intelligent person across the extensive length and breadth of this important homeland we call Britain, as well as to the entire world generally and every one of its evidently rational, deeply enlightened and, most unquestionably thoroughly responsible inhabitants especially.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 March 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# R.I.P Tony Cozier - A Truly Iconic Bajan And Cricketing Legend!

By Stanley Collymore

You were the true essence and the consummate embodiment of everything that is good about Barbados; a genuine and proud Bajan whose profound love for and unabashed devotion was always unquestionably to your dear Caribbean island home, and whose responsive fellow inhabitants with an unconcealed and unstinting pride coupled with the greatest of affection specially reserved for you affectionately enfolded you as their adored native son and a richly deserving international ambassador; and not only as the astute cricketing commentating legend over five decades that indisputably you were but likewise too as the remarkably amazingly and forever iconic Barbadian figure which you have always been, and beyond question will constantly and enduringly remain in our appreciative hearts and minds permanently our Tony Cozier!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 June 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

There's not a single person in the cricketing world either as a player or a staunch fan of this remarkable game who has not heard of Tony Cozier who has been commentating on our beloved sport for over five decades; and this is particularly true of every Barbadian, other West Indian and Guyanese for whom cricket is much more than a sport and more akin to being a religion. I grew up as a cricket aficionado myself listening to Tony Cozier's astute and very informative commentaries on local Barbadian other Caribbean and, of course, international cricket, and the same can be said for many other Caribbeans and millions of

others around the world in the well-known cricketing nations globally.

On a personal level I got to know Tony Cozier when we both worked as journalists at the Nation Newspaper in Barbados and I quickly discovered that this iconic figure at home in his native Barbados as well as globally was one of the most genuinely modest persons that anyone could ever hope to meet. His passing, just like that of Muhammad Ali has left me shell-shocked even though I knew he was dying of cancer; but for these two iconic deaths to come so soon upon each other and both men around the same age: Muhammad Ali 74 and Tony Cozier 75, is quite extraordinary.

But both men: one a Black African-American and the other a white native Barbadian have unquestionably left their distinctive legacies and specifically so to all those who loved and cared greatly for them. They will be sorely missed; and to my fellow Bajans: relatives, friends and sporting fans let's remember Tony Cozier as we do Muhammad Ali, and as they're both worthy of being remembered. They're assuredly now in Heaven with their Creator and from us mere mortals still here let's wish them eternal and celestial rest. Amen!

Stanley Collymore

# Racially White Caucasian, Intuitively Barbarians And Ethically Deranged Losers!

By Stanley Collymore

How very interesting and utterly ironic that it's the supposedly white &quot;civilized world&quot; that occasions the greatest and, without any question to all genuinely thinking minds, the indisputably most horrendous and lethal devastations to human kind and through this barbaric process, vilely as well as profoundly disturbingly rather idiotically jeopardizes the earnestly sought after welfare, indispensable security and even the very existence of humanity! White Caucasian entities with their delusional supremacist and western elitist notions that are themselves compounded by irrational ideas of their proselytizers' absolute, they maintain, entitlement to automatic preferential treatment and generated the demented managers of these rogue state entities will tell you of a sacrosanct, divinely ordained and the irreversibly prescribed assurance of an inimitable, immutable and exclusively accorded to them white exceptionalism. Granted, they enthusiastically add, in deific acknowledgement of and also an appreciative tribute in perpetuity solely to their race and none other.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 April 2017.

## Author's Remarks:

For a people who in the most concerted arrogant and delusional fashion regard themselves as the epitome of everything that's comprehensively virtuous and unquestionably civilized, when patently and transparently they're not, and furthermore in their twisted interpretation of what life is all about indisputably comprise and embody by their very existence alone all the outstanding qualities to exclusively be the authentic judges, without either recourse to or any consultation or agreement with the rest of mankind, of what in every feasible circumstance is best for all of humanity, not only disdains fundamental logic and

basic common-sense but also and in essence is the narcissistic encapsulation of hubristic arrogance and rank stupidity that, for all but such demented persons, constitute the height of asinine absurdity!

Stanley Collymore

# Radicalization Doesn't Only Have Demerits; Good Is A Salient Part Of It Too!

By Stanley Collymore

The evil that men do lives after them the good is oft interred with their bones. How true and prophetically apt in the case of the evil assemblage and loathsome bunch of Labtory charlatans and carpetbaggers who've conspiratorially infiltrated and collaboratively for their own obsessively selfish, self-centredly and grasping Zionist inspired financial ends and mass murderingly executed and handsomely profited from ill-gotten gains concertedly usurped the Labour Party. And who despite their comprehensively reprehensible and mind bogglingly sickening behaviour, still from their staunchly ensconced and hopelessly out of touch virtual reality tower of pernicious double standards and deep rooted hypocrisy that to all sensible and intelligent persons everywhere and who're firmly in control of their own individually functioning brain between their ears well know is nothing but ludicrous sanctimoniousness.

Yet in spite of that these hoodwinkers – past and present and uniformly similar: Tony Blair, his trying shadow, Gordon Brown and both of them coldblooded mass murderers; Margaret Beckett, a self confessed moron but who markedly and mendaciously in her forced confession failed to admit that yes she is precisely that but for all the wrong reasons. David Miliband, him of reinforced Diego Garcian Chagossian ethnic cleansing ignominy; vile Liz Kendall with more testosterone embedded in her warped torso than would ever be found in her effete, theoretically biologically male, and House of Commons

opposition front bench  
and similarly inept  
counterparts.

Yvette Cooper the typical doltish bonehead, and Andy Burnham the unfailing space cadet dead from the waist upwards – each and every one of them individually and collectively carrying on regardless not only to declare but also delusionally and aggressively assert what an outstandingly propitious asset their Labtory presence within the Labour Party has been and what a Heaven sent blessing it has beneficially conferred not just on Labour Party members generally but also the entire United Kingdom specifically. Well I adamantly beg to disagree and most earnestly wish it wasn't only your evil legacies we shall have to contend with but that some from among the UK regime's recruited, trained, financed, equipped and both actively and logistically supported Jihadist Useful Idiot Terrorists will quite soon and in the process very advantageously oblige all of us peace loving citizenry with the immense pleasure of finally and fittingly able at our total leisure to read your collective obituaries.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 July 2015.

Author's Remarks:

It's high time to uncompromisingly cull by whatever means, fair or foul, the Labour Party we love of its iniquitous, perfidious and loathsomely pernicious, interloping and usurping Labtory elements that have rabidly infiltrated it; and why it is that I unambiguously back any move that will effectively do just that. #Ignominious oblivion to the Labtory morons! I say.



# Real Love Versus The Fanciful And Widespread Notions Of What Love Is Supposedly All About!

By Stanley Collymore

People usually prefer to gossip a lot about hypothetical relationships without really expending much if any serious thought at all to what they're actually doing, or for that matter, even for a solitary moment, bothering to consider the likely outcome of their speculative musings, let alone constructively contemplate on the possible ramifications of their bewildering actions: namely, what they're casually, usually quite senselessly and indefensibly thinking and saying whenever they glibly, irresponsibly and uniformly, basically for emphasis sake effectively, talk about emotions that they either amorously or might otherwise carnally feel obliged to and then purposely and wantonly, as their first and only hopeful move, attribute to love.

Yet most bizarrely and quite ironically too those who're the most clamorous and readily given to pontificating at every turn on, doing so in contradiction of their own dismal and wholly ineffective situations in relation to love itself and, moreover, invariably taking to openly, unmasked for and noticeably ad nauseum expressing their subjective and basically off-limits views about love relative to others whose personal circumstances they're barely cognizant of if at all familiar with, are the very ones who've no problem it seems in arbitrarily deeming it their inalienable right and specific duty to automatically deliver allegedly expert advice and assistance on how all those other persons should in conformity amorously manage their

own individual lives.

Seeking genuine expert guidance in relation to a love difficulty whether this has been occasioned through unadulterated innocence, gullibility, exasperating frustration or scrupulously nurtured ignorance is one thing; however, having unwarranted counsel, from whatever source, recklessly thrust down the throats of others who're willingly, or more fittingly coercively, prepared to accept such actions or not is another matter and mustn't be tolerated let alone succumbed to in any condition. For it's your life, and proper and requested advice aside if and when you genuinely need it, to determine how you live it is therefore and should always be your resolutely decided and sole decision alone; personal and likewise quite embarrassing mistakes made indisputably included!

For if at the spurious behest of others you wilfully choose to disallow yourself the right to be who you really are in all matters precisely relating to yourself and afterwards to submissively, specifically and quite significantly too be doing so in relation to all affairs pertaining to love; what is the point then of pretending that you honestly know what love is all about when effectively there'd be no reality to any of that or anything else you're either thinking or actually saying? Since, in effect, this unsound redoubt of yours will inevitably render you as nothing more than a sinisterly predetermined, considerably controlled and, unhappily as it'll surely turn out

to be, a discernibly  
vulnerable, and  
an enormously  
unsuspecting  
and a most  
obliging  
human  
robot!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
29 December 2015.

#### Author's Thoughts:

Regardless of whom you are or how clever you consider yourself to be no one person or even a collective of such individuals have the full mastery of love, and in my opinion never will. For love is as complex a subject matter as any specific subject matter could ever be, since it impacts in a diversity of ways, at some time or other, on every aspect of our human emotions whether we intend for this to be the case or not.

That said, there are certain guidelines one should follow, plus the genuine acknowledgement too that comes from learning from mistakes personally made or that one has observed others having made, and through those processes ensuring that you successfully get through if not managing however to fully master the complexities of love. So if anyone should in earnest tell you that they know all about love or have the answers to love's multifaceted problems, just politely ask them to go and see a good psychiatrist.

However, for all that, I'd much prefer the complexities of love any day of the week than the mundane aspects of a situation where you knew precisely how things will turn out and everything will be completely immersed in blanket conformity. Personally, I can't think of anything more boring. But then each to his or her own!

Stanley Collymore

## Rene – Portrait Of A Black Beauty

Although we've only quite recently met  
I'm pretty sure we've always known  
that we existed somewhere  
on this planet, waiting for  
the right moment  
to discover each other.  
And now that we have I simply can't wait  
to fully explore the several possibilities  
and much more of this new and most  
exciting friendship we've freely  
and spontaneously begun;  
and which for me  
is a marvellous  
opportunity  
to be courted once again  
by a black woman that's urbane  
and who, besides, is well educated,  
clever, cerebral and culturally the same.

And amidst the euphoria of this new start  
and the dizzy stirrings of my happy  
and now contented heart  
I have to honestly admit that  
the long and, at times, heart-rending  
search for you was well and truly  
worth the pain and the many  
sacrifices caused by it.

Stanley Collymore

# Requiem For Julia Hartley-Brewer!

By Stanley Collymore

Death is inevitable to us all; the climax of our personal journey, lengthily so or short, through this earthly life. And it's most humbling yet deeply inspirational to see how some people making the most of their time here on Earth constructively, altruistically and beneficially do so much for others: those known to them as well as total strangers, and quite rightly we consciously not only in response mourn but also deeply regret their inevitable but nevertheless, from our selfish perspective, unfortunate and inconsolable passing.

And juxtaposed with these aforementioned human embodiments of celestial paragons and veritable mentoring icons who by all realistic descriptions were quite accomplishedly worthy of and justly had accorded to them these attestations as the outstanding and meritorious human beings they were, is the ordinary person who typically mulls along trying his or her level best amidst the regular ups and downs: ecstatic jubilation or terrible tribulations, that predictably or not beset their daily life whether conjoined cooperatively or otherwise with that of a family, mutually with another person or clearly and manifestly thoughtfully and calculatedly conducted independently and completely alone.

Then there are those who're unquestionably and consummately odious; perniciously loathsome and in terms of any rational assessment or objective adjudication in relation to their totally evil personalities and patently non-existent capabilities constitute a considerable and substantially detrimental encumbrance to the customarily congenial nature, mutual respect, enlivening solidarity and importantly the vital cooperation that's undeniably imperative if we all of us, both individually and jointly, sensibly and legitimately endeavour to fashion an amicable world of equal nations whose sum total of united dedication and experience will perceptibly be advantageous to everyone and essentially noticeably devoid of the brainless and relatively easy to pander to racist uproar of delusional white Caucasian exceptionalism beloved of by brain-dead, self-interested and utterly detestable white sluts like Julia Hartley Brewer as well as their sick male equivalents.

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24 June 2016.

Author's remarks:

The inalienable right to genuinely hold personal views and express them, views that are themselves conscionably embedded in the ethical concepts of freedom of expression and the unhindered entitlement to free speech are highly commendable and noble aspects of all actually authentic as well as demonstrably truly aspirant and progressive civilized and democratic societies. Consequently, those who honourably indulge in such worthy conduct should and must be, even if their views aren't universally or even significantly subscribed to or supported by those to whom they're dispensed, nevertheless as of right command the full respect of those aforesaid persons if only for the straightforward honesty of those

promoting them, as well as actively guaranteed the full protection of that society's laws.

Not so however, when those who self-servingly and duplicitously rely on such graciously awarded concessions disingenuously, fraudulently or dishonestly make an absolute mockery of this democratically and morally embodied civilized system to perfidiously and most deceitfully undermine that said system with their brazenly instigated hypocrisies and loathsomely flagrant double standards while at the same time openly and deceptively brandishing their insidious and contemptibly bogus moral credentials as proof of their veracity and credibility as they then narcissistically, sanctimoniously and ardently clamour aboard their purposely instigated and self-absorbed bandwagon of lowlife barbarism sinisterly disguised as beneficial aspects or indispensable merits of human civilization.

Something that neither logically, realistically nor in however many light years you or your sort want to calculate it in Julia Hartley-Brewer as it isn't a feasible likelihood or one that is remotely convincing, not to any astute, well-informed or intelligent person anyway, and especially coming from the likes of people like you who're proto-fascists to the core of your very existence and conjoined with that are also the evil embodiment and inveterately supportive elements of a society intensely nurtured in white supremacist and xenophobic malevolence and profoundly steeped in colonialist and imperialist ideas.

Stanley Collymore

# Requiem For The 24th January 1968

By Stanley Collymore

There was that first rush of heady excitement tempered periodically by the contemplative reflection on what the consequences could be but which was always recklessly brushed aside by the energizing dangers inherent in our joint and at times irresponsible actions.

But lust camouflaged  
as love does tend  
to act that  
way.

Forty three years on the folly of it all speaks eloquently for itself; but that aside we've both survived the inferno of deep-seated passions, personal conflicts and even the mirthful remembrances of those early halcyon days, seemingly so at the time, that sensibly were always destined to end the way they have done; completely avoidable if we'd only stopped for a moment and seriously thought about what we were doing.

But real life isn't about regrets or what might have been, or conveniently whingeing about misfortunes: real or imaginary. Nor realistically is it about revenge or getting even for those reverses sustained in our life, since to do so would effectively mean allowing someone else, consciously or even unknowingly so, to dictate the tempo as well as determine the agenda of our life. I haven't or will I ever permit that to happen to me!

The experience however gained from our ill-fated relationship together has been invaluable none the less in helping me to positively determine

who and what I actually wanted to be and ultimately became. And without malice or any trace of bitterness I'll raise a glass of Mount Gay Rum: Barbados and the world's oldest and finest, specifically to January 24,1968 and the Top of the World Ballroom in Stafford, Central England with the toast:  
"I looked danger in the eye,  
refused to blink and won  
the day. I survived!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Schliesslich Und Vernuenftig, Wir Sind Uns Alle Jeremy Corbyn Now!

By Stanley Collymore

It has been a long time coming but now the opportunity is finally here to constructively create and vigorously build a promising future for all those who authentically care about and want to witness a truly fair and just society for every one of us Britons and other residents here to live in. One which is demonstrably equitable, meritocracy driven, totally obsequiously class obsessed eradicated, politically and economically stable; well-informed historically, internationally and communally, that recognizes and thoroughly accepts the commensurate benefits of obtaining a sound and relevant education with much needed 21st Century skills training but by no means just prepared to settle for the one-off acquisition of either of these things but instead completely and intelligently understands the stark obligation of fundamentally attaining an education and furthermore participating in the ongoing process of upgrading it; and amidst it all bringing on board a populace that sensibly, objectively and confidently instinctively starts to positively and consistently acknowledge that the task of permanently changing Britain, and indeed the rest of the world, even though he's perfectly suited and gifted for doing so, mustn't be left exclusively on the capable shoulders of Jeremy Corbyn alone but is also a requisite undertaking, I most categorically believe, for the entirety of our own national and, of course, global populations.

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11 September 2015.

The Author's Celebratory Remarks:

For those of you who don't speak or understand German the English title of this

poem is: "Finally and sensibly we're all of us Jeremy Corbyn now! " Much more applicable in my opinion than the disingenuous and western False Flag propaganda crap: Je suis Charlie, which I didn't accept at the time and still don't care for now!

Why a German title for an English hero? Well, Jeremy Corbyn's galvanizing of the Labour leadership campaign for one thing which wasn't only enthusiastically welcomed in Britain but captivated the individual and collective interest of all my German friends and others besides in Germany too who feel like me that it was high time that the UK came to its senses and put its own house in order politically.

And as we prepare to enthusiastically celebrate Jeremy Corbyn's justifiable and inspirational win despite the odious skulduggery tactics engaged in and employed by the Labtory slime balls who've hijacked and implanted themselves into the hierarchy of the Labour Party: 1 in 5 bona fide Labour Party members in London, Jeremy Corbyn's heartland, alone didn't get their ballot papers to vote thus finding themselves intentionally disenfranchised from having their say in this contest, while additionally we've also had thousands of others wilfully blocked from voting on the lame, unconvincing and totally dishonest excuse that these people, suspected to be Jeremy Corbyn's supporters, don't subscribe to the aims and values of the Labour Party.

What a bloody sick joke; that would otherwise have been absolutely risible if it wasn't so God-dammed serious! For if that's the case in the sick minds of these lowlife pillocks what about Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Margaret Becket, David Blunket, Harriet Harman and the rest of them who hijacked the Labour party and distanced it as far as they possibly could from the objectives and aspirations of Labour's founding fathers, mothers, sons and daughters?

And as if that wasn't bad enough we had these scumbags at Labour's party HQ incredibly shutting down a supposed "helpline" for those who didn't get their ballot papers and doing so 48 hours ahead of the deadline to vote, on the crass and derisory explanation there were too many calls coming in. Yet these are the scum that hypocritically want us and the rest of Britain to not only stupidly see and accept them as persons(?) endowed with democratic principles but are also the best there is to run the Labour Party and by extension the United Kingdom. Dream on; but while you're wrapped up in your pernicious delusion I would like to suggest that you get the hell out of MY party and join the ranks of the Nazi-Zionist-Tories where you appropriately and stinkingly belong!

Meanwhile, on Saturday 12 September 2015 my German friends and I shall

effusively be celebrating Jeremy Corbyn's expected win in classic German style; and among our celebratory tipples will be ample bottles of vintage Barbados Mount Gay Rum: the world's first and oldest rum, from that glorious land of sunshine, tranquillity and my ancestral homeland, Beautiful Barbados, where rum was invented.

Cheers Jeremy! Oder auf Deutsch: Jubel Jeremy!

Stanley Collymore

# Selfish But Sincere

By Stanley Collymore

I love you not only because you're beautiful,  
intelligent, kind and a truly fantastic person  
in every conceivable way there is but also  
because I'm inherently an utterly  
selfish individual especially  
where love is concerned and this action of  
mine is the apogee of that particular situation;  
therefore bearing that in mind I simply wanted you  
for myself, significantly well aware, all things  
considered, that I'm completely unworthy  
of you. Nevertheless, I sincerely hope  
that you can both forgive and  
overlook this one major  
flaw in my otherwise  
perfect character?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 September 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Sexually Alive But Mentally Brain Dead!

By Stanley Collymore

Seemingly I'm in love with you but to be perfectly honest too I neither like nor trust you, and how the hell I got myself into this ridiculous situation is a complete mystery to me, I readily agree, and an entirely inexplicable conundrum that I really don't care for or even properly understand. For am I, both as a woman and similarly as an individual person, so utterly weak and feckless that I'm quite willingly permitting unbridled lust coupled with its attendant sexual assignations with you to unreasonably and destructively influence every rational and sensible explanation I can realistically think of to literally spurn what I'm now doing and in the process either unreasonably distort, or else destroy them under the entirely pseudo and mystifying notion it has to be all right then, and doesn't matter because I am in love with you?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 December 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

We all of us at some time or other in our individual life do things that candidly put are downright stupid and irresponsible. And dependent on when these occurrences take place are usually put down to age, lack of maturity or plain incompetence but with seldom or even rarely a mention every being made about the wilfulness or even the evil component that comprises our actions. Usually those involved grow up, become wise or are forced to accept that what they're doing is not only anti-social and counterproductive to everything that's reasonable or responsible but can and unusually is injurious to that person's well-

being also.

But incredibly there are still significant numbers of people who never learn, either because they haven't the capacity to do so or else because to put it bluntly they're absolutely brain-dead; and this poem highlights just one area in which this kind of situation is very prevalent. One area yes but nevertheless a crucial one that generally not only affects the idiot involved but can and invariably with all its diverse consequences impacts disastrously on society and one's country as a whole. Read it carefully and see how you fare in all of this. Then having honestly done so, ask yourself why are you still behaving in the manner in which you stupidly are?

Stanley Collymore

# Sexually Blooded!

By Stanley Collymore

You were man enough to audaciously and most competently &quot;chaste away&quot; the quite evidently innocent girl that was there and with your consummate skill, tenacity and in a most demonstrably electrifying and totally compellingly authoritative fashion at once, erotically, thoroughly pleasurably conjoined with supreme manly determination absolutely gratifyingly elicit the sexually craving but previously dormant and utterly unrealized coital woman in me. So my profoundly indebted, enduring, and inestimably steadfast thanks for what you phenomenally and so capably pulled off.

Caused me to rapturously achieve not only orgasmically but also and discernibly in other unfamiliar feminine terms, and in the process of all this appreciably installed a clear marker which as far as I'm personally concerned you're perfectly at liberty and predictably in the same way, I must say, most graciously entitled and with my full cooperation to entirely look after, as well as to explicitly at will unreservedly keep going whenever you favourably determine that you'd love to replicate this

elated tryst  
and return.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
16 March 2016.

Author's Remarks:

It's a long trip back for many of you down memory lane I know and the recollection even as it was happening at the time wasn't and very much so still isn't an exciting or by any stretch of the imagination an impressive remembrance.

That said, for others it was an extraordinary and earth shattering experience in your respective life and one which you enduringly look back on with fond memories and great nostalgia. So how was it really for you?

A consummately liberating experience that still wows you to this day even though that special person is no longer in your life or a thoroughly unmitigated disaster that even now makes you ponder why the Hell did you ever bothered in the first place?

Just mischievously thinking out loud! And quite glaringly happy like the cat which naughtily but satisfyingly proverbially licked the cream. And a dedication, this poem, to all of you who've come of age and about to tread this same path! Good luck!

And as my Mum told my sisters and my Gran told me, if things don't go well don't forget to always maintain your dignity! Unless of course they're going so well you think, what the bloody hell! Life is about enjoying one's self and I'm going to make the most of my opportunities.

Stanley Collymore

# She Does Really Love Me!

By Stanley Collymore

To be perfectly honest with you I was truly lost for words and deeply touched when you told me how you truthfully felt about me and so very much wanted to be a part of my life and similarly share yours with me. And coming hard on the heels of your truly enthrallingly wonderful admission, all I could hear amidst the joyful commotion erupting within my heart and the unbridled cheer inside my inspired brain entranced on its own part in celebratory fashion as it revealed its very own emotion, were those beautiful and engaging words in my head: and themselves reinforced by the abounding and communicable reciprocity of my deep love for you coupled with the profoundly felt and transparent chemistry that exists between us two and so palpably evidently there for all to see: "She absolutely, truthfully and assuredly does honestly love me!"

© Stanley more

19 May 2016.

## Author's Comments:

This penned poem is an anniversary commemoration coupled with the profound and enduring remembrances of the incredibly exciting and immensely rewarding onset of the truly fantastic relationship that lovingly and expressively exists between my Partner and me.

An abiding encapsulation of the vigour and compelling enthrallment of a distinctive relationship between two then new lovers, the prescient awareness and pleasurable acknowledgement that existed between us and which

emotionally and in every other conceivable and constructive manner we instinctively knew and accepted in the fullest sense, and were likewise very much cognizant of the fact that we unquestionably and consensually belong to each other!

And here's hoping too that you like us have either realized, or very soon will do so, the same experiences and feelings relative to two very special people mutually and joyfully coming together in your own enduring and most loving relationship.

Stanley Collymore

# Sieg Heil To The Brain-Dead Scottish Police!

By Stanley Collymore

We're proudly the Scottish Police constitutionally charged with lawfully looking after the Scottish people and, of course, our north of the border UK nation; with the extra remit as we intuitively see it to implacably oppose as well as unremittingly eradicate all categories of anti-Semitism whether these are overtly or clandestinely engaged in or otherwise embarked upon together with all forms of victimization that we unilaterally construe as being disrespectful, hateful, discourteous or emotionally injurious to our Yiddish Ashkenazim and worthy Semite friends. And we will assiduously do so with every resource and all the power at our command even arresting dogs using the Nazi salute of outstretched arms to laud Adolf Hitler in their canine adulation of him; notwithstanding that for many generations now we've not managed to actually deal with far less so eradicate the scourge of social, political and religious sectarianism in our society. But I'm sure you'll agree with me that painstakingly orchestrated, mightily propagandized and propagated but counterfeit Anti-Semitism criticism is conveniently and astutely for us a much more creditable and pressing priority for the Scottish Constabulary than expected to deal with pervasiveness of tangible racism and undeniable acts of sectarianism!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 May 2016.

Author's Remarks:

For all you brain-dead members of the Scottish Constabulary Israel, which I call Yidland, is not a nice country. It is in effect a powerful police state founded on pathological paranoia with only a veneer of civility, carefully crafted and maintained for the consumption of those who still believe in the myth of Yidland democracy!

Stanley Collymore

# Silent Promise

I'll keep absolutely quiet if  
in return you promise  
not to disturb me  
with your  
silence.

Stanley Collymore

# Simon Danczuk, Uk Regimes' Zionist-Nazi Mass Murderers And Chilcot's Distortion Of Justice!

By Stanley Collymore

Hi! My name is Simon Danczuk the Polish vote rigging MP for Rochdale; that's a town in Lancashire you see that gives its name to the wider community which as its MP I guess I supposedly represent, although it's a dead certainty that the overwhelming majority of you reading this poem, including those currently living in the self-same Rochdale constituency more likely than not have previously never heard of me. And that's because for some time now and largely due to our endemically corrupt political system that massively has my full and wholehearted approbation, it's generally the political party not the named candidate on the ballot paper that the electorate through well-established custom invariably cast their votes for and not, as it happens, deeply insidiously-natured and completely out of place, Polish nonentities like me.

That said, I've been far more fortunate than several others among my politically like-minded colleagues, who like me are also Labtory interlopers within the traditional Labour Party; for Nazis, Waffen-SS aficionados, fascists and Zionists to the core that we patently are, unfortunately with our graspingly avaricious and duplicitous ambitions very much to the fore and a quite determined relish on our part to run the UK for our own expediency;

we all the same totally understand  
and accept fully that we can't all of us  
realistically attain that obsessive aspiration  
through joining the Conservative Party  
already overburdened, as it clearly  
is, with its own profusion of  
profoundly atrocious  
and compatible  
vermin.

So I've been exceedingly lucky as things turned out  
that my vote-rigging propensity to unfairly secure  
for me the "official" endorsement of the Labour  
hierarchy and of course the prized candidacy  
of my Rochdale constituency not only  
severely disadvantaged my real  
Labour Party rivals but also  
effectively put them to rout – but then all is fair  
in love and war I'm sure you'll agree and  
contemporary UK politics you should  
know, if you've got any sense, is all about war,  
premeditated chaos creation, regime change  
in selectively targeted nations along  
with the iniquitous and savage  
encore of human, financial  
and natural resources  
exploitation in these  
Global South  
countries.

Attendant at home in the United Kingdom with massive  
and accelerated much better living conditions and  
a noticeably marked wealth disparity between  
the nation's privileged parasites cheerfully  
living unaffected lives of luxury compared to  
the everyday grind and life realization of  
their disparagingly perceived Plebeian  
working class communities, hard  
working yet ostracized ethnic  
minorities and the unknown but nevertheless  
instinctively dismissed faces within our  
wider population suffering from and quite

adversely at the tender mercies of the  
Zionist-Nazi Tory, Lib-Dems and  
Labyrinth of the Labour Party  
contrived, implemented and  
thoroughly mean spirited  
strategy of austerity that is  
unquestionably, and  
perniciously so,  
intentionally and  
malignly both  
socially classed  
based and  
driven.

And against this absolutely deplorable backdrop of  
ghastly and positively unpardonable calamities  
comprising heinous acts of numerous war  
crimes and crimes against humanity  
specifically relative to the Iraqis  
and gratuitously committed by  
mass murderers Tony Blair and his white  
compliant acolytes of Gordon Brown,  
Alistair Darling, Jack Straw, Jack  
Cunningham, George Robertson,  
Harriet Harman, Nick Brown,  
Ron Davies, John Reid, Geoff  
Hoon, Peter Mandelson,  
Donald Dewar, Charles  
Falkner and the sadistic  
satanic and corporeal  
personification of  
Lucifer and the  
epitome of evil  
itself Alistair  
Campbell!

And for them several years later, and in the case of Libya this time,  
to be conjoined in the same acts of barbarity with the equally  
noxious, rampant then and verminous Bugs of Blighty  
encompassing David Cameron, William Hague,  
George Osborne, Theresa May, Liam Fox,  
Philip Hammond, Ian Duncan Smith, Oliver

Letwin, Eric Pickles, Caroline Spelman, Andrew Mitchell,  
Nicky Morgan, Jeremy Hunt, Nick Clegg, David Laws  
Danny Alexander and Vince Cable; each and every  
one of them transparently without any sense of  
probity or basic humanity about them, yet  
possessed of and quite able to deploy  
plenty of capability for public office  
malfeasance, mass murdering activities  
and other odious acts of criminality  
that the mentor of these savage  
perpetrators of spectacularly  
wanton wrongdoing, John  
Chilcot: unfazed by this  
and evidently totally  
at ease with it, is  
unsurprisingly so,  
deceitfully first  
rate at white  
washing.

And you Simon Danczuk: a contemptuously cuckolded  
nobody from Rochdale, are quite keen to have the  
latest breed of aspirant Labtory contenders –  
Liz Kendall, Yvette Cooper and Andy  
Burnham with David Miliband  
of Chagos Islands infamy  
expectantly lurking in the background –  
for the leadership crown, soul and control  
of the Labour Party; and incredibly as  
it seems, resort to indulging in yet  
again the sorts of macho overseas  
colonialist atrocities that gave  
rise in the first place to the  
quite intentionally and  
artfully drawn out  
Chilcot Inquiry.

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17 August 2015.

Author's Remarks:

In a departure from my usual practice I shall, instead of placing my own comments at the end of my work, give that opportunity to two pieces of correspondence that adequately sum up my views on the subject that I've tackled here.

The first of these is from Derek Metson of Bristol who writes: "People under 50, when discussing Labour leader candidate Jeremy Corbyn's policies, claim we must not turn the clock back because it was so bad. I was there and it wasn't! The top rate of income tax was more than 90 per cent in the 1960s. When Margaret Thatcher was ousted in 1990, it was down to 60 per cent – but unemployment did not reach the one million mark until Margaret Thatcher's premiership. Then, it was Labour Premier Tony Blair, pursuing similar policies, who got it down to 50 per cent. By contrast, for the 1950s to 1970s, this country was higher than sixth place in the world rankings and ran an export-import surplus most months based on a healthy manufacturing industry.

The second is anonymous and was sent by text. It states: "So Tony Blair and Liz Kendall do not want Jeremy Corbyn to become leader of the Labour Party. Have they forgotten what is the heart and soul of a Labour Party, or have they become so trendy and desperate for votes and press exposure that they will sell out the principles of the Labour Party? Look what Mr Blair did for the country – he out-Conservatized the Conservatives. Sure, he stayed in power, but he left the country quite weak. Let us have a true Labour Party, back to grassroots principles, and give the people a proper choice between Labour and Conservatives."

Stanley Collymore

# Simply Peerless!

By Stanley Collymore

You are the epitome of selflessness, consummate efficiency, exquisite charm, obvious intelligence and the engaging embodiment of forbearance pleasantly coupled with and appealingly communicated in the full awareness of what your designated and embarked on duties are and how best to professionally go about and implement them; doing so with the utmost proficiency, greatest tolerance and a supremely creative flexibility.

Innate qualities of yours that unfailingly and satisfactorily generate in others a good-natured and enduring reciprocity, which stemming from you and on your part is most skilfully, dexterously, markedly and crucially, but noticeably rather sociably as well, executed with the utmost proficiency that clearly and positively stems directly from a well-intentioned, understanding and caring heart.

Undeniably then, and appreciatively and unvaryingly so, you are unmistakably in a diversity of ways a truly delightful and fabulous lady whose positive features aren't just limited to or merely focused on functioning as a necessary incentive or stimulus to professionally reassuring library patrons on the one hand or on the other serving as the conducive informative and or edifying enlightenment of those that seek out

your guidance for whatever reason;  
for in your own right you are  
without any reservation a  
genuinely fascinating  
and conspicuously  
unforgettable  
woman.

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27 July 2015.

Author's Remarks:

Throughout Britain, and England in particular, the standard of education and literacy is falling alarmingly courtesy of the persistent dumbing down of the so-called educational system over a period of decades now, and libraries that should in essence be playing an instrumental role in reversing this trend and even preventing it in the first place are themselves part of the problem; with most library staff across England either not having a clue or simply refusing to even care about what libraries were initially created for.

Thankfully in these barren deserts of despondency one can and does occasionally come across an oasis of traditional values that fervently triggers and even optimistically sustains the eternal hope that everything isn't irrevocably lost. This poem was motivated by and specifically written for the figurative guardian of one such oasis of hope; and to whom I appreciatively confer my deepest gratitude.

Stanley Collymore

# Since When Has Reciprocally Falling In Love Been A Crime? Unless She's White And He's Black!

By Stanley Collymore

How could you, as a white British woman, dare to quit England and in the process of doing so callously and most despicably desert not only your own children but likewise and most significantly too, which was a decidedly contemptible thing to do, your white, English husband; and all this without the slightest care in the world for the harm to them that you were doing and, furthermore, in a state of utter remiss, totally embark on a pre-planned, it would seem, situation as regards what you were undertaking in respect of another man, and who, additionally, is quite unmistakably a foreigner and vitally a Black, Gambian African! Oh dear me! What on earth ever swayed you Heidi to do such an extremely repugnant thing?

Leaving, without an individual care in the world it appears, what's demonstrably a civilized England to actually go over there to Gambia, Africa and willingly electing to live in an open and adulterous liaison with a far younger and quite clearly a less cultured human being than you could ever expect to find among whites here at home in Britain! A Black and African man no less, who's fourteen years your junior on that Dark African continent. And even now that you've gone and done this dreadful thing, you still don't see any reason, it seems, why you should relent, sensibly reverse what you've imprudently done, promptly return home to Britain and sanely your white British family. And, of course, in exactly rational terms the markedly recognizable, detectably distinguishable and the indisputably enlightened,

white Caucasian civilization  
and highly developed First  
World kingdom Britain is!

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15 November 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem was specifically written for Heidi Hepworth and Mamadou Jallow and according is dedicated to both of them.

Even the very best of intentional, personal relationships and marriages do sometimes for a diversity of understandable and even at times wholly inexplicable reasons come a cropper. And unless you are personally either directly involved in the problems that are themselves besetting any of these relationships or are specifically either in a personal or professional capacity asked for your input into attempting to resolve the aforementioned problematical situation(s) by those who're directly involved in them and who these problems affect the most, then quite frankly what has already transpired or otherwise is ongoingly so, is none of your business. Let alone for you to arrogantly assume or egotistically assert some specious right to interfere and furthermore on a judgemental basis in what has nothing to do with you and as is more often than not the case in a state of affairs where you're wholly unfamiliar with all the relevant facts.

And therefore it's particularly odious, hypocritical and distinctly smacks absolutely of rank double standards when you or others like you impertinently apply characteristically obvious and subjective criterion or criteria to some situations that you're evidently biased in favour of yet waste neither the opportunity you feel you're presented with nor the time to be caustically and vitriolic in other situations even when they are similar to the ones you favour or are even less troublesome, as is often the case, than they are. And such prejudiced conduct is not only quite unwarranted it also stinks to high Heaven.

John Major the former British Prime Minister had a consensual affair with Edwina Currie a similar Tory MP and equally a UK regime Cabinet Minister. Both parties were married at the time of this affair and John Major is still with his wife of the time. Paddy Ashdown, a former leader of the British Liberal Democratic Party (The Lib-Dems) was also a married man at the time of his longstanding affair. So too was Tony Blair - and the entire world well knows who this mass murderer is - saw nothing wrong in shagging the Chinese wife of his Aussie-cum- Rogue State

USA citizen and political mentor Rupert Murdoch. Then, of course, there is the current French President Emmanuel Macron who as a school boy in his teens formed a very sexually unhealthy and entirely immoral relationship with Brigitte his teacher at the time and the woman who is now his wife.

Brigitte: born on the 13 April 1953 was considerably older than Emanuel who was himself born on the 21 December 1977, so simply work the not too difficult arithmetical conundrum out for yourself. But what personally appals me and as someone who has spent the vast majority of my time in education, teaching English at every conceivable level, is that any teacher or lecturer having an emotional or sexual relationship with his or her pupil or student is in my book not worthy to be a teacher and at worst is a sick paedophile, and especially so when the teacher or lecturer is almost 40 years' old and the pupil or student is just approaching 16 years old. And they're just the tip of this odiously hypocritical iceberg.

But contrast the double standards and the venomous cannonade levelled at Heidi Hepworth a white British woman, aged 44 years' old who freely left her husband and children in the UK to go and live in the Gambia, Africa with the Black man Mamadou Jallow that she's fallen in love with and rather understandably clearly wants to be with. Both members of this obviously romantic couple are adults and significantly so consensual ones to what they're both lovingly and romantically doing. But you could be easily forgiven for not thinking so as she's branded by the white British media as more or less a slut who has unforgivably given up her husband and children to move to Africa to be with her "toy boy".

Was the term "slut" ever applied by these media morons to Edwina Currie or Camilla who repeatedly horned Princess Diana with her husband Prince Charles? And has the terminology of toy boy ever been applied to Brigitte Macron, the now First Lady of France? The simple answer is categorically "NO" and you shouldn't, if you've got any sense, hold your breath on any of these white privileged and other examples I assure you, as you won't see it in print or ever hear it coming out of the white controlled British and western media.

In the meantime, Heidi Hepworth's estranged husband casually and condemnatory labels her actions in the media as a "mid-life crisis". Was Camilla's a mid-life crisis when from the outset she undertook her longstanding affair with Charles prompting Diana to say there were always three persons in her marriage? Was Edwina Currie a similar mid-life crisis? And don't men have mid-life crises; for the way I see it if it's an okay terminology for women why not men also? A logical deduction I would have thought! People have

affairs for all sorts of reasons and sometimes none at all. And rather than castigate those involved why if you're so keen on finding out why, ask them directly instead of speculating.

Everyone from the British Royal Family right down to the lowliest man and woman on your average run-down council estate have affairs of one sort or another and if someone leaves you, instead of blabbing to the media British or other purported mainstream media where the so-called journalists there, more realistically sonographers, who work for them have sex and private lives that would make your average British sewerage system smell like an exotic and flagrant bed of roses, try realistically and sensibly sorting your problems out privately. And if I were in Heidi Hepworth's shoes or she did ever ask my advice on this matter my response would be simple. Your husband should grow up and realize that some of the responsibility for the collapse of your marriage can't be laid solely at your feet.

And as someone who once worked as a volunteer for the British Marriage Guidance Council, now Relate, I've heard it all before. Arrogant spouses, mostly men but also women, who just can't see the woods for the trees and just take their marriage for granted until it disastrously for them collapses in front of their eyes. And I happily take this opportunity to wish Heidi and Mamadou all the very best for their future in Africa. With the satisfaction of doing so that these ignorant, white, racist bastards and bitches who sanctimoniously like to condemn mixed race relationships can't accuse Heidi of bringing a BLACK MAN and "potential scrounger" into Britain. How that must fucking well irk you!

Stanley Collymore

# Slipping Away

Let me hold you once more and feel  
the warm vibrations of a past  
that's still alive in me but  
which is ebbing away  
from you quite  
perceptibly!

Stanley Collymore

## Social Climbing

Some people obviously prefer and even go as far  
as moulding their individual life around the  
prospect of leg-ups, others like me,  
however, express our stated  
preferences through  
leg-overs; different strategies for sure  
but with the same unmistakable  
destination and intentional  
end result in mind!

Stanley Collymore

# Social Media Nerds And Ferally Ingrained Sadists! (The Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

You brutishly and sadistically stood by; happily watched, and, all that time, keenly photographed an extremely disabled and old man falling into a deep and extensive pond, near where you were all standing, and appallingly drown. And amidst this and his frantic screams for help, you, in his evident desperation for somebody to save his life, laughingly took photos of him; savagely mocked his desperate actions to save himself, and very encouragingly to each other and coupled with your sadistic disdain for his disability, age, and similarly your crude perception of him as a nonentity and thoroughly worthless human being, cold-bloodedly watched him unnecessarily die. Later on, after congratulating yourselves on what, to any rational mind, you'd barbarically, malevolently, wilfully, rather repulsively but pleasurably done, you cheerfully uploaded your thoroughly disgusting images of the final and graphic moments of this man's distressing agony and life to Facebook and comparable social media entities for your characteristically dissolute and substantially sick amusement.

Now finally, and after initially falsely asserting that these yobs had actually done nothing wrong and, unbelievably and quite unconvincing to anyone with even a half-functioning brain in their head, they'd also not acted in any way criminally, against the furious backdrop of a local public backlash coupled with an understandable international outcry, the local law enforcement agencies and the police, where this abominable incident took place, have belatedly, and in a clear reversal of their earlier and joint decision, decided to act and deservedly prosecute these intellectually impoverished retards and, conspicuous as carrion, lowlife morons. To which I say: Well

done; and about time too! For these culpable malefactors are in essence, in the pathetic lives that they're regrettably still being allowed to live, nothing less than an abominable, savage, intellectually challenged, psychologically sick and evidently on top of that a comparably manic bunch of debased lowlifes affecting, and unsuccessfully so as it happens, to be human beings, which patently they certainly are not!

And most earnestly I further and vigorously add that conscionable individuals globally will also like me sanguinely desire and with an impending possibility expect that none of these truly abominably disgusting teenagers ever make it to adulthood; and will similarly, every one of them, have even more horrendous experiences, than this unfortunate disabled and elderly gentleman, when death, in whatever fashion, eventually catches up with them. And in my truthful and straightforward judgement that's specifically something pertaining to everyone of them that personally for me, in their situation, cannot come soon enough - Amen!

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Author's comments:

Evil knows no bounds; is gender indifferent and decidedly breeds profusely, as is distinctly the case in its concerted and relentless plan, whenever and wherever the opportunity, whether it's studiously created of its own accord or randomly

offered on a platter, presents itself, and in either instance fosters and promotes a situation where it can successfully, and even unchallengeably, prevail.

Evil likewise is also colour-blind, resolutely devoid of any ethnic, racial, national or social preferences, and, in terms of its target choices, couldn't care less whether those it selects as its perennial victims are young and persuasively open to nefarious influences, or significantly older and calculatedly odious.

For no matter what one's age, origins or pedigree might be, Evil will always win; so long as enmity, indifference and callousness to each other clouds, in combination with our selfishness, the thoughts of us human beings.

Stanley Collymore

# Societally Branded A Half-Caste Bastard You Always Were However And Forever Will Be My Beloved Child!

By Stanley Collymore

You weren't planned it's true and your mother as is well known to you was white and your father Black; your mum was also an engaged woman. However, her personal status wasn't self-evident initially as she never told me any of this and I knowingly through fear of losing her chose not to ask or check it out even though I did suspect from occasional and inexplicable acts of her personal behaviour that obligatorily she was linked, to put it mildly, to someone else matrimonially.

But even so I willingly dismissed that as being of no consequence to me as this suspected other man involved, I told myself, was a complete mystery to me and, furthermore, I earnestly wished to keep it that way as I hadn't met him, didn't know who he was, had similarly and firmly embedded it in my receptive mind and thus staunchly convinced myself that it was also highly likely that whoever he might be he was likewise and absolutely in the dark about me.

So why, I deliberately persuaded myself, should I then in those given circumstances unnecessarily or even unreasonably either for his sake or my own intentionally open up a can of worms or, mixing metaphors, a Pandora's Box of uncertainties that could either seriously or, at its worst, irreparably undermine or even cause inevitable harm to the then

existing status quo of what he and  
I, put bluntly, were genuinely  
unmindful of, pretended  
didn't exist or simply  
and categorically  
didn't want  
to know.

And against that delusional backdrop I purposely and at the  
same time self-centredly, I now quite willingly admit,  
chose not to stop the pleurably sexual and deeply  
emotional relationship I was having with the  
woman that totally unplanned, both on  
her part as well as my own, became your mum;  
telling and thoroughly convincing myself as  
every like-minded person who has ever  
been profoundly smitten by love will  
do, that I too in the case of your  
mother was heads over heels  
in love with her anyway  
and consequently what  
we were consciously  
doing didn't only  
feel good but  
was equally  
perfectly  
okay.

Nineteen years old both of us and at a time when the  
legal age to independently get married without  
having parental consent was twenty one we  
very soon realized that while my family  
generally and both of my parents  
specifically had no objections  
to us doing so if of our own  
free volition it was what  
we actually wanted to do and  
similarly like the two of us – your mum and me –  
were diametrically opposed to your pregnant  
mother killing her foetus, in other words  
you her unborn daughter, by having  
an abortion, the same humane and

distinctly moral attitudes were  
markedly lacking however  
when it came to most of  
your mum's family members as well as  
several of her closest friends in the  
nursing profession that she like  
me had happily taken on as  
her preferred career, and  
who individually, as  
well as collectively  
now relentlessly  
pressurized her  
to abort her  
pregnancy.

Principally among these callous disparagers and adamant  
naysayers was your own maternal grandfather who not  
only explicitly voiced his racist objections about me  
and your mum's continuing relationship, cruelly  
claiming that it was destined to go nowhere  
if he had anything to do with it, but also  
rigidly insisted and doubly made sure that as far  
as he was concerned any anticipated marriage  
between your mother and me would quite  
relentlessly be thwarted by him, and  
furthermore for the time being was  
definitely out of the question as  
he would uncompromisingly  
and legally prohibit it by  
refusing his necessary  
parental permission.  
And that's exactly  
what happened!

Meanwhile, as a strict condition of easing your mum's  
utterly compromised but all the same still accepted  
although clearly stressfully tolerated presence  
within her own family she was told that  
she would have to agree to visibly  
disguise her pregnancy for as  
long as she possibly could to presumably, of course, stop  
herself in her present condition from occasioning her

family assumed and predictable societal disgrace  
if her unfortunate condition became generally  
known within the community, thereafter to  
sensibly and secretly decamp to a home  
for unmarried mothers far away from  
the vicinity of her own community  
and ruefully remain there until  
inauspiciously she had given birth to  
what her critics: not only those on  
the outside but equally too in her family and  
most ironically and rather risibly as well  
inside that unmarried mothers' home  
pitilessly perceived as and nastily  
denigrated - whenever they  
condescended to make any  
reference to you - as  
your nigger-loving  
mum's bastard  
and unwanted  
half-caste  
baby.

I was promptly notified of your entry into our world and  
allowed by the very empathetic and Black matron of  
the North Riding maternity hospital where your  
mum gave birth to you. to joyously see you  
the day after you were born and most  
thankfully on an unimpeded basis  
afterwards permitted to carry  
on doing so during your  
mum's stay there. But  
this arrangement  
came to an abrupt end however on the transfer back to  
the unmarried mothers' home where your mother  
and you would stay until arrangements had  
been finalized and you were taken into  
care: a strict prerequisite for your  
mum being fully accepted back  
into the bosom of her family  
once you were finally out  
of the way. Meanwhile, I was permitted just the  
one visit, as this transition rapidly moved to

its fruition, by the female warden at this unmarried mothers' institution whose unhelpful and bigoted opinions on Black-White relationships and all offspring stemming from them she condescendingly somewhat superciliously, singularly, and most offensively made unambiguously evident to me.

I wanted to adopt you and with my parents and entire family wholly supportive of me in this specific design of mine I made a formal request to do so that was summarily turned down; for although there was not a crumb of doubt in anyone's mind that I was indeed your biological father, devotedly loved you and additionally had from the very beginning voluntarily and wholeheartedly accepted full responsibility for all my several paternal obligations, even being the one who in mutual collaboration with your mum had given you your Christian and also my Surname proudly placed on your birth certificate when at the local registry office I proudly registered your birth. But clearly alas none of this didn't matter one iota, nor the fact that all of my relatives both saw and totally regarded you as family as they welcomingly looked forward to formally inducting you into our familial ranks, thanks to those whose decision it was to make in relation to my adoption application and who in their outright delusional, white supremacist and sick frame of mind unbelievably reasoned that having you grow up in care organized by white and economically motivated strangers was much better than having you entrusted

to the tender and loving  
care of your own Black  
and biological family.

Thinking that they had a better nature to which I could logically appeal and in that sense throwing caution to the wind in my earnest and optimistic zeal to win them over, I pleaded vainly with them to rescind their most unhelpful decision or at least to allow me the humane chance of, unconstrained, having a close paternal relationship with my own daughter. But alas this private request was similarly dismissed with the pathetically lame and wholly unconvincing explanation that it was "in the child's best interest" for her not to be confused; and moreover growing up with and surrounded exclusively by whites, as she was, the entire basis of her cultural orientation as well as her unassailably having in her mind a preset British European and a white Caucasian cultural identification would in their opinion, they resolutely construed, be sorely diluted and even acutely damaged by the pointless injection into my daughter's life of a far-reaching and primarily unknown Black component.

To all intents and purposes then they'd not only won but had equally taken observable satisfaction both in their victory, as well as them rubbing salt into my gaping wound; but, even so, I was steadfastly determined not to be arbitrarily or soul-destroyingly undone by these ferally-disposed, racially entrenched, delusional and white supremacist mindset Caucasians. And that while in their eyes what human rights I may have had in relation to you my daughter was the unfringeable lawful compulsion of maintenance payments to you,

which incidentally from the very beginning I had  
wholeheartedly, consistently, would steadfastly  
keep on doing and all this most willingly too;  
I studiously pledged to myself that having  
remorselessly been shut out of your life  
in the way I was that in spite of how  
long it took, and if necessarily too  
totally into your adulthood, you  
would ultimately know from  
me that I had not forsaken  
you and that now as then  
I shall eternally carry  
on being your loyal  
and profoundly  
adoring Dad!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 November 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# Some People Are Simply Irreplaceable, Aren't They?

By Stanley Collymore

You entered my life unexpectedly; it wasn't a momentous occasion or as I recall even an occurrence that I particularly welcomed or was likewise pleased about, but it happened all the same; I tolerated it, didn't initially attribute too much significance to it all and that was that. At least that's how I saw things and what I honestly did think at the time.

But even though from the outset you knew exactly how I felt about this new development that had inauspiciously thrown us together you did nothing to change my opinion about what had occurred or sought to impress me in anyway and simply carried on being yourself, creating in the interim a state of equilibrium where eventually I was the one who changed.

And I'm exceedingly glad I did; for you've turned out not only to be one of the most remarkable persons I've ever met, or could have hoped to, but also someone who has artlessly and rather endearingly become for me, quite thankfully I must also confess, absolutely indispensable to my life!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
29 September 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Soul Presence

A million heartbeats beating  
As one are but a gentle tap  
Compared to the loud  
Thump of my heart  
Whenever you  
Come into  
View!

Stanley Collymore

# Sovereign Most Certainly But Only In Terms Of Massive Stupidity!

By Stanley Collymore

He's white, British, sixty two years old and lives in Abingdon, Oxfordshire England with his female partner and their one-year-old daughter; oh and in case you're wondering his name is Kevin Sheehan. Kevin to those who know him well is what you might call a fish fanatic; in simple terms that means he's crazy about them and so in the back garden of his Abingdon residence he's built a small fish pond which is scenic in nature, isn't out of place with, but on the contrary attractively blends in with and moreover artistically and structurally considerably enhances the housing environment where he and his family are happily residing.

An intended and loving decision that vitally provides Kevin Sheehan's chosen aquatic companions with an impeccably suitable, thoroughly welcoming, absolutely fortuitous for them all and a most sheltered location surpassed by none and where these specifically fortunate fish can certainly in conformity with their altruistically-minded benefactor's wish enjoyably and unrivalled live out the remainder of their now pampered lives evidently devoid of the customary dangers they might otherwise be usually faced with were they residing in the wild.

A highly commendable solution you might have thought that no sensible, intelligent, caring or logical person could possibly find fault with but nevertheless is a most suitable and prime candidate it would seem in terms of a bandwagon category for patently brain-dead morons or an inveterately stupid

organization ludicrously and vaingloriously jump on; and one such organization that has swallowed the bait on this one is a body calling itself Sovereign that has strongly taken great exception to what Kevin Sheehan has done and accordingly ordered him to affect the immediate demolition of what is essentially an outdoor aquarium, since its very existence comprises Sovereign irrationally argues a mammoth impediment coupled with a massive life-threatening situation to of all people, burglar who having illegally broken into Kevin Sheenan's property and with the clear intention of robbing him, or worst still occasioning him and his family harm, and therefore possibly ignorant of the existence or even location of his fish pond could conceivable and accidentally, is Sovereign's daft position, of their own volition fall into it and get drowned!

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26 May 2016.

#### Author's Thoughts:

Rank stupidity is for any intelligent person hard to understand; however when it comes with the kind of rife intensity shown by sovereign it's frankly beyond all imagination unless, of course, you're in the same category of stupendously engrained foolhardiness as has been exemplified by Sovereign. And it begs the very obvious question to anyone, who can think logically that is, how on earth did evidently brain-dead morons come to be in possession of the jobs that they've somehow incredibly acquired in the first?

For using, just for argument sake, the ludicrous premise that Sovereign is using what next is this family or any other for that matter going to find itself subjected to? Being forced before they go to bed at nights to have their intended and much deserved sleep to make absolutely certain that they leave the lights on in their home just in case a burglar or any number of them come calling after having opted to illegally break into their victims' home and were those summarily picked

on NOT in Sovereign stipulated consideration for these burglars criminality, fail to leave all appropriate lights on to irrationally and according to the warped thinking of the likes of Sovereign will find themselves culpable for whatever unfortunate incident happens to these burglars if in the dark those burgling intruders who uninvited invaded their victims' homes and in what is to them the unfamiliar environment of these residence coupled with the darkness they encountered there because the legal owner or resident in occupation inconsiderably either refused or omitted to leave the lights in their home, and as a consequence of which, poor things, one or more of these burglars tripped over something or other and either injured or, God forbid, accidentally killed themselves?

Guess what? It's not their fault but that of the legal occupant of that residence!  
What madness is this, eh?

Stanley Collymore

# Stephen Lawrence: 21 Years On And Justice Still Denied!

By Stanley Collymore

Twenty one years have passed and justice still hasn't been served while those responsible for obstructing it, unnerved by any criticism levelled at them much less any guilt generated on their part since they clearly have none, continue to hold onto their existing positions of power and influence, or others akin to them, and the massive salaries that automatically go with all of them.

Meanwhile, the undue stress occasioned by your racist murder Stephen has destroyed the once stable marriage of your parents, the significance of which has either been callously and dismissively overlooked or else downplayed as irrelevant by those that are unquestionably responsible for this awful occurrence but who, moreover, don't give a damn about what they arrogantly see and institutionally racially consider as an insignificant matter.

And all the while as your Dad hurtingly but none the less with the consummate dignity that he and your Mum Doreen ongoingly have quietly but even so impressively shown all along, those in charge that could and who should have legally as well as morally done everything to right the pernicious wrong that was done to you but chose not to, preferring instead when required to, to offer your parents, face to

face and even publicly,  
mealy-mouthed, hypocritical and meaningless  
words of support while behind their backs  
laughing their heads off at them, as these  
institutionalized racists and white  
supremacist hypocrites treat  
the entire matter of your  
catastrophic death  
like another of  
their Nigger-  
baiting  
sport!

Since the truth of the matter is that they've grown exceedingly  
weary with its attendant hubristic fatigue of your racist  
murder never having expected, and specifically so  
bearing in mind their utterly despicable and  
concerted smear campaigns callously  
and enthusiastically embarked upon to defame your Dad,  
Mum, other relatives and staunch supporters Stephen,  
that the fight for justice on your behalf would  
be even more energized and unrelentingly  
carried on. So they're stuck between a  
rock and a hard place of their own  
making; unwilling to give up their  
entrenched and institutionalized racist  
practices set against the stark and  
uncomfortable realization that  
the entire world is now on  
to their established  
criminal activities  
and lawless  
games.

For the fight for natural justice that has most  
perfidiously and systematically been denied you  
these past 21 years Stephen will steadfastly go  
on, and thanks collectively to the conscionable,  
ethical and outspoken media contribution on  
the part of the Daily Mail together with  
the unshaken resolve of those of us that  
from the very outset have irresolutely

and wholeheartedly been committed to this  
just path are quite determined mustn't fail.  
So rest assured Stephen: precious son,  
devoted brother and iconic martyr,  
in the full knowledge from your  
Jamaican idyll and the home of  
your mortal remains that  
in spite of everything  
that's happened you  
will never ever  
be forgotten!

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9 March 2014.

#### The Author's Remarks:

On the 22nd April 1993 in an unprovoked racially motivated attack in Eltham, London, England black teenager and student Stephen Lawrence, born on the 13th September 1974, was savagely murdered by a group of white racists. In the aftermath of Stephen's death and in the 21 years subsequent to it those legally charged with matters pertaining to law and order in England as well as the dispensing of justice to the victims of wrongdoing, and particularly acts of wilful murder, have done everything in their power to thwart the attainment of justice for Stephen Lawrence.

Crassly and dishonestly they've erroneously, from the very outset of their reluctantly embarked on and haphazard investigation, endeavoured to portray Stephen Lawrence as a gang member, which he most categorically was not and never had been, who was killed by one of his black gang member associates. However, when that scenario patently failed to carry any traction with the public, and particularly members of the black community, because there was evidently no substance to it and therefore showed it up for the false premise that it was Scotland Yard, the Metropolitan Police and other senior members of the English constabulary perfidiously embarked on a calculated and reprehensible campaign to smear the Lawrence Family, their friends and supporters that were individually and collectively endeavouring to get justice for Stephen by having his racist killers arrested, tried in court, convicted and jailed; something that the police authorities clearly didn't want to happen.

Notwithstanding that though, due to the innumerable obstacles wilfully placed in their way by the police and the other forces of law and order in England,

including the judiciary, this task to date has only partially been realized with the belated conviction and jailing for the least terms of imprisonment in their cases of two of Stephen's killers; and 21 years on Neville and Doreen Lawrence, who have shown a remarkable dignity, courage and resolve throughout their 21year old ordeal, are still forced to wait for justice that's long overdue to their murdered and promising architect son Stephen.

In remembrance of Stephen Lawrence: 13 September 1974 – 22 April 1993.

Stanley Collymore

# Stop Giving Greed A Bad Name!

By Stanley Collymore

I selfishly do whatever I want to and don't in the least care how my actions affect anyone; for the way I see it, always have done and will most certainly and unaffectedly carry on with is that it's simply a matter of them or me!

Quite bluntly, and in other words, a dog eat dog situation. And don't you suggest or actually ask me to alter that in any way, for as it stands, it admirably

suits my personal position right down to the ground I willingly admit and quite freely and unapologetically say. And if you don't like what I'm doing, well that forthrightly is your problem and not for a single second do I intend to make it mine.

Narcissistic and greedy you're quite at liberty to call me if you choose to, but do I care? Absolutely no way! For while, without a solitary concern in the world I'm liberally raking the dosh in, you with your pitifully outmoded and evidently unworkable notions of creating a caring and kind-hearted society - whatever that means in reality - are the ones who're constantly struggling to make ends meet on austerity. Something that doesn't at all affect those like me.

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28 October 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Greed is a part of life it's said and with some who support it not only assuming but actually saying that it's an integral part of everyday living and even humanity's existence. Adopt whatever stance you want to take as regards it, but when you look at the likes of Tony Blair, David Cameron, Jack Straw, the Kinnocks, Peter Mandelson, Alastair Campbell, Tom Watson, Alan Johnson, Tessa Jowell, Margaret Hodge, Chukka Umunna' Liz Kendall, Yvette Cooper, Alan Ball and all the other lowlife scum who infest not only the political life within Britain but life generally, do you still want to pretend or even contend that greed is something that is absolutely indispensable or even worst still commendable?

Stanley Collymore

# Strangers Bonded By An Indivisible Compatibility!

By Stanley Collymore

A stranger entering one's life whether casually, intentionally or just plain accidentally can be delightfully pleasing to that person's inner psyche but all the same in the durability of this encounter's actual existence be as ephemeral as footsteps noticeably and rather teasingly caught off guard then most delicately implanted and skilfully paraded on the delicate sugar white sands of a veritably fascinating and incontestably paradisiacal, tropical beach prior to a progression of exuberant waves amusedly watched over from a peerless cloudless and sapphire sky by a radiant and all seeing sun sportively and very permanently expunge those sculptured footprints lying in the sand one by one.

Or else that stranger could well be a providential someone whose awe-inspiring, unfaltering and enduring presence will be synonymous to the ubiquitous coconut palm trees picturesquely and harmonizingly garrisoning that same pearly white and sandy beach with their multi-colourful and perpetual swaying rhythm adding their own distinctive allure to the hypnotically powerful but completely and characteristically zephyr-like cadence of the Transatlantic Trade Winds whose recognizable presence is both tangible and everywhere to be seen; and correspondingly translated into human terms is exactly the same unrivalled effect that you artlessly but manifestly unpretentiously bring about in me Kathleen.

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14 September 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Unpredictability is a common and natural feature of life and even though circumstances don't always work out as one would like the challenges that they can and often at times do present, can nevertheless if sensibly taken on board, astutely analysed, learnt from and the results practically implemented into one's personal life schedule quite often make the world of difference to the quality of one's own life and how that positive outcome might possibly and for the greater good of all concerned significantly or even permanently influence others both in the short and long term.

But there are also unscripted or wholly unforeseen circumstances too that appear completely out of the blue and whose very presence can and invariably does trigger a massive and uninhibited responses that discernibly, instinctively and rapturously extensively dismantle the usual social convention of wary scepticism that there is and unapologetically in its place institutes instead a hearty welcome. And so it would seem Kathleen that you and I were jointly destined to be an integral part of this same invitingly, stimulatingly interlocking, markedly unrestrictive, openly enterprising and thoroughly likeminded 21st Century company of trailblazers, and delightedly to which I'm most glad to add:  
&quot;Welcome onboard! &quot;

Stanley Collymore

# Targeted Vermin!

I hated you, not because of anything you'd ever done to me, anyone I know and care about, what you stood for, have said or possibly planned on doing; because the truth is you were a total stranger to me in every way, not having ever met you or even conscious of your actual existence beforehand.

But all that was of no consequence, principally because I'm white, you were not, and your life, comprehensively inferior to mine and others like me by virtue of our racial superiority over you as white Caucasians, understandably from the perspective of like-minded members of the Master Race like me, was logically seen as totally dispensable and, not to put too fine a point on it, no loss at all to mankind which I've done a tremendous favour by wiping it out.

Your death then should be joyously celebrated and not commiserated with, far less mourned; and while I know there are those in this country, the rest of the EU and elsewhere among the political and legal authorities in the civilized and white controlled world who'll openly mouth the predictable platitudes expected of them as to how dreadful my murdering you has been, reality though, I should tell you, is completely different.

For privately and even covertly among themselves  
they'll be wholeheartedly celebrating the demise  
of what's essentially a pretty useless creature;  
just one of a horde of subordinate and  
uncultivated non-Caucasian brutes, not worthy  
of the name human being; and while for obvious  
reasons they'll not personally soil their own  
hands with such an undertaking, they'll  
nevertheless from behind the scenes  
continue to do everything in their  
power to instigate and ensure  
that explicitly proud and  
white warriors like me  
unashamedly do.

Stanley Collymore

# Targeted, Turned On And Satisfyingly Mated!

By Stanley Collymore

We were both massively turned on by each other's presence and the prime opportunity to strengthen and keenly assist this auspicious state of affairs was obviously and decidedly there; two perceptive minds in complete unison with one another and quite noticeably reacting as one, with the thoughts which they naturally, mutually, collaboratively and highly anticipatorily conjured up as the precursor to this most predictable of outcomes, unmistakably conveying to our willingly eager and up for it bodies what was most urgently required and, on our part, deservedly needed to be done!

With indecent haste frenzied but all the same purposeful and astute hands pulled feverishly at the other's submissive body, impatiently encouraging adept fingers to symbiotically and readily release in this concerted lascivious process of disrobement the body-hugging outer and normally concealed personal undergarments that till now had demarcated the boundary between conventional decency and that of outright nudity; but which indecorously subjected to this premeditated, perpetual and reciprocally enlivening pre-coital activity naturally brought into serious contention the

question of their  
sustainable  
viability.

Now impressively accoutred but only in one's natural nakedness  
and with quite distinctly male and female physical differences  
evidently and admirably complementing each other as  
their respective catalyst but nevertheless with their  
proactive participation in this transparently  
manifest sexual seduction skilfully and  
tantalizingly held in abeyance until  
the optimum moment for success  
was efficaciously embarked  
upon, the drive for us  
towards achievable  
multiple orgasms  
had well and  
truly begun.

However, added to this enthralling scenario were corporeal  
attributes like stimulatively aroused breasts and bloated  
genitalia, all of them material players in their own  
right and not merely adjuncts in this sexual  
extravaganza, having additionally and generatively derived  
their own burgeoning ardour through the consummate  
expertise of a somewhat impetuous but, even so,  
a remarkably effective mouth working fully in  
tandem with its assiduously committed tongue,  
and compellingly ensuring that our shared  
sexual journey diligently begun was now on its course  
of no return. So given these specific circumstances  
it was hardly surprising then that they too now  
rapidly, and somewhat expediently as it  
happened, began the process of adding  
to this heady mix that was already  
charged and openly expressed,  
their own distinctive but  
similarly intoxicating  
contributions.

Oh the joys of agreeable sex when it's not only consensually  
undertaken but also expertly done; two vibrant bodies

physically, passionately and in the course of its duration inextricably linked as one in what's an undoubted animalistic display of unbridled ardour, that in the madding and seemingly unquenchable yearning for orgasmic deliverance can in the right circumstances and together with a competent and considerate lover who is completely au fait with what sex is all about involuntarily, even for the experienced in such matters but scarily so for the novice initiated into them, induce a state of near stupor.

A thoughtful lover too who, moreover, would be most offended as well as morally and professionally adamantly disinclined in this supremely intimate, robustly physical, profoundly psychological and interactive situation between two intensely up for it individuals preparedly anticipating a choice spermatic bequest about to be decisively offloaded inside the specifically chosen and appropriately serviced vaginal reservoir: practicably expansive and suitably of variable depth, to ever settle for anything that vaguely fell short of their very best effort, or which unfortunately in the aftermath of all these spirited endeavours could even distantly either mistakenly or far-fetched be construed as anything less than what the French pithily refer to as *la petite mort*: the enigmatic little death!

Then as the churning waves of this expeditiously advancing and coital tsunami were imminently and unimpeded about to savagely crash down with an overwhelmingly frenetic force of palpable intensity upon two threshing bodies finding themselves uproariously and

unmanageably thrown into total disarray  
by the wild subjugation of all temperate  
thoughts and their immediate replacement by  
the unilateral imposition of sheer carnal lust; in  
those circumstances then it would have been  
utterly inconceivable not to perceive and  
equally foolish as well to carelessly  
underestimate the naked and  
physical power of la petite mort –  
the enigmatic little death – now  
rapidly and assertively in the  
process of unleashing  
its indomitable  
fury on both  
of us.

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22 February 2014.

Comment:

Shared orgasms can and do successfully keep depression, a medically ascribed  
killer condition, decisively at bay. So what are you waiting for? Go on; spoil  
yourselves and start doing so straightaway!

Stanley Collymore

# Thanks; But Really No Thanks!

By Stanley Collymore

What makes you think that I would want to  
have any kind of relationship with you  
when it's perfectly obviously to  
anyone with eyes to see  
that we have nothing  
in common with  
each other?  
Furthermore, bearing in mind that you're  
so obsessively and conceitedly taken  
up with what's basically your  
own distinctive and rigid  
selfish concerns and  
to such an extent that  
I'm absolutely flabbergasted and to  
be quite honest with you as well  
totally surprised that you  
would have the inclination much  
less the time to fit anyone else other than  
yourself into your ongoing and exceedingly tight  
and narcissistic schedule which patently and  
irrespective of whatever fraudulent  
posturing and portrayal you may  
self-servingly conjure up,  
seek to convey, and  
likewise barefacedly and  
hypocritically disseminate to  
the contrary, nevertheless exclusively  
revolves around you. So please, waste not  
on me your invaluable time, but rather carry on  
with my indifference the life you love and already  
know and similarly allow me to do the same with mine!

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4 October 2014.

Author's observations:

The assumption that the failure to recognize and fully accept the word NO and all its legitimate connotations is a phenomenon peculiar only to the male gender within the confines of an already existing or even more damagingly so a hoped for perspective amorous relationship is a purblind fallacy.

Females, too, do controversially trespass within the bounds of such relationships, and similarly, it must be stressed, do so with equal undesirable and adverse consequences for the subject of their unrequited interest. Consequently, the golden rule in all lawful circumstances when such a problematic situation arises is to immediately, steadfastly and unconditionally assume and fully accept NO to mean precisely that!

Stanley Collymore

# Thatcherite Cannabis Fantasists But Hypocritical Heroin Realists!

By Stanley Collymore

You're obviously Black, as I can clearly see, what I don't know however is whether or not you're also Afro-Caribbean. So I'm going to ask you and I hope you'll come clean with me as to why it is that you people are so evidently hooked on cannabis, and to the enormity of even feeding it to your several picaninnies. Don't you realize the serious harm you're purposely doing not only to them but also those of your Black race and ethnicity? So wise up your guys and girls and do the right thing! Stay clear of cannabis that can be and is certifiably, both psychologically as well as physiologically, harmful and even quite ruinous to the overall wellbeing, in terms of lifestyle and future prospects, whether they're diametrically health related or strictly economic, of those who indulge themselves with it. A no-brainer chum; assuming, of course, you're competent in assessing precisely where it is I'm really coming from!

So cease being prime idiots you Afro-Caribbean people and put an instantaneous cessation to what you're currently doing in relation to cannabis; and if you sincerely want to psychologically get entirely pissed out of your head then judiciously and authoritatively acceptably do the decent thing and like us clever whites: referring naturally to our well-heeled privileged elites, adored celebrities and several politicians alike; correspondingly refrain from inadvisably using

cannabis and preferably and  
rather appreciably too get  
non-criminally hooked,  
as we whites happily  
and most suitably  
do instead, on  
options like  
cocaine or  
Class A  
heroin!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 January 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem both in its sincerity and commitment is dedicated explicitly to all those of Afro-Caribbean birth, heritage and ancestry that unquestionably form the overwhelming majority of our people and who like me have never indulged in illegal drug usage of any kind and haven't the slightest curiosity for or interest in doing so; and moreover neither personally nor collectively would be able to readily identify, unless beforehand it was specifically outlined to them what it was that they were being presented with, what cannabis or any of the other illegal drugs on the market in their multifaceted forms either looked or tasted like, let alone be personally acquainted with the myriad and inimical effects that these drugs would have on their bodies, health and future prospects in life if they were stupid enough to take them in the first place.

Yet, for all that, we had the senior advisor to Margaret Thatcher, when the latter was Prime Minister, one Carolyn Sinclair: a consummately delusional, empire loyalist, racially bigoted, poorly informed, completely incompetent and a totally loathsome, white scum, lowlife bitch with marked delusions of grandeur and no connections or contacts whatsoever with the UK Afro-Caribbean community, and herself according to highly reliable sources who are well aware of the social behavioural patterns of this prime piece of white shit in her own actions and taking irony, totally lost on her, to its ultimate limit.

For in an official memo to the said Margaret Thatcher Carolyn Sinclair seriously advocated that stringent measures be taken by the Thatcher regime at the time to assiduously penalize and also incarcerate for lengthy periods of time UK-Afro-Caribbeans who Sinclair not only said were disproportionately illegal drug users but were themselves also the exclusive users and controllers of cannabis and its

supply throughout Britain, and furthermore Sinclair went on to say that the situation was so catastrophic that these incorrigibly out of control Blacks had as a matter of urgency to be dealt with as they even fed cannabis to their children and babies which bode catastrophically for Britain generally as well as Britons, meaning whites, that these Blacks associated with.

This from a woman, and I repeat her name again so it sticks in your mind, Carolyn Sinclair, who was herself an avid heroin and cocaine user and was fully cognizant of the well known fact that consecutive British regime members, principal Cabinet and other ministers, senior civil servants, numerous politicians ensconced in both Houses of the British Parliament and the Westminster Bubble have always, and as they still do in 2017, liberally indulged in as the massive drug users that they either were then or still are today. And that's not fiction but fact! And what's more with cocaine and heroin their favourite illegal drugs, although they don't view their preference for or their indulging in these pursuits in the slightest as being illegal. And accounts for why drug addict Carolyn Sinclair saw no need for proscriptions of any kind being levied against her lot. What a comprehensively odious, fucking hypocrite and purveyor of stinking double standards of the first order this white slime ball!

From a personal perspective I have never contemplated nor ever embarked on taking illegal drugs, nor am I that daft to do so; and the same goes for close members of my family and all of my personal friends; else they wouldn't be my friends in the first place. In fact I've never even smoked nor with the same mindset that I have would I want to. And I'm strong enough as a human being to resist those who with their idiotic blandishments have tried in the past to persuade me that I don't know what I'm missing and shouldn't knock either: drug taking or cigarette smoking, until I've tried it. Well I've never swum with killer sharks either but I don't intend to, as I well know what the folly of doing so would be. And invariably those who have always tried to persuade me to their point of view - during my student days at university and occasionally in my working life - have always been white. I've politely not fallen for their blandishments and they've been realistic enough to realize that I wouldn't be persuaded by them. And that's how my life is. Boring perhaps to those who get their highs and kicks from illegal drugs and smoking but principled and sane as far as I'm concerned.

As for Afro-Caribbean parents feeding their children and babies cannabis, well you know the old and typical white stereotypes which stipulate that everything in this world or this life that is evil, as defined by them, has its genesis among Black people! I'm used to that and like me most Blacks don't worry about it; and why do so they question like me when you're dealing with white cunts who

spectacularly risibly and delusionally even kid themselves that they're the Master Race? Humour them if you want to; I just ignore them.

Going back however to Carolyn Sinclair's assertion that Afro-Caribbean Blacks feed their children and babies cannabis, that's news to me and I should know as I'm of Afro-Caribbean and specifically Barbadian heritage. However, my adoring Mum who was always well ahead of her time did breast feed me until I was THREE YEARS OLD, and for which I'm eternally grateful in many ways. For as white scientists and the rest of them several decades later have &quot;discovered&quot;, something which Mum, Gran and the other matriarchs in my family well knew all along, the longer you sensibly breast-feed an infant the more intelligent it grows up to be. And in my situation, alone, I rest my case in that regard!

Furthermore, always an outstandingly beautiful woman with a gorgeous figure and fantastic breasts I learnt to transfer my inclination for my Mum's in terms of breast feeding to a strong preference as puberty inevitably took its hold of me to the girls and subsequently the women that featured in my life, and to be absolutely honest and quite candid with you, I am and have always been a decided sucker for a nice pair of breasts. Fortunately, and as at present with my German Partner and others before her, I've been mouth-wateringly fortunate in that regard! Thanks Mum!

Stanley Collymore

# The Absolute Debunking Of A Sexual Myth!

By Stanley Collymore

You turn me on in a fashion I previously thought it was highly unlikely that anyone of my immediate acquaintance could possibly do; for you know what they say: Familiarity even if it doesn't actually breed contempt often by its precise nature and intimate association does prevent those who're directly involved from actually forming meaningful relationships of a personal and especially so a distinctly sexual nature. And always having been told and in turn for so long unquestioningly believed this, guess what? You just happened to come along at the right time and so easily, persuasively and effectively in me have methodically debunked this widespread and deeply held universal fallacy which I have personally and unthinkingly contributed to for so long and naturally in the process have pleurably, ardently and most positively I can joyfully say in relation to all of this proved most convincingly in every way that I was, let's say, at best quite mistakenly wrong!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 May 2017.

## Author's Remarks:

Without exception every one of us at some time or other from the onset of our individual pubertal years and a situation that usually develops with increased interest as we grow older and the intensity of our personal sexual yearning grows stronger is guilty of either invariably convincing ourselves or at least are most earnestly embarking on what we deem is a firm and concerted exercise of persuading ourselves that we've either done already or else are in the process of doing so what we assert we undoubtedly know, and that we're essentially after in

the particular sexual states we're personally involved in and therefore we can further and also willingly embellish on as regards that particular viewpoint we hold in relation to what we unquestionably believe either does or doesn't personally turn us on emotionally and most specifically so sexually

But when externally and closely examined, looked at objectively and even analytically these assumptions we generally and often consensually hold are little more than wishful delusional fantasies conveniently and self-servingly dressed up as firm and unchallenged reality when in effect there's precious little or no substance whatsoever to any of them to clinically support these often keenly held and fervently espoused assumptions, the attendant tenaciously clung to beliefs or furthermore the entrenched and confidently stated aspirations such beliefs give rise to. And why it is that every clear-cut and sensible departure, deliberately or accidentally occasioned, is encouragingly a sound and worthwhile victory for the positive and stable process of natural human and an extensive species selection as well as the accompanying and, in realistic terms, ascendancy of common sense.

Stanley Collymore

# The Alluring Juxtaposition Of Class, Beauty And Sexuality!

By Stanley Collymore

Beauty, it's often said, is in the eye of the beholder; and while that is essentially a rather subjective analysis of this particular situation in hand there is nevertheless some semblance of truth to that propagated supposition. For me though beauty is much more of a phenomenon that's intrinsically embedded in the character of that specific person I'm either casually observing or else am perceptively, pro-actively and favourably disposed to and who I've evidently and quite intentionally decided to place under a more intimate albeit a distinctly good-natured yet simultaneously a largely, but equally too, a discreet scrutiny. And in both of these categories my captivating stranger your infectious charm, alluring femininity and consummate affability, themselves liberally juxtaposed with a gregarious and highly appealing conviviality; and meshed harmoniously with what transparently, on your part, is at the same time a striking and exquisite beauty too, transport themselves in such a way that connoisseurs, like myself, can rather easily and happily relate to!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 December 2014.

Author's Remarks and Christmas Greetings:

To all of you - the overwhelming majority of the population I would imagine - fervently and intentionally imbued during this festive season with the predictable emotion of love and or lust - and in the latter case why not - together with the intensely yearning expectations through whatever innovative means, including the subtle art of flattery, you may employ in successfully managing to realize either or more fortunately both of these ambitions, do have a superb time making the most of your acquired and hopefully fully and appropriately utilized romantic opportunities; and also while you're at it have in every regard - and don't just leave the stuffing to the turkey - a truly fulfilling and Merry Christmas!

Stanley Collymore

# The Art Of Social Climbing

Some people obviously prefer and even go as far  
as moulding their individual life around the  
prospect of leg-ups, others like me,  
however, express our stated  
preferences through  
leg-overs; different strategies for sure  
but with the same unmistakable  
destination and intentional  
end result in mind!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 October 2002.

Stanley Collymore

# The Artless Charmer

By Stanley Collymore

There are those who pass through life  
without making any kind of impact  
whatsoever – you, however,  
are not among them Anja;  
for your youthfulness, natural charm,  
intellect and exquisite beauty are  
qualities, which are so glaringly  
obvious, that only the blind  
or undiscerning could fail  
to see or appreciate  
them fully!

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1 August 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# The Assumed Reasonableness Of Being Thoroughly Unreasonable!

By Stanley Collymore

I work for you, or more accurately the firm of which you've been made its CEO. A both coveted and expected position that you've been keenly after ever since you joined this listed and prestigious company, after your stipulated period at university. Oxbridge, of course, having previously, like all such wealthy scum and the invariably cuckolded offspring of the privileged elites been expensively groomed for such important positions across the entire spectra of the mutually British political and economic systems; and, completely naturally and unchallengeably, it's automatically presumed, the predictably, and justifiably so, route to promotional stardom, and unqualified success for identifiable privileged elite patricians like yourselves.

And no reason to guess why. Because ostensibly you're all of you by the divine grace of God to the Manor born. The indisputable masters, mistresses and, consistently always right, white Caucasian controllers who are and moreover must always be at liberty as you jolly well please, to be the indefatigable exploiters of those whom in your self-declared prominence as the presumed echelons of society, which in this somewhat delusional and evidently manic frame of mind that you see and likewise consider yourselves as being in as you both continue to and similarly delight in playing your injurious game, can with unflawed entitlement, as you see it, typically and sarcastically look down on while despicably and insensitively characterize those whom you virulently despise as either totally useless at

worst or, at best - when they willingly or are callously and manipulatively lined up with your kind against the rest of normal society: conspicuously the working classes and specifically ethnically designated, British born and bred communities; as Useful Idiot, Plebeians!

Nothing less in these predictably unseemly circumstances than a decidedly untenable, thoroughly sociopathically wrong and an exceedingly and corruptly ingrained situation conjoined with a particularly invidious position to callously, egotistically and forever place millions of conventional, decent, hard-working and ordinary Britons in. And all this intentionally, nevertheless, framed by the spurious and perpetually malevolent assumptions, which are senselessly conceived and deeply ingrained in the impertinently misguided and equally delusional conception that some people, specifically and singularly yourselves, the alleged privileged elites, are naturally and thus automatically communally, intellectually and in every other genuinely, positive sense vastly and hence genetically superior, and always will be, to everyone else.

A eugenically based deduction, which although long and provably discredited for what it actually is, is even so clung on to tenaciously by your kind to vindicate your counterfeit assertion, which is intensely embedded in your derisorily sick and absolutely whacky minds, that your sort alone, and no one else, is the ultimate embodiment of mankind and naturally the very best of humanity. Dream on white man or woman, for this person whom you contemptuously see and can only perceive as a Nigger, and consequentially as someone rather inferior to you isn't in any way, whatever, going to buy that shit. And as we're ostensibly

in the 21st Century why don't  
you, if you're so intelligent  
and superior as you claim  
to be, jointly with your  
other racial: "Useful  
Idiots", ditch that  
heap of shit and  
be done with it?

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18 November 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

In the veritable class-obsessed cesspit that has long been an integral embodiment of all the four constituent parts of the United Kingdom: England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland, it's a safe bet that this perverse, longstanding, ludicrous and utterly laughable state of affairs, were it not so bloody serious a matter, will indubitably last for several generations to come.

For personally I don't see those who claim that they run the United Kingdom, albeit at the strict behest of Yidland and its AIPAC and other Yid lobbies noticeably in Rogue State USA, toadying Britain, most of the European Union and across the rest of mainland Europe along with their British cap-doffing to their alleged social betters contributors, ever changing their warped mind-set anytime soon.

Their problem not mine I must truthfully say. For as long as they don't get in my way or my face with their bizarre and lunatic crap in which case I'll respond most effectively with every resource that I can lay my hands on, then from my perspective they can do whatever the fuck they like. After all, they do kid themselves that they live in a democracy!

There is absolutely nothing wrong in either intelligently having or beneficially developing confidence in one's self or one's natural abilities, and if additionally, one altruistically does this as well for the good and betterment of others so much the better.

However, to asininely assume and then just as idiotically and likewise malevolently work on the puerile, offensive and thoroughly detrimental to others premise that because one was born through accidental, intentionally cuckolding, or even normal marital means and conventional circumstances into an opulently-

based and socially advantaged situation, that any of these state of affairs on their own, and without any positive contribution in any shape or form subsequently on the part of the person who was born, automatically and permanently accords to that particular individual involved the inalienable right, as he or she sees fit, to gratuitously subject those that they assume, in tandem with their egocentric and hubristic airs and graces, are unquestionably inferior to themselves and therefore they have the unchallengeable right to condescendingly look down on them and, in this process, routinely despise them with abysmal contempt, and itself coupled with a perverse belief that they can also callously and uncaringly, like the earthly Gods and Goddesses that they consider themselves to be and as such have the inalienable right to lord it over those they innately consider to be their inferiors, isn't only the height of idiocy but also in the most mind-boggling fashion absolutely beggars belief.

And questions whether such pathetic clowns - the Eton, Harrow, misnomer Cheltenham Ladies College, Oxford and Cambridge, the so-called Oxbridge universities types and the routine products of these socially parasitic and privileged buy one get the rest free perennial cesspits - and who pathetically wallow in their self-acclaimed but unwarranted status - ever heard of the term meritocracy?

Obviously not, it would seem! And if they have it clearly doesn't register with this invidious scum. And the reason is simple! For they're patently not as perceptive, clever, commandingly brilliant or superior as they would have you perceived Plebeians believe. So all the more fool you for falling for their execrable scam!

Stanley Collymore

# The Avian Dual Dyke Problem!

By Stanley Collymore

The eagle is generally meant to be a truly majestic bird representing strength, power, agility and grace in the air; and several countries, even those where quite obviously it's currently not a native species and furthermore has never been, have nevertheless, as a mark of respect conjoined with their profound admiration for this appealing avian specimen, adopted it as their national emblem. However Britain, or if you prefer the term the United Kingdom, isn't officially one of them; so you'll doubtlessly be completely surprised to know that even though not conventionally politically at least we still have two of them. Akin to Barbadians, in let's say a highly imaginary situation, astonishingly discovering that their enchanting island homeland safely located in the Atlantic Ocean and visibly neither having a low-level sea problem as does Holland, nor a flood danger one, and practicably and logically not needing either of them, has all the same ended up with two utterly useless and entirely superfluous DYKE systems.

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2 December 2015.

## Author's Remarks:

Having previously trained and worked as a psychiatric nurse at what was then and had been for some considerable time Yorkshire's oldest and largest mental hospital I not only came in contact on a daily basis with but also cared for in my capacity as a nurse all sorts of mental cases ranging from those with serious psychological breakdowns to rudimentary schizophrenics, compulsive sociopaths

and dangerous psychopaths – the latter category so absolutely devious and also hazardous to life, not only the lives of the staff looking after them but also their own, that they quite literally had to be physically segregated from the rest of the patients at that hospital and moreover constituted individuals: males as well as females, that unless you were lunatic yourself you wouldn't sensibly turn your back on any of them.

But in spite of my intensive RMN psychiatric nursing training and having years later studied psychology as a subsidiary subject of a degree course I embarked on and even if I say so myself am pretty au fait with human behaviour of all sorts, in spite of all of that it still continues to be a deep puzzle to me – and I categorically make a clear and absolute distinction between homosexuals and lesbians who I have the utmost respect and admiration for in carrying on normally with the life style they have individually, conscientiously and privately, as it's really nobody's business but theirs any more than genuine heterosexuals should make apologies or feel uncomfortable about their lawful sexual pursuits or way of life, and the several and highly dysfunctional dykes, queers, bisexuals, those passing themselves off as straight, even getting married to mask their perversity and most ludicrously of all even adopting the phenomenon of having in the case of these closet queer boys and dyke girls that have never grown up, consciously getting others, their "wives" or publicly paraded "girlfriends" to conceive kids by other men and then biologically passing these kids off as their "biological" offspring, while they carry on living in a state of denial as to who and what they really are. These lowlife I actually detest with every fibre of my body!

In normal circumstances I quite frankly couldn't or wouldn't give a damn about these lowlife specimens of supposed humanity. But most regrettably they do proliferate in our government, shadow cabinet, the ranks of the parliamentary MPs, those in the House of Lords and what's commonly referred to as the Westminster bubble. The sort of lowlife that when we had mental hospitals aplenty across the UK would have been sectioned there. But having rather idiotically closed the vast majority of our psychiatric institutions on the pretext that these scumbags could and should be cared for in the wider community, this now thankfully dead pillock Maggie Thatcher allowed these slime balls to roam Britain freely, with several of them asinine even ending up as MPs, cabinet and shadow ministers. And it's a sure bet that this situation isn't going to be remedied by any of these scum as to reverse what Maggie did would effectively confine these deadbeats to the secure mental institutions for the criminally insane and where they rightly belong.

But the strange thing about all this and their behaviour is that while continuing to live their pathetic lives in a state of abject denial the only way that these Electra-

fixated, aka "testosterone toms", as well as their male counterparts the Oedipus Rex brigade perceive that they can deal with their myriad psychological demons is to pathetically, asininely and publicly demonstrate how "macho" they are; when in point of fact they're inbred lunatics that haven't grown up mentally and are highly incapable of doing so; sad creatures in supposedly mature bodies but in reality scared, sick and perniciously feral beings wholly unable to learn from past errors. And to this end you'll see them whipped by David Cameron – predictably and in characteristic Bullindon and Eaton flagellation form – into the lobbies and followed there by the Labour Party's Labtory lowlife dykes, queers and the rest of these scumbag MPs to prove their machismo that in actuality and quite frankly is as bogus as a rubber dildo, no matter how appealing or formidable it might appear, being capable of the human act of procreation. None the less it won't stop these prized pillocks charging into the House of Commons lobbies as they did with Iraq and Libya, to cause more mayhem in another Global South country; this time Syria. But just as long as they know that this time there will be consequences for them!

This poem is therefore dedicated to all these detritus specimens of humanity but as a Labour supporter myself dedicated specifically to the Eagle twins: Maria and Angela, Hilary Benn. Tom Watson, Tristram Hunt, Liz Kendall, Chukka Umumna and the myriad other scumbags that infest the parliamentary Labour Party. But not for much longer!

Stanley Collymore

# The Bloody Nerve Of A Serial And Narcissistic Slut!

By Stanley Collymore

Don't tell me, you've lost that will to love because your boyfriend has dumped you! Well what on earth did you expect from him on his realizing that you were simply fair game for any guy who was financially loaded, that routinely paid you false compliments and, what's more, cheerfully lied through his teeth in the process to get what he clearly wanted from you – sex and nothing more; and all because he instinctively knew and additionally got to understand that effortlessly you're quite an unproblematic sucker for this kind of purblind stuff and thus an easy lay when it comes to hearing whatever any randy Lothario has to say in order to have his licentious way with you; and that furthermore in terms of respect either for your boyfriend let alone yourself you clearly had none.

Yet now, utterly barefacedly, somewhat extraordinarily and ironically too you want others, and with you finding yourself in this quandary which you've intentionally created for yourself, to completely sympathize with you for your having wantonly and stupidly thrown away in the most cavalier and irresponsible of fashion that any woman possibly can, the intense love of a truly decent and, until your extremely inexcusable behaviour, the committed love of an honourable, decidedly faithful and, undeniably, a most adoring man!

Author's Remarks:

As those of you who routinely read my work, and especially my poems, will know I write about things that I feel passionately about or which in some way or other has inspired me to comment on them; and this poem is no exception. The genesis of it came about when on a bus journey across West Sussex to the seaside resort town of Worthing just recently, and one that I frequently make when I'm in the UK, I overheard a conversation that prompted this poem. I wasn't eavesdropping; that isn't, never was or will it ever be a forte of mine as I have a life of my own and far more important things to do with it than to consciously tune in to the often idiotic conversations of most Brits nowadays. But sitting on this particular bus and at the very front of it I couldn't, although I tried my level best to shut it out, help but overhear this conversation coming from two young women who were quite literally, in marked contrast to where I was ensconced at the very front of the bus and directly behind the driver – you can't get more forward as a passenger on a transport bus than that unless you chose, I say sarcastically, to sit on the lap of the driver.

Anyway, the prattle from these two women, who I know as long term but not speaking to acquaintances as they neither of them apparently feel that they have any obligation to work and regularly take trips on this same bus to Worthing to occupy their time, was most intrusive – can't Brits of all kinds, and I say this pleadingly talk quietly, and why the hell do they think that everyone is either interested in or wants to hear their invariably banal conversations? Any road these two were no exception to this intrusive and particularly annoying practice that seemingly is nationwide across Britain nowadays. So I had no choice but to grin and bear their infernal chatter, even forced to dispense with my usual scribbling of stories and poems that I generally do when I'm on this one hour and 45 minutes duration drive to Worthing.

The essence of this loud conversation that I noticed others on the bus were equally pissed off with is contained in the poem I've written; but quite incredibly by these two females what this utterly praiseworthy man did in summarily and permanently dumping this trollop when he realized what she was up to is something to be vilified; and is clearly at fault for having the temerity and audacity to do so while narcissistically this slut evidently feels she is and ought to be justly regarded as the aggrieved one. But why am I not surprised by this when from the very top of British society to the lowest level of it it's always somebody else's fault and never that of the true perpetrator? Ruminating on that

one philosophically and morally if the lot of you out there can! And that includes you David Cameron, Theresa May and Co.

Stanley Collymore

# The British Marginalized And Their Champion Jeremy Corbyn Democratically Strike Back!

By Stanley Collymore

The mums and ladies generally, pleasurably and knowingly in their unstinting admiration and respect for you describe you, Jeremy as empathetically sexy in a sea-dog sort of way, and rather interestingly as that may be is not however, nor should it be, the mainstay of your massive and genuine appeal not only to them but singularly many others both outside and within the authentic Labour Party quite desperately and ongoingly over the past years have been crying out unheedingly for meaningful and equitable changes, and transparently for the good of all, within our country.

But instead have cynically and contemptuously found themselves lumbered with the burdensome effects of enduring inequalities, themselves compounded by the stark reality of debilitating austerity. But not any more hopefully, as the slumbering members of the genuine Labour Party - not its Labtory infiltrators and carpetbaggers, together with conscionable members of the British public at large wake up and smell the proverbial coffee; enlighten the privileged and effete Bullingdon effete, condoning and practising paedophiles protected within the Conservative Party along with their enthusiastic Lib-Dem and Labtory accomplices, odious mass murderers and monstrous crimes against humanity perpetrators that their halcyon days are

finally over!

And furthermore that in spite of complicit state-sanctioned immunity despicably and recurrently being handed out to them enabling these loathsome criminals to carry on traversing our green and pleasant land, at last the net of retribution, now dangling like Damocles' Sword over their villainous heads, is finally, and justifiably so, inescapably closing in on them in the form of mounting and conscionable public detestation of them, coupled with their much and intensely feared nemesis; which auspiciously for the astute and sane among the rest of us is you  
Jeremy Corbyn!

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14 August 2015

Author's Remarks:

Let's forget all the loathsome crap and disingenuous nonsense about a Labour Party led by Jeremy Corbyn is unelectable for the next several millennia years as these brain dead jerks with their hidden agendas will have you believe; and if you want to believe that load of garbage then go ahead and do so. People like me, however, don't buy it because the real agenda of this admixture of Tories, Labtories, so-called pundits that couldn't plan their way out of a sodden paper bag, and the typical "liberal" Left who're more rightwing, racist and xenophobic than the Nazi Tories themselves, is quite a sinister one.

And Yvette Cooper inadvertently let the cat out of the bag when she said that Jeremy Corbyn's ambition is not to lead the Labour Party or even become Prime Minister but is in effect to change the Labour Party. Perfectly alright for Tony Blair, his sidekick Gordon Brown and the other Labtory interloping twerps to do what she's complaining about but not genuine Labour Party members somehow. What Yvette Cooper quite conveniently forgot to say is this, so I'll do it for her – Jeremy Corbyn will change the Labour Party and our country for THE BETTER!



# The British Thought Police Even Dafter Than The Privileged Criminal Scum It's Pandering To!

By Stanley Collymore

Fascinating isn't it how cowardly bullies who have no compunction at all in gratuitously dishing out their injurious vitriol and criminality to all and sundry whom they malignly hate and just as spitefully routinely and publicly show their ingrained detestation for, can routinely be counted on account of being the childish and low self-esteem morons that they incontrovertibly are, and who perceptibly have no notion whatever of the meaning of responsibility much less so what commonsense is or integrity does stand for, nevertheless as the astonishingly boorish adolescents that they patently are trapped in a puerile frame of mind and stuck alas forever in physiologically adult bodies from which they have no realistic aspirations to escape from nor any genuine chance of in fact doing so judging by their manifest lack of any marked credibility joined with a wholly bizarre demeanour to everything they take under their wing, generally then go on to manipulate these immeasurable inadequacies of their own as the characteristic benchmark for their unrestrained stupidity. An utterly badly chosen Situation, which as we now see is incredibly and very regrettably going to asininely be reinforced by

an equally idiotic,  
totally toadying  
to its perceived  
social superiors  
and likewise as  
deceitful and  
criminal in  
objective  
Thought  
Police!

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15 August 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

In 1980 I sensibly and voluntarily quit the English educational system in which I taught to take up a university academic teaching post in Germany. My decision was a consciously made one because I could precient-mindedly observe the increasing dumbing down of the English educational system, detested and abhorred the way it was heading and frankly didn't want to be any part of what was patently in store for my country. It has been a decision, leaving the English educational system, that I've never regretted and if what I foresaw coming in 1980 had been delayed until now in 2016 and I was still teaching in England I would have unhesitatingly as I did back then in 1980 do what I consciously did all over again.

Stupidity either from privileged &quot;elite&quot; or deeply ingrained and loathsomely cultivated so-called &quot;cultural&quot; but patently incestuously in-breeding practices as well as a whole plethora of other physiological, psychological and community factors abounds commonly throughout Britain and across all social strata within the United Kingdom; but there is additionally another element of it that over recent decades has been detrimentally and concertedly introduced into the British way of life and that I've personally categorized as assiduously manufactured and deleteriously manipulated stupidity.

It's replete in Reality TV shows the life-blood of British television viewing and the concept behind them; vigorously, profitably commercially and intensely propagandistically as well as manipulatively marketed while knowingly on the part of those running and likewise involved in all of this within the corporate media that they'll be massively beneficially and financially rewarded from doing

so; utilized to its fullest extent by a collectively delusional mindset, hopelessly out of touch with everyday reality and patronizing to anything and everyone outside of the narrow purview of their endemic world of cronyism and nepotism judiciary and criminal justice system.

And all this compounded by politicians, political parties, the Zionist and Neo-con lobbyists that significantly influence and even script the political agenda and legislation of these selected and conspiratorial governments; the political party donors that in exchange for their substantial financial contributions are with immune status allowed to embark in activities centred on massive money laundering and tax evasion that successive British regimes and prominent UK politicians, active and retired, of all parties have and still do turn a blind eye to. And how could we ever forget the multinational corporations and the Military Industrial Complex for whom these exploitative Global South British and other western wars of choice are waged with the said politicians knowing full well that in doing these manipulators' bidding they like Tony Blair and the other mass murderers and war criminals will be handsomely rewarded.

And where do the British police fit into all this? Clearly as Useful Idiots - best exemplified with their own corrupt, murderous and institutionalized racist practices and inured criminality as the archetypal dogs to the treacherous and back-stabbing now privileged and elite pigs in George Orwell's Animal Farm; most happy our men and women in blue to do their social betters bidding either in exchange for useless honours baubles or a seat in the unelected House of Lords for the more senior ones in the Metropolitan Police for example when they retire or carte blanche to carry on as usual their corrupt and murdering practices by these constabularies rank and file members. So anyone who thinks that creating a British Thought Police is a mechanism designed for the beneficial good of the average member of the British public then think again, as these clowns couldn't think their way out a kiddies sandpit play area if their lives depended on it.

The right to Freedom of Expression and the inalienable right to free speech for everyone and NOT just the privileged few are all salient elements of any and every society that deems itself to be truthfully politically democratic as well as socially and judicially progressive. And yes there must be laws covering genuine libel and slanderous behaviour against others who wilfully, malevolently and fraudulently seek to or actually manage to traduce the respectable name, character or reputations of others; and when that occurs the courts are the rightful forum where such matters MUST be lawfully dealt with! Not the bloody British Police who are themselves past masters not only at character assassination - the Hillsborough 96 a case which throughout the police

consistently lied through their corrupt teeth, and premeditatedly wrongful imprisonment - the Birmingham Six, Guildford Four and Cardiff Three to name but three of multiple instances of malevolent and intentional incarceration; as well as physical assassination - and here Mark Duggan readily comes to mind.

And if Theresa May at her coronation can on the steps of Downing Street disingenuously say that Blacks are considerably more likely to be disadvantaged under the British legal system and prompts me to ask why she bloody well did nothing about it when as the longest Home Secretary in the history of contemporary British politics she held that portfolio that had as its remit among others the police and judicial system, my honest response to all this absolutely propagandistic crap is, you go along with it if you want to but I most certainly won't be joining you!

Everything that I write and post I properly research and get other information that I require from impeccable and trusted sources otherwise I won't consider writing it in the first place let alone actually doing so; and the Police or Security Services are at liberty to check what I do, and I encourage them to - it might even improve their standard of English when I'm not cussing them all that is - but as far as determining the content of what I write or else hoping to instil the fear of God in me that I'll desist from what I'm doing - don't hold your breath, individually or collectively, on that one!

Enjoy your Poem coppers and other Animal Farm cadres! People who have no qualms dishing out their vitriol to others but when those who're not scared of them strike back like the mummy's pets they are they go crying to the police. Well I'm not one of those scared of you, nor am I impressed by anything the lot of you do! And shall carry on as I've always done! So there!

Stanley Collymore

# The Carnal Dissemblance By Influential, British Establishment Paedophiles!

By Stanley Collymore

They talk openly, ardently and seemingly even credibly,  
but oh so dishonestly, about moral principles and  
how our nation's children should be protected  
from wanton abuse and intentional harm;  
yet behind closed doors their personal  
actions couldn't be more different  
from their public pronouncements,  
with private lives markedly  
reeking with the ghastly  
ubiquitous stench of  
resilient carrion.

For these are our Establishment abusers: well  
heeled celebrity gropers, sexual abusers,  
paedophiles, child-traffickers and  
even murderers - who not only  
consider themselves to be above the  
law but who in many instances, as our  
political representatives, ironically  
make these same laws from  
whose consequences they  
then absolve themselves  
with explicit and  
breath-taking  
impunity.

Fully aware that any incumbent Home Secretary,  
the Home Office, its Senior Civil Servants, the  
Police and the CPS will concur with these  
appalling travesties of legality, either by  
being complicit in them themselves,  
or else affording these powerful  
and considerably influential but  
loathsome perpetrators the  
customary privilege

freely accorded to  
them of blanket  
immunity!

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9 July 2014.

Author's Observation:

In Britain the law is generally seen as an ass by Establishment figures and the privileged elites and therefore contemptuously treated as a needless inconvenience by them. Hardly surprising then that they conspiratorially and pertinaciously ensure that we have donkeys administering it.

Stanley Collymore

# The Catalyst Is Undeniably You!

Beautiful isn't it our meeting each other like this; although even better still is being afforded the opportunity of my getting to know you. That really blows my proverbial socks off I must confess apart from doing loads of other incredible things to me that you might be too embarrassed to hear at this particular stage of our embryonic relationship; and that wouldn't do would it? All the same I promise to fully acquaint you of them at the appropriate time, which I have a sneaky feeling will be a lot sooner than either of us would ever have imagined, anticipated or expected at the start of this auspicious encounter between us. So here's to happy days ahead; a long, deeply fulfilling, highly intensive and a mutually compatible partnership between the two of us; and that I guarantee you, if honesty still means what it's supposed to and I've always attributed to it, is just for starters!

Stanley Collymore

# The Clamorous Queer Refrain Of Dykeism And Queerism Coming From No.10

By Stanley Collymore

There's nothing queerer than British folk the English saying goes; a spot on assessment I concur with in relation to this self-evident fact and ongoing situation that all sentient, prescient-minded and intelligent observers, who find themselves unhappily exposed to this intruding and national aberrant state of affairs, will readily attest to. And while in the past it was conceivably perfectly advisable as a desperate measure of personal survival to understandably elude criminal sanctions by the state prosecution, and from the perspective of the perpetrators' own actions relative to this most unquestionably aberrant behaviour, even if reasonably but hypocritically so, still be regarded as socially acceptable by society for not revealing one's true sexual propensities, and particularly so if one were a man, no such sanctions were ever imposed on Dykeism or butch females who preferred to and voluntarily decided on physically or psychologically as well taking on the worst aspects of the male gender and afterwards demonstrably and foolishly behaving like a man.

So why then do so many Dykes and particularly those holding major public office positions like the Prime-Ministership of Britain, even when obviously not elected to do so, and who as every sane person knows and all vigilant watchers immediately recognize and readily see is markedly and exceedingly an incorrigible Dyke, while disingenuously imploring the British population to faithfully trust them, yet at the same time not being straightforwardly honest either with themselves or the general public about their own sexual preferences, to nevertheless faithfully trust them on a

multitude of national and international  
issues which in actuality these public  
office Dykes haven't a solitary clue  
about let alone know how to deal  
successfully with any of them.

But all the same rather arrogantly, self-servingly,  
delusionally, graspingly avaricious and totally  
criminally expect thoroughly well-informed,  
unabashedly heterosexual and exceedingly  
intelligent members of the British voting  
public like me who quite unmistakably  
instantly recognize and enormously  
loathe their sick and sociopathic  
stupidity that's so thoroughly  
injurious to the constructive  
wellbeing of our country  
generally and humanity  
significantly, to ever  
idiotically and most  
weirdly willingly  
wish to or, even  
worst, choose  
to go along  
with them?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 December 2016

#### Author's Remarks:

Instinctively heterosexual to the very core of my physical, psychological,  
sociological and religious being that life-long state of affairs will forever remain  
unchanged. And while I have no sympathy for or any empathy whatsoever with  
calamitous, pushy, extremely perverse and loathsome Dykes or Queers - openly  
so or closet constrained - those however who like the vast majority of genuine  
heterosexual males and females globally that conduct their personal sexual lives  
with dignity and in absolute privacy, what such persons do consensually and in  
private is none of my business or will it ever be.

That said I do have a great deal of antagonism to those who think that because  
it's their chosen way of life and because they either find themselves

unwarrantedly in powerful positions or that they have manipulated themselves into, or else get there through cronyism and nepotism that they can then foist their perverse and odious perversities down the throats of others, well that's for you out there to decide whether or not you want to go along with that but sure as hell there's one person in this world, even if everyone else decides to submit to this kind of barbaric coercion, concerted brainwashing or outright blackmail who most definitely wouldn't be under any circumstance be joining you in this sickening affair. And that's me!

So here's my poetic Christmas gifts to the Queers and Dykes of No.10, the UK regime; the Houses of Parliament; Civil Service; Ministry of Defence; Police, Westminster Bubble, Media especially the BBC that I'm paying for, and the UK generally, and anyone else that I've inadvertently left out.

And in case you want to describe me as a homophobe - your favourite and repetitive word of criticism go ahead - I went to a Grammar School and studied Latin which was a compulsory subject on the curriculum. I did well in it and know the meaning of the word homo meaning mankind and phobia which means a fear of something or the other. And using these two components together is not only a contradiction in terms when used by human beings but fucking idiotic in the process as well. Akin to someone saying that I was anti-Black. Yes there are a number of loathsome mother fuckers who are ethnically Black that I detest but by no stretch of the imagination could some describe me because one of those cunts is Chuka Umunna who I'll happily dispose of if given half the chance that I hate Blacks bearing in mind that I'm Black and 99.9% of my mentors in this life and people I love intensely are Black. But I shan't waste time giving an educational lesson to idiots across the UK who are systematically and in every other respect educationally dumbed down and why I quit the so-called UK educational system and migrated to Germany 32 years ago.

So here's hoping you have a most lousy Christmas and New Year all of you Dykes and Queers, and I say this not because I'm anti-Xmas, which as a Christian I most definitely am not but because I know that none of you fuckers care a jot about what Christmas actually means; and frankly the best present you could give yourselves and the world is to literally drop DEAD!

Stanley Collymore

# The Clinical Response To An Adulterous Affair!

By Stanley Collymore

When one solemnly promises loyalty, or at most pretends to do so, but what in reality they either spitefully or else clandestinely deceitfully and contemptuously deliver is the worst kind of treachery they're odiously and dishonestly capable of; in essence nothing that is remotely comparable to the basic necessities of compassion; is by no means compatible with human dignity and far less so in terms of emotional behaviour has nothing at all to do with the normally understood concepts of love, what out the response then realistically, whether proportionally or otherwise, to such an intentional act of treachery?

A Russian man: very much like and well-respected in his local community, on arriving home unexpectedly early from his job as a seasoned, accomplished and a most popular and highly professional veterinarian, on going indoors to his house devastatingly found to his utter surprise his wife of many years standing in bed - and in of all places their matrimonial home - having sexual relations clandestinely with none other than the individual whom he'd always regarded not only to be a longstanding but also, until this most shocking of revelations to him, a reliably trustworthy and ironically deemed by this Russian veterinarian as his very best friend.

Deeply angered and justifiably feeling very betrayed by two significant persons in his life: his wife and his best friend, this Russian veterinarian surgeon

promptly murdered his adulterous spouse but for some inexplicable reason still unstated by him didn't do the same deed to his erstwhile friend, maybe a subconscious triggering of old friendship ties I guess! Nevertheless, with a righteous vengeance kicking in it didn't stop him though from divesting this definitely treacherous Judas friend of his, of his valued meat and two vegs by using his normally used expertise and surgical skills to immediately and clinically castrate him.

And the moral to this painful story is: if you're a Lothario and arrogantly or even treacherously fancy yourself as such, fine - just as long as you don't in the least mind running the likely risk during your clandestine sexual trysts of credibly ending up being an enforced soprano or even more humiliatingly a bewildered eunuch! In which case I would earnestly suggest to you, if otherwise, that you steadfastly keep away from obviously married women, however seductive they may appear or actually be, who are openly known to have husbands that are either medical or furious veterinary surgeons.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 November 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

This Russian man, in my honest opinion, deserves on the basis of his ingenuity alone, a medal not I imprisonment! And I do hope that if he unfortunately does go to jail that his sentence will be a short and lenient one.

It was my German Partner, who obviously lives in Germany, has never lived in Britain and voluntarily expressed the opinion, long before she and I became an item, of not having the slightest wish or intention of ever doing so in this earthly life of hers, a view she still firmly holds, that first brought this story to my

attention.

Like me she found herself instinctively being sympathetic towards as well as being rather empathetic with this veterinary surgeon; and detesting all kinds of treachery as she clearly does and especially on such a personal level as this one, as I similarly do, her support is obviously for this man although she astutely and readily recognizes that his dire situation need not have arisen in the first place if his cheating wife and so-called friend had been openly honest with themselves about their surreptitious relationship with each other, subsequently once they'd sorted that specific matter out between themselves in a mature fashion had then jointly and as constructively as they possibly could related their personal predicament to an after all justifiably angered, offended and traumatized husband.

Assuming, of course, that what they were jointly and lasciviously involved in had anything whatsoever to do with love and them genuinely wanting to be together; and what they were happily engaged in wasn't simply a case of unbridled lust coupled with a downright arrant, totally deceitful and a most arrogant treachery against this Russian veterinarian, and with it all being done ostensibly laughingly and odiously contemptuously behind his back.

No aficionado of ever wanting to live in Britain, My German Partner is however completely conversant with British politics - a major disincentive if ever there was one to put even Brits like me from doing so let alone compos mentis and intelligent foreigners by the way - and genuinely thinks that the vast majority of British politicians at national and local levels and whether they're the endemically corrupt, born to the Manor with an omnipotent and quite irrefutable right to privilege and to lead as they delusionally deceive themselves on all of these counts and of the ilk of Ms Hilary Benn and David Cameron; or a psychopathic and sociopathic bunch of manifestly demented upstarts like Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Peter Mandelson or Neil Kinnock; the comprehensively outright and risibly inept, but personally and distinctly, idiotically unaware of it but nevertheless compulsively toadying and social climbing nerds like Alan Johnson, Liz Kendall, Yvette Cooper and Ed Ball.

Manipulative, unreservedly undemocratic and discernibly lowlife morons like Tom Watson, Margaret Hodge, Tessa Jowell and Margaret Becket; demonstrably graspingly avaricious and criminal clowns like Jack Straw, David Blunkett and Frank Field; or the plethora of inured Dykes and Queets: openly so or of the clandestine closet and even conventionally "married" variety, in whose loathsome ranks there are the likes of Mr Angela Eagle, Kezia Dugdale and Chuka Umununa, and consisting of a keen and practising assembly of paedophile

associates, wholehearted sympathizers and committed political protectors, and invariably so from a self-protecting perspective on their part, of both local government politicians and the usual run of the mill national ones either in situ as parliamentarians in both houses, or are otherwise either retired or out of office but all of them nevertheless deeply embedded on the national level in the Westminster Bubble - individuals who both independently and collectively my German Partner considers to be indisputably puerile and senseless, feral fantasists that haven't grown up and what's more in her estimation, and which concurs with my own, permanently lack the capacity to do so! So against that decidedly disastrous backdrop why on earth would a highly intelligent, superbly well-educated and a thoroughly professional German lady in every sense of all those definitions and who has everything going for her want to leave Europe's foremost political, economic and significantly most cultured country to live in Britain? A no-brainer I would say!

She did however make a very perceptive suggestion. Namely that the rank and file members of the real Labour party could hire this Russian Veterinarian as a consultant, since as a Russian he probably won't be able to join the Labour Party, to advise on similarly clinically sorting out - Dykes, Queers they're all the same to me - our own traitors in the Labour Party. In which case I'd like to be the first to genially nominate him as the new General Secretary of our Labour Party!

Stanley Collymore

# The Consummately Inveterate And Unrepentant Slapper!

By Stanley Collymore

Throughout my life, ever since I attained what beneficially as it turned out for me was an early puberty, I've lasciviously and rapaciously used sex and my swiftly accomplished, advantageously embraced, masterfully and daringly manipulatively, no-nonsense contributory and a naturally equipped disposition attendant with my utterly commanding, cum-avaricious and immeasurably persuasive feminine wiles, delectable coquettish flirtations and my superficial but totally convincing promises of giving unbridled sexual satisfaction to every client of mine - whether man or woman - to alluringly but decisively from my standpoint exert and fully achieve my personal demands or requirements, and accordingly devoid of all insinuation of even the smallest amount of compunction on my utterly confident part rather heartlessly, I must confess, get from each and every one of them what so ever it is I've in mind to request.

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4 February 2017.

Author's remarks:

Whether lawfully and consensually engaging in so-called moral and conventional acts of sex activity, be it just pleasurable so or is itself an act that's more strictly and exclusively for procreation purposes, or else voluntarily, enthusiastically, lasciviously and accordingly wholeheartedly indulging in the most unbridled - solo or reciprocally participative with one's consenting partner - and gratifying fashion in the act of sexual intercourse is from my perspective no one else's business but those who're personally involved.

However, when sex is purposely, premeditatedly and thoroughly calculatingly weaponized and then either unilaterally, subjectively, treacherously, cold-heartedly, emotionally and/or financially exploitatively utilized to create incalculable harm in and even detrimentally and uncaringly impair the lives of cruelly conned, unsuspecting or even gullible human targets - pre-planned or opportunistic ones - that's an entirely different matter altogether and one that must therefore be ruthlessly stamped on whenever and by whomsoever it occurs.

And slappers fall squarely into this latter category of lowlife scum elements that regrettably form part of the human race. Even so that's no excuse why they should be tolerated or what is more relevant allowed to exist.

Stanley Collymore

# The Control-Freakism Of The Cia, Uk And Other Western Supposed &quot;Intelligence&quot; Organizations!

By Stanley Collymore

How and why is it that everything I say and do, even acts like going to the loo in this house, which after all is my home, customarily, systematically and automatically becomes common knowledge to persons not even known to me, and who in the course of my life I'm most assuredly convinced I'm unlikely ever to meet let alone be afforded the opportunity to properly and sensibly engage in any constructive face to face conversation with any of them or, come to that, through other personal means whether at their stated behest or a case of much more unequivocally of a direct request either curiously or else inquisitively that might stem from me?

Well if the same thing is happening to you but unlike my disdainful response to it is nevertheless causing you a load of hassle or traumatic distress, then calmly essay to put your troubled mind at rest, since you're far and away not alone in this significantly troublesome and most peculiar situation which has effectively rendered you into becoming a rather hapless victim of those whom you've witlessly voted for and in your routine &quot;Useful Idiot&quot; role just as unthinkingly put into political power; and who themselves are now premeditatedly and actively orchestrating their Animal Farm type, aggressive and criminally state of mind Dogs to see to their particular bidding.

Yes indeed it's all down to the widespread obdurate and relentless control-freakism of western Zionist, neo-con, Nazi regimes principally in the United States, Britain and throughout the EU too and profitably franchised to the CIA, which I've fittingly renamed the &quot;Criminally Inured Agency&quot;; its British toadies, formerly MI5 and MI6 but now labelled by me the &quot;Manipulated Insane Five and Six, &quot; together with the dementedly, earnestly eager and actually bit part player the BND: Germany's post the Second World War national intelligence agency, most fawningly, rather asininely and quite risibly if it wasn't so grave a matter, seeking to make a name for itself in all of this!

So don't dwell unduly on any inconveniences that you might be having but instead count your blessing that these &quot;intelligence&quot; organizations through the precise weaponizing of your television set, smart phone and all other electronic devices in your possession and also your home can without difficulty coupled with their natural and fitting adeptness ensure 24/7 that you're protectively safe from all terroristic harm; and in your typical sadomasochistic fashion continue to vote for and constantly keep their political superiors and your controllers in power as you've always done.

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9 March 2017.

Author's Remarks:

This is the ongoing saga of psychopathically minded and manipulatively control-freaks in absolute control of intellectually challenged, unthinking, utterly dim-witted, short attention span and very easily persuaded and acutely prone to fraudulently peddled populist myths, &quot;Useful Idiots&quot;. But in all honesty who with even a half-functioning brain in their head and a modicum of common sense really cares about these joint and avidly supportive of each other collectives of largely white western Caucasian morons?

I know that I actually don't!

Stanley Collymore

# The Definitive Encapsulation Of Elegant Womanhood!

By Stanley Collymore

A vibrant sensuality that's enliveningly powerful and yet, quite noticeably and tantalizingly so to this observer, is tastefully and naturally exhibited with all the exquisite and alluring charm that is humanly possible; and which jointly are themselves thoroughly supported by the compellingly observable, pleasurably distracting and, thankfully as well, inescapable and mentally enshrined, flawless fluidity of movement which delightfully emanates from you, and that seductively, comprehensively engages the full array of feminine gracefulness itself intrinsically and beautifully embodied - in every conceivable sense of that word - in a truly outstanding, enormously attractive, markedly composed and consummately assured young lady, who is completely, confidently and notably at peace both with herself and the rest of the world.

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8 June 2014.

Comment:

If beauty is truly in the eyes of the beholder then in the scheme of things and relative to yourself young lady, I would logically presume that there's no shortage of beholders in your case.

Stanley Collymore

# The Delusional Imponderables Occasioned By Hating Others

By Stanley Collymore

Hate is a controversial feeling and sometimes an ingrained sentiment that directly affects and consequently can and invariably does compulsively consume the everyday lives of millions of infected individuals globally; sometimes rationally it might seem in the eyes of those who're intensely affected with this incapacitating syndrome and who might think and certainly approve that what they're doing is simply natural and therefore in their estimation of it perceive as entirely fair; though not the same opinion necessarily held or displayed by prescient-minded and thoroughly conscientious onlookers who, in marked contrast, might very well deduce, and especially since the overwhelming majority of them already know that this pernicious and neurotic preoccupation is markedly without a jot of commonsense or any merit to it, see no logical reason to support what is unquestionably a comprehensively mindless and detrimental fixation in which those who're individually engaged in it can't rationally, constructively or effectively cope with in their private life far less so actually defend; contend that in the end and commensurate with the aftermath of such abject failure which they are faced with, these hopelessly sad and deluded specimens of the human race chose instead to speculate about and even disturbingly as a result talk themselves into believing the only substitute option

and remedial course for them is to interminably and unyieldingly hate.

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31 January 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Commonsense, intellectual acumen or ethical principles aren't characteristics let alone prerequisites that readily spring to mind when it comes to hating others since all that's required to do so in that regard is for the individual(s) involved to be in possession of a witless mindset that's totally and even permanently ingrained in a brainless skull which precludes them from the ordinary process of thinking for themselves and which in turn makes them entirely incapable of either intelligently and objectively deducing, as one would ordinarily do in normal circumstances, what is basically factual and provable information and what clearly is not?

And what's more, that is itself in relation to this obvious inability to think for one's self, completely and permanently divorced from being able to deal competently, constructively and effectively with reality. That essentially has no concept of far less so the capability of independently and forensically examine whatever problems one is confronted or presented with and having been proactive and efficient in doing so to then positively and energetically embark in the most appropriate manner on requisite problem-solving solutions, while taking the utmost care and attention to satisfactorily ensure that that specific process of dealing with the issues involved not only lessen but also purposefully set out to eradicate, and does so, all prevailing misunderstandings and tensions, which if left unattended to could potentially give rise to even greater difficulties and increased conflict with its attendant harmful consequences.

Unfortunately however there are considerable numbers of people globally who because of their myriad innate inabilities, lack of self-worth that was profoundly ingrained in them from birth and then socially reinforced with inane bigotries and hatred, and which are themselves compounded by the development of an encouraged feral disposition within them, unthinking gullibility and a highly successful and even manipulative proneness to being easily mislead or brainwashed become and remain the grist to the mill of hate mongers who like nothing better than inducing hatred which they sumptuously thrive on - since its concerted deployment by them are relevant conduits, as undoubtedly perceived by them, that constitute the mechanism by which means they can and do

achieve power and massive influence over others - use as a suitable vehicle to combat their detractors and adversaries, as well as a convenient and populist propaganda mode for fashioning and garnering massive amounts of wealth for themselves.

So which category of persons are you honestly in? That of a pernicious, mendacious and manipulative hater or hopefully a conscionable, principled and a progressively thinking peace activist or one of their supporters concerned about the world that YOU live in, and very much wanting to make your personal and positive contribution towards making it a just, more equitable and a CIVILIZED one?

Stanley Collymore

# The Determining Factor Is You

Whether or not there's actually a God is a moot point really when it comes to assessing how we conduct our respective lives: for example the personal decisions we make, how we perceive or actually intend for these to impact on or influence the lives of others

These are choices determined primarily by one's moral integrity or the marked lack of it and has nothing whatsoever to do with skin colour, race, religion, social background, financial status or the nationality of the person involved let alone their gender.

You appear, Maria to be well aware of these discerning subtleties of life; and that augurs well not only for your individual future but also that of those who're fortunate enough to get to know you and fully take on board what you so admirably represent and conscientiously do.

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12 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# The Encounter Surely Is What Really Matters

Is there such a thing as fate; or do we just subconsciously  
Or even consciously give unwarranted credence to  
This strange phenomenon we label with that  
Name because inexplicably we haven't  
A logical explanation for what  
Has actually taken place?

Well whatever the truth of the matter is our quite  
Fortuitous meeting with each other although  
Clearly unplanned was uncannily, given  
The circumstances of its occurrence,  
Much more I think than just  
An extraordinary  
Coincidence.

And whether or not you're firmly of the  
View that fate is actually extant or else  
Like numerous other people who're  
Agnostically unconvinced about  
There being an orchestrated  
Divine hand behind it  
Simply because it  
Doesn't really  
Exist, what's crucially significant  
I believe, in spite of all that, was  
Our unintentional encounter  
And its inherently likely  
Consequences.

For surely those of themselves are ultimately  
What genuinely matters, and what's more  
Are principally the overriding key to  
Whatever relationship that  
Might subsequently  
Develop between  
You and me.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
19 August 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# The Epitome Of Rectitude

Recognition by your peers, workmates, friends or even family members can be and very often is a favourable fillip to one's self-confidence, personal empowerment or, significantly, the fulfillment of much cherished career ambitions.

Acknowledgement however of one's capabilities and the explicit gratitude for them by those who freely and selflessly announce them is correspondingly an even greater achievement.

And you Debbie have not only impeccably realized them all, thanks to your consummate skill, professionalism and unblemished sense of duty at all times, but also and most importantly as well have achieved this through your caring and empathetic nature, itself juxtaposed with a matured, composed and compassionate humanity!

Stanley Collymore

# The Exciting Debut, Nikita Of A Mutual And Meaningful Friendship

By Stanley Collymore

In the strictest sense of the genuine meaning of the word and itself linked with any realistic conceivability that you and I are essentially complete strangers to each other Nikita, and for the recognizably simple reason of us having only been conscious about the existence of each other, and subsequent to that communicated with one another only through the various correspondences we voluntarily engaged in, and doing so in accordance with the general instructions specifically stipulated by the Storywrite: literary and short stories and, equally so, the All Poetry: exclusively poetry, hosting sites which we're both members of.

And as a direct consequence of this particularly spontaneous but, all the same, a most genial association constructed in accordance of this contextual situation the requisite mechanisms for us as we availably and beneficially took to utilizing the highly effective forums of these two select and fitting platforms to valuably air and also constructively nurture our personal, short stories, and exceedingly as well thought provoking poems.

And it's primarily because of this, in effect something that fundamentally began its existence in the most ancillary of circumstances, that this intriguing kinship, and in partnership with it, the truly amazing stirrings of what could possibly

turn out to be the intuitive cannonade,  
the expectant antecedent and the formal foundation  
of a very encouraging, significantly stimulating  
and a decisively rewarding friendship could  
be positively born, and in the succeeding  
process resourcefully develop a highly  
consuming intoxication of its own.  
But a more realistic deduction is  
that whatever, and particularly  
if anything substantive does  
transpire from the airing of  
these wilder speculations,  
that such an analysis will  
initially in all probability  
and tangibly be wholly,  
shrewdly and skilfully  
conducted on a long-  
distance, singly and  
informative basis.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 November 2017.

#### Author's Comments:

In the rather twisted, delusional, utterly self-serving, attention seeking and arrogant world that many across the globe have not only asininely created for themselves but also and especially so in the so-called western world likewise ensconced themselves in, friendship, and I'm specifically referring to genuine friendship and not the idiotically contrived kind of perverse relationships masquerading as what they patently are not, and into which many and increasingly by the day numerous people rather dimwittedly, for there is no other more fitting terminology to employ with such morons, happily, and seemingly contentedly in the process, ensconce themselves in.

Now that's all well and good some people might argue, and I curiously agree as long as those who are directly involved objectively keep this kind of behaviour to themselves and don't consciously or indirectly undertake to impact negatively with their nonsenses on the lives of others who in turn knowingly don't want to be a part of what they're doing, and worst still odiously proselytizing. But sadly and most unfortunately this very often is not the case.

Meanwhile, added to this inimical equation is the glaring fact that in the 21st Century, significant numbers of people everywhere globally have lost the art, assuming of course that they were either gifted with or had sensibly acquired such a thing in the first place, of skilfully, articulately and constructively communicating with other people and through this process garnering the social skills, knowledge, objectivity and the necessary confidence to successfully embark on new and particularly meaningful relationships of any kind.

And what's more, and something that in its very nature is both inimical and equally soul destroying in all this and especially for those who genuinely in a state of open-mindedness in their approach to new friendships and consequently approach their induction and do so not with an iota of an ulterior motive, invariably find themselves idiotically and quite often even malevolently, in response, on the receiving end of those with the most spurious of motives, that in the most half-baked of situations are direly employed against them.

As for myself I never give such numbskulls the chance of acting in such an untoward manner towards me and when I act, having given the situation significant thought in the first place as in everything that I do, I make my intentions unambiguously clear so that there's no possible likelihood, however remotely so, of any misunderstanding on the part of the other person or persons that I'm dealing with.

And it's with this well-established criterion on my part, and one that's well and truly tested and has been for several decades now and still ongoing that I meticulously always put into operation when thinking of or in actual terms embarking on any possible meaningful or otherwise substantial friendship, as wholly distinct from acquaintanceships that are as distinctly removed from each other as night is from day. So to this end I've decided to pen and dedicate this article and its attendant poem as a pleasant surprise to Nikita Ghosh whose first name appears in the title of both the article and poem.

Stanley Collymore

# The Exemplary Embodiment Of The Best Of Library Practices!

By Stanley Collymore

You're evidently efficient, praiseworthy pleasant and most accommodatingly approachable; constituting, in the process of all this, those delightful and human characteristics that additionally comprise the purposeful and attractive embodiment of everything that a perspective and truly worthy of that position librarian indispensably needs to have in the vital job that you're engaged in, with consummate humanity and humility. And consequently it's hopefully expected that you'll carry on in the same pre-eminent fashion, impeccably professional standard and outstanding tradition as that of what the majority, though it's rather obvious and sadly so to those with observant eyes to see not all of them, of your other remarkable colleagues at Horsham Library are themselves doing. And in appreciative admiration of you and them I sincerely say to you: &quot;Interea locutus est Deus et ut benedicat est bonum opus! &quot;

© Stanley V. Collymore  
4 July 2017.

## Author's Remarks:

With an alarming and most virulent intensity the young in Britain are consistently attacked by the elderly, cap-doffing to their purported social superiors and toadying sycophants as well as similarly vigorously too by all manner of quite sickeningly social-climbing collaborators and absolutely self-serving, mainstream media conspirators in conjunction with the usual plethora of &quot;privileged elite&quot; morons, who frankly are either individually or collectively in no position whatsoever to throw the first stone at anyone, and particularly so unwarrantedly at others, and most specifically the young, who resolutely refuse to even contemplate let alone actually seek to behave in the characteristically

odious manner in which their elders are behaving.

A situation that's both contemptuously and offensively consistent in its deeply ingrained and deliberately practised hypocrisy and proliferating double standards that none among these by no means imaginable older, elderly and supposedly paragons of virtue envisage life should be like, and consequently characteristically do their utmost best to ensure that it is, regardless of how inimical and immoral their perfidious actions are to the society or community in which they're living specifically, or the rest of humanity generally.

And it accounts for why I've written this particular poem as a tribute not only to this specific Horsham, West Sussex, England, charming young lady trainee librarian but also in grateful appreciation of and expressive commendation to all the several millions of, I'm completely sure, likeminded vibrantly young, comprehensively energetic and thoroughly altruistically minded citizens across the entire United Kingdom, as well as globally, who're astutely and beneficially doing everything that they can, as well as know that needs to be taken on, to effectively make this world that we conjointly live in an infinitely better place not just for themselves but also everyone who's entirely deserving of that philanthropic consideration.

And therefore to all young people everywhere, and most particularly of the calibre of this Horsham young lady, but not only in my country Britain, I both wholeheartedly extend as well as send you my very best wishes and sincerest congratulations.

Stanley Collymore

# The Existential Fear Of Terrorism Usefully Incited By Regimes Whose Business Is Terrorism!

By Stanley Collymore

The existential fear of terrorism wilfully, cynically and sadistically created by the very same sponsors of terrorism who assuredly know that financially and in numerous other ways they'll massively benefit from their murderous and persistently utilized hegemonic foreign terrorist forays is a burden that the dim-witted, gullible, or the easily manipulated and populist morons of Britain, the remainder of the European Union and the USA regard as something that they in their pernicious contagion of rapturous ignorance must clearly, preparedly and blissfully unremittingly endure, and notwithstanding the known consequences of it all, since obviously they've been there before, rather unconscionably feel that they have to continue with all the same dishonest and lying shenanigans as the price they have to pay in the name of western-style democracy, imperialism and, of course, the American led, toadying United Kingdom and European Union coupled with the bullied UN's General Assembly and Security Council's backed United States delusional perception of its own and western, white Caucasian abiding exceptionalism!

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21 May 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Rank stupidity and an abysmally low personal self-worth most markedly so in the case of significant numbers of Britons among the privileged classes and those who are of an older age in terms of the former's underlings at having lost an empire and still looking for a role to play; comprehensively ignorant in all their cases of the fact that empires come and they do eventually go. But having deluded themselves individually as well as collectively and for so long that such an inevitability would never happen to their precious Blighty as the sun would never dare set on their priceless empire, when that "impossibility" did actually occur these same morons were quite naturally left stranded and utterly bewildered as they still are at what precisely to do with themselves other than embarrassingly, though left with no other choice, if they still delusionally wanted to portray Britain as a world power than play second fiddle to the incoming upstart and new bully on the block the United States of America, an amalgamation of Britain's former colonial entities.

And all this coupled with the manifest awareness that many of these contemporary wannabe imperialists and colonialists are completely ill-informed and additionally miserly lack either the foresight or the ability let alone the incentive to alter their psychological and highly debilitating situation; and it's not rocket science to deduce why so many of them like numerous numbers of their fellow westerners are as pig-ignorant as they evidently are; and correspondingly so easily manipulated by their criminally disposed politicians and terrorist western leaders.

Stanley Collymore

# The Existential Fear Of Terrorism!

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Stanley Collymore

# The Eye Of The Storm

You came wholly unexpectedly into my life doing so with the force of a major hurricane that thoroughly dislocated the highly disciplined and well ordered world I'd scrupulously planned, built, nurtured and had subsequently surrounded myself with, creating in the process huge panic and a sense of deep consternation within me; because my much valued independence was now for the first time ever genuinely threatened.

A situation made all the more alarming for me because the ensuing conflict that was engendered, and of which you were undoubtedly the solitary catalyst, had become one of very powerful forces intrepidly striving to gain the ascendancy over the other in the ultimate decision as to whether or not you were allowed to stay in my life or else be forcibly driven out completely from the arena of my private domain. It's a dilemma which there's no easy solution for until I know precisely where I stand with you!

Stanley Collymore

# The Failed Resolve To Keep Promised New Year Resolutions

By Stanley Collymore

Another year unwaveringly beckons with yet more hopes entertained and pledges given, as were similarly promised in previous years, of a brand new start in the offing, rekindling in the process the ritual act of deluding yourself that there'll be seismic and rather meaningful changes undertaken in attitude and personal standards of behaviour where you're concerned; and not least so because the necessary avoidance of past and markedly failed practices conducted by you need to be finally and suitably addressed, having themselves been totally acknowledged on your part and their basic solutions accordingly and most diligently learned.

Yet knowing full well, as you embark on this most personal and seemingly serious endeavour, that ultimately the eventual outcome of your decision will unvaryingly as well as noticeably be the same as that of earlier years: moral aspirations and their practical applications expediently dwarfed and decidedly derailed by selfish ambitions that as before you'll artfully but defensively use to wily defer and place any semblance of a genuine transition, relative to the requirements of your real priorities, firmly on the backburner of convenient choice and delay; just as with consummate predictability, insincerity and a casual shrug of your shoulder signifying well what does

it really matter as who  
truly cares, you  
habitually do  
each and  
every  
year!

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15 December 2013.

Remarks:

Like confetti liberally, instinctively and even thoughtlessly at times strewn at the newly weds during an after wedding ceremony most New Year resolutions that are consciously made can be said to fit easily into the same category; an evaluation noticeably reinforced when, like the aforementioned confetti with their function of sportive adornment having been ephemerally fulfilled they are then subsequently subjected to laying trampled under feet and on the ground, discarded and quickly forgotten about.

Curiously, how long do your New Year resolutions actually last? Or do you sensibly refrain from making promises even to yourself let alone others that you either know for certain or possibly feel deep inside that you can't for whatever reasons honestly keep?

Have an eventful 2014 and here's wishing you everything that you truly deserve.

Stanley Collymore

# The Good Riddance That Should Have Been But Sadly Didn't Materialize!

By Stanley Collymore

Poland always was and in the 21st Century is still a vile, Nazi fascist cesspit. And I'm mortified, that my father and others like him risked their lives, and with some of them actually dying in the process to save Poland's undeserving, racist and ungrateful ass. These ethical, thoroughly altruistic and commendable human beings, and outstandingly courageous fighters for freedom, on this occasion ought never in my straightforward opinion, have ever intervened, and not just simply in World War II, but any war on Poland's behalf; but instead should've coolly stood back in this World War II scenario and with studied, rapt and apt admiration desired for Third Reich Germany to have removed this abomination of a country called Poland and its equally loathsome population permanently off the face of this Earth! For democracy to Poland then, in 1939, was and remains in the 21st Century comparable to and also as genuinely achievable a conception among Poles, from all conceivable backgrounds, and across every continuum of Polish society universally as the curse of pervasively deep-seated paedophilia is, to the positive welfare of very innocent and vulnerable children; and those with even a half-functioning brain in their cranium, will undoubtedly, I'm sure of it, know what I mean.

Author's Remarks:

So what the world was effectively presented with when Britain declared war on Germany in 1939 on the self-righteous pretexts, that it falsely and overtly proclaimed, was in reality nothing more, or less, than a concertedly Machiavellian and self-interestedly created and assiduously implemented &quot;pre-emptive, self-defence mechanism&quot; to safeguard the prestige of it retaining a global empire, as well as physically protecting its own ass!

For there was nothing, at all, that was either political or ideologically different in the mindset between Germany's Third Reich leaders and those who controlled and ran Britain. As it was obvious, as night follows day, that everyone from prominent members of the British Royal Family right down to the manifestly brutish scum that comprised Oswald Mosley's private army of sadistic enforcers were dye-in-the wold Nazis, fascists or both; and that the British aristocracy was literally infested and crawling with them. And how very ironic, and as well patently dishonest, all of this was, in that Winston Churchill: unbelievably hailed, promoted and proselytized as &quot;Britain's greatest human being&quot; ever - and each time that I'm enforced to hear that mantra repeated I silently and risibly ponder, knowing Churchill's reprehensible and well-document personal and political record that demarcates nothing honourable about this presumed human being, who on earth then would these unmistakably poorly informed or else utterly disingenuous British morons, clamorous in his praise, regard as the worst of their kind? - was a life-long ardent and committed eugenicist; the same noxious creed which Nazism emanates from; and in Winston Churchill's case was that man who openly favoured the compulsory sterilization of significant sections of the British working classes as well as Plebeian perceived whites - other than those obviously needed to cater to the wanton needs of their presumed &quot;social betters&quot;, and therefore act as a foremost disincentive to them from ever aspiring to be, as well as physically and psychologically preclude them from marrying and, God forbid, ever breeding with and thus contaminating the UK's aristocracy and those who, predictably like Winston Churchill himself, automatically judged themselves to be to the Manor Born.

And it's patently obvious, as night follows day, that while there are overwhelming numbers of whites who're completely pig-ignorant of the real causes that initiated and subsequently reinforced Europe's holocaust or additionally even the truthful consequences that stemmed from it - as apart from the intentionally fabricated, frenetically propagandized, as well as the zealously adhered to and

stimulatively proselytized versions of the above that are themselves ardently treasured by those who are assiduously and self-servingly promoting them - and in absolute terms from the innate and vigorously executed barbarism exclusively exhibited by white Europeans, and furthermore quite erroneously and dangerously assuming or essentially believing that Europe's overblown holocaust was simply a one-off situation; and additionally in their appalling ignorance finding themselves totally unaware that this European holocaust was in essence Germany's third, in a relatively short while and in the space of just 25 years, following the commencement of the 20th Century.

The two others that Germany premeditatedly carried out beforehand, both of them occurring in Germany's then African colony of Southwest Africa, now in the 21st Century the sovereign and independent UN member nation of Namibia, where during Germany's imperialistic and utterly barbarous rule of that African territory some 90% of its indigenous population: made up of the Herero and Namaqua peoples, were quite calculatedly, systematically, systemically and genocidally wiped out. In what was clearly a benchmark exercise and the premeditated prelude to what, in only a few years afterwards, would be devilishly and just as calamitously be similarly embarked on throughout the entirety of mainland Europe.

Notwithstanding its odious, awful and criminal atrocities in Southwest Africa Germany, which didn't make any apology for them until 2004 and even then grudgingly so, has stated publicly that it has no intention of compensating the descendants of those, in what's now independent Namibia, who managed to survive the two 20th century holocausts in Southwest Africa that preceded by almost 30 years the one that Germany later, with its Axis allies, carried out in Europe. And what's more post World War II made to feel absolutely guilt-ridden for its murderous escapades by the victorious Allies in conjunction with the adorning of itself in sackcloth and ashes as it still well into the 21st century flagellates itself for what it did to other European whites in the form of Yiddish Jews and no one else among the millions of other victims it brutalized, Germany in marked contrast to the contemptuous, hypocritical and double-standards attitudes that it holds towards the Namibian people nevertheless 72 years after World War II ended seemingly has no problems whatsoever in providing a bottomless pit of ever boosted financial and other material compensation in a European holocaust scam, racket and a concerted carpet bagging financial industry to the Middle Eastern interloping and Palestinian genocide entity of Yidland, and doing so in a manifestly bogus enterprise that this enormous and ongoing financial outlay on Germany's part, and well into the 21st Century, is somehow for the sole benefit of Europe's holocaust survived Yids. The overwhelming majority of whom are dead anyway while the miniscule remaining

number of them are well into their old age and have been complaining like others for decades that very little of the billions that Germany sycophantically pays out, and has done so ever since the war ended, has ever reached and still to this day doesn't do so the needs of the very people for whom it was supposedly designated, while in marked contrast the billions shelled out by Germany, and which is totally complicit in this odious charade, is massively hogged by the Nazi-Zionist, holocaust-industry enterprise that controls Yidland.

Similarly, no compensation has been made by Britain and the host of other European slave owning countries in relation to the Transatlantic Slave Trade and specifically the Caribbean element of it; but they too like Germany have no qualms in Yidland fraudulently on behalf of European Yids, among all of the other European holocaust victims, receiving these vast and ongoing sums of money long after World War II has ended. And the only compensation directly related to the Caribbean Slave Trade was that which was handsomely paid out to the slave owners, and amounting in today's terms to Trillions of Pound Sterling, for having lost, these slave owners, their chattel, in other words, property as Black slaves were deemed to be, and in tandem with that what Haiti was enforcedly made to pay to France well into the start of the 21st century for having the nerve to liberate itself from French slavery of the people of that Caribbean island.

An enforcement that was made possible by Britain, France and the newly independent and fledgling Rogue State USA blockading the island and effectively starving its inhabitants. A sick principle that France then adopted in relation to its &quot;liberated&quot; Black African colonies, that despite being supposedly independent and sovereign nations are as I write on the 21st August 2017 still paying massive amounts of reparations to France for the dubious privilege of France granting them their &quot;independence&quot; And this utterly sick mindset was driven first in Haiti's case by Britain, France and ironically independent and fledging Rogue State USA, having also fought for its independence but from Britain, utterly petrified that the Haiti example of liberating itself would set a bad example as well as a dangerous precedent, if not brutally, heavy-handedly and quite barbarically stopped by these white imperialist and colonialist entities, to other enslaved lands. And, in effect, it's clear that nothing has changed in the 21st century as far as these loathsome white supremacists are concerned. Slavery may have officially gone but the methods and objectives by these western entities and their collaborators are still the same as when slavery existed.

And so for Poland, significant swathes of whose territory like Prussia and the Sudetenland for example were formerly German, and with Poland itself along with Ukraine and other Eastern European countries deeply involved in Europe's

holocaust to in the 21st Century be asking for compensation, as if the clowns who run that place think everyone out here has short attention spans or lost memories, while acting as if Poles and Poland were the victims of World War II rather being the loathsome Nazi and fascist collaborators and perpetrators that they actually were truly beggars belief, as well as makes a completely mockery of both justice and common sense. Accounting for why I don't see Poland as having been a victim of either World War II or Europe's odious holocaust, any more than I would consider the members of a feral household kicking the shits out of each other while likewise known to be a complete bane to and a recurrent pain in the ass of their decent neighbours as any business of mine. And for me serves as proof positive why I profoundly, unreservedly and unapologetically think that my Dad, other Barbadians and Caribbeans alike ought not to have gotten involved in that barbarous, lunatic and undeniably internecine European war, and particularly so with the jackboot of Britain's own barbarism thrust onto their necks at home in the West Indies, vaingloriously referred to as World II, when in actuality it was significantly a murderous Eurocentric affair conducted this time largely at home in Europe instead of, as was the customary remit of these white and despicable barbarians, in the hapless Global South.

Stanley Collymore

# The Greatest Stimulus To Self-Confidence Is Honesty With One's Self!

Though you assume the right to moan often but usually in private about the difficulties you regularly face the stark and challenging truth is that you seldom, if ever, like so many others do rarely bother to scrutinize the possibilities of why these difficulties are there in the first place and, as such, thoughtlessly rule out the legitimate likelihood that you and your activities might very well be the magnet if not the material catalyst of many of your pressing concerns. And so it isn't that difficult to fully appreciate why.

Home truths like awkward relations whom you don't much care for but quite reluctantly, embarrassingly and perhaps even painfully are forced to grudgingly recognize as very much a part of you, although you wouldn't contemplate let alone freely make a point of advertising that fact, are nevertheless things that you simply can't or shouldn't try to wistfully wish away and pretend they don't exist.

For to persistently live a significant lie long-term, while secretly dreading the prospect of exposure, carries with it on being eventually found out the far greater risks of ultimate humiliation and certain rejection

at the hands of those that you  
either foolishly or else  
naively endeavour  
at all costs to  
please.

So why not aspire instead to be your true self  
at all times, and rather than timidly or  
even sycophantically seeking to  
please others who you think you must impress;  
pandering continuously to their every whim  
and fancy while inwardly deliberately  
ignoring or failing to heed the signs  
that on their part their loyalty to  
you, if such a commodity  
does exist, is ephemeral at best and  
without any bonds of consistency;  
that what in effect you should be  
doing is to impress upon everyone,  
whether they genuinely care for  
you or not, to either accept or  
reject you as you are, warts  
and all, rather than willingly  
being complicit with any  
of them in what, after  
all, could very well  
presage your very  
own inevitable  
and perhaps  
long-term  
ruin!

Stanley Collymore

# The Height Of Folly

How stupid can you be? In a hotel where smoking guests are overwhelmingly catered for and 99% of the entire hotel is given over to them, you deliberately come into the small non-smoking area, sit down, see no ashtrays around, which to any sensible person ought to have been a dead give away, get up, go into the smoking area, fetch an ashtray from there and then return immediately to the non-smoking area to foul the air there; as well as inconvenience and more importantly put at risk the lives of each non-smoker present, including that of my own with your damned obnoxious habit! How bloody stupid and arrogant can one get? And did you expect too that I would simply sit there, passively allow this to happen and do nothing to prevent it? For if you did then, as you were found out, you were badly mistaken!

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3 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# The Idiots Charter For Uk National Security, Courtesy Of Andrew Parker Head Of Mi5

By Stanley Collymore

In all probability it wasn't us Brits that created and first implemented the distinctly well known phenomenon of Divide and Rule – although unquestionably we've been its principal beneficiaries – that unwarrantedly and unjustly criticizingly, from our imperialist perspective, has been unfairly characterized as infamous by some while in marked contrast, and most rejuvenative in its organizational process, is unequivocally and beneficially embraced by the overwhelming majority of white Caucasians, foremost among whom are us, the white and genuinely indigenous Britons, as the determining factor in our accomplished and extensive success.

Then there are others globally, of course; significantly so our valuable Useful Idiots who thankfully think like us, happily do our bidding and willingly service our every demand of them as they acknowledge and readily accept how vitally important it is for us: first in terms of the ongoing development of Britain itself as a major western nation and thereafter as a crucial conduit for us, the means of divide and rule, in determinedly upholding the proud, unconquerable and truly unsurpassed spirit that indomitably masterminded from our British island home what by far has been the greatest

empire, which  
the world has  
truthfully  
known.

And most characteristically and vitally so for our resurgent  
and ongoing global power in the 21st Century has clearly  
enabled our unsurpassable spy agencies that skilfully  
unmasked, with the covert help of the barbaric and  
profoundly autocratic Bantu Saudis and the Nazi  
Zionist, yiddish apartheid Israelis, the non-  
existent weapons of Mass Destruction  
that treacherous dictator Saddam  
Hussein: a former but turned  
renegade friend of ours, had purposely intended to  
unleash within 45 minutes his perniciously  
deadly arsenal of WMDs on all of us, a  
dastardly plot we cleverly thwarted;  
and now he's dead! But there are  
still other threats and troubling  
challenges out there that we  
must uncompromisingly frustrate and conquer  
and why it is that the UK urgently needs to  
have in place a Snooper's Charter! Who  
says this? Andrew Parker, whose MI5  
and sister agency MI6 gave us, re  
the illegal Iraq War, that now  
infamous, outright lying  
and the 2003 casus  
belli dodgy  
dossier.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 September 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# The Illogicality Of Commonsense

By Stanley Collymore

At first I wasn't in the least interested in you.  
But then, why should I be? You, after all,  
are an unmarried and out-of-work mum  
just turned 23 and, additionally and  
quite evidently in the general mix  
of things and significantly for  
me, the single parent to  
a five year old son.

On the other hand I'm much older than  
you; am mutually and longstandingly  
divorced with no dependent  
children to take care of or seriously  
worry about as they're all now adults in  
their own right; and who furthermore  
have voluntarily and with my full  
blessing vacated their parental  
home to creditably create  
productive and very  
successful lives  
of their own.

Smoothing the progression to a relished and  
even selfish situation on my part, as you  
can clearly see, where I'm entirely  
free without the obligatory  
familial responsibilities  
I previously had: challenging yet delightfully  
rewarding as these were, to now possess  
and thoroughly enjoy the satisfactory  
and even perfect life I happily  
have and can comfortably  
as well afford to lead.

Or worst luck, were this not so, find myself  
seductively entreated by and even possibly  
succumbing to the unrelenting forces

of unwarranted encumbrances or  
emotional complications, that were I not  
to strictly maintain my vigilance or be  
resolutely level-headed enough  
concerning such matters that  
realistically could disastrously affect me  
romantically, emotionally or even financially  
and thus proscribe my ability to pre-emptively  
and resourcefully head them off before they step  
in and, unfortunately for me, irreparably ruin  
the solace, peace of mind and the general  
contentment with life which I have,  
would unquestionably, I must confess,  
be nothing less than an out and  
out major catastrophe!

So why then, other than by virtue of temporary  
insanity, should I perversely risk any or all  
that I've diligently worked for in life and  
fortunately have for someone like you, who  
moreover is half my age, has nothing comparable  
in exchange to offer me, and whose personal life  
at twenty three has only just begun – even though  
it's been copiously littered, fraught with and  
punctuated by numerous contradictions,  
life-changing mistakes: some of them avoidably  
so but nevertheless dare-deviledly embarked  
upon by you and thoughtlessly brought  
upon yourself; or come to that  
ill-judgements galore?

While in marked contrast my life: very organized,  
considerably experienced and cerebrally thought  
out, couldn't be any more different from yours. And  
while too, sensibly, pragmatically and using every  
adjectival definition that I can think of to bolster  
this opinion of you and confidently reassure  
myself you're undeniably the wrong  
woman for me, why then is commonsense,  
notwithstanding all this and with its characteristically  
routine and punctiliously active participation in  
everything that I do; now choosing instead

to deliberately take a backseat in this  
singular confrontation between  
my heart and my head?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 April 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# The Immolation Of Jess Phillips And The Torturing Castration And Disembowelment Of Tom Watson!

By Stanley Collymore

She's no flaming Joan of Arc for sure is Jess Phillips  
nor even a piss poor replica of Boadicea come  
to it although she would dearly love to be  
classified as both or at least one of them.  
What however she is, and at her very  
best, is a delusional, psychopathic  
sociopath entangled with all the  
vile characteristics of an utterly  
demented and psychotic Rosemary West. And  
quite predictably for a Dyke driven and bi-  
sexual gender woman-cum-man the  
constituents of the Birmingham  
Yardley constituency might  
care to know that their  
psychologically unhinged  
MP characteristically for her  
and her unbalanced mental  
situation has additionally for strictly  
public consumption reasons on  
her part and clearly not for  
love or passionate affairs  
of the heart decided to  
conveniently adorn  
herself with the  
utterly requisite  
but even so non-  
descript and  
thoroughly  
compliant  
husband.

Just as she's schemingly and purposely chosen  
as her political abettor and close companion  
in calumny, back-stabbing and loathsome  
treachery in relation to Jeremy Corbyn

someone who likewise though clearly  
also revolting in nature isn't himself  
however actually up to the odious  
calibre or the splenetic character  
of the compulsively attention  
seeking dross, nor for that matter the Reality TV  
and its attendant fantasy world fascination that  
transparently constitute the heavenly bliss  
of the patently manic nerd Jess Phillips.  
Nevertheless this classical misfit of  
humanity has favourably found  
what she had been earnestly  
looking for as her political  
bastion and Useful Idiot: an  
similarly effeminate and Queer prone  
man personified in the detectably  
unimpressive representation,  
and not dissimilar from the  
representation of her own  
husband, of the prized  
moron, unforgettable  
simpleton, and the  
Deputy Leader  
of the Labour  
Party Tom  
Watson!

© more  
22August 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

In all my work which I've individually created and choose to post I make a point of giving an analysis of what I've done and represent this either as my personal remarks or appropriate comments. On this one occasion I will make an exception and insert into what I've done in relation to this poem and its attendant article the precise words of Jess Phillips and Tom Watson to exemplify the point I'm making in this specific work of mine. And here there are; first those of Jess Phillips.

"Jeremy [Corbyn] is not a good leader and not because he's a man. His biggest problem is that he's not me. And that's why if Jeremy wins the current

leadership contest I will be making a leadership challenge the very day of his victory. Furthermore I'm prepared if necessary to stand in up to five leadership challenges. Every couple of months if that's what it takes.

"Of course I shall learn from Angela Eagle's mistake of doing a completely shit job launching a coup. For instance, I will try to come up with some actual ideas and policies beforehand, instead of simply standing in an embarrassingly empty room and waving my hands about. However, like Angela I recognize the importance of making exaggerated claims of abuse from Corbyn supporting terrorist rabble thugs. And along with the fact that I'm not Jeremy or a man this will be the main plank of my leadership campaign. I may also make light of male suicide as I've done on previous occasions."

Told of Jess Phillips' plans this is what Tom Watson the Deputy Leader of the Labour Party had to say.

"I welcome Jess Phillips commitment to overthrowing the democratically elected leader of the Labour Party if that leader is Jeremy Corbyn. Democracy is alright I suppose, but if the Labour membership keeps voting for the wrong candidate then we'll make them vote again and again until eventually they choose the correct leader; basically anyone who doesn't actually have Labour values."

There you have it then. And these are the democrats and caring constituency MPs, they'll have you believe, and who want to run Britain, doing so they claim in a more democratic and responsible manner than allegedly Jeremy Corby would do. Or as I or any other sensible individual capable of thinking for ourselves will see and clearly recognize these Labtories for what they are, essentially nothing more or less than graspingly avaricious lowlife scum whom you're welcome to if you can't honestly see through them.

Finally, this is my uncompromising take on the entire situation. Speak softly and always carry a big stick! Furthermore, when someone individually or persons collectively premeditatedly, malevolently, earnestly, intentionally, willingly or deleteriously get in your way whatever the circumstances are or the anticipated outcome from any unwarranted confrontation with you and speculated on by either side turns out to be, you MUST act! As Jeremy Corbyn's supporters are unapologetically doing in his case.

That's the lesson I grew up with from my earliest childhood and fortunately for me coincides with the sensible philosophy and erudite genius of the Germans whom I immensely admire, deeply and enduring respect and have lived amongst

for the past 36 years.

Stanley Collymore

# The Incomparable Emily Thornberry - Labour Mp For Islington South And Finsbury

By Stanley Collymore

Exceedingly bright, of which there's absolutely no doubt whatsoever, and thoroughly refreshingly modern too in outlook, and this in marked contrast to your average and supposedly contemporary House of Commons MP or House of Lords politician blissfully living, as they're evidently resistant to change, in the dark ages of a bygone political and social era. Proficiently enlightened in your views and actions and complementarily gifted with a God-given, naturally appealing and a most positively communicable charm: all embracing and solidly reinforced by an irrefutably and fundamental grace that's characteristically and permanently emblematic of what unquestionably a particularly intelligent lady, in every affirmative perception and connotation of that word and who, moreover, is dazzlingly competent in everything she knowingly embarks upon; and without any invented airs or graces simply and expertly, as is her wont, ingeniously gets on with the job in hand. And quite noticeably too, all this against an amazingly robust backdrop of effervescent charm and a riveting and scintillating personality, the person whom this poem was conceived for and specifically written and is now enthusiastically dedicated, is the inimitable Emily Thornberry: loyal Labour Party member and the unselfishly hard-working and shrewd MP for Islington South and Finsbury. A most delightfully, in the bargain, entirely

spell-bindingly  
alluring, and  
enthraling  
woman!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
15 June 2017.

#### Author's Remarks.

This poem specifically written for and dedicated to Emily Thornberry, the British House of Commons MP for the constituency of Islington South and Finsbury in London, is all the same a deeply personal as well as a permanent tribute to each and every loyal and conscientious parliamentary Labour Party member who assiduously endeavours with every conscionable sinew of integrity in their bodies to unswervingly work in the best interests of as well as carry out their legal and ethical responsibilities as elected MPs, consistently and unshakably in the best interests of ALL of their constituents, without any bigoted or discriminatory agendas on their part regardless of who these members of our electorate, as is their democratic and constitutional right, chose to vote for; and, of course, in the process of this professional and principled stance also doing what's best for the overall well-being and benefit of our collective homeland Britain.

A salutary lesson of what democracy and political maturity is undoubtedly all about, that firmly resonates with people like me and is profusely perceptible in the honest opinions and trusted actions of Emily Thornberry MP.

Stanley Collymore

# The Incomparable Lady Whom I Dearly Love And Appreciatively And Proudly Call Mum!

By Stanley Collymore

Thanks for giving birth to me; and if perchance that wasn't what actually happened and consequently, as I see it, regrettably for me you couldn't have attained the personal and deserved status of being my biological mother thanks all the same for what indisputably you cleverly, diligently, efficiently and altruistically assumed, scrupulously embarked on and totally achieved, in what were perceptibly specific circumstances, a committedly decided upon remit of being the next best thing to actually conceiving me. And doing so in a resolute manner that could only have been so comprehensively, consummately and constructively undertaken by someone who not only gamely but also quite deservedly and enduringly falls into that exclusively illustrious category of being absolutely the most sincerely commendable parent and mother that any child, and most notably someone like me, could expectantly have aspired to having and, what's more fortunately and most gratifyingly in the process as well then managed to procure!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 March 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# The Inebriate Pragmatist

Some people drink to drown their sorrows, others to boost their shattered self-confidence; you however do so because the alcohol is freely available, there's plenty of it and, significantly, you like drinking for its own sake. Therefore, one doesn't get from you any cant or concocted excuses for your alcoholic pastime. If only more boozers were as honest as you are!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# The Inner Me

Let me take you to a place  
Where wishes are made  
And dreams come true;  
It's called my heart  
And is waiting  
For you!

Stanley Collymore

# The Inscrutable Mindset Of The Upper Class, British Brood Mare!

By Stanley Collymore

You cannot possibly have fallen in love with me, could you?  
For why on earth would you want to go and do something  
as daft as that, particularly when I'm so obviously out  
of your league? Let's face facts; you're a cultured,  
university-educated and, if you don't mind my  
saying so, a highly sophisticated and very  
knowledgeable woman of the world.

Furthermore, you easily move in all the  
right circles, something that evidently  
I don't and can't imagine with my  
background that I'd ever be  
allowed to; and I'm quite  
sure neither can you.

So why then, would you want to expend the  
effort; and most intriguingly what could  
possibly have possessed you to embark  
on essentially wasting your valuable  
time on someone who, in your  
societal terms, is so patiently  
unsuitable for you as I  
clearly am? It really does  
puzzle me, and logically  
makes no sense at  
all you must  
agree.

Unless, that is, it's a piece of purported rough in the  
shape of me that you're after, to help break the  
wearisome monotony coupled with the  
overarching sense of an enervating  
lack of purpose that you regularly  
experience, and which jointly  
and individually are inescapable parts of your  
upper class life that from birth you've been  
steadfastly conditioned to, meticulously

prepared for and most assiduously  
groomed, at least publicly so, for  
your principal and, it would  
appear, only meaningful  
roles in your high-society  
life - that of being the upper class and  
unquestioning child-producing  
mother first and foremost  
and secondarily a wife,  
destined in accordance with well-established  
hereditary and familial demands to be the  
indispensable and coveted brood mare  
dutifully prepared to produce the  
requisite and compulsory heir  
and, additionally as well,  
the expected and  
standby spare.

Other than that you're absolutely at liberty,  
it seems, to have and also pleasurably enjoy  
to the fullest all the lascivious and unbridled  
carnal fun you want with anyone, and that  
includes me - provided, of course, it's  
discreetly and clandestinely done.  
Perfectly straightforward and  
unambiguously explicit. So  
what then, tell me, has  
love got any thing  
to do with it?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 July 2014.

#### Author's Remarks:

Rampant classism coupled with a virulent and clandestine culture of eugenics are endemic to and very much embedded in the psyche of the British upper class, the country's aristocracy and most certainly so the British Royalty, its hangers-on and the political and economic establishments that self-servingly and even obsequiously support them.

This poem was largely inspired by Charlotte a former student of mine who

subsequently became and is still a close friend. Charlotte's background couldn't have been any more aristocratic than it was if either she or anyone else for that matter had wanted or tried to make it so; and in conversations I had with her I was left in no doubt that academically clever and highly intelligent as she evidently was, Charlotte had been conditioned from birth to unquestioningly accepting and not challenging in any way the private life style that her parents and those around them had determinedly mapped out for her and naturally expected her to conform to.

Although I could see it was a massive mistake on the part of this utterly charming and bright young lady to passively submit to what was expected of her I none the less studiously resisted all likely attempts on my part to interfere in what I saw and appreciated as Charlotte's private life, respecting her inalienable right to make up her mind how she wanted to live her life; even if that outcome was heavily influenced by her parents, other family members, hers or their friends.

However, when she asked me for my advice, fully cognisant that previously in our conversations I wasn't forthcoming with any of my own, I asked her if she really wanted to hear my honest opinion; and when she said yes I was accordingly polite but unstintingly forthright in what I had to say to her. Interestingly enough, Charlotte wasn't in the least taken aback by anything I said, appeared to accept my opinion and most significantly seemed particularly relieved that I'd given it. The upshot of which was that Charlotte resolved to immediately change not only her life's expectations but essentially as well set about dismantling in the process those which her parents, other family members and friends had formulated for her and expected her to consent to.

Fortified with this new assurance in herself she resolutely informed the principal playmakers in her life of her changed plans and courageously embarked on them; finding true love in the process with a man whose background was as different from hers as it could possibly get, but who fully cognisant not only of his reciprocal love for Charlotte and the huge societal sacrifice she'd made on his behalf, manfully stepped up to the plate and thoroughly justified the explicit faith that Charlotte had place in him emotionally, lovingly and in terms of enhancing his previously unspectacular work career.

Five years have elapsed since all this happened; Charlotte and her young man have meanwhile got married, are in a state of marital bliss, and are planning a family of their own. Additionally, broken fences between the married pair and Charlotte's own family have also been repaired largely due to the resoluteness that Charlotte showed from the outset of her landmark decision that she was

never going back to her former familial life style, and the eventual recognition and full acceptance by her family members and erstwhile friends that she meant every word of what she'd said.

A situation amelioratively eased by Charlotte's father. Of all his children Charlotte had always been his favourite and the apple of his eye and the grim prospect of him losing her forever and never ever getting the opportunity to know his grandchildren by her troubled him immensely he later confessed to her. So the sensible and only practical solution to permanently forestalling that was to honourably bury the hatchet on their differences, which thankfully was done.

Now I'm not naïve, have never been and don't envisage any situation where I will ever allow myself to be subjugated by such a puerile mindset, and consequently what I may have intentionally assisted Charlotte in satisfactorily accomplishing, I don't necessarily hold out as a panacea for everyone that find themselves in similar circumstances or who may have an identical familial background.

Old habits are extremely hard to break, and in Britain where the transparently detrimental - unless of course you're a complete nerd and absolutely incapable of noticing this - but nevertheless idiotically perceived and exceptionalist practice of classism is profoundly ingrained, it will, in my honest view, require a colossal, committedly collaborative and ongoing undertaking to efficiently and permanently eradicate it. Not at all an easy task considering the significant support, across the board, that classism openly, tacitly and even subconsciously enjoys within British society.

So where do I stand on all this? If that isn't obvious by now - and it should have been - then let me unapologetically, unambiguously and emphatically state that I'm a committed meritocrat that firmly believe that one's personal ability - and not an accident of birth, so-called social background or their familial standing or societal connections - should be the sole determinant factor in one's success and ongoing progress. Of course human beings not being perfect there'll be aberrations to this procedure; but these should be the exceptions rather than being the norm. And while every society will and must have its own distinguishing hierarchy this must equally be based on the principle of meritocracy and NOT hereditary exclusivity - or in blunt terms who your biological mother or alleged father actually fucked with!

So let's hope that Charlotte's story is a shot across the appropriate bows!

Stanley Collymore

# The Jess Phillips Phenomenon - Slime Masking As A Healing Lotion!

By Stanley Collymore

Only those who're psychologically lumbered with this curse, for that in reality is what it is, would know what it actually feels like not simply to be an ordinary idiot but crucially also a purblind one like Jess Phillips for example, and for whom it's patently obvious to anyone with a half-functioning brain, or who unlike the braying jackass Jess Phillips isn't thoroughly insane, that intelligence, commonsense and reason are alien factors to people like her and consequently in their discernibly pathetic and utterly mindboggling, puerile existence are certainly characteristics that aren't exigent in any relation to how these morons ravishingly go about feeding an uncontrolled irresponsibility.

A wholly delusional and essentially too a fantasy reality TV world which is unmistakably their permanent domain, and where quite frankly anything that even remotely smacks of principles, an estimable value system or basically just common-o-garden integrity is impossible for the Jess Phillips of this world to comprehend and consequently is promptly treated with the utmost suspicion, a consummate disdain and an intense and entirely undisguised hostility of the kind

that's unequivocally prevalent  
in their sordidly deleterious  
conniving and malicious  
actions against Jeremy Corbyn; and thus  
manifestly and quite unsurprisingly  
with their odious sort becomes  
their recognized trade mark  
and status quo situation.  
But how I earnestly  
wish that instead of the hapless  
grouse it was these lowlife  
scum like Jess Phillips  
and her throng who  
were calculatedly  
subjected to an  
authoritatively  
approved of  
bi-annual  
hunting  
season!

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12 August 2016.

Author's remarks:

There's an old moralistic and evidently sensible, for transparently obvious reasons, saying that those who as a consequence of their own deliberate, unthinking and downright stupid actions find themselves in a massive and calamitous hole of their own choosing and making should immediately stop the digging they are carrying on with. An intelligent conclusion, one would have thought, to readily suss out and competently implement if the person concerned has even a half-functioning brain lodged in their cranium that's physically embedded between their ears.

A pretty straightforward state of affairs for the likes of you and me, not that I'm suggesting we would have allowed ourselves to ever be in such a dire situation in the first place. But clearly definitively inured and blissfully happy with this morons, risibly pathetic clowns, ludicrously obsessive attention seekers, profoundly ingrained and dysfunctional incompetents while individually and collectively characteristically comprising a consummate array of human detritus, look no further than the novice - this lowlife nonentity only entered parliament

for the very first time after the 2015 British General Elections - Birmingham  
Yardley MP Jess Phillips!

Stanley Collymore

# The Lady Called Charlotte

By Stanley Collymore

Physically you're undeniably a very attractive young lady, and to even the most casual of observers or the amateur admirer, let alone a very seasoned connoisseur of the female anatomy like me, it's quite evidently a precise and an unbiased reasoned deduction that's indeed beyond any question.

But in addition to this rather appealing and manifestly incomparable elucidation of your natural and exquisite beauty, there's a delectably infectious charm and cultured dignity regarding you Charlotte - mutually commending virtues which aren't that easy to overlook or that one would capriciously dare to disdain; and themselves brilliantly juxtaposed with an absolutely mesmerizing, superbly eye-catching and discernibly charismatic personality generously nurtured by an informative, deeply ingrained, unmistakably inspiring and a noticeably, distinctive intellect by you, Lady Charlotte!

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6 September 2017.

Author's Remarks:

For some people there are multiple occasions when it occurs while for others just the infrequent chance or rare opportunity when, invariably and wholly unexpectedly, those affected pleasurable find themselves encountering situations that involve other persons or things which instantaneously for them, and subsequently ongoing in that same procedural vein, generate and inevitably have a thoroughly exciting, as well as a durably unalterable impact of a hugely beneficial nature and likewise on an imperturbably monumental scale on the fortunate beneficiary of that precise and rewarding encounter.

And there's nothing that could be more honestly and gratefully said in that particular respect than to truthfully verbalize the circumstances surrounding that most auspiciously enlivening and unforgettable encounter involving yourself  
Charlotte!

Stanley Collymore

# The Lowlife Labtory Scum Purging Principled Jeremy Corbyn's Voting Supporters.

By Stanley Collymore

We joined the Labour Party, even though at heart we're dyed in the wool Tories, since we knew from the very start, that despite being first rate scum and incontrovertibly the slime balls as you've probably guessed by now and furthermore will most certainly and analytically agree that we are, it was noticeably clear that not all of our sort could realistically or properly be accommodated in the unmistakably valued, amazingly inspiring and engrossing ranks of a totally alluring Conservative Nazi Party.

So here we are bold as brass and quite delightfully as Labtory infiltrators and carpetbaggers totally beside ourselves with glee as we happily kick the sorry asses of traditional and conscientious members of what unsurprisingly we derisively, quite disapprovingly, wilfully and most assuredly see as the old-fashioned socialist, very passé and 20th Century fascinated Labour Party. You know what I mean - loving your fellow man and all that completely demeaning stuff; and as if that of itself wasn't bad enough being expected too to be absolutely civilized to immigrants - well I ask you - instead of just simply and without any fuss debarring all of them from our country and, as is quite customary and most

economically beneficial  
for us, self-servingly  
exploiting them of  
course in their  
countries.

And that's why it's absolutely imperative for us as  
the sworn defenders who're also quite privileged  
to be acknowledged as the incumbent, valued  
and hierarchical members of our august  
body, and loyally endowed with the  
hallowed trust of our Labtory  
Plutocracy, to affirm, and not in the least  
troublingly so, that having from the  
very outset fully embraced this  
quite amazing phenomenon  
of Labtoryism, and ever  
since then have repeatedly, proudly,  
and unquestioningly been rather  
supportive of it as undeniably  
we still are; consequently it  
should be no surprise to  
anyone that, now as  
then, our personal  
sentiments have  
clearly stayed  
the same.

Constant not only in our inmost admiration  
for and devotion towards this remarkably  
impressive wonder of Labtoryism but  
also intensely inspired by the utter,  
astoundingly self-serving, most  
amazing to survey and the  
unrelentingly get filthy rich state of mind and  
self-individualism of our charismatic leader,  
mentor and mass murderer Tony Blair;  
the deliberate fiscal corruption deftly  
engineered by him, and with his  
timely departure obediently  
carried on by his most  
obliging and of one

mind, agreeable  
patsy Gordon  
Brown.

The Blair and Brown wilful actions of collaborative and individual public office malfeasance, and the ramifications of these, encompassing the banks, their bailouts and public lending procedures, the "miracle cure" of quantitative easing, the wholesale sell-off of our public utilities to corporate friends and campaign donors along with other national assets of ours to dubious and blatant tax dodgers. The furtive privatization of the NHS let's not forget and, as it happens, our illegal mass murdering war with Iraq and the occupation of that country; disastrous for the Iraqis of course but financially quite profitable, as it rightly should be for us - that must all be seen for what they truly are: seminal achievements in our contemporary history, and British enterprise at its very best, plus a worthy cause for celebration; not doleful regrets or chest-beating lamentations!

So carefully bearing in mind everything that's been previously and proudly said we Labtories would have to be absolutely brain-dead to willingly surrender most or even all of what we've deceitfully obtained over the years to Leftists like Jeremy Corbyn, who moreover would adamantly never consider, even for a solitary moment, appeasing any of us let alone ever choose to become a member of our Labtory movement. For clean as a whistle and much too principled by far for the

good of us, Jeremy does  
know the meaning  
of the word  
probity.  
Instinctively accepts his solemn obligations  
to all the people in the North Islington  
Constituency that elected him to the  
House of Commons and just as  
conscientiously honourably  
puts these into effect. Actions which  
make us Labtory parliamentarians  
look extremely bad politically  
and, naturally worrisomely,  
wondering what on earth  
next will he ominously  
unleash from within  
his ethical and clearly  
effective armoury -  
proscribing, God  
forbid, every  
snout in the  
trough  
MP?

A hopeless case then from our perspective is  
Jeremy Corbyn and, if you were to ask us,  
undoubtedly the wrong man for the job  
and not at all suitable to be the leader  
of the Labour party. And while it  
might seemingly and disturbingly appear to  
us and at first glance be plausibly gauged  
as an imponderable quest to more or  
less be embarking on: attempting  
to dilute or actually stem the  
surging flow of Jeremy  
Corbyn's enormous support; even so as  
redoubtable adherents of our Labtory  
Philosophy we must for that reason  
emphatically reject this sprouting  
excess of illusory leftist notions  
that could unavoidably and  
calamitously lure us into

passively settling for  
what's essentially  
a false sense  
of security.

Such a response, and one hardly worth thinking  
of, would be completely uncharacteristic of  
the mettle of us Laborties; however if it  
were to be left totally unchallenged  
could in time decidedly sow the  
seeds of an acquiescent and  
eventually as well an  
enfeebling and paralysing defeatism with all  
the inherent dangers therein of a nascent  
rebellion swiftly developing within  
our Labtory ranks on the crass  
assumption that we can't contain Jeremy  
Corbyn and therefore we must deal  
with him. That's totally absurd,  
as there're ways and means  
of successfully stopping  
him – distasteful it's  
true, but hugely  
effective all  
the same!

So under the banner of "no surrender" and with our  
prominent mentors and distinguished mass murderers  
Tony Blair and Gordon Brown leading the charge  
in this endeavour, we'll unashamedly resort to  
good old-fashioned skulduggery and rig the  
voting system by purging the contest  
of thousands of Jeremy Corbyn's  
supporters then publicly and dishonestly claim  
they're either entryists or else don't share the  
aims and values of the Labour Party and  
thus without fuss closing the door to  
them; while in the interim quite  
criminally nobbling Jeremy  
Corbyn's excellent chances of winning fair  
and square and, what's more, paving the  
way for one of the three nonentities:

Liz Kendall, Yvette Cooper and  
Andy Burnham, all of them  
Labyrinth and similarly in  
this Labour leadership  
competition, being  
falsely declared by  
that "apotheosis  
of democratic  
principles" Harriet  
Harman, as the new  
and undisputed  
leader of the  
Labour  
Party.

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1 September 2015.

#### Author's Remarks:

It has come to a fine pass, hasn't it, when the unmistakable integrity of genuinely principled members of any society but specifically for the purposes of this poem British society, and irrespective of whatever walk of life that these individuals come from: the ubiquitously social, educational, economic, religious or political, or the ethical values that they regard as precious and hold dear, rather than witnessing these said values embraced by others within their shared communities, proudly celebrated for what they clearly are, and furthermore are both encouragingly and warmly welcomed with open arms by them, disappointingly it must be said the upholders of such values invariably discover that they're not!

But instead are quite bizarrely, fraudulently and, frankly, totally and most unconscionably instinctively treated by the powers that be, the so-called mainstream media and their plethora of brain-dead, dim-witted, very easily and recurrently manipulated camp followers within the public arena as if these live paragons of virtue in our communities and the moral principles that they venerate and amply subscribe to are effectively the composite embodiment of the real live villains of the peace, the fulcrum as well as the very essence of recidivist criminality at large, and moreover that the genuine standard bearers of these values are persons that most perfidiously and inescapably if not stopped will constitute a gross, progressively enduring and a distinctly profoundly detrimental threat to every worthwhile aspect of our collective society.

When in actuality they quite evidently are not; wouldn't remotely in a month of Sundays ever contemplate becoming so or want to be such; and most definitely, other than in the fanciful, twisted or malevolent imaginations of those who're perversely sick in the head and deviously haven't these peoples' best interests at heart, don't represent any of those ignoble things.

Yet quite ironically, and most incredibly so, discernibly and insidiously evil mass murderers, endemic and compulsive perpetrators of war crimes and crimes against humanity, activities that are themselves then grievously compounded by the quite indefatigably and scrupulously serviced interests of contemporary and invasive acts of venal piracy conducted self-servingly by hubristic narcissists whose superseding motivation for carrying out these heinous acts of criminality are principally their own and those of their One Percent puppet masters.

Resulting in needless but nevertheless carefully orchestrated and destructive wars which the loathsome likes of British prime ministers Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and David Cameron together with their political, Civil Service and Ministry of Defence acolytes and coordinated by Britain's intelligence services and special forces like the SAS have and still infernally wage in the Global South and wherever else that it's financially profitable for them to, and with impunity, carry on doing so no matter what conscionable folk in their own country think about these discernible actions of state terrorism.

And notwithstanding that and additionally the distinctly irreparable harm and devastation that these activities have intentionally caused to these effected countries and their populations and continue to do so, most astoundingly it's these utterly reprehensible and diabolical specimens of humanity: unequivocally lowlife scum like Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Alistair Campbell, David Miliband, the detestable dwarf George Robertson, Margaret Beckett, blind twit David Blunkett, testosterone impacted Liz Kendall, repulsive House Nigger Chuka Umunna, space cadet Andy Burnham, wishy-washy Yvette Cooper, and Paedophile Information Exchange welcoming Harriet Harman, for example, on behalf of the Labtories; David Cameron, Philip Hammond, Michael Fallon, Oliver Letwin, Ian Duncan Smith, Theresa May, of course, and the remainder of their neoliberal, KKK affiliated lynch mob Tories linked unsurprisingly and wholly enthusiastically with the guaranteed unstinting and ever supportive complicity of their mainstream media embedded Useful Idiot stenographers and loquacious pundits that reliably churn out the totally corrupt and mendacious narratives that these present day Nazis, Fascists and Zionist markedly depend upon for their very existence, while at the same time creating a state of affairs that's completely at odds with reality; and to me it's absolutely reprehensible that in noticeably marked contrast to the

deeply “reviled” paragons of virtue in our societies like Jeremy Corbyn for example, it’s these sewer rats and odious slime balls who’re the ones that are recurrently given profuse media space and unstinting access to public platforms to air their racist, xenophobic and essentially neoliberal agendas that usually don’t work and in the rare instances that they do the benefits accrued from them aren’t intended for or do they go to the likes of you or me – oh no - but instead are specifically earmarked for these privileged pimps and their boss men and women that comprise the One Percent.

Contemptible narratives which have become not only widely accepted as the Gospel truth by considerable sections of our intellectually strangled and persistently manipulated public as inspirational traits to be fulsomely revered, embraced and wholeheartedly emulated but quite sickeningly too is now official government orthodoxy. And given this status by criminals that should legally be languishing in jail for their wrongdoings and not traversing our country or the rest of the world at will with their government endorsed impunity to do so; illegitimately making huge amounts of money in kickbacks and lucrative nest egg remuneration in relation to their actions, while in office, of public service malfeasance; and disdainfully sticking two fingers up at the rest of us as they tax free and in typical tax-evasion fashion laughingly and cheerfully salt these away in numbered accounts in overseas tax havens, quite frankly simply pisses me off!  
How about you?

Stanley Collymore

# The Lustful Burden Of Love!

Don't tell me; you've fallen in love again and this time it's for real! How many times have I previously heard from you that same old and unconvincing spiel? And when will you ever learn not to confuse love with lust, as time and time again you miserably fail to distinguish the one from the other or fully acknowledge that the two aren't by any means one and the same?

Lust, let me candidly spell it out for you, is the process where you do absolutely nothing at all to even remotely suppress the unbridled sexual urges that wantonly and lasciviously assail your yearning body as one would circumspectly expect you to do; love, however, while evidently recognizing and certainly willing to enjoy these state-of-affairs as well, nevertheless enjoins itself in a more dignified and erudite manner than lust is either capable of or could ever muster.

For although the carnal fascination, coital intentions and bonking routines are unmistakably the same with love as they obviously are with lust and prevalently there, lust's only aspirations are distinctly impermanent, short lived and offer no commitment at all, let's be perfectly clear; while for its part the emphasis of love is to secure a freehold of the chosen object's heart and

what's more do so on  
a committed and  
established  
basis.

© Stanley more  
27 January 2014.

Comment:

In our contemporary, western society where the expertise of wooing is a dying skill, leg-overs are considered far more interesting and important than leg-ups and as such made more welcome, and a well-placed knee slotted seductively between the thighs and complemented by an ostentatious grab of the buttocks, fondling of inviting tits and a concerted thrust of the tongue down the recipient's eager throat are now the customary mode of initial introductions between previous strangers to each other and bizarrely and quite delusionarily misrepresented as what realistically they inconceivably can never be; it's hardly surprising then that for sometime now, and significantly too at an alarming pace, what has resulted is a society largely comprised of dysfunctional oiks.

Oiks vainly searching amidst their "how's your father" escapades leading to sexual encounters that are seldom if ever earth shattering in nature, and which in turn give rise to the participants finding themselves either caught up or actively involved in serial acts of infidelity as they desperately embark on their fruitless search for the elusive Holy Grail of Love is sadly all too commonplace.

All the same I'd like to dedicate this poem to Ulrika Jonsson, Nigella Lawson, the late Jimmy Savile, Paddy Ashdown, Simon Cowell, Senator John McCain, Françoise Hollande and several others, including the many cuckolders and their offspring ignorant of their situation, who quite literally provided me with the inspiration to write it but who are far too numerous to mention here. Thank you all!

Stanley Collymore

# The Luxury Of Hindsight!

Would I really want to change anything  
if I had the chance to live my life all over again? My  
honest answer, with the full benefit of hindsight, is yes -  
I most certainly would! For there's the egalitarian period  
I went through, thinking that all I ever had to do -  
apart from being responsible and good - was to  
be my usual self with others; and, therefore,  
they'd not only understand but, more  
importantly, appreciate as well  
the human side of me:  
the inner man.

But this approach, alas, didn't work; and that trusting and  
naive phase of my developing, adult life was thankfully  
short-lived. A time when it seemed quite obvious  
to me that I was the only one who was always  
prepared to give while getting little  
or nothing back in return. Yet this  
discrepancy came not from  
casual strangers who  
I'd met, as one would normally  
expect, but overwhelmingly from those  
who'd seek me out - ostensibly, with  
no regret, to be the unwitting target of  
their contrived game. Simpletons?  
Or, more sinisterly, minds that  
were unhinged or, even  
worse, irrevocably  
deranged?

Nevertheless, I took a long, hard look at myself and decided  
there and then: that from that moment onwards I'd never  
knowingly allow either my abilities or ambitions to  
ever again be circumscribed or nullified by the  
cynical and selfish whims of women or men  
with parochial attitudes and jingoistic  
minds; or brains - it must be said - if  
previously they ever existed,  
were long since dead!

I was, after all, a free spirit: relatively wise, gifted and endowed with an astute mind and sound intelligence; none of which I was prepared to forfeit or willingly compromise. Consequently, I was determined that should I ever become personally involved again with someone of the opposite sex, the very essence of that quest would specifically be to find a partner of the cerebral kind: a genuinely discerning female with interests well beyond the latest banal TV soaps or fashion catalogues, with whom I could conduct a dialogue of substance; and not forever be immersed in a diatribe of facile discourse born of untutored thoughts: themselves reinforced by latent xenophobia and ignorance.

It's not as if the mating game or selfish and unthinking procreation - alas now rife - have suddenly and inexplicably become a major priority for me; let alone my sole remit in life. For what I value most of all in any relationship - great or small - are trust, respect, loyalty and genuine friendship: a sincere compact of lasting characteristics, which for me mean a great deal more than just hopping into bed at every turn or given opportunity with which I'm fed, to cover some compliant female: whose glaring inadequacies and striking ambivalence about her own sexuality and what she genuinely wants from life are a thinking man's graveyard; and very often, as well, the Genesis of immeasurable impending disappointments, unmitigating disasters and, unsurprisingly, unrelenting strife.

Therefore, whichever of the groupings you opt to fall into: my implacable enemy or devoted friend; it's against this backdrop, and it alone, that any objective judgements of me should be honed and ultimately depend - not based on idle speculation or wild, subjective perceptions gleaned from cursory snapshots fashioned arbitrarily that bear no true resemblance to this man you see, and whose ethical benchmark is his very own. Its moral standards set by him alone and not devised or influenced in any way, either by the

actions of others or what they have to say.

Stanley Collymore

# The Marital Bond!

By Stanley Collymore

The dawning of the upcoming day will joyously  
for us herald in an altogether new beginning in  
our individual and collective lives; for what's  
now indeed tomorrow and readily conceded  
as the imminent future will then certainly  
be the visible appearance of the present,  
signifying the inauguration and legal  
consolidation of a new and eagerly looking  
forward to relationship in our combined  
and reciprocally committed to each  
other marital life; that of a keenly  
amorous, forever considerate  
and committedly, beyond  
any doubt, affectionate  
at all times husband  
and most worthily  
romantic and, of  
course, loving  
husband and  
gorgeous  
wife!

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21 October 2015.

## Author's Comments:

There's a wise Barbadian saying that creatively put – what other method is there in well-educated Barbados? – humorously but equally eruditely states that the ardent Beau chases the cautious Belle until she eventually decides it's time to catch him. Well you know full well what I'm referring to the both of you, for the energy jointly created by you as well as the combustion generated between you two is considerably much more than what's required to keep any national grid: electricity or of any other kind, running if not in perpetuity then at least for decades to come (smile) .

Anyway, we all of us on both sides of your families most categorically join

together in congratulating you Louise: my truly adorable Barbadian cousin and Goddaughter and also you Heinz, my superbly brilliant, you always reminded me that you were anyway (smile) German, former university student – don't forget though the discounted price, as you'll soon be officially family now, that we agreed on, for my saying the above in relation to your brilliance and which you can now pay into my personal overseas bank account whose number I gave to you (laugh) .

Seriously though, your predictable – no puns from you young man for that's my job - engagement was a great source of joy to me, all of those who're closely connected to you and I'm absolutely certain too, as she freely confessed to me that it was, Louise as well. So naturally, we're all geared up for and eagerly anticipating the event itself and also the energetic celebrations that inevitably and most welcomingly will undoubtedly provide the rewarding focus of your upcoming and from the rest of us very supportive and festive wedding.

All the best to you Heinz and Louise! Superfluously reminding you, but I'll say it nevertheless, that your forthcoming marital union couldn't have happened to a nicer and more deserving couple. And personally I can't wait to be there! In the meantime, this poem: "The Marital Bond" is specifically written for and dedicated to you.

Stanley Collymore

# The Merited Moral Remembrance Of The Wilfully Massacred Residents Of Grenfell Tower

By Stanley Collymore

There're no words, however fluently or graphically expressed, that can truly describe the excruciating anguish gruesomely compounded by the dreadful horror that was graphically experienced by those that were unnecessarily but, all the same, calculatedly forced to die in the Grenfell Tower Inferno, relative to what they physically and psychologically endured during the final hour and minutes of their existence when it became noticeably obvious to them, that they were going to die in the most horrendous manner likely to be suffered by any ill-fated and wretched human being. Innocent and inestimable lives to all their dear ones and close friends now callously and forever cut short by means of the studiously pre-planned and energetically conjoined exertions of a borough council that fanatically, racially and socially, despicably abrogated its legal and ethical responsibilities of care towards those that are now, because of its derisive actions, dead; have additionally also morphed into, and become the mysteriously missing, or indifferently displaced, by what has so disastrously and horrendously been so sickeningly visited on them - from their deeply established, securely knit and interdependent locally based community.

A purposely conceived and concertedly executed  
&quot;accident&quot; that although determinedly long in  
the planning, none the less, was expectantly,  
impatiently and obsessively longed for by  
those waiting in the wings and who had  
themselves appreciatively initiated it,  
to permit it to actually happen; and  
now as expected in all its distressing apprehension  
ultimately brought to fruition as the world, and  
not just Britain, was shockingly forced to see,  
as the instantaneous and utterly devastating  
consequences of this indubitably criminal  
culpability, but nevertheless guaranteed  
Metropolitan Police together with the  
Department of Public Prosecutions  
(DPP) prearranged, prosecutorial  
immunity clandestinely granted  
as per usual to Kensington and  
Chelsea Borough Council; an overall act of  
criminality which is itself still purposely  
conjoined with the habitual unyielding  
reassurance of Britain's Nazi-Zionist  
corresponding racist, Tory regime's  
completest supporting of together  
with an unwavering doctrinaire  
protection of the Conservative  
run London borough council  
of Kensington and Chelsea's  
inflexibly committed to and  
distinctly demographically  
totalitarian German Third  
Reich inspired ethnic and  
social cleansing policies.

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29 June 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

And accounts for how local government authorities like Kensington and Chelsea  
Borough Council in avid conjunction and collaboration with their likemindedly

doctrinaire, hubristically and patronizingly disposed, closely knit and even incestuously endemically embroiled private sector accomplices in concertedly exercised acts of premeditated criminal culpability can quite literally and completely uncaringly get away with whatever criminal activity they either individually or more usually collectively decide to engage in; including acts like corporate mass murder as we've all graphically evidenced in the case of Grenfell Tower, instinctively knowing that there'll be an official and distinctly lying cover-up if things do go dramatically and publicly wrong for them, but all the same under any of their wilfully criminal circumstances they'll absolutely and unaccountably get away with whatever they've done. The classic whitewash in more ways than one!

Cognizant too, and all of the time, that they'll be effectively buttressed on that front by consummate braindead idiots within the British police forces, and in this specific case the Metropolitan Police Force - no stranger itself to institutionalized racism and rampant public office malfeasance - like Commander - of what exactly beats me, unless it's rank stupidity and unintelligible, intellectually challenged sycophancy - STUART CUNDY, whose body language totally contradicts the words he mechanically pukes out of his mouth whenever he speaks, and like his police colleagues in the Hillsborough catastrophe were quite willing to and actually did do in carrying out a massive cover-up of what genuinely happened then, and which Stuart Cundy, no lessons learnt by him for the simple reason that he evidently hasn't the intellectual acumen or the capability to do so, is in the case of the Grenfell Tower Inferno mass murders idiotically, as is his wont, trying to insultingly and similarly emulate.

Thankfully though those involved in trying to get real justice for the victims of the Grenfell Tower Inferno aren't prepared to take this public office malfeasance wilful abuse of power by the likes of Stuart Cundy lying down nor, for that matter, will they wait nearly three decades, as the Hillsborough campaigners were forced to do, to eventually see the first vestiges of light on the way to them ultimately achieving real and substantive justice for their dearly beloved and now enforcedly departed ones properly undertaken and ultimately done. And frankly and completely unapologetically, I'm 1000% in my committed support of them.

Stanley Collymore

# The Miracle Of That Very First Christmas

By Stanley Collymore

Pubescent in years she's known to be engaged to a man  
several years older than she is. Meanwhile she gets  
pregnant though not by the man she betrothed  
to, and what's more she audaciously tells  
him this all happened in mysterious  
circumstances which she can't  
explain or even fathom  
out how she ever got  
pregnant in the  
first place.

But all the same she expects her fiancé to accept  
her innocence in what has taken place and  
unquestioningly take her at her word.  
Rather trustingly, although understandably  
at first perplexed about his fiancée's  
condition, her partner does  
everything she persuasively asks of him  
because he loves and trusts her, ensuring in the process  
that an otherwise predictable scandal in the making  
and the inevitable social ostracism of his young  
bride to be by their community, were he to  
roundly reject her, is swiftly nipped in  
the bud and instantly averted.

Luckily as it turned out for this young woman and  
fortunately too for humanity as a whole and the  
world at large her fiancé did believe her  
implausible story; the resultant  
outcome of that momentous decision being that the child she  
eventually bore within the love of their unshakable unity  
coupled with the bizarre circumstances in which they  
found themselves, not only became a truly iconic  
figure and universal celebrity in his own right  
but significantly as well, throughout the  
ensuing centuries that followed his  
contentious birth and the historic

martyrdom that climaxed his  
death, a spiritual redeemer  
and lasting inspiration  
to mankind generally  
and Christians  
specifically.

Thankfully the genesis of all that occurred millennia ago, for it's a given even in the 21st Century: an enlightened era as it's hailed to be, if such an occurrence did happen for the first time today, or in anyway were simply to repeat itself in accordance with what transpired all that time before, no one would ever believe a word of it; with the man in question branded a groomer of underage girls and a paedophile; pilloried, prosecuted and imprisoned, knowing full well from his prison cell that his pregnant partner for her outrageous claim that hers is a virgin pregnancy would be publicly lambasted as a shameless hussy and an unmarried mum; have her son taken into care or just labelled as a fantasist at best; and at worst spitefully dammed and instantly dismissed as a barefaced liar and a calculating trollop out to get what publicity she could for her appalling notoriety, while determinedly intent on capitalizing on it to feather her own nest financially.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 December 2013.

Commentary:

Let me make it perfectly and unequivocally clear that paedophilia as etymologically defined and legally proscribed by the laws of the UK and those of all other civilized countries globally I've always found to be totally abhorrent, which is an adherence that's steadfast for me and that nothing will ever change in that regard.

That said I have a similar and implacable abhorrence and utter detestation for as well as a determined aversion to mindless vigilantes. People who're often troublesomely intellectually challenged; instinctively feral in character and

disposition; easily lead, because they're wholly incapable of thinking for themselves and so become easy prey for those with vested interests and pernicious agendas of their own to fulfil who know this and therefore are well disposed to eagerly manipulating such individuals through their simplistic, invariably misleading but deliberately concocted populist narratives.

Credulous persons that despite their other myriad failings are also persistent and incorrigible attention seekers who unsurprisingly jump on any available and convenient bandwagon which they consider is appropriate to adequately facilitate their stupidity, deflect attention away from their own miscreant behaviour and questionable morality, while at the same time hoping that their manipulated and sycophantically subscribed to actions will compensate for their marked lack of personal judgment and self worth.

The sort of mindless morons for example whose command and comprehension of the English Language, even though it's supposedly their native tongue, are so poor that they're wholly incapable of distinguishing the difference between a paedophile and a paediatrician, with several tragic instances recorded of innocent members of the latter profession having been gratuitously attacked, seriously injured and even forced to move home by viscous and baying mobs of so-called anti-paedophile vigilantes descending on them for the sins of actual or perceived paedophiles.

Curiously enough, from my perspective, the predatory shark feeding frenzy that instantaneously erupts within significant sections of British society each time an alleged incident of paedophilia or some other associated "crime" is reported in the media is to say the least particularly worrisome, bearing in mind the reality and social acceptability of marital unions between older men and much younger females, the betrothal of infants, particularly among Europe's royalty and aristocracy, that were acts replete across global cultures and societies in the past, and in 2013, a trend that significantly developed and intensified in the 20th Century and shows no signs whatsoever of letting up, is a commonplace feature and popular preference exercised nowadays by markedly older woman in their relentless search for generally perceived to be more virile and much younger men.

And let's not forget that as late as the 19th Century in Britain it was also socially acceptable an entrenched practice as well for lords of English manors whenever one of their peasant, usually farm workers on their huge estates, got married, permission this specific lord of the manor had to grant them before they were allowed to do so, that the bride in question on her wedding night had an obligation, which neither she nor her husband could duck out of or had any legal

recourse to prevent, that expressly determined she had had to sexually spend the time directly after her wedding, and that included her entire wedding night and however much longer after that the said lord of this manor dictated with him, with the ritual and one could say classic obsequiousness of her bridegroom physically taking his bride to the home of the man that would cover her as breeders do with horses.

Which makes a complete mockery in my view of these obsessive and predominantly English ancestry searches nowadays by Britons researching their alleged family trees, since by the time these brides were handed back to their lawful husbands they were invariably pregnant by their permitted seducer, and no amount of enthusiastic covering of their own which was subsequently carried out by these respective husband was going to diminish in any way or alter the indisputable fact that the children their wives bore, initially at any rate, and which they then took on the role of father to weren't their own, no matter how much they deluded themselves, wished it to be, and even accepted it as otherwise than what it really was.

Logically in any progressively minded society situations and attitudes are meant to change for the better and enlightened individuals, regardless of how entrenched these social customs or cultural conventions were, sensibly accept that they must go and as a result do everything in their power to ably assist this process. And the sexual, marital and conjugal relationships between ostensibly matured adults, of whatever gender, and legally acknowledged underage minors however physically developed these boys or girls are or how sexually aware they appear to be must rightfully in my opinion be socially circumscribed and the transgressors legally punished.

But playing Devil's Advocate here despite being a committed Christian myself, what's to stop an outright cynic or atheist from logically asking why does Christianity specifically and the other sections of the religious world in general, notably so the two monotheistic faiths of Judaism and Islam both of whom recognize the phenomenal importance of Jesus Christ and his "miraculous" birth, continue to laud not only his earthly works but significantly too the circumstances of his birth, the latter of which would be routinely condemned and dismissed as absolutely ludicrous as I said earlier in this piece were it to happen in any circumstance in the 21st Century? Food for thought, wouldn't you say?

This poem I must point out isn't something I decided to embark on because it's Christmas time and therefore felt it incumbent on me to do my bit during the Yuletide festival. Far from it, as I'm not a follower and specifically like doing my own thing and that applies equally to Christmas as it does to everything else. But

in 1984 I wrote, produced and directed a quite successful community play using this same theme as the core element of that play. The play had a number of favourable and well intentioned reviews and when one of the cast in the know let on that I was in the final stages of expanding the said play into a novel I had many enquiries and some very interesting offers to have this novel published.

I turned them all down, significantly because I don't need the money or am I desperate for the publicity, but principally because when I do have this novel, long completed, eventually published its publication will be on my terms as well as do full credit to the integrity of my work and what I specifically want to convey. In the meantime the novel itself and its title, a precautionary measure against plagiarism, will remain firmly under wraps until I determine otherwise; and for the time being I'm afraid you'll have to make do with this much later and contemporary poem.

Happy Christmas and enjoy it in the same spirit which you would wish for other to extend towards you.

Stanley Collymore

# The Modern And Meaningless Cult Of Mindless, Western Celebrity Figures

By Stanley Collymore

Quite seriously what on earth inexplicably conspires to cause supposedly ordinary individuals and even collectively as well large numbers of people to wantonly desert all apparent commonsensical notions of behaviour that one would normally have expected them to indulge in and cheerfully in their place stupidly affix their devoted and clearly committed loyalties to the manifestly ostentatiously misleading but all the same alluring mast of the generalized, massively harebrained, customarily contrived, invariably cynically, and the methodically manipulatively orchestrated by others measurably self-centredly induced versions of what in their delusional perceptions ought to establish and consequently must suit their rather skewed interpretation of what celebrity status is all about and who accordingly should either appreciatively be permitted to join or else be mockingly debarred from the ranks of this noticeably artificial and unscientifically based observation of theirs as to who is or shouldn't be graded as a celebrity status man or woman?

An entirely and unreservedly irrational loss of reason that is itself abysmally inculcated and furthermore intuitively followed up by a mindless and quite noticeably an explicit and decidedly uncaring unawareness of or else the irresponsible and deliberate discarding of either all or most of the tried and tested aspects that have favourably, genuinely and enduringly stood the rigorous test of time and

in the process of doing so confidently ensured that the crucial and salutary interests of all mankind would be and did substantially stand in good stead. Or instead, or am I to wonder, ought these commendable qualities to now be needlessly abandoned and no longer deemed as important assets much less so be viewed as indispensable ones to the conscientiously ongoing, apt and progressive enhancement of human kind; while those with unintelligibly and unwarrantedly substantial influence constantly do their level best to either profane every thing that's esoteric, or else transparently resort to circumscribing anything that rewardingly could be beneficial to even the most obdurately ill-informed mind!

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29 March 2016.

#### Author's Observations:

The word celebrity certainly has a long, very old and prestigious pedigree that goes back to the Latin word *celebritas* which was itself derived from an earlier Latin word *celeber* which was preceded by *celebr* whose meaning was "frequented or honoured." And down the ages these words passed into old French as *cebebrite*, and specifically because of the extremely close and enduring linguistic links which existed and still do between the English language and French and characteristically cemented primarily as a direct result of the 1066 Norman invasion, conquest and settlement first of England and later the entirety of the British Isles the word we're discussing here predictably made its way into the integrated Anglo-Saxon dialect as *celebrity*.

In contemporary English however the word *celebrity* commonly refers to a famous person and particularly so someone or persons involved in entertainment or sport and who are thus regarded as being known of by many people. But what are the true characteristics either of or correspondingly for the word *famous*? Interestingly enough no reference in that specific generalization is ever

consciously made about these individuals' intrinsic worth or lack of it as human beings, which I would have thought should have been fundamental characteristics that were genuinely requisite for anyone to possess that was considered whoever by as truly worthy of the definitions celebrity and famous.

Alas however that certainly isn't the case even when celebrity and famous can both turn out at times to be a most awkward and even a hugely problematical double-edged sword which can be dreadfully troublesome for those who're directly involved. For like the reverse side of a coin famous and celebrity have their flip sides as well with the words infamous and non-celebrity firmly embedded there and which can and do often sit uneasily and discomfitingly with the frequent and fatuous acclamation that is profusely and rather unwarrantedly given to those who were irresponsibly and brainlessly hailed as incontestably famous or eminent celebrity figures. And the name Jimmy Savile immediately comes to mind although he was by no means the only such person regrettably still alive or thankfully dead as he now is that appropriately and unquestionably falls into that flawed category, shall we charitably say, of universally applauded and dementedly lauded famous personalities and celebrities.

Even so the fundamental and still unresolved conundrum, although a number of conjectural hypotheses have at times been put forward for this ongoing state of affairs, is precisely why is it that so many people globally, but most particularly so in the west, are so evidently and intransigently mesmerized by as well as infernally and addictively hooked on this celebrity status cult obsession of significantly and more often than not exceedingly irrationally hero-worshipping other mortal human beings; and besides doing so unhesitatingly and without a solitary moment's thought or any consideration whatsoever in relation to factoring into that puerile and unthinking equation of theirs any attentive regard for the intrinsic human worth or inestimable moral value system or otherwise of those whom they've inanely and most self-indulgently placed atop of the pedestals usually built on the shifting sands of populous and capricious public opinion that they and others have self-satisfyingly erected at the time to their inglorious but wannabe &quot;immortalized&quot; celebrity heroes?

And I ask myself: &quot;How can anyone be so entirely lacking in self-worth that the only pride which they think they can realistically achieve and revel in is through the deluded notion of hero-worshipping someone else? Acknowledging that person's capabilities is one thing but hero-worshipping them to the point of idiotic fixation? Sorry to disappoint but that doesn't, never has or will it ever work for me! Not even in an inveterately class-obsessed and social climbing, cap-doffing Britain.&quot;



# The Pain Of Divorce!

By Stanley Collymore

The uneasy pain of divorce  
is often mitigated by the  
great relief of knowing  
that you've managed  
to escape the bad  
decision of  
marriage.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 August 2001.

Author's Thoughts:

Written on the date stated this poem: "The pain of divorce" is dedicated to Kate of Surrey who recently wrote and I quote:

"According to a survey, we are supposed to be at our happiest at 39, having a great job, home and soul mate. At 39 I was going through a divorce from my "soul mate" after finding out he was having an affair; was in a job I hated and was living in a rented house. Now, several years later, I am much happier, with a man who loves me, a job that challenges me and my own house. Happiness cannot be given an age - happiness is found when it is found!"

Well said Kate!

Stanley Collymore

# The Pangs Of Separation

I do feel alone but in no way lonely; nevertheless the rhythmic balance of assuredness that has always characterized my life, which I'm openly proud of, and have always quietly but resolutely encouraged has quite surprisingly been critically assailed by recent events: not least of them the unforeseen entrance of you into my life and in a manner that only a short while previously I would have sworn was practically impossible. Now with forced circumstances causing you to be away from me and leaving me here alone I think of nothing else but you, because I miss you so much. Oh the tortuous pangs of separation!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# The Perfidious Flight Of The Covert Dyke Queen Bee!

By Stanley Collymore

I woke up in the middle of the night sweating most profusely,  
what a dreadful fright, and earnestly sorely wondering what  
on earth was going on. For I'd earlier had this quite awful  
dream that Jeremy Corbyn was arrested on the specific  
orders of the British Home Secretary Theresa May,  
whose ministerial portfolio covers these sorts of  
mundane things, for being an illegal migrant  
living in Britain and who furthermore had  
had the sheer audacity and the galling temerity to  
brazenly stand for and even get himself elected  
33 years in succession as a most popular MP  
and, in addition, as we've recently seen as  
undeniably the massively chosen leader  
throughout the Labour movement;  
disregard the sick, sore losers  
and Labtory MPs, infecting  
the House of Commons  
with their presence,  
in the real British  
Labour Party.

His arrest immediately and naturally carried out through  
the courtesy of that ever obliging, criminal and quite  
sadistically murderous entity known as G4S; that,  
to put it mildly, are seasoned past masters in  
felonious activities like this. However, as  
normality returned and with it my usual  
composure I gradually realized it was  
simply an upsetting dream that had turned into  
an alarming nightmare and that probably had  
earlier and somewhat unconsciously been  
triggered, I dear say, by the distinctly  
racist, xenophobic migration speech  
tied to the mindless self-serving  
vituperation by Theresa May:  
the childless: small blessings  
shouldn't ever be ignored,

discernibly testosterone-  
driven and abhorrent  
third gender aspirant  
for the top job as leader  
of the Tory – forgive  
me and I do beg  
your pardon –  
Nasty Party!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 October 2015.

Author's Remarks:

Thank God we have the Conservative Party in Britain and pillocks like Theresa May in it to keep our minds intelligently and perceptively focused. For without them, obviously sane and intelligent people, of whom there are still some in the United Kingdom, could quite despairingly in this overtly racist, xenophobic, delusional, sickening and perverted society called Britain rather inadvertently but understandably so given the circumstances they're daily confronted with, actually think they're going mad like the rest of the British population; which manifestly they are not!

Personally, I'm very partial to ethnic cleansing in Britain provided of course we get rid of the MP scum in all parties, the paedophile practitioners and their Tory, Lib-Dem and Labtory protectors in conjunction with most of the powers that be and the British Establishment for whom such pernicious and sickening activities are a rite of passage; while leaving decent human beings, and that includes immigrants, to carry on developing Britain as it should be; and against all the odds hopefully transform it into a caring, equitable and a truly egalitarian country that commands the respect of the rest of the world, and doesn't have to gratuitously and unwarrantedly bomb the shits out of them to make our sanctimonious and hypocritical voices heard.

Stanley Collymore

# The Political Mood Has Drastically Changed And Momentum Is Now With Us!

By Stanley Collymore

For our incomparable leader Mr Jeremy Corbyn – who we don't need meaningless or disingenuous titles attached to him to recognize or accept either his compelling astuteness or his greatness – and with attendant heartfelt sentiments similarly bestowed on all present and prospective members and the several fully-fledged supporters of Momentum. And to our adversaries, detractors and critics: genuine or simply naturally delusional, unlike you, we comprehensively know, entirely understand, methodically appreciate wholeheartedly respect, and steadfastly support with every fibre of our body the precepts of genuine democracy – not the sham mirage which is passed off by odious charlatans as such – and, importantly too, won't depart one solitary iota from any of them. And that's why we'll eventually win and you, unless you transform your antediluvian, untenable, wholly unlawful and quite discriminatory ways, will unavoidably and deservedly lose. For put bluntly and compelled to face glaring facts; as you inevitably must, time, justice and irreversible change are most definitely on our side as is political momentum, which likewise is with us. And only doltish losers or those that clearly and fatuously are ensconced in their fantasy, virtual reality world totally removed, as that is, from all real life situations predictably won't ever be able to grapple with or understand any of that!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 November 2015.

Author's Remarks:

Politics should be about tackling serious and other key issues that impact on the daily lives of the citizens of the countries involved and where the politicians who're democratically entrusted with such power apply it to conscientiously deal with these issues in a mature and adult manner, and not aspire to joining or becoming members of ludicrously antiquated and privileged secret clubs that in reality have nothing to do with democracy or how effectively that country should be run; and I'm referring here specifically to the Privy Council. Unfortunately, however, that invariably is far from being the case and is itself often compounded by the fact that should anyone deviate from this accepted norm he or she rather than being seen as a welcome breath of fresh is on the contrary treated as a dangerous pariah and outcast that in no circumstances should be tolerated let alone belong to that assumed privileged club.

That's exactly the position that Jeremy Corbyn found himself in and because he does see such behaviour as utterly reprehensible, refuses to countenance or indulge in it, and furthermore makes his views unambiguously known in relation to such matters is therefore viewed as a dangerous threat.

Now sensible and intelligent people don't buy any of this nonsense and to assume or even assert that in the 21st Century this absurd form of outmoded behaviour should be seen and accepted as the fulcrum of civilized behaviour is rather nonsensical to say the very least. And popular though this conduct is with the overwhelming majority of snouts in the troughs MPs, Simon Danczuk among them; current or ex-public service officials financial pimps, of the "calibre" of John Scarlet, and the plethora of those that enthusiastically collude with each other and additionally go to great lengths to safeguard their own paedophilia practising, condoning and the intense safety of their friends comparable activities not only speaks volumes about these persons that in all conscientious terms constitute the individual and collective elements of the detritus of humanity that they undeniably are but also, in my opinion, equally demonstrate just how sick the country they infest is.

Stanley Collymore

# The Practical Response To Improper And Unwelcome Sexual Behaviour

By Stanley Collymore

You keep touching me like no other man has ever touched me before and young and sexually inexperienced though I might be I'm even so well aware that what you're doing is really all about you and most definitely not about me; and if you don't stop doing it immediately I shall be obliged to call the police; but then maybe not, for their bosses will only cover it up: paedophilia protectors and even practitioners themselves you see. So instead I shall self-defensively, as is my right, kick you with all my might where it truly hurts - smack bang in the middle of your very soon to be very swollen and painful goolies!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 October 2015.

## Author's Comments:

A young lady I met while travelling on a bus in the Southeast of England and who had sat next to and was on her way home from the college she attended noticing how engrossed I was at the time with my notepad which I always carry with me and the writing I was quite earnestly undertaking, obviously out of general curiosity first politely apologized and then asked me what I was doing; was I a teacher, a writer or a journalist? I smiled and told her I was all three of these. A conversation ensued and I explained that I was writing a poem. As it happened I had with me a few copies of previously written poems that I'd collected from the printing firm where I professionally have my personalized poems and posters done. As she was interested in seeing them I showed them to her.

She evidently liked them and asked what subject I taught. I told her and she said English was also her favourite subject, that she wanted to go on to university and hoped to major in it. Understandably I congratulated her on her sensible choice. She laughed and as our journey continued we built up a natural rapport with each other. Twenty minutes later we said a warm goodbye to each other as she prepared to get off at her stop while I continued on my journey home.

As fate would have it we ran into each other again but this time she was with a group of her friends who she introduced me to. As our encounter took place in the town centre this time we all of us mutually agreed to go to a coffee shop and socialize there. Quite an interesting and entertaining occasion it turned out to be too, leaving us all in stitches of laughter. And it was from one of the young ladies present and who cheerfully and voluntarily relayed her story that this poem I've now written was given birth to. She also said that she didn't mind in the least my turning it into a poem and the others likewise agreed.

This group consist of a superb bunch of lads and lasses who've clearly got their heads screwed on the right way; and with me, at their unanimous request conjoined with their parents' specific permission, I'm now acting as their informal "teacher", assessing their academic work and making constructive suggestions wherever appropriate both face to face when we meet up but more often than not when I'm out of the country. Politically they're also energized but I shan't say for which party or political leader as this is not a commercial (smile) . Suffice to say though their choices in both instances are spot on with mine!

Stanley Collymore

# The Proposal

By Stanley Collymore

You clearly make me feel extra special and totally out of this world as a human being if it's not a contradiction in terms of what I'm saying; but I'm positive that being who you are you doubtlessly know and completely understand what I'm lovingly and honestly communicating to you and therefore won't require of me any fancy or otherwise complex rationalization my cherished Darling. Except, of course, to distinctively clarify that with you having in the most exciting, rewarding, inspirational and fulfilling of circumstances I could ever have truthfully hoped for, and furthermore doing so of your own volition - well in effect with a little helpful persuasion from a specified Special Person - I would have had to be an absolute fool, wouldn't I, not to personally strengthen that undoubtedly enthralling and entirely advantageous situation which we were in by most pleasurably and shrewdly asking that you marry me, and consequently turning out to be the focal point of my life: a supportive, and indeed great wife!

© Stanley V. Collymore

1 September 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Everyone in Britain and several others beyond the UK's borders unless they're recent immigrants from some planetary system in the remotest outreaches of the Universe's galaxies - and even there I'm positive they not only have heard of but also know quite a bit about Jeremy Corbyn too - must be aware of the absolutely vitriolic, demented and malevolent attacks, smears, outright lies, fabrications, childish propaganda campaigns and the undoubtedly spiteful character assassinations - everything bar calling him the proverbial Christian or the principled human being that he undoubtedly is - idiotically orchestrated - these moronic buggers even collectively couldn't manage to unassisted navigate their way out of a sodden paper bag - and viciously directed against Jeremy Corbyn.

But amidst all this and as I've valiantly and will continue to fearlessly and vigorously do fight the cause of this noble man and worthy human being Jeremy Corbyn I haven't once overlooked or ever endeavoured to do so, and deeply and reciprocally in love with my absolutely gorgeous: both physically, intellectually and quite conscionably, German partner as I am, the impact that all of this has had on Jeremy's adorable wife Laura, who has herself with dignity, fortitude and civilized graciousness - something that categorically can't be said of these detritus lowlife specimens of purported humanity; verminous scum too is also a phraseology most fitting for all of them - weathered this tsunami of calculated and despicable hatred ferociously directed at her husband.

And it's with this very much in mind and complimentarily too that I've happily written this poem from the prospective of the proverbial fly on the wall and additionally giving full licence to my artistic capabilities and distinct leanings in this specific case decided to take this outstandingly remarkable married couple back to their celebrated courting days, the proposal of marriage, and their subsequent wedding. But please feel at liberty others of you who this poem either romantically or nostalgically touches to embrace it also as a tribute in your own personal situation.

Stanley Collymore

# The Rapist! (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

You boastfully claim you not only love sex and consequently in the bargain of doing so as the definitely skilled connoisseur that you openly say you are in expertly recognizing and when disposed to always befittingly addressing the sexual requirements of those who've been rather privileged to have themselves skilfully serviced by you, you additionally state in the most self-centred way that you can modestly manage to do that this state of affairs fully explains, or self-evidently should do, why it is that you're not only evidently and immensely empathetic towards sex but likewise in these expressed conditions are thoroughly addicted to it.

And therefore and quite understandably, as you additionally explain in your rather irrational and ridiculous manner, accounts for why you're obliged to habitually have sex, irrespective of whether those persons whom you've specifically selected for your routine occurrences of sexual manipulation and your individual glorification end up either meekly or even willingly eager and excitedly complying with your carnal demands of them as choice-less pawns in the matter, and then noticeably manipulatively swayed, in the interim, by you that what they're carnally ensuring isn't simply typical procedure, but furthermore is rightfully and compatibly for them an intensely innate and compelling desire which is both subconsciously and naturally being sprung from inside of them.

So driven by such irresistible cravings and indomitable circumstances then, the only realistic, sensible and rational response expected from them is not to pointlessly resist this enthralling and clearly

inevitable outcome, but instead to firmly and welcomingly, instantly, spiritedly, gratefully both go along with and completely embrace this arbitrary scenario that you always put to your star-crossed and helpless victims and therefore anticipatorily expect to superciliously from your obviously assumed position of total command and absolute influence over them casually and always easily get away without any punishments at all, with whatever it is that you persistently and evilly doing.

An absolute and uncompromising hubris on your part that countenances no understanding whatsoever of the orally expressed, emotionally demonstrated or the naturally connected with both of these and consequently the decidedly unflattering opinions regarding what you, as these victim's undisputed rapist, are coercively and unconscionably doing to them. Incidences that quite evidently don't matter in the slightest to you, or would they even when one factors into the other sexual abuses' equation what you are similarly desirous of perpetrating when indulging in your accustomed illegal and discernibly appalling sexually abusive behaviour.

For in your noticeably twisted, utterly sickening and totally egotistic calculation of this solely untenable and outright demeaning situation that you're always so desirous of imposing on others, and where the perverse evil of your hectic opportunism enmeshed supportively with the analysed deduction of your intensely believed in and just as inflexibly practised aberrant sexual actions are, in essence, as much an integral part of your own sexual exploitations as the habitually stipulated, diligently devised, established planning and the subsequent utilization of these numerous things that in turn, and matching these several other specified and sexual forms of human violations, do unambiguously, as a direct consequence of all this, unforgettably,

irrefutably and unforgivably in such  
circumstances, definitely sets you  
totally apart from conventional  
humans to struggle endlessly  
as what you clearly are and  
will always be, a highly  
revolting and a most  
uncharitable rapist!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
25 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

To start with, and in the process making it abundantly and unequivocally clear, this is no jumping onto any current or other bandwagon on my part regarding the issues of rape, sexual abuse and violence, which I've written about in this article and the attendant poem also entitled *The Rapist*.

And it has nothing at all to do with either insensitivity or the lack of a caring and empathetic attitude by me. Rather the contrary I would say. And to be perfectly honest with you my reason for purposefully taking this stance that jumping on bandwagons, and what's more gratuitously so, is totally alien to my character and something that I am adamantly, totally unapologetically and antipathetic towards.

For I utterly detest self-righteous, self-serving, bogus sanctimoniously and contrived grief and abhorrence prats of both genders, regardless of who they are, what they do for a living or have no such thing, or what power and influence they have over others, a situation that I never submit to and especially if it's a coercive or manipulative one.

So I'll be blunt! I consider rape and sexual abuse to be wrong and this irrespective and in line with whoever the perpetrators or the victims are.

Yes, it's a state of affairs that community-wise as well as globally has been around for millennia, but even so as mankind supposedly becomes better well-informed and more "civilized" and with the evils of rape and sexual abuse increasingly recognized and accepted as such it can only be hoped that these acts will be determinedly challenged, prosecuted - regardless of the social position of the perpetrators - and the REAL, as apart from the self-advertising and self-serving victims, more fully empathized with, given all the help they need

and appropriately compensated.

Stanley Collymore

# The Real, Welcome And Thankfully Blessed Threat Posed By Jeremy Corbyn!

By Stanley Collymore

Kiss her hand you ghastly, bearded Republican terrorist sympathizer and existential threat to our monarchical Britain! For how dare you anticipate ever being an authentic member of the Privy Council, the august body that advises Her Majesty, and not expect to kneel at our head of state's feet and adoringly kiss her hand, you disreputable, treacherous and absolutely insufferable man that without any quibbling or a shadow of doubt is a festering sore and gross insult to all of us proud, deeply loyal and patriotic subjects of HM the Queen and, of course, our intensely precious United Kingdom?

Yet, you have the gall, the sheer temerity and even the barefaced audacity, Jeremy Corbyn to actually call yourself an Englishman! How could you? Especially when our medieval system of entrenched class consciousness, quite formidably and privileged exceptionalism, routine nepotism and knowing our place in society; as those, who by divine right and born to rule the rest of us always know what's best for us - has continuously worked wonderfully well for our beloved country: comprising England, Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland, that we are acutely honoured to call Britain; and therefore must unchanged continue to do so without revolting notions of spurious meritocracy, social and

racial equality compounded by  
your untenable egalitarian  
meddling, never allowed  
to endanger any or all  
of this, Commissar  
Jeremy Corbyn!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 October 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# The Remarkable And Inescapable You!

By Stanley Collymore

A seemingly unknown entity yet quietly but confidently  
exuding a much wholesome warmth and engagingly  
effective inspiration epitomizing a character  
that's manifestly strong, unshakably  
vibrant and deeply enmeshed with a charming  
allure that is evidently all its own and which  
is endearingly wonderful to behold;  
more so as it instinctively evokes  
a primordial love and enduring  
respect for everything that's awe-inspiring and  
truly marvellous about human kind, giving  
rise to a veritable inestimable woman  
that's certainly beyond comparison  
and most gratefully, one must  
unequivocally agree,  
worthily so!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
2 May 2014.

## Author's Remarks

Periodically general events, the significance of whose occurrence at the time may have unconsciously gone unnoticed, unexpectedly resurrect themselves to establish situations that ultimately become hugely inspirational and even momentous in the life of that particular person; this is one such occasion.

Stanley Collymore

# The Resilient And Highly Civilizing Gypsy In Me!

By Stanley Collymore

You're by far much more than simply cleverly outstanding Nicole Barr, as unquestionably you're perceptibly as well a vibrant and undoubtedly a confirmed intellectual star; for academically-wise and in every other feasible respect that one can realistically recognize, accept and additionally as well futuristically proudly contemplate, your innate qualities conjoined with your erudite nature and conspicuously cerebrally mature disposition discernibly demonstrate not only your amazing scholarly capabilities but also the maliciously untold and unheralded ones, both individually and collectively, of your people that notwithstanding them is nevertheless either resentfully ignored, dismissively vilified or else contemptuously denigrated, and that the grudging highlighting of your truly outstanding, intellectual acumen placing you, and most ironically so, as one of the "Travelling People" atop the steeple not just of your Romani Gypsy Nation but all humanity, will henceforth most surely and justifiably frustrate, negate and hopefully as well permanently eradicate the negative connotations contemptibly levelled at you and your people. Meanwhile, my sincerest congratulations to you for what at 12 years old you've most wonderfully and quite remarkably in every possible way visibly done!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 August 2015.

### Author's Remarks:

Gypsy or Romani people are Europe's oldest deep-rooted and longstanding resident population that migrated to the European continent initially from the Indian Sub-continent several millennia years ago. Mistakenly referred to by the very much later and markedly increasingly numerical numbers of settlers of white Caucasian stock as Gypsies, because it was ignorantly perceived by these white newcomers that those whom they found in Europe and had preceded them there had originally come from Egypt hence the expression universally applied to them of Gypsy, and that over successive generations has persistently been employed as a racist and vilifying term of abuse by these Johnny-and-Jane-come-lateleys against these original, and by any realistic definition of the word authentic inhabitants of Europe; the Gypsies or Romani people have also over the centuries systematic and barbarically been subjected to, and still are quite unwarrantedly treated in this most despicable manner in 2015, to the worst kinds of gratuitous prejudices, abuses and blatant criminal injustices suffered by any people on Earth other than arguably Blacks.

For just one example of this Gypsies were savagely rounded up, transported to and instantaneously exterminated in their millions in multiple death and concentration camps across Europe at the time of Europe's holocaust and the Nazis and fascists control of the European continent but unlike some highly favoured and noticeably graspingly greedy enfant terrible who've made the most monetarily and still carry on doing so from Europe's compensation payouts while paradoxically and in typical Stockholm Syndrome infested style are now carrying out their own dementedly inflicted holocaust against the Palestinian people, the Gypsies in manifestly marked contrast and to this very day have not received a single Euro for the immense tribulations which they themselves have similarly suffered, or are they in the prevailing climate of intolerance and racist attitudes prevalent across Europe ever likely to do so.

Therefore, as a Black person and whose own ancestors were savagely subjected for centuries to the barbarities of the Transatlantic and Caribbean Slave Trade, it's with great humility but also with enormous pride that I greatly and most sincerely congratulate Nicole Barr on her fantastic success, commend her on it, and genuinely extend my very best wishes currently and also for the future to her and her people. And in full Barbadian solidarity say: "Much respect to you young lady! "

Stanley Collymore

# The Ridiculous Mind Games Of A Narcissistic Lover

By Stanley Collymore

If as you say you're reciprocally in love with someone and additionally an quite ostentatiously make that personal declaration of yours well known, why then do you feel it incumbent on you and therefore necessary too to demand of that allegedly special person an unqualified explanation of, if and why it is that that particular individual still loves you? Since reciprocation, the noun form of the adverb reciprocally that you've openly and freely used in relation to this supposedly special person, unquestionably means that you and whoever it is that you've partnered with have of your own volition voluntarily embarked on the relationship you're sharing. Which prompts the obvious question then, and not least so from the concerned perspective of this involved person as well as the uneasy opinion of anyone who's vaguely in the least interested in this clearly narcissistic discourse that you are pandering to about your love; what the precisely is it you're trying to prove?

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16 February 2017.

## Author's Comments:

Yes! There are sadomasochists involved in practically every aspect of everyday human life: persons wholly lacking in self-worth, devoid of any noticeable acquisition or demonstration of commonsensical behaviour much less so discernible intellectual acumen but, all the same, whose activities, both individually and collectively, can and do cause irreparable harm to those whom they overtly or even surreptitiously indulge their brainless, self-dependency leanings, wanton and avaricious yearnings along with their pernicious activities overall, gratifyingly with.

Personal indulgences you might say; and therefore are perfectly permissible among consenting adults in the privacy of their homes or private lives and certainly alright within the environs of a vibrant and progressive democracy and its objectively thinking and pragmatically practising citizens, in relation to what other people quite lawfully do with their lives inside that that country; and I wholeheartedly agree.

However when demented sadomasochism combines, I believe, with compulsive control-freakism, that's altogether a wholly different matter regardless of what society that they emerge in and manage to ingratiate themselves in. For I firmly believe that in such vile and threatening situations they mustn't, with their undercurrent of moral and societal aberrations and their attendant consequences, be so easily, glibly and broad-mindedly be accepted much less so encouraged.

Stanley Collymore

# The Scum Uk Caretaker Politicians And Civil Servants Running Britain For Zionist-Apartheid Israel

By Stanley Collymore

How does it feel Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Jack Straw, Alistair Campbell, Margaret Beckett, Alistair Darling, Geoff Hoon, Harriet Harman and you the insipid runt, George Robertson among the numerous other complicit Labtory hierarchy lowlife scum and wilful perpetrators of heinous war crimes, crimes against humanity and the sickening toll of Iraqi and Afghanistan mass murdering deaths that you callously authorized and savagely engaged in; comprehensively snuffing out in acts that were unquestionably sadistic, hate-filled and thoroughly insane, millions of Iraqi and Afghan lives in your insidiously contrived, fanatically orchestrated and fraudulently implemented, fictional war on terror games; and all of this graspingly, avariciously and fixatedly done for the sake of the archetypical filthy lucre; in other words, purely for financial gain!

And on the other side of this barbarously minted coin and themselves firmly ensconced in the bosom of the true Tory Party, expediently conjoined with its Lib-Dem conspirators, are the privileged oiks of conservatism: primarily among them Dave Cameron, Philip Hammond, Michael Fallon and Theresa May the incumbent Home Secretary wholly and fanatically supported by a rather desperately keen to stay in their august mass murdering company – that said however,

it's a dead certainty that in his decidedly brain dead  
and lunatic idiocy the Department of Works  
and Pensions bogus complimentary  
literature inventor and social climber, Ian Duncan  
Smith will forthwith and absolutely fail to grasp  
the sarcastic irony risibly levelled at him  
by me and which pointedly mocks  
his discernibly pervasive stupidity. But then  
all of them, individually and collectively  
too, sadistically and hubristically, yet  
to all sane and logical minds  
unintelligibly so, never the  
less shamelessly think  
nothing of celebrating  
and glad-handing  
each other on  
their certifiably  
established  
notoriety.

The ritual salutation of those whose self-serving individualism  
continues to critically infect our nation as these public figures,  
but essentially veritable scum, obsessively carry on to  
graspingly and with a rapacious intensity rake in  
the dosh that financially is a must, criminal  
pay off for their exhibited and executed  
feral propensity at having recurrently and quite sickeningly  
for personal monetary gain uncaringly taken the lives of  
millions of innocent civilians, and just as heartlessly  
turned millions more into hopelessly despairing  
and hapless refugees from all across the deeply  
traumatically-affected, Global South states  
patronizingly perceived by these white  
Caucasian, primordial executioners  
and their off the leash invading  
and occupation armed forces  
killers, as basically fair  
game, Third World  
and immaterial  
countries.

And as the millions of Pounds Sterling in personal bribes,

white collar graft and deep-pocket remuneration that copiously and totally unhindered continue to roll in on behalf of these politicians from their treacherous, multitudinous and markedly monstrous acts of astonishing public office malfeasance, these lowlife scum whether from the government positions they've been tactically given, their Official Opposition in the House of Commons front bench standing which they've undeservingly acquired; now, both egotistically and pompously and not forgetting the superb opportunity to profitably and greedily misuse, longingly want at any cost to hang on to.

Or on the other hand the out of office, retired, kicked upstairs to the House of Lords, or the electorate rejected scumbags: indisputable and wholly unconscionable sewer rats all of them, whether of the one-eyed variety from north of the English border or his type from the leafy suburbs of the English Home Counties, still trying and regrettably habitually succeeding in exerting their perfidious political influence on all us; knowing perfectly well that should anything go seriously wrong they can always concoct a phoney inquiry to deceptively massage the rot just as they've been assiduously doing for the past four years now in relation to the Iraq one; and in that ongoing catastrophe chaired by one of their dependable toadies like

Chilcot!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 August 2015.

Author's Remarks:

Treachery and self-serving betrayal of Blighty are nothing new to the privileged and their camp followers in our country. It was widespread and even rampant in the lead up to World War II and was carried on regardless even during the war years by elements among the UK's aristocracy, public school educated establishment "elites", politicians and to a considerable degree some prominent members – family souvenir Nazi salute or not – within the British royalty.

There was even the infamous Nazi death squad camp operatives well known in Germany as "Das britische Freikorps" made up exclusively of wholly volunteer and committed white Britons, Australians, Canadians and New Zealander members.

So it comes as no surprise to me, even in what's undeniably a new century, to be observing in 2015 the like-minded contemporary progeny of these odious scumbags doing exactly the same in relation to the United Kingdom.

Stanley Collymore

# The Seductive Atmosphere Of St. Valentine's Day!

By Stanley Collymore

I promise to love you in every conceivable way that there is and moreover for as long as I humanly can; never to intentionally lie to you, emotionally deceive you, cause you personal anguish by my behaviour towards you - whether thoughtlessly or otherwise embarked upon - and to let no action, come what may, heedlessly essay to ever split us apart or unduly sway what I personally and powerfully feel for you and treasure most deeply within my heart.

But also permit me to candidly say that as much as I resolutely care about you and me being together as one; profoundly respect and passionately love you in every way that it's possible for a woman to ever love a man, and in that regard where you're concerned I categorically do, I none the less do intrinsically need to retain something for me that's exclusively mine, and which I really can't or won't ever let go of, however persuasive or engagingly so the seductive overtures and the complementary Siren Song might be of time!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 February 2015.

## Author's Remarks

This poem consciously written from a female perspective and assuredly as well

my longstanding (from puberty onwards into adulthood actually) and committedly held point of view that in the arena of love absolute equality must at all times be an undisguised pre-requisite and salient factor in all amorous relationships between the two genders of our distinctive human race, is none the less dedicated to all those - whether committedly, casually or hopefully so - who at this time of the year are recurrently and ritually turning their concerted attentions and romantic designs to matters of the heart.

Stanley Collymore

# The Taste Of Freedom

Fly bird! Fly high and far away from here.  
Spread your wings as never before, for  
you have your freedom now and it's  
yours to do with as you please  
away from your gilded cage.  
And for my part I truly  
wish you all the  
luck in the  
world.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
7 February 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# The Thrilling Intimacy And Efficacious Attributes Of The Shower!

Profusely and consistently you rain down the determined strength and required temperature of the water I need onto my naked body and in such an invigorating and sensual way that with each concerted and concentrated spray you release, you instantaneously and seductively evoke in me a compellingly vibrant air of spirited ecstasy that comfortingly and transformatively, conspiratorially does all sorts of quite interesting and profoundly erotic things to me.

For example, you both stimulate and energize me physically and emotionally evoking within my mind and receptive body innumerable and distinctly wondrous sensations of the cosmic kind that throughout the entire duration of my enlivening shower, courtesy of your sustainable deluge that you so gratifyingly deliver and effortlessly too with my fullest cooperation, transport me magically and escapably out of my earthly self.

And, what's more, in such an unequivocal manner, like nothing else that in the given circumstances I can readily remember or think of with such candour or consummate dedication; except, of course, the fulfilling realization of a mind-blowing orgasm. But rather personally, as I'm absolutely sure you'll understandably

and fully agree with me,  
that's altogether and  
essentially a wholly  
different matter  
entirely!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 March 2015.

Author's personal observation:

I've never been enamoured with, or am I ever likely to be, by the bathtub or whoever it was that was responsible for creating it in the first place; so you'll doubtlessly detect from that statement that I utterly detest bathing in a bathtub and accordingly resolutely eschew having anything whatsoever to do with such contraptions however ornate or seemingly appealing they might appear to be. That's my personal opinion, I know, and I fair-mindedly recognize that there're others who emphatically take a diametrically opposed point of view to my own; and I both accept and respect their right to do so. In marked contrast, however, I'm ecstatically in love with the shower and have been ever since my earliest childhood.

Hygienic reasons aside, aspects both foremost and logically in my mind, I've never been partial to nor even remotely disposed to first submerging and then proceeding to wash my entire body, head to toe, in the same container of easily contaminated water even with the sparing, as is customarily the case in the UK, availability of a bidet before I did so – and for perfectly obvious reasons to anyone who is even minimally hygienic by disposition.

The overwhelming majority of homes in the United Kingdom, even in 2015, are instinctively constructed without the prospect let alone the reality of having bidets installed in them, and where such bidets do occur they're either speciality features unilaterally introduced by progressive house builders or else the personal requests to them by potential house buyers; or failing either of these two things the result of individual bathroom conversions by the respective home purchasers or owners of specific local residences.

Which says a lot, if you want my honest opinion, of the lax and widespread approach of a vast number of Britons across the board – as it's not just a class orientated thing – to the issue of personal hygiene not only at home but also in public conveniences and the like, as I've previously articulated and condemnatorily and meticulously reported.

So all hail to the illustrious shower – domestic and public– and the serious promotion and execution of personal hygiene in Britain, unabashedly and unrepentantly say I!

Stanley Collymore

# The True Essence Of Friendship

By Stanley Collymore

Strangers aren't necessarily only people whom you've never met, since conceivably they can also be persons whom you've individually known all or most of your life! A clear contradiction in logical terms I hear you say? No! It certainly isn't in actuality; because strangers, just like friends, is a state of mind whose prevalent wellbeing, or lack of it, is found in your personal psyche and stems directly and unmistakably, as well as indisputably from the original and subsequently too, the enduring impression which that person has determinedly had and therefore continues to maintain on you.

And you, Sylvia Tara, unquestionably radiate the genuine characteristics which on objective observation and analysis do direct one to sensibly and astutely contemplate that acquiring your acquaintance and afterwards possibly and opportunely becoming a friend too evidently could not on that person's part be a finer aspiration!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
29 December 2016.

Author's remarks:

The festive season that comprises Christmas and the New Year is customarily, and rather amusingly as well, quite interesting to watch, as it's the time in many

peoples' lives when they endeavour either quite seriously or else merely instinctively and unthinkingly to put a positive spin on their individual life and with hopeful expectations seek to improve on it. But while some succeed in their earnest bid to do so others most unfortunately fail dismally in their attempt to attain even their transiently held expectations, and prompts the very obvious question, which of these two categories are you in?

Relax! It's not a judgemental castigation of you and whatever decision you choose to opt for is essentially your own; and whether given in earnestness is sustained; eventually abandoned or non-reciprocated is a life's lesson that will doubtlessly be food for thought I quite imagine and future actions, as well as a thoroughly personal assessment that's hopefully honest and straightforward in relation to one's self.

Taking a calculated leap into the dark undoubtedly has its numerous thrills as well as myriad opportunities for both success and failure; but success however and whenever it comes is never conceived, born or fully achieved without taking that quantum leap into the unknown. So my advice, for what it's worth, is to go for it!

Instinctively inspired by Sylvia Tara this poem is altruistically written for and also dedicated to her and everyone else who genuinely wants to see and moreover help contribute towards making the world we all of us currently live in an infinitely better one. So with that firmly in mind; Happy New Year To All of You!

Stanley Collymore

# The Ukip-Topian, Sociopathic Delusions Of Natasha Bolter!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm genuinely an aspiring politician who will forever endeavour, if people allow me to, to do the very best that I can for my country, those who authentically belong to it, have the inalienable right too not only to be resident in it but also to permanently control as well as determine how it's run; and together with that warrantable point of view will understandably feel as passionately about Britain and British values as I do.

That's why having become utterly disillusioned with the Labour party of which I was once an active member, I Natasha Bolter decisively quit forthwith to become an ardent standard bearer for UKIP whose views and policies: when of course the latter are properly thought out, codified, become generally known and accordingly are publicly presented for everyone to see, must surely in those circumstances convince you all why UKIP is undeniably the only progressive and sensible way forward towards justly reclaiming our stolen British sovereignty along with our highly prized and privileged national identity; and not unnaturally therefore has rapidly proved to be such a compellingly attractive political alternative for numerous and deeply

patriotic British  
subjects who're  
very much  
like me!

A far cry, I must confess, from Ed Miliband's ruinous  
leftie lot and even David Cameron's pussyfooting  
Tories who're pathetically soft on and quite  
noticeably as well even rather indulgent  
as regards the particularly serious  
and highly damaging matter of  
mass immigration into Britain.

Something that as a major fillip economically,  
culturally and linguistically too must right away  
be reversed and a stop permanently applied  
to; and the only plausible and realistic  
policies to dauntingly guarantee  
these necessary targets are  
those that are fervently  
championed by and  
campaigned for  
by my party  
UKIP.

And being a highly educated woman with a prestigious  
Oxford University degree - never mind that the  
records kept by that educational institution  
are somewhat remiss in failing to  
confirm this and no one  
associated with Oxford University has ever heard  
about me - I've nevertheless since my switch to  
UKIP have mentally, physically, emotionally  
and even sexually courageously and freely  
given my all as I've sought to and, additionally,  
arguably managed in the process to impress  
upon the hierarchy of my party per se,  
and most especially its election  
chief of the day Roger Bird, my  
acquired and growing reputation;  
that I am indeed a woman of  
substance who not only  
means business but also

resolutely as well  
keeps her every  
texted and  
spoken  
word.

Even so, and most regrettably I must admit, among leading lights in UKIP who out of their pernicious jealousy are desperately trying to marginalize me, my demonstrable loyalty unhappily appears to have been sadly misplaced - divisively engendering an unforgivable affront to me and similarly creating unwanted opprobrium for the party. And who, putting my perfectly legitimate and distinctly private even if allegedly unrequited amorous ambitions and attentions aside, have most categorically been quite remiss in not readily perceiving and fully acknowledging the obvious pulling power that tactically can both be harnessed and wielded on UKIP's behalf by a thoroughly committed, quite extraordinary I do believe and, very much in line with the unfeigned mindset of every other UKIP adherent too: indisputably unabashed and, can I also honestly say to you, absolutely sociopathic fantasists just like me.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 December 2014.

Author's critique:

Those of you who are regular readers of my poetry will be well acquainted with the fact that normally I append an appropriate remark, commentary or observation corresponding to that particular poem at the end of each of them. However on this occasion and for perfectly sound and logical reasons that will fully manifest themselves in the very near future, I've decided to desist from

doing so this time avoiding what would obviously be the case of later needlessly repeating myself were I, nevertheless, cognisant of that realization still went ahead and acted as I usually do; diminishing in the process the informative, upcoming and most significantly a related journalistic story tied up with this poem that I am presently working on. That said, though, no such restrictions of any kind are being levelled at you by me.

However, there are a couple of things I must say, as it would be very remiss of me not to do so, and which quite relevantly and objectively pertain to immigration within Britain that have ludicrously but all the same very conveniently become the preponderant and populist hobby horse for all and sundry to mount and rather stridently display their myriad and dysfunctional inadequacies. Activities not only confined to UKIP but are also very much cross party in their nature and deeply incorporated just as principally within the Labour, Conservative and Lib-Dem parties saliently political fellow travellers of the likes of UKIP and together with vast numbers of the British public as well, collectively and asininely think and even, either wilfully or ignorantly, pathetically delude themselves accordingly that the whole of Britain is a country grossly and intolerably from their skewed point of view saturated with seemingly unstoppable hordes of immigrants who have no reasonable right to be here and crucially are not of white Caucasian origin.

Reality though is infinitely much different since neither Britain nor the rest of Europe for that matter, and that without a doubt includes the entire continent itself, is either demographically, economically, politically, culturally or linguistically dominated, owned, controlled or in fact administered by any other race of people but white Caucasians; one noticeably important fact among numerous others and that is also undeniably true of every European government, both past and present, that there has ever been.

So what's your problem morons, as if Id didn't already know, other than your disquieting and extremely difficult to live with, ongoing guilt and its myriad attendant demons causing you in your concentrated and intractable paranoia to constantly brood over the morbid fantasy which you've managed to create and maintain that those globally whom your delinquent forbearers and additionally yourselves have historically, grotesquely maltreated, displaced, appropriated their countries and even substantial continents from as well as otherwise rather systematically and horrendously ill-treated in a multiplicity of ways, a state of affairs that in a miscellany of ways is still an ongoing matter in 2014, will someday collectively, in your head, seek proper revenge and do the same to you.

Epitomizing most effectively in your case what bullying but cowardly bastards the lot of you are - quite handy apparently in dishing out on the one hand and at will your sadistic barbarity but on the other astonishingly shit scared of the likely consequences for yourselves when as it happens your pathological fear gets the better of you and deludes you into thinking and even believing that those whom for centuries you've gravely wronged might at long last decide to strike back in similar fashion. A situation that most ironically you would categorize and even claim to be intolerable.

But seriously ask yourselves how realistic is such a scenario? After all if non-Caucasians are as barbaric and, consequently, highly undesirable to have around you as you try to make out that they undoubtedly are, to cite just one principal example of many to debunk this attitude and skewed reasoning there would have been no America today if that were the case. For had it not been for the explicit beneficence and overall altruism of the Native American the initial European pioneers, whatever their motives for venturing to this previously unknown to them land, would have all perished and with their demise would likewise have followed the certain collapse of the undertaking which led to the ultimate colonization and brutal appropriation of the North American continent, as well as the identical fate of the entire so-called New World regions by expressly white Caucasian immigrants from across the entire European continent, in tandem with the unmitigated disasters and still very much experienced traumas purposely inflicted by these white interlopers on the distinctly indigenous peoples who'd been so good and generous to them. An utterly savage and profoundly pernicious pattern of behaviour that was subsequently exercised by Europeans all over the globe.

What's more, particularly so in the case of England and de facto the rest of Britain this island home of ours has effectively for millennia now been recurrently a haven for immigrants from all over the place; the first of these, as the late and highly distinguished historian, and equally a truly remarkable human being, Professor Basil Davidson in his exceedingly brilliant Africa documentary series succinctly pointed out, being the Celts whose black ancestors originated from Africa. And likewise as Peter Fryer, incidentally like Professor Davidson also white and British, concisely and informatively outlined in his much acclaimed book: *Staying Power, the history of Black People in Britain*, Blacks, as he laudably noted in the first paragraph of that said book had been in Britain long before either the Angles or Saxons - who by no stretch of the imagination constituted a homogenous entity but were rather two distinctly separate and Germanic tribes that rather nonsensically have been fictionally and fraudulently promulgated by white supremacist advocates as the indigenous inhabitants of England, when realistically and historically nothing could be further from the truth - ever set foot

on the British Isles.

And sensibly, and more pertinently logically, with virtual non-stop immigration of all sorts into England and the rest of Britain over the past centuries, and moreover with the attendant interbreeding and resultant procreation of their progenies an inevitable consequence, who the hell apart from a purblind lunatic or else a totally malevolent and political moron could with a straight face definitively state that either he or she is a bona fide Angle or Saxon, or even a mixture of both? And that's distinctly without factoring into the equation that even in 2014, officially some 36% of British women, a figure that keeps rising, not only regularly cuckold their husbands or partners but as well deviously get them to unwittingly father children that they either didn't or couldn't for azospermiacal reasons - essentially they sexually just fired blanks - have sired.

And it's not rocket science even without having had any knowledge of the detailed and also well-documented evidence of the times but of which there's undeniably plenty of such data available, of what routinely transpired in the past. For example, rape and pillaging generally regarded as rites of passage and pleasurable pastimes for those who were engaging in them; the incessant and systematic infidelity carried on by multiple members of the British royal families, the aristocracy and, of course, the landed gentry - how unvarying in that specific regard have things solidly remained as they were, eh? The rampant utilization, more in hope than actual expectation, of the mechanism generally referred to as the chastity belt both as a moral and or a physical sexual constraint on wives, mistresses, and even adult, unmarried daughters either by manifestly misogynistic or deeply troubled and insecure men involved in these women's lives and absolutely determined to prevent them, in what was invariably a futile bid anyway, from willingly and unquestionably, pleasurably at the time indulging in evidently clandestine sexual relationships, even though these could very well have ended up proving to be either a risky or very hazardous business for the men they took as lovers, as well as themselves.

Nevertheless, the growth of the chastity belt business became an enterprise that proved to be both a lucrative and on the more personal front a very rewarding one, if you get my drift, for flexible locksmiths who were prepared to combine their regular work of manufacturing these chastity belts for their male customers with that of, let's say, accommodately unpicking on a quid pro quo basis these identical belts worn by their grateful female clients when their men folk and, of course, the locksmiths' financially important male customers who were the ones that commissioned these vast range of chastity belts in the first place and literally comprised monarchs, princes, the nobility and commoners alike who could afford to pay for them were away from home, usually for lengthy periods of

time, to make war rather than being at home and making love.

So as is currently the case in 21st Century Britain even with the benefit and precision back-up of scientific DNA testing, a strategy previously unheard of and therefore not available in the past, there was similarly then a hell of a lot of people that were born but whose pretentiously stated biological ancestry - either unwittingly to them and also others who like them were not in the know, or else fully aware of the true situation nevertheless deliberately chose to conceal it - wasn't what they would fraudulently have the general public assume their pretend lineage to be. A decedent scenario, essentially, that by no means or in any way was strictly limited to the ordinary subjects of Blighty but rather went all the way up the hierarchal "family" tree of the British aristocracy and Royal Family.

Sorry therefore but you're going to have to properly research and honestly enlighten yourself about all of this; that's assuming of course you've either the wit, presence of mind, or the will power to do so. Since it's rudimentary commonsense I believe, and several years in education at every possible level have confidently confirmed this, that the best and most effective ways to get students to appropriately discover and preserve relevant information is to point them in the right direction in the first place and afterwards persuasively get them to scrupulously research what they come up with. For whenever a vivacious mind is positively coordinated in this analytical procedure of searching and eventually consolidating what it has unearthed, things invariably do tend to stick and remain deeply embedded in that particular mind, resulting usually in the end of that specific problem.

And trust me; there's an impressive array of accurately based, professionally researched and well documented information out there not only in libraries but also on reputable sites comprehensively detailing the aforementioned matters that I've raised, as well as completely delineating the UK's demographic composition right through the past centuries; immigration into the country starting from the thawing of the Ice Age, and how and why it all came about. And, therefore, crucially preventing you from being just another opportune and rather useful idiot unthinkingly swept along in the iniquitously manipulative and profoundly, perniciously, populist maelstrom of fraudulent mind games cynically fashioned, routinely played and quite callously exploited, expressly doing so for their own power hungry and financially avaricious advantage, by Britain's political parties and their self-seeking leaders.

But what's particularly sickening and deeply offensive to any right-thinking person I believe but, all the same, would otherwise probably be regarded as the

pathetically perverse and even laughable ranting of utter dimwits if these individuals involved were just regular members of the public, is the unbelievably appalling, markedly racist and xenophobic posturing on, of all things, immigration in the United Kingdom by Britain's garrulous, immeasurably privileged, manifestly imperialistically-minded and political class.

Who, to be perfectly honest with you, is decidedly nothing more than a viciously malevolent pack of prowlingly rapacious, extremely ostentatious, mentally unhinged and absolutely self-seeking jerks; instinctively given to publicly and childishly gloating, as we regularly witness at Prime Minister's question time in the House of Commons, at the inflicted expense of their hapless victims. Absolutely contemptible charlatans the lot of them both in and outside of the Houses of Parliament with household names like Nigel Farage, David Cameron, Ed Miliband and his brother David, Peter Mandelson, Michael Howard, Boris Johnson and the rest of their loathsome ilk among them readily coming to mind. And who paradoxically all have distinctly pronounced and markedly contemporary immigrant roots, being themselves either first generation Britons or actually having been born outside the UK.

But even more tellingly so would in the case of a number of them never have been born had their frantic parents not successfully managed to use Britain, and especially England, as a bolthole from the savagery of the Nazis and fascists of mainland Europe and their inevitable rendezvous with the Grim Reaper in the death camps and gas chambers that awaited them. The same fucking savagery that they ostensibly would like to mete out to what they would consider as Die Untermenschen von Grossbritannien!

Some gratitude eh?

For those of you that neither speak nor write German that literally translates into English as the "Undesirables" - a most beloved Nazi word extensively used by the Master Race against those whom they regarded as being vastly inferior to themselves and therefore not worthy of life. Yet ironically those religiously aping the policies of the Third Reich are insufferably the cheerleaders of Zionist apartheid Israel; furthermore, racist-inclined are committed Zionists themselves but who are most quick to persistently, rather subjectively and quite avariciously use Europe's holocaust as a battering ram against the consciences of those of us that weren't even born then for their own financial and political ends, and in essence have themselves become the New Nazis!

What human filth we have living among us and most loathsomely as well run our country, or else wish to do so. Not rocket science that if anyone should be

expelled from Britain who the most logical and obligatory candidates should be!

Stanley Collymore

# The Ultimate Insult!

By Stanley Collymore

What's the actual difference between what Germany's Third Reich and its allies did, and the mindset lurking behind it, during World War II and the attitude now exemplified by these Khazar-Yiddish fake "Jews" who 72 years after World War II has ended still carry on ad nauseum moaning about what happened to their Zionist sort then as they none the less consistently and blatantly milk Europe's holocaust for every penny that they can get from them doing so.

And what ignorant mother fuckers like this Yid Rabbi Shlomo Mimad in Yidland are tirelessly doing to the Palestinians whose country they've brutally stolen, and whose native inhabitants they've either systematically practised genocide against or else brutally expelled from their homes and lands; and yet not happy with all of this still want to do more horrendous things to the existing Palestinians.

To which I publicly, quite unashamedly and similarly unapologetically say: "What an awful pity, in these characteristically western, hypocritical and vile double standards circumstances, that the war time Germany's Third Reich government didn't completely accomplish its most earnest and justifiable ambition of the Final Solution in relation to these dissolute and truly unpleasant, white trash Lowlifes and inured graspingly Zionist Untermenschen!

Author's Remarks:

Rabbi Shlomo Mimad's intention is to have the Yidland national authority poison all the water sources in the Palestinian West Bank with the sole purpose of arbitrarily pushing out all Palestinians that live there from their towns and cities in order to allow Yid settlers to take over more Palestinian lands.

Significantly and predictably there has been no criticism of this Rabbi's remarks in Yidland or any western country, either at government level or in the western mainstream media. An undoubted marked contrast from what would have been the case if this was a Palestinian official or religious leader saying a similar thing in relation to Yidland's settlers' water supplies. And there would have been no end to their condemnation of their fabricated use of the over-worked and long discredited term of anti-Semitism, and most ironically so because these Khazar-descended Yids aren't Semites while in total contrast the Palestinians are genetically, biologically and undeniably true Semites.

But these numbskulls who instinctively and fraudulently use this terminology for Yid are too dim-witted to know or research this basic piece of information, and not unsurprisingly since it fits in markedly with their racist, white supremacist, exceptionalist and Zionist master race plans

In fact, Yidland authorities recently cut off the water supplies from Northern cities in the West Bank of Palestine during the hottest days of the month of Ramadan, when Muslims fast from sunrise to sunset. Appalling double standards that white western regimes persistently turn a blind eye to or else covertly condone.

All of which is no different in attitude from what is and has for some time now been going on in Nazi-Zionist Britain and across the white west generally but with two major differences. Germany's Third Reich was openly honest about what it was actually doing all the time. Which is considerably more than one can ever say for the mother-fucking Nazi Zionists who on behalf of Yidland and Rogue State USA supervise the national affairs of the United Kingdom.

To which I publicly, unashamedly and unapologetically say: "What a dreadful pity, in these circumstances, that Germany's Third Reich didn't fully realize its ambition of the Final Solution relative to these white trash, Lowlifes and Zionist sub-humans!

Stanley Collymore

# The Ultimate Sexual Liberator, Mentor And Reliable Friend!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm not being extreme - I kid you not - in saying that a full-throated fear it seems has gripped a growing accumulation of extremely concerned citizens within the United Kingdom who're volubly conveying their severe consternation at what has extravagantly been classed as the newest technical revolution, in terms that is, of an enormously important sexual transformation in relation to how most British people it's feared will in the near future conduct their own individual coital deportment, attendant as well it's being optimistically guaranteed through the revolutionary creation and of course readily accessible implementation of a sexual contraption: in short a robotic machine, that's being vaingloriously touted by those jubilantly responsible for its invention along with others personally associated with its fulsome and unstinting promotion as a superbly amazing development relative to the utmost prospective of coital prospects and quite unsurprisingly far reaching success!

The supreme assertion by the creators, supporters and detractors of this robotic contraption of the stupendous achievement in the personal goal of the critical ambition of the longstanding quest, as one should have guessed, on the

part of pubescent youngsters in the first flush of sexual cognizance as well as the impassioned yearnings of the average adult male and female for the truthfully exceptional realization of an unrivalled sexual experience, characteristic emotional liberation and a truly indescribably coital satisfaction which in itself and by all accounts was extravagantly said to have previously been unsurpassed by none!

But can this actually be true? And should ordinary people be seriously worried, if concerned at all, about this latest and explicitly much avowed mechanical invention, however technically pioneering, sexually tempting or robotic that its supposed potential is effusively declared to be; specifically designed it's claimed by robotics expert Dr. Kathleen Richardson not simply to enhance coition but in reality additionally take over all features of what until that time and customarily so were the individual's own autonomously instituted and personalized sexual decisions? Really? And contentedly abandon good old fashioned, conventional, secretive, entirely at will, meticulously risk free and moreover personally satisfying masturbation?

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18 June 2016.

Author's Remarks:

To each their own I say; but I don't think that with intelligent, sensible and logical persons able to think for themselves and act accordingly in their own best interests and very much unlike the plethora of brain-dead morons who can't and thus rely on equally pathetic and moronic individuals to do theirs for them and additionally tell them what to do, that this latest robotic contraction will have any traction whatsoever with the aforementioned persons I referred to at the start of this assertion; and among whom I count myself!



# The Undisputed, Clear And R.H Reasoning For Not Littering In Barbados (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

That Cleanliness is next to Godliness is a cultural, spiritual and hygienic mantra consciously, meticulously and assiduously embedded in as well as purposely drilled into the psyche of every one of us Bajans is an incontestable fact that is beyond disputation. A vocation, so to speak, that having been realized from birth, is willingly carried out during our growing up years as developing children and teenagers, conscientiously there afterwards forms a fundamental element of our normal lives and established adult existence. A situation that's constantly complemented throughout all this with a straight-up, uncompromising, unequivocal, direct and a no-nonsense admonition automatically and resolutely managed by our politicians, family and community elders, social advisors, teachers, cultural, devout and educational mentors; our many principled, committed, communal and ethical purveyors and consequently, not inexplicably against that permanent and municipal backdrop, a rather understandable and expected response were Bajans regardless of the occurrence or avowed pretext to thoughtlessly, forgetfully or intentionally depart from this generally recognized, freely accepted, widely observed, profoundly ingrained unmistakably enduring and furthermore, a culturally enduring obligation and expectation.

So it was always a no-brainer in these aforesaid and acknowledged conditions to envisage that folk, either patently local or who otherwise were themselves holidaymakers on vacation to

our Caribbean island abrogating these particular, social, cultural, hygienic and moral exhortations which are so indubitably immersed in the psyche of all Barbadians wouldn't distress, make angry and even indisputably alarm concerned Bajans perfectly incensed by this noticeably thoughtless and utterly loutish behaviour. And whose natural response in typical Barbadian vernacular will obviously be to curtly, but with characteristic Bajan humour too, energetically exhort such noticeably selfish and inconsiderate persons to unambiguously R.H. well halt their exasperating actions, cease littering, and through this procedure do every principled Barbadian a massive favour!

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12 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

For decades now, and most sickeningly and increasing so, this Planet Earth that all of us who were born and are currently living here, and moreover quite involuntarily from our respective point of view because none of us had any choice in the matter or any participation whatsoever in the acts that initiated and brought about our conception or actual birth but, all the same call home, has shamefully and devastatingly been polluted in a diversity of ways which aren't just highly detrimental to ourselves and our own kind but correspondingly so to all other forms of life that similarly and with every right and lawful justification to do so as we do, crucially too inhabit the earth.

And the striking thing from my personal point of view and that of others of a similar opinion is that this sort of reckless, despicable and despondently unsustainable conduct need not carry on happening; but does so all the same. And the transparent and principal motivation behind it all is the obviously clutching avariciousness and pernicious greed associated with millions of people globally from mass producers of consumer products, their retailers and quite

clearly their mindless consumers. All this insidiously combined with a dishonest thoughtlessness, no concern as regards their really sickeningly and thoroughly disgusting actions by those directly involved in or who otherwise are themselves very supportive of this incredible contamination and mindlessly uncaring destruction prevalently but oh so pointlessly and quite malevolently inflicted on Mother Earth as well as its diverse animal, plant, creature and human inhabitants.

The kind of pollution and mindboggling destruction that not only affects earth's land species, large or small, that together with ourselves utilize this planet as home and where many other land-based animals and diverse other creatures do their level best to survive, but equally and markedly increasingly so in this strikingly ominous process Planet Earth's seas and oceans. A noticeable and unmistakably catastrophic situation where all forms of sea mammals and other forms of life that populate the seas and oceans of the world that we all share and have done so for millennia, and in many instances for far longer than human beings have done, are not only and increasingly being put at severe risk but are also dying in considerable numbers from our grotesque inhumanity and barbarity as human beings, a state of affairs which is itself wilfully and uncaringly spurred on, in the most narcissistic manner, by the exclusive birth monster of human selfishness and obdurate stupidity that if not sensibly checked and massively put into permanent reverse will see the eventual eradication of the world's diverse species of land and sea animals, other presently but evidently perilously living creatures, as well as dangerously threaten mankind's own future existence.

For let's be perfectly frank and furthermore be unequivocally honest about all this. Animals other than the human kind don't intentionally plan to or otherwise pollute and destroy their own environment, neither do they purposely attempt to and actually do so without a solitary moment's thought for or any consideration whatsoever in relation to what they're inimically doing or worst so what lasting or even permanent effect their activities when carried out will unashamedly and cruelly disadvantageously have on others. A most dubious distinction and seemingly mammoth and perverse pride that only human beings callously claim.

So it's with tremendous admiration and enormous pride that I both welcome and applaud my fellow Barbadians both in their astute recognition and consummate maturity for tenaciously tackling and maintaining the hygienic integrity and beautiful environment of our cherished Barbados. While, at the same time, in definitely straightforward and robust but classically humorous Bajan terms warning off and likewise exhorting polluters of our country and their ilk, whether they're local or foreign visitors to our idyllic tropical shores, to R.H well, while there, NOT litter in any conceivable way or despoil the natural and picturesque

land and sea environments of our cherished homeland, Barbados.

Stanley Collymore

# The Upcoming And Creditable Murder Of Rupert Murdoch!

By Stanley Collymore

A preferably sadistically slow, brutal and calculated death most fittingly becomes you Rupert Murdoch along with the coterie of similar and likeminded lowlife detritus toadies you've always surrounded yourself with and transparently encompass a debilitatingly repressive environment and one constantly in situ of pure evil whose tangibly fetid smell absolutely rampantly apparent as the constituent elements of that self-same evil itself, which co-existently knows no bounds and truthfully have been around much too long.

And in the process both permanently and toxically have uncaringly carried on contaminating as well as effectively destroying like an invasive and lingering cancer everything of value around you that you either personally touch or by virtue of your corrosive influence and death like frown invariably put the curse of Hades upon. That's why like every item well past its natural sell by date you Rupert Murdoch and yours must as such summarily and wholly uncompromisingly be ruthlessly removed, not for recycling but instead comprehensive eradication. Gun, I.E.D, engineered auto crash, private plane detonation or the common-o-garden machete it really doesn't matter in the least, as long as you are conclusively gone!

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1 August 2016.

Author's Remarks:

The waters of the Atlantic Ocean and to a lesser extent those of the Caribbean Sea abound with predatory sharks; and during the centuries' long epoch of white Caucasian, Jewish and Arab assisted sadistically contrived, barbarically enforced and massively financially profited from Trans-Atlantic Black African Slavery the ancestors of what are today's Atlantic Ocean and Caribbean Sea sharks routinely feasted royally in their aquatic domain on the Black bodies - alive as well as already dead - of kidnapped Africans liberally, sumptuously but quite indifferently at the same time from the perspective of these African captives or those that survived them, served up to these predatory and voraciously devouring sharks from the hellish bowels of the commercial slave ships from which they were now wantonly and unceremoniously discharged.

Often as a means it must be stated of lessening the ships ballast as their captains and crews desperately endeavoured to outrun hostile and dangerously predatory competitors determined to deprive these threatened ships of their valuable human cargo; forestall a similar loss as regards approaching or caught up in Atlantic Ocean or Caribbean hurricanes; dispense with rebellious slaves on board in order to teach the other slaves a crucial lesson; or simply for obvious health reasons by necessarily dispensing with the several dead bodies that had accrued on board among the tightly packed and permanently shackled Black slaves in these ships holds during the four thousand miles Trans-Atlantic sea journey from Africa to the West Indies.

Individuals: Every one of them with their own personal characteristics like you and me, but all of whom were nevertheless categorized and designated simply as cargo, never as human beings, and as such could be and were customarily and expediently dispensed with, without a moment's consideration or hesitation, through the process of being thrown overboard, dead or alive, as was casually deemed to be appropriate, from the ships they were in to the treacherously dangerous yet paradoxically for many of the slaves a blessed and merciful release, from their point of view, psychological as well as a physiological liberating experience into the waters of the ocean deep; instilling in generations of Black Caribbeans and centuries on both fear and a profound reverence for sharks in equal measure.

And curiously with the abolition of slavery and the complete eradication of the slave ships that supplied this loathsome and barbaric trade in Black human lives the incidences of shark attacks, either in the Atlantic Ocean in the waters off

those Caribbean islands like Barbados with an Atlantic coastline or the vast majority of them located in the Caribbean Sea, have drastically declined and to the point that in contemporary times and most certainly at the present time there are virtually unheard of; and have long given rise to a local fable that the spirits of our Black ancestors and those of the sharks that previously devoured them at the behest of white, Jewish and Arab slavers have mutually reached an honourable agreement which entails that the Black descendants of the Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade be spared all such human traumas in the waters off our islands, and in return our sharks will be conserved, which they certainly are. An excellent relationship all round!

However, there are quite disingenuously deceptive, unquestionably treacherous and predatorily dangerous leviathans relative to the Caribbean marine environment which lurk menacingly, though thankfully far out to sea and well away from the coastlines of these idyllic tropical islands, and with which Black Caribbeans have no empathy whatsoever with or any reverence for and will therefore happily kill if and when they come across them.

One of them is the deep-sea octopus - not to be confused with the rather friendly, totally harmless, basically shy and locally referred to in Barbados as the Sea-Cat, which is a much smaller and variant species of the octopus family that roams freely and wholly unmolested in the in-shore waters principally off the east coast Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea shorelines of Barbados and unsurprisingly is a protected species along with other sea creatures that dwell in the waters around the Barbadian coasts.

I've cited these sea creatures for a specific reason as it's my honest and firm belief that News Corporation, its effective owner Rupert Murdoch and the plethora of like-minded slime balls and odious detritus of supposed humanity that work for that outfit and its subsidiaries are very much like the predatory Atlantic Ocean sharks were during slavery and the deep-sea octopuses still are in the 21st Century. And as any Bajan would tell you and particularly the fishermen that come in contact with the latter the only way to kill them off is to go for the head and the face; never the tentacles which will only grow back. And from my perspective and those who share my point of view the only way to excise the ravenous cancer of News Corporation and all that it stands for on both sides of the Atlantic is, mixing metaphors, to concertedly and remorselessly obliterate the head of its predatory octopus; and we all know who that is!

Stanley Collymore

# The Vicissitudes Of Unbridled Stupidity!

By Stanley Collymore

One of the many unacceptable yet commonplace features of humanity that unfortunately like so many others that are profoundly embedded in the individual psyche of seemingly normal men and women and even avidly cultivated by multitudes of them; whereupon they unite to besmirch, debase and perilously impede the very minds that play host to them and that in times of their own adversity render them the solace and reassurances they crave and that enable them to bounce back again, is rank stupidity! Proof positive, if any were ever truthfully needed, that although at times caught off-balance, made to hurt and even quite seriously wounded the vicissitudes of stupidity and its stalwart guardians continuously somehow and inevitably all the same still manage to ensure that stupidity stays very much alive and disappointingly is never in fact placed in any real danger of ever being expectantly made dead!

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1 April 2016.

Author's Remarks:

It's most apt on this April Fool's Day I believe that this consciously arrived at and unapologetically expounded here motivation of mine is calculatedly targeted at all the psychologically sick, pathetic and dementedly evil Zionists everywhere and particularly those that sickeningly run my country, the United Kingdom in whatever capacity that they're ineffectually and excessively involved in doing so; as well as the substantial numbers of mindless, intellectually challenged, easily manipulated, sycophantic and cap-doffing camp followers eagerly acting as the Useful Idiot foot soldiers for these vile morons and their perceived "social betters."

Both categories of these distinct and completely detrital elements, which they

patently are, and farcically delude themselves into thinking they're supposedly of our species Homo sapiens, but who I have nothing but the utmost and unceasing contempt for.

Stanley Collymore

# The Violator

By Stanley Collymore

How does it feel in your obsessive and pernicious  
pursuit of social approbation to callously and  
self-servingly betray that one person who  
staunchly stood by you when everyone  
else around you just didn't want to  
know? Who at great cost to  
them financially and the substantial risk of  
also ruining their own reputation because of  
you, nevertheless faithfully kept faith in  
and protected you from misfortune  
when your enemies, legion in  
number, simply wanted to  
viciously tear your  
heart asunder?

Or is the sudden and dubious social acceptance  
of you by fair-weather friends who've heard  
of your huge win on the lottery that only  
came about through the courtesy and  
generosity of the money you got  
from your sole benefactor,  
and as a result now want to  
opportunistically cash in on your  
unanticipated but opportune success  
by finally, conveniently and  
somewhat questionably  
offering their friendship no less,  
and to hell with true friendship,  
fidelity and ethicalness, the  
only thing that matters  
to you in the end?

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19 March 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# The Whimsical Vagaries Of Love!

By Stanley Collymore

Does anyone really know for sure what love is really all about? We all clearly think that we do, but how realistic is that assumption and what are the conclusive grounds to prompt such a conclusion much less any absolute certainty, particularly when collectively there isn't and has never been any unanimity whatsoever on how each and everyone of us individually perceives love to be?

Consequently love means, as it has always done, different things to everyone, an observation, let's be candid about that, which there's no getting away from however much the individual concerned might be tempted to either conceal or even deny to themselves this transparent fact.

To some people, therefore, love is all about romantic inclinations, while others view it as nothing more than a suitable and convenient fig leaf to mask their solitary purpose, which is to fruitfully indulge in multiple assignations or unconstrained acts of sexual coition.

But there are other by-products of it that one can assertively state or unchallengeably name, like

fashioning purported loving relationships  
purely for companionship sake; or  
perhaps keenly partake in that time  
honoured and traditional pastime,  
so beloved of our British royalty  
and aristocracy, of marrying  
not necessarily for love  
but, most imperative  
for them, to preserve their  
profoundly cherished,  
naturally perceived  
and, of course,  
infinitely  
precious  
blood  
line.

Pedigree notions of exclusivity, flimsily  
but all the same expectantly based on  
outrageous fantasies of genetic  
superiority, which calculatingly,  
quite arbitrarily and proscriptively  
banish all perceived or any exploratory  
disposition towards emotional entanglements  
much less so the encroachment of genuine love;  
the adherents of such points of view even  
now in the 21st Century delusionally  
convincing themselves that what  
personal relationships they  
ultimately need to form  
must, by virtue of  
the divine status hereditarily  
endowed on and entrusted to  
them by God himself, be  
largely determined by  
higher considerations  
and not simply  
earthly ones  
alone!

These bizarre vicissitudes of life aside though  
love does occasionally, if permitted to,

manifest itself in more conventional,  
appealing and private ways that  
quite often can and do  
invariably turn out to be the mainstay of  
exceptionally significant relationships that  
fruitfully harvest the good in each of those  
fortunate recipients while at the same  
time avidly jettisoning the negative  
aspects within them, which  
these individuals consciously know were  
these allowed to exist would eventually  
in terms of their love for each other,  
any prospect of a meaningful and  
long-term future together, or  
their general happiness  
be their undoubted  
Nemesis.

So however you perceive love to be; what you  
personally expect to beneficially derive from it or  
even entrust to it yourself if as expectantly you  
meet what you consider to be not only the  
right person to fall in love with but also  
to freely and willingly share your life  
with too, do remember that to be committedly  
in love is as diametrically divergent from  
wishful thinking on matters amorous  
as anything ever could be; has to be  
worked at assiduously in every  
way, and shouldn't be confused  
or confine itself only to the  
propagandistic, banal or  
commercial importunities  
corporately churned out  
either round about or  
actually on Saint  
Valentine's  
Day!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 February 2014.

Observation:

They say that love is in the eye of the beholder; curiously there's no mention of lust which features more prominently than love in many, and arguably so the overwhelming majority of personal relationships that are either consensually or otherwise engaged in within our contemporary world. So where precisely, biologically speaking, is lust located?

Make the most of your Valentine's Day and the opportunities, either handed to you on a platter or concertedly devised by you, that that day presents. However caution is advised and a few words of warning to boot in your shell-like! Namely, that whether you partake of these offered opportunities maturely or for that matter childishly is your affair, literally speaking, just as long as you're prepared to accept the consequences that stem from your actions/activities on that day and accordingly deal effectively and accountably with them, and not expect the responsible members of your society or community come to that to be left with picking up the customary burdensome, financial tab for your casual and societally detrimental indiscretions!

Stanley Collymore

# The Witless Arrogance Of Your Average Racist!

By Stanley Collymore

So you think you've the right to dictate to me  
how I should live my life; providing, of  
course, you should condescendingly  
determine that I'm even entitled  
in the first place to a life of my  
own. How can that be, that  
you can simply look at  
me and moreover quite  
arrogantly and solely  
on racial grounds  
alone arrive at such an utterly absurd  
conclusion? Where does commonsense  
begin or logic come into any of this; or is  
your brain so addled and you yourself  
so completely pissed out of your  
head as to be in dire need of  
being pathologically put  
on the terminal list of  
what's self-evidently  
the absolute and  
irredeemably  
brain dead?

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29 August 2014.

## Author's Remarks:

What would some individuals - correction, let me amend that remark to significant numbers of people - do if they didn't have their favourite hobbyhorse of racism to readily mount and ludicrously charge at the phantom of other peoples' alleged inferiority, eh? By the way, which cavalry are you in - that of sensible pragmatism and intelligent deduction that the marvellous diversity of the human race is a quite natural, and thankfully so to anyone with a functioning brain in his or her head or who has a brain at all, an astonishingly splendid and unchangeable phenomenon and therefore all for the good of humanity?

Or are you simply and unworriedly contented to unthinkingly sit in the saddle of

reactionary opinion and freely ride with a rogue outfit that's rather blatantly seeking to defend the indefensible, while at the same time glaringly and pathetically demonstrating your own innate and most conspicuously inescapable inferiority, itself based analytically on salient and very solid grounds?

Like your own personality and what positive contributions or otherwise that you've made to your own community generally or humanity in particular for example, and things that you have control over and consequently can either freely change or otherwise opt not to - rather than asininely resorting to an individual's skin colour, and which includes your own and that of others who you determine look like you, but something that neither you nor those individuals whom you gratuitously vilify or else celebrate according to your somewhat subjective choices that were reached on this quite specious basis alone, had no role whatsoever, or could they have done, in determining the ultimate outcome - namely what race or skin colour they had allotted to themselves.

And frankly only someone who is an absolute idiot would fail to recognize and acknowledge, however reluctantly so, all of this. And the fact that you haven't done so only serves to firmly confirm my conclusions about you. Namely, that you and others who think and act as you do are incorrigible idiots. QED!

Stanley Collymore

# The Zionist Chink In Sadiq Khan's Muslim Armour!

By Stanley Collymore

You are no inspiration worthy of the term to any genuinely decent and peace loving Christian, Muslim or religious Jewish adherent Sadiq Khan; and that is equally true in relation to conscionable, highly perceptive and discernibly logical thinking agnostics and atheists too, who incontestably are not only capable of but also take great pride in thinking for themselves and would be quite shocked and deeply horrified as well were anyone to reach the idiotic conclusion, far less so indulge in the quite manifestly offensive assertion, that those things in life that truly and fundamentally matter to them should arbitrarily be left to and entirely settled on by clearly senseless and pure bred morons like you Sadiq Khan!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 June 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# There's No Specific Time To Fall In Love!

By Stanley Collymore

I don't want to alarm you but my personal feelings for you have intensified dramatically over those past months that I first met and have come to know you; and to be quite honest with you it's a fascinating development that I've wholeheartedly welcomed. Too early you could possibly and quite logically say in response to this amorous declaration I'm making for me to properly assess my true emotions towards you, bearing in mind the short time that we've known each other.

But while caution and circumspection are themselves essential tools in helping to effectively gauge the worthiness or even the sheer advisability of embarking on a romantic liaison whatever its origins or the circumspection of its time frame might be, the emergence and reinforcement of true love thankfully does not come, nor should that ever be the case, with a predetermined analysis or prescribed guidelines on how one should initially react or later behave when lanced by the dart of love; but rather instead welcome with open arms this pleasurable and invariably constructive life-changing intrusion into one's private life.

And that's precisely what I'm hoping for in our case if you'll allow it. For I know with absolute certainty that I've fallen deeply, excitingly and committedly in love

with you and there's nothing now or in the  
foreseeable future that's ever likely to  
change how I feel about you, and  
understandably want very much to encourage  
you to do the same in respect of me, as  
there's no specific or optimum time  
to ever fall in love; just the  
recognition that one  
is in love!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
9 August 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# There's More To Life Peter Kyle Than Just Being A White British, Zionist Queer!

By Stanley Collymore

I'm disturbed at how Palestinians and their Authority stupidly rely on their narrative of unjust victimhood, alienation and historical grievances which unnecessarily and frustratingly can and do put a damper on a clear ambition and lust for 21st Century life on behalf of the Palestinians themselves. So says loathsome Queer Ass Peter Kyle: rookie Hove parliamentarian since May 2015 in the British House of Commons; Yid aficionado, staunch Sussex member and an inveterate supporter of Yidland, as he spews out on manipulated cue, as all similar repugnant Zionist Yids do, his contagious bile and vitriolic calumny against the ineffectual Palestinian Authority generally and the amazingly long suffering Palestinian people whom the PA badly and even treacherously serves, specifically.

While either intentionally or else dimwittedly unaware, these loquacious queers - for it's hard sometimes for rational and intelligent persons to accurately assess or be absolutely clear in one's mind when forced to deal, as in Peter Kyle's situation, with utterly pathetic and pathologically demented queer blockheads whose limited brains, assuming of course that there are any there in the first place to speak of, will most certainly be found, one is unquestionably convinced, not in their heads but quite assuredly up the foul asses of these queer morons - that what these pathological liars are dishonestly bitching about in relation to the Palestinians is essentially and undeniably a classic

situation and one acutely pertaining to  
their acerbic opponents of why  
don't you just piss off you ass-  
fixated cretins and following that  
worthy biblical injunction,  
first treat and thereafter  
heal yourselves of  
your underlining  
illnesses, you  
manifestly sick  
and fraudulent  
&quot;physicians! &quot;

For these gratuitous smears and calculated lies  
purposely and maliciously directed at the  
Palestinians together with the fictitious  
conduct that's being schemingly  
characterized of and also ascribed to them is,  
to put it mildly, a comprehensive summation  
of exactly what these patently repugnant  
and Zionist Yids that Peter Kyle and  
the entire panoply of British House  
of Commons, other parliamentarians,  
retired politicians, media stenographers and so-  
called pundits alike Dykes, Queers and Paedophiles  
are so fanatically supporting and defending, have  
themselves consistently and hypocritically been  
publicly turning a Nelsonian blind eye to while  
clandestinely encouraging and vigorously  
supporting Yidland's fullest utilization  
of the same odious procedures. Yet  
this prized Queer Ass Pillock Peter  
Kyle, defecating in diarrhoea  
fashion his rectal bile, has got  
the bloody nerve to label  
Jeremy Corbyn: the massively  
democratically elected  
Labour Party Leader and a life-  
long advocate of justice for  
the Palestinians, a &quot;loser?  
What a sick tosser! Get  
fucking real you dense

and Queer Ass Man!

© Stanley V. Collymore

16 May 2016.

Author's remarks:

Hands up those of you who before reading this poem/article of mine had ever heard of Peter Kyle whether you live in the south of England where he's the MP for Hove; all of England or stretching the imagination even further afield anywhere across the regions that comprise the rest of the United Kingdom or further beyond. I thought as much - none of you, for as I've discovered, and I always meticulously do my vital homework before embarking on writing anything, this moron Peter Kyle is even a nonentity in the parliamentary constituency that he &quot;represents: &quot; a victory there on his part that was significantly occasioned by virtue of the political party he belongs to, but in my opinion shouldn't be in, and in reality has absolutely very little if anything at all to do with this queer specimen of alleged humanity winning.

But like the bombastic and odious Queer that he is this rectum-fixated Pillock Peter Kyle sees things differently; and therefore like all the other loathsome queers, dykes and paedophiles, one and the same that hideously infect the British Houses of Parliament: Lords and the Commons; the Westminster Bubble; and the privileged &quot;elites&quot; within British society they all happily genuflect to and pay their fulsome obeisance to the Bantu-Saudi allied Mecca of these repugnant abominations embodied in the form of the Rothschild dynastically established, owned, comprehensively controlled and currently administered by Benjamin Netanyahu and his likewise mentally unhinged cohorts Zionist, Nazi and apartheid Yidland! And how very nice for all of you imbecilic British prats out there that you too as Goy plebeians and peasants can all be a part of this!

And what inveterate Zionist and Useful Idiots like Queer Ass Peter Kyle want specifically for the Palestinians amidst their fake concern for them is to have them consistently kicked in the crutch and as they convulsively write on the ground in pain for abhorrent pillocks like him to arrogate to themselves the inalienable and salient right as well to not only tell but also demand how their victims should respond to these barbaric and gratuitous assaults being unleashed on them; while not daring to do anything whatever to protect themselves.

Stanley Collymore

# There's No Way That You Odious Buggers Will Ever Keep Jeremy Corbyn Down!

By Stanley Collymore

You sure as Hell Jeremy Corbyn have a characteristic way of getting up the stinking noses of your opponents and detractors and that really takes some doing I must say in a disunited and thoroughly dysfunctional Britain run by patently inured Dykes, Queers, Paedophiles, their closet and exceptionally influential closet supporters and naturally their panoply of powerfully installed and officially immune from prosecution bevy of massive tax dodgers and infatuated money launderers corporate controllers and their buddy media operators in partnership with their skilfully groomed, extremely propagandistically brainwashed and manipulatively led Useful Idiot and Plebeian supporters.

Collectively a smarmy coterie of essentially lowlife, white trash, delusional exceptionalist, ingrained white supremacists, thoughtlessly redneck, Caucasian, imperialist and colonialist scum fancifully permeated with a deleterious mindset that would have been perfectly at home in the 19th or the earlier part of the 20th centuries except that regardless of whether or not these inveterate morons accept it or not we're all physically living in the 21st Century; and that's not only how things should sensibly be perceived by all compos mentis persons but

also must  
shrewdly  
stand!

And no one knows this better and is also  
firmly committed to seeing these past  
and enduring wrongs energetically  
tackled and permanently undone,  
and why amongst other things  
we his steadfast supporters  
are all the way with him,  
than the astute, highly  
ethical and a most  
caring politician and proficient  
leader: our much treasured  
and will happily defend  
in all given situations  
the quite unrivalled  
Jeremy Corbyn!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 August 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

How ironic that a thunderous lowlife, windbag and two times prospective PM loser like Neil Kinnock in tandem with another treacherous turncoat slime ball, mass murderer, war criminal and additionally a physically as well as a psychologically blind bastard in the person of David Blunkett who routinely used to fly the red flag over the council offices in Sheffield, where he once held sway as a council leader, are now with their snouts in the corporate troughs as well as the EU one in the case of Neil Kinnock and his equally avaricious wife Glenys are now lecturing Jeremy Corbyn on morality, competence and good government. Couldn't make up stuff like that could one? And a typical case of irony clearly lost on these two inured morons.

Stanley Collymore

# They're Just Kids And Can't Vote!

By Stanley Collymore

Hardly a month goes by without my hearing some horror story or other of abusive neglect towards and even the callous and barbaric murder of young children, some just toddlers or babes in arms, at the hands of their own mothers or others, generally blood relatives and their partners, who are entrusted to look after them, and ought to have instinctively done so as any civilized and caring person would. But reality, I'm afraid, is quite often very different from what's logically expected.

However, even more disturbing than these insane killings is the ritual passing the buck by so-called professional practitioners, civic and social agencies, misnomer terms to say the last in my view, burdensomely financed by already hard-pressed now suitably outraged at what's going on taxpayers in what to these cynical retards and useless parasitical jobsworths are evidently and expediently nothing more than lucrative sinecure positions that ironically in their case they are neither competently suited for nor should they have been appointed to these jobs in the first place.

Yet their principal responsibility and the crucial element of their job description is that of unreservedly protecting children; a legal and moral task they've miserably and consistently failed to do while routinely and with consummate impunity getting away with their criminal negligence and brazen

irresponsibility amidst the pervasive  
and pernicious backdrop of their  
unconvincing, meaningless and oft stated  
platitudes each time another needless  
tragedy occurs that lessons must be  
learnt and measures will be put  
in place to ensure nothing  
like it ever happens  
again. Until the  
next time!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# They'll All Be Wanting The Right Next To Watch Us Having It Off!

By Stanley Collymore

Are you absolutely sure you're really ready for this? Since, to be perfectly honest with you, making love, as apart from just gratuitously having sexual intercourse, can never nor should it ever simply be considered as a physical activity whose decidedly consensual interaction among likeminded persons involved ought by anyone to be regarded as a legitimate subject liable for external proscription, or only allowed to be honourably indulged in, in what's deemed to be sensible moderation that is itself completely free of the evidently ridiculous but also, would you credit it, the contaminable vice of excess?

Notwithstanding, and totally ignoring of course, that what is being joyously, voluntarily and, moreover, mutually and beneficially engaged in is clearly what the two adult participants - of whatever race, social background or standing, sexual orientation or gender they may be and who are evidently committed to each other in actions noticeably and consistently shown to be absolutely compos mentis - are jointly, undeniably and always fully cognisant of this.

In other words, and I sincerely hope you'll

agree with me, that our sex life together,  
were it ever to be assessed, is perfectly  
reasonably, I firmly insist, strictly a  
private matter between the two  
of us that must permanently  
remain our exclusive domain,  
and isn't nor should it either be  
deemed or misguidedly  
ever looked upon as  
anybody else's  
business.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
11 December 2014.

#### Author's Remarks:

Have you noticed as I've recurrently observed that those who are the most hopeless, inadequate and the least knowledgeable about or properly prepared in relation to having sex; those who frequently and most miserably fail to cope with the consequential effects of their own activities of what's basically and quite inescapable a bodily function - whether indulged in unilaterally: you know what I mean, or consensually engaged in with someone else - and consequently envelop themselves with a multitude of ludicrous and self-indulgent, sexual hang-ups to conceal their failings, are the very ones who invariably think that they have the unchallengeable right to arbitrarily foist their pathetic, lame-brained, hypocritically induced and basically coercive indulgences onto others while at the same time self-importantly dictating to them how exactly they should conduct their own sexual lives.

Attitudes that instinctively prompt my advice to all these sanctimonious, particularly vainglorious and utterly disingenuous nerds, regardless of who they are or what influential or powerful roles they rather nepotistically hold in our society, to stick to minding their own bloody business, try chilling out instead, and as a personal favour to all intelligent and thinking members of our society to shut it and permanently get lost in the process!

Stanley Collymore

# Think More Of Being A Wholesome Maiden, Less So On Being The Maidenhead Control-Freak!

By Stanley Collymore

You say that you're blasé about sex and can either take it or leave it, but if your claim oft repeated, forcefully stated but, crucially, never ever prompted by contradictions from or the actions of anyone, has any credibility to it why then do you keep bringing the subject up, and furthermore so repetitively when quite obviously your personal actions on this matter, I must say, distinctly convey a completely different picture altogether? Look, you don't have to obfuscate about nor justify your sexual feelings, and there's certainly no need to clarify them to anyone whatsoever; unless, of course, you're actually planning on engaging in a regular sexual tryst or a committed personal relationship with some individual whom you greatly desire and therefore envisage to be your lover!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
16 October 2014.

## Authors Remarks:

Having sex, whatever species the participants belong to, is an activity as old as the proverbial hills, deeply meshed in the enduring annals of time and was meant to be every bit as pleasurable as satisfyingly being a core element in the process

of procreation. So bearing that in mind one would have thought that human beings, who sanctimoniously and even hubristically arrogate to themselves a ludicrous superiority over all other animals and creatures living in our mutual home planet Earth, would not only have recognized the aforementioned facts but likewise fully accepted them.

Regrettably, however, many humans haven't; continue to make a real pig's ear out of something essentially very beautiful and touching in its reciprocal execution; and narcissistically, as well, rather than nurture inborn and artless sexual intercourse and its associated activities, both prior to and after the act, as the endemically and enlivening personal exposition of one's self as well as one's innermost feelings, as these developments rightfully are; instead asininely turn them into the scary nightmare that perversely they seemingly get considerable pleasure and, incredibly, a great deal of inner comfort from doing so.

So lighten up you uninitiated ladies! And in the process of doing so, think more of being a wholesome and worthy maiden and less so on being a maidenhead control-freak!

Stanley Collymore

# Think Positively

Perhaps the sun will shine tomorrow and  
perchance I'll have a much better day  
than what I'm presently experiencing;  
but whatever happens eventually,  
I just want you to know that  
I'm immensely grateful  
for you being here.

Stanley Collymore

# This Inured Criminal, Blairite Scum Have Forfeited All Right To Life And Must Die!

By Stanley Collymore

I was quite buoyed up by the outcome when I was appointed a member of the Labour Party's NEC and was additionally delighted as a Blairite, neo-con, Nazi, Zionist, fascist, racist and a neoliberal too that I now had carte blanche to expressly and unfettered at all times fulsomely indulge myself in my personal bigotries and furthermore to avidly do the every bidding of my Yidland obsessive, warmongering exponent, clearly war criminally disposed and indisputably terrorism inured controllers, who pre-planned had carefully engineered the situation that my colleagues and I are now comfortably in.

This of course was always to guarantee that my close and child-porn-fixated friend Ian McNicol along with all the other likeminded scum who comprise our team and together work as one, and quite naturally me Tom Watson: archetypal closet Queer and Paedophile extraordinaire, immune so far, could collectively be here where we presently are to undemocratically and quite arbitrarily initiate adjudicate and oversee every act of deliberate illegality and other forms of harmful criminality under the all-encompassing auspices of our directed NEC.

Most helpfully, I must confess, with significant corrupt assistance from the England and Wales judiciary, namely in the form of the Sales, Macur and Beatson Appeals Court pronouncement sanctioning the purging of bona fide young and working class Labour Party members while at the same time brazenly permitting the rigging of a coup inspired and wholly engineered enforced Labour leadership campaign against an already hugely democratically elected and grassroots popular leader Jeremy Corbyn. But have faith my fellow Britons for Death the ultimate leveller will before long for all of them in this specific affair be the overriding catalyst for their warranted undoing; categorical and hellish too I most solemnly promise unyielding violent nemesis!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 September 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

My Mum, bless her, has always insisted and robustly and convincingly instilled in my siblings and me from our earliest childhood that evil of whatever sort when detected and unmistakably recognized or acknowledged as such should unquestionably, unhesitatingly, unrelentingly and remorselessly be confronted and permanently destroyed by every means at our disposal, and that under no circumstances whatsoever should we ever make compromising overtures towards it.

And she exemplified this resolute and undeviating philosophy of hers by also telling us in the form of an analogy that if unsurprisingly or otherwise we

encountered for instance a poisonous and therefore dangerous scorpion with both the capability and determined will to kill its selected victims, ourselves for argument sake, and it so happened that this scorpion was also the parent of several baby offspring that were dependent on this predatory killer that we shouldn't allow sentiment for these baby scorpions to personally and irresponsibly intervene and consequently have them remain unmolested in our justified decision to murder their progenitor, since these baby scorpions if accorded that dispensation will eventually grow up into adult ones and in like manner behave precisely like their parent(s) . So it was not only best but also judicious to wipe them out entirely as well.

And steadfastly adhering to my Mum's advice that's precisely how I feel about Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, their respective family members and all the similar lowlife, warmongering, war criminal, crimes against humanity, white exceptionalist, Labtory and endemically racist, Nazi Zionist and Yid scum who infest and infect not only the Labour Party and its NEC but also the entirety of the United Kingdom!

And consequently from a personal perspective I have neither a problem nor for that matter any reservation whatsoever in explicitly stating, as I've done on other occasions before, that with a corrupt judicial system in place in the UK and itself compounded by a plethora of nepotistic and cronyism lawyers in both House of Parliament that are all closely interlinked with each other, and a system reinforced by the transparent revolving door that facilitates these bent and criminal lawyers that make absolutely sure that none of their kind will ever find themselves in the dock far less so doing prison time, that the only resolution in place of this marked lack of justice is to kill ever fucking one of them and their offspring as my Mum suggested must be the case with scorpions.

And to that effect I'm wholeheartedly in favour of that and will lend every support that I can to facilitate the necessary process of cleaning up this stinking Augean Stables that is Britain! And if as a result the police, security services, the cap-doffing, brainless and manipulated assholes that are too totally brain-dead to even see what's happening to their country, they would have you believe, can't stomach what I say and am firmly committed to, then I really don't have to tell you what to do with yourselves, do I? Since you're already fully cognizant of that!

Stanley Collymore

# This Loving Entreaty To Me By My Maternal Grandmother

By Stanley Collymore

Go into the world with great confidence my grandson and there seriously venture to make your personal mark but continually doing so with well thought out reasoning, forceful and unchallengeable logic and the utmost commonsense unrelentingly intertwined with reflective compassion, caring and explicit appreciation of the truly deserving. And never let arrogance, wanton pride nor greed be regarded as needs in your life or ever be acknowledged as essential ingredients of any likely good fortune you may eventually command, nor on the flip side of this and regardless of however misleadingly persuasive it might seem let the utterly deceitful disowning, expedient, shameful, counterproductive and disparaging overlooking of your familial and cultural roots, your racial origin or any amount of unanticipated or sudden failures that you may encounter along the way essay either voluntarily and calculatedly on your part on the one hand, or by other de facto means on the other conspire to venomously infect the very heart of what from birth has intentionally been your upbringing and in actuality and most significantly too the very essence of yourself my beloved grandson as an indisputably laudable, productive and in those circumstances a most commendable and truly worthy human being!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
5 December 2015.

### Author's Remarks:

This poem and the motive behind writing it are very personal and additionally very important to me. And at this current Christmastide and while engagingly and reflectively remembering my own profound and enduring Christian upbringing and doing so with immeasurable thanks and gratitude to all those, and most especially my Grandmother, for all that they altruistically did to ensure my upbringing was a truly memorable and constructive one, I'd like to also take this opportunity to express my sincerest Christmas greetings and best wishes to the extremely wide Diaspora of the Collymore and Springer Families of which I'm an integral part.

Equally too to all my students, past and present, across Britain, in Barbados, Scandinavia and naturally of course Germany, and most appreciably those of you that regularly keep in touch and interestingly let me know how you're doing in this big bad world that, most flatteringly you keep telling me, I helped to constructively and successfully help prepare you for. Thanks for the compliments!

Additionally to all my personal friends in every possible human category – and I don't need to tell you what that is or how invaluable your treasured assistance, love, friendship and your committed support have been over the years as you know this perfectly well. As well to the many new correspondents and "literary geniuses" – no exaggeration at all here – whom I've encountered through our joint writing site, . You are beyond doubt an inspiration both in your literary creations and as human beings and I look forward very much to continue working and exchanging comments and objective literary analyses in 2016. In the meantime have a marvellous festive season all of you.

Finally, meine deutsche Partnerin who already knows how I feel about you as reciprocally you constantly and happily remind me how you feel about me; but hey while I'm justifiably praising everyone of value to me publicly, though private individuals you and me, it seemed remiss not to mention you as well and say in the process: "Dass ich Dich liebe und immer will! "

Stanley Collymore

# Tropical Hurricane

By Stanley Collymore

Gale force winds rampaging wilfully in a consciously exercised and malevolent spree, and as a result of this contemptible and maliciously encouraged duress and deleterious jamboree giving rise most condescendingly and aggressively to boisterously wind-lashed seas that quite eagerly, extraordinarily and unavoidably in these distinctly orchestrated and manifestly conspiratorial circumstances, unwaveringly, viciously, calculatedly and destructively resort to co-operatively assist in the projected and copious spawning of a range of enormous waves and exceptionally treacherous sea currents, reinforced in turn by lashing rain that was complementary to the speedy incursion of an impending and plainly ominous inland flooding.

An added disaster in waiting that promptly and markedly inescapably would to the intensive and deliberately generated atmosphere of the intentionally created and cold-bloodedly planned civic confusion that jointly encompass merely a fractional part, but all the same, a conclusively acknowledged realization of the overall adverse environment and the frighteningly disturbing encounter wearily denounced as but likewise officially also categorized as a

tropical hurricane.

An incident at whose particular mercy those who're either specifically designated as or else are more likely to be the random and hapless victims of this callous and presumably premeditated heinousness are left defencelessly completely beholding to, no matter how judiciously or else rationally prepared they were for its eventual coming and ultimate eventuality.

For equally and inescapably caught up in this natural and predatory beast's relentless stalking even though unsurprisingly, and therefore expectantly, everyone knew well in advance that it was coming, the onerous responsibility entrusted to national governments and their respective civic authorities despite man's amazing scientific inventions or early warning and advanced developed systems.

Nor, come to that, his conscientiously and often employed forewarning communications. For notwithstanding their usually proclaimed usefulness they're basically still utterly powerless in usefully harnessing for the general good of all affected or otherwise disposed to be troubled community or country, the unleashed energy of every looming or devastating hurricane that's waylaying their vicinity, far less so acquire the requisite capability to ever permanently banish the unceasing occurrence of tropical hurricanes.

© Stanley V. Collymore

21 September 2017.

Author's Remarks:

Hurricanes are predictable; can be destructive even to the point of being devastatingly so, and generally unavoidable in their occurrences. They are also atmospheric events that do feature periodically and with varying levels of intensity in the lives of most Caribbean people.

But all the same, these tropical hurricanes can at the same time, either with or without their awesome display of raw, remarkable and unbridled power, be a truly spectacular as well as a most strikingly majestic demonstration of the discernibly tremendous influence which these impressive stalwarts and agents of nature have, not only on our environment but significantly mankind as well.

And although their presence can at times be rather deadly and likewise traumatically heart-breaking for some, a world completely devoid of all hurricanes would, in my opinion - and I've personally witnessed several of them first-hand and upfront as they say in the Caribbean - be an awful diminution of Nature's well balanced choreography of challenging catastrophes set against, as well as in the process highlighting, its many extraordinary environmental blessings.

Stanley Collymore

# True Love Is About Selflessly Giving Not Selfishly Or Exploitatively Taking!

By Stanley Collymore

Please have the courage and decency to give me back what you have duplicitously and quite insultingly taken away from me; and I'm specifically referring to my self-respect, self-worth and human dignity that in the concertedly premeditated fashion that you've so loathsomely done you have gratuitously and most callously deprived me of. And why it is that I'm so desperate now to regain the previous state of affairs that before you came into my life I was most happily ensconced in, and also why I'm absolutely willing to make any reasonable sacrifice that will ably assist in forever eradicating the everyday unhappiness and strife that have consistently bedevilled my life ever since I innocently but now remorsefully made that fateful decision to be your wife.

A now intolerable and wholly impossible situation that I'll no longer either tolerate or consciously endure anymore and why it is that I'm voluntarily and even willingly prepared to overlook all the money that in your exquisitely beguiling, I must say, and utterly convincing charm offensive way when we were happily courting naturally led me to irresistibly, unavoidably and in practically every other conceivable manner lose my head, enthusiastically and carelessly succumb to and quite stupidly as it turned out, it has to be said, inadvertently allowed you to gyp me. A complete idiot you must surely have gleefully concluded of me in the aftermath of what you did; easy pickings for you on your part and all from a besotted woman freely and explicitly declaring to you what was honestly and lovingly in her heart but all the same seen by you as someone with more money and a credulous

nature than usual common sense.

And you were probably right then. But guess what? I'm no longer that feckless female you attributed to me and then duped into marry you, for in the interim amid my first meeting you and now I've been forced expeditiously from our marital point of view, albeit distressingly, agonizingly but none the less honestly admit, to fundamental changes in my personal life that preceding your eventual coming along and essentially ruining my life in addition to critically endangering my entire wellbeing, I just couldn't have ever imagined myself doing. But I've changed, all the same, and for the better! And therefore there's no likely chance now of my ever wanting to stay with you let alone continuing to be your convenient doormat, dutiful spouse or obedient woman. And that doesn't simply apply to you my soon to be ex-husband but every other man who thinks and acts as you do. So good riddance to bad rubbish I say, for as far as you're affected I'm well and truly on my way!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
28 March 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem was inspired by an interesting, open-hearted, laughable at times but all the same a very intense conversation that I had with a personal acquaintance of mine who of her own volition, because she trusted me she complimentarily assured and confided in me, related the corresponding events to me. In the course of our conversation I told her that her story had all the hallmarks for being a very instructional and inspiring poem that I would very much like to write, she already knew that I'm a poet, but that in my doing so if she had no objections to my writing the said poem I would quite naturally, meticulously retain her anonymity as well as studiously protect her identity and the confidences she'd freely but trustingly entrusted in me.

In response she spontaneously but laughingly and encouragingly replied:  
&quot;Name the bastard, I don't mind! &quot;; However, in all fairness to her as

well as professionally to myself I decided not to, for once these things are out there they tend to permanently stay there, and a decision made in haste or out of revenge might very well be regretted much later once the anger or even the hate that instigated it have themselves grossly diminished.

Besides, not yet a mother herself this personal acquaintance of mine confided that she would despite her unpleasant experiences with her now ex-husband nevertheless with someone that she could genuinely trust love to have children, and given those circumstances I felt that I didn't want to unnecessarily, if at all, inflict a needless burden on any future children my acquaintance may have and in the process lumber them with an intolerable and degrading legacy that stemmed from the now defunct relationship between their mother and this utterly loathsome, manipulative, avaricious and lowlife scum of an individual that their Mum had unfortunately married.

But even so and while it's honest on my part to say that this poem was specifically written for this personal acquaintance of mine and likewise is unquestionably dedicated to her just as it's similarly penned from a female's perspective, I must furthermore say that anyone: female, male, married, engaged, living in a partnership or single who can individually relate to my personal acquaintance's experiences or have yourself been in a similar situation that is itself troublesomely laden with its deeply traumatic or disturbing involvement in relation to your personal love life are quite at liberty, if you want to, to empathize with this poem and draw whatever comfort or lessons that you can from it. And I sincerely hope that you do.

Stanley Collymore

# Unforgettable And Thought Provoking Memories

By Stanley Collymore

Being a librarian in Britain was once and universally across the country a highly knowledgeable and a very responsible vocation, not so any more alas as those days are long gone and even rashly and hastily forgotten, that's assuming of course they were ever known about in the first place by those who hedonistically frequent our libraries nowadays as some where that to their heart's content they can either indulge luxuriantly in a multiplicity of imbecilic and naturally non-inspirational content that fits in handsomely, but despairingly and markedly so to other library users that in distinct contrast to them have sensibly functioning and regularly utilized brains in their heads, with these aforesaid morons' appallingly to every one else apart from them utterly fixated Reality TV fantasy shenanigans; while additionally and most evidently in their workshy capacity using these libraries as warm and obviously to others as annoyingly opportune places to boisterously hang out in!

You however are gratefully a librarian of the old school - not only cognizant of but also discernibly and determinedly one who promotes the golden value rules of yesteryear, and in that capacity professionally, sensibly and objectively adhere to the cultured standards that erudite library clients of today fully anticipate,

appreciate, willingly  
embrace and, of  
course, cherish  
and correctly  
consider as  
very dear.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
27 January 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

I've written openly and unabashedly previously, and will wherever and whenever possible continue to do so at every opportunity, about the parlous state of British libraries in the 21st Century as the long forgotten genial venues for the welcoming acknowledgement, vigorous encouragement, constructive reinforcement and the objective and universal dispensing to all and sundry who are themselves seeking to improve their lives both socially and intellectually, and which indisputably constitutes the primary platform and the fundamental role of libraries, in my opinion, and why their altruistic, far-sighted originators and benefactors established them in the first place.

But unfortunately and most regrettably in practically every conceivable sense within Britain these laudable pursuits and programmes are now as far removed from these originally and for some considerable time afterwards sterling and commensurately worthwhile goals as one can possibly get. A tedious and exasperating situation to say the least and one that can and must be steadfastly and truthfully laid not only at the feet of many of today's library users but also significantly and most ironically in Britain's case those of the vast majority of basically puerile jobsworth, incompetent, attention-starved and therefore populist librarians themselves; generating a truly wholesale tragedy that benefits no one, not even with the merest modicum of intelligence, but all the same reinforces the dictum of plummeting British society to the very bottom of the least common denominator for all.

Stanley Collymore

# Untainted Family Values In An Era Of Decadent Hedonism

By Stanley Collymore

Only inveterate queers, testosterone-pushy dykes,  
the puerile and lasciviously promiscuous who  
vulgarly and outlandishly take to breeding  
like rampantly fecund rabbits and then  
most irresponsibly and unashamedly  
expect others to fully support their  
bastard progeny in conjunction  
with sick perverts, predatory  
paedophiles, their equally  
marauding supporters, other like-minded scum  
who evilly and collectively profit immensely  
from familial dissonance and its attendant  
dysfunctionality absolutely and absurdly  
delude themselves this isn't or cannot  
be the case, and therefore the rest of  
us shouldn't be told or encouraged  
to consider that it is; misguided  
propaganda they call it. While  
in total contrast all sane and mindful people  
appropriately instilled with cultural and  
religious morality are prudently well  
aware and have consistently been  
erudite in this acknowledgement  
that the just announced family  
report deductions couldn't in  
these truly gruelling times  
where family morality is  
concerned be any more  
welcome, germane or  
to a mammoth extent  
hugely appropriate!

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27 April 2016.

### Author's Thoughts:

Family life in Britain has over the centuries effectively undergone a 360 degree turn and currently is in the worst state of affairs it has ever been. Initially people formed relationships that could themselves have been affected by recurrent circumstances like war or pestilence forcing those involved to make the most of the time that they had together before the Grim Reaper wielded his scythe and dispatched them to the other world. Even so marriage wasn't all that commonplace among the lower classes and was an institution that the rich and aspiring upper classes indulged in so they could legitimize their offspring, or supposed ones as cuckolding was just as rampant then among these wealthy and upper class "elites", and therefore able in their minds at least to leave their wealth and property to these offspring when they personally died; mortality rates being pretty low overall among all sections of the population at the time.

However, as marriage became more fashionable among the rich and upper classes the lower class British Plebs and peasants began emulating their social betters. They had no wealth or property to pass on to their progeny but as is still current in class entrenched Britain they just toadying liked to replicate in their fashion the ways of their perceived social betters and often became even more hard-line in their social and moral observances than those whom they were looking up to on a class basis and endeavouring in social norms to emulate.

So marriage actively encouraged by the church became rather commonplace and saw Britain go through a number of puritan stages moralistically, on the surface that is and publicly so but privately it was invariably something a whole lot different. Anyway these pretences were religiously maintained and those who fell foul of them in the eyes of these hypocritical masses were summarily and publicly dealt with, ostracism and even death being the dire consequences for their perceived anti-social, immoral and irreligious conduct. And although modified over the ensuing years and centuries these strict public observances were nevertheless rigidly maintained.

One such situation was bastardy now codified as illegitimacy. Previously acknowledged without the bat of an eyelid among the wealthy, upper classes the aristocracy and even royalty illegitimacy was now publicly shunned and among Britain's lower classes was severely ostracised and penalized. Consequently girls or women, who got pregnant without the benefit of being churched, namely married, or who couldn't persuade or con some poor sod into marrying them whether the expectant child was his or not or in several cases this chosen and duped mug not even knowing that his intended bride was pregnant, was

summarily dispatched to one of the plethora of homes for unmarried mothers that had mushroomed across Britain for the specific purpose of keeping these categorized fallen females out of the public spotlight and well away from their home neighbourhoods and the palpable public embarrassment and consternation of their close family members and friends and of course the female in question own public ostracism.

Sometimes though as frequently happened in Wales an already married family member: an older sibling for example or a young uncle or aunt, would take on the child and bring it up as their own supposed biological offspring and not uncommonly with the child itself totally unaware of let alone ever being told confidentially or otherwise of its biological parentage in terms of its real mother or father assuming that he was known. But customarily the pregnant and unmarried mother was surreptitiously dispatched to one of these unmarried mothers home well away from her neighbourhood and community where she was often patronizingly treated by supercilious staff members and steamrolled into having her child fostered or adopted; a measure embarked on it was told to her in her &quot;best interests&quot;.

Often with no moral, physical or financial support behind her and expecting none a situation compounded by the fact and her knowledge that none of these things would be forthcoming if she were to stupidly or ill-advisedly she was reminded keep her child the vast majority of these mothers predictably caved in and did what was demanded of them, namely agreeing to the relinquishment of their children to others knowing full well that when this act was completed mother and child would in all possibility never see each other again. And in exchange for doing so the fallen mother, daughter or female relative would occasionally be warily welcomed back among her own family on condition that she kept her mouth firmly shut about what had happened to her and so didn't publicly embarrass or humiliate these &quot;loving&quot; family members of hers who couldn't be any more non-supportive of her even if they had theoretically acquired a PhD in the subject.

But there was a group of females who fared ever far worse; white women or girls over the legal age of consent who'd consensually had sexual relationships with Black men or youths their own age and had gotten pregnant, even voluntarily so. And in such circumstances if her family members of the authorities who were racially horrified by what they saw as a carnal and despicable relationship were unable to coerce the female in question that she'd been &quot;raped&quot; by this Black man or he had coerced her into having sex with him obviously against her will and consequently had involuntarily got her pregnant and thus making that Black man unjustifiably but in racist terms none the less on their part and

therefore acceptable from their point of view a moral degenerate and a criminal of the worst kind whose rightful place was in jail and for a very lengthy stretch of prison time and have this female go along with this abominable lie, then these endeavouring to get her do so if they failed in persuading her to do as they wished would then get pliable, unprofessional and equally racist psychiatrists, others in the medical fraternity and all other applicable like-minded &quot;professionals&quot;; social workers and the like, to section this allegedly &quot;disgusting&quot;;, from their collective perspective, white female to a lunatic asylum as a severe danger to herself and additionally a corruptive influence as regards her community and from which, as with other such communities, she must be kept away from permanently for their own moral good. And imbued with this sick mindset those who were proscribing these unfortunate women then had them callously carted off to these lunatic asylums where they spent the rest of their natural lives as &quot;psychiatric patients&quot;; when there was absolutely nothing wrong with them, while their children obviously taken from them and who they never saw again were confined to children's homes and a life of childhood and subsequently because of how they were treated in these homes adult misery.

Then came the advent of the female contraceptive pill and with it a boundless sexual revolution with women rapturously ripping up the restrictive moral regulations they were supposed to adhere to and in their place instituting their own sexual codes of conduct which became a truly liberating influence, and without needing to employ any hyperbole in this matter, in the private and public lives of significant numbers and probably even the overwhelming majority of women. The era of the bra-burning, mini-skirts, free and non-committed sexual relationships with multiple partners often taking place simultaneously and conjoined with the voluntary jettisoning of previously held and society-enforced moral precepts like the advised retention of a female's virginity until and after the attainment of marriage had arrived with a striking and effervescent panache all of its own, as was in noticeable contrast all the former publicly revered, uneasily accepted, grudgingly tolerated but always obligingly indulged in moral code of behaviour which was now massively and excitedly relinquished and likewise jubilantly discarded.

The ethics or otherwise surrounding British family life had done a 360 degree turn and from the ubiquitous extended family environment with all its varied characteristics to the nuclear family, then the single parent one and now to the thoroughly dysfunctional one of dykes, queers, so-called transgenders and what have you becoming &quot;parents&quot;; what now exists does in my very honest opinion make a bloody mockery of what family and family values should be all about.

Stanley Collymore

# Until You Came

I deliberately put my deepest and most sensitive feelings on hold, convinced that in this downright selfish and quite arrogant world of mediocrity where everything has a price tag stuck on it and nothing, it seems, is ever done without a cynical motive attached; that I could survive untouched by all the banality and fickleness which I see around me; and I was right.

But in my calculation I hadn't reckoned with the astonishing prospect of meeting someone like you; because it never occurred to me that I would ever find you in such a place and especially when I wasn't looking for anyone. Now my entire life is changed. And like the early morning sunrise kissing the dew-drenched flowers to life while gently prising their petals apart in the intimacy of a warm embrace - you, too, have lovingly stirred me from my somnolent world and, in the process, re-awoken my deepest emotions which, until you came, I was quite content to let sleep.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 December 1997.

Stanley Collymore

# Unwed, Pregnant And Abandoned!

Alright, so I'm pregnant! And while I freely admit that my condition is no more your fault than it is my own the stark reality all the same is that we're both personally responsible for what has happened and there's no getting away from that. And rather than you turn your back on me as you've clearly done leaving me to face this problem, which is of both our doing, all on my own while signalling that it's all my fault, the least you could have done was to talk the matter over with me and help us both to reach a satisfactory compromise of how best to proceed from where we currently are, doing so not just for both our sakes but that of our unborn baby as well.

Look! I'm not asking you to marry me or anything like that, as the last thing I want to do is tie you down in any way, since I know all too well that you're neither ready for nor willing, come to that, to take on the responsibility of matrimony, bearing in mind that ours wasn't what one would call a serious relationship; but notwithstanding that I'm pregnant and you are my baby's dad.

Having an abortion is for me out of the question as I couldn't live with myself if I went through with it, and that's a decision that has nothing to do with moral scruples as I'm not particularly religious; it's simply that killing my

own flesh and blood revolts me! So one way  
or another I will have and keep this child.  
And while it's a given that you and I  
will henceforth live separate and  
independent lives from each  
other there's nevertheless one  
discernible and inescapable fact  
that you can't run away or  
hide from, regardless  
of how much you  
might try to.

And it's this: that you're a dad now; and whether or  
not you choose to play a meaningful role or no  
part at all in our child's life, and that's a  
decision which you must conscientiously or  
otherwise make on your own, our two lives have  
irrevocably been changed and can never again  
be the same. For we're parents now with  
very serious responsibilities not just to  
ourselves but also and quite significantly too  
to a child who though we both recklessly  
created it, all the same deserves the  
best we can jointly offer it as it  
didn't ask to be here. And  
that outcome, heedless and  
immature as it was, is  
entirely our doing;  
let's not forget!

Commentary:

A recently published report that surfaced in November 2013 states that the  
British per se and their womenfolk in particular are now less uptight sexually  
than at any time previously in their past history. That's news to me, since from  
personal experience I know differently; and don't ask me to provide proof of  
that, even though I can, as it's none of your bloody business!

For in reality those whom this report is commending for their purported sexual  
liberation are actually seasoned sexual practitioners who've now opted after  
generations of deception and pretence, and of which they've been crucially a  
part, to come out of the closet of what was invariably clandestine and unbridled  
lascivious existences.

A step in the right direction this belated openness of theirs no doubt and something to be fulsomely applauded I'm sure. But while some and perhaps even a majority of you are overly concentrating on this one aspect of contemporary British sexuality let's not forget in your over-enthusiasm and backslapping the other more sobering and not insignificant one of multiple unplanned pregnancies with their attendant contribution to the increasing social dysfunctionality now prevalent within British society.

Stanley Collymore

# Vale Et Valete Muhammad Ali!

By Stanley Collymore

Quomodo tot milia hominum congrue convenire  
dum scilicet non globally et impracticably  
et causas ad bonum se esse appareret,  
in comitatu tuo funere Muhammad Ali erit  
et tamen admodum intentus, vel dependably  
worldwide in simul television  
sive descriptiones passim per  
multifaceted, et eorum electronic fabrica  
quis systematibus communicationum  
servans ultimo sacra specie associatur  
cum publice, patria, et omni honore  
idem sepelierunt. Et erunt in et  
numerum visens lacrimantibus oculis patriam  
ingens vacuum captus est cor meum in ea  
ut in silentio, et cogitatione potius  
insuper et in precibus dicentes  
propria passione vale ad  
vos, Muhammad Ali.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
June VII MMXVI.

Author verba:

Gloria victis est propter peccatum; Valeat tamen corpore qui nobis non licet  
meminisse oportet quod sit non, ut currently adhuc in cordibus nostris, et  
cogitationes mentis, et ideo sine controuersia, virum suscepit, et ultra pars  
cuiusque nostrum vita quod massively inspiratori et semper, et in tuo legato est  
praecise Muhammad Ali!

Rationem ponit ibi et latine: "Vos autem sicut homines raro; mortuus est  
semel, sed solum vivat in aeternum! " English translation legitur:  
"People like you are rare; die only once but live eternally! " Et  
German: "Leute wie Sie sind selten; nur einmal gestorben, sondern ewig  
leben! "



# Victims Of Racism But We Both Survived!

Your birth wasn't planned but all the same your  
creation was fashioned through love and most  
certainly on your father's part whose heart  
was broken when through bigotry and  
racism he was denied access to you  
and never fittingly allowed the  
opportunity to assume far  
less play the role of Dad  
that both biologically  
and morally was  
his right to be.

Fifty years on you're a parent in your own  
right and clearly know what it's like to  
give birth, have a loving family of  
your own by someone whom you  
love, firmly in the knowledge  
that no one could have dared  
do to their father, since  
you would never have  
let them, what your  
grandparents so  
callously did  
in respect  
of your  
dad.

Stanley Collymore

# Vox Pop Of The Triumphalist Nigger Slayer

By Stanley Collymore

You were just another Nigger and your murder is of no consequence to anyone with even the remotest semblance of importance attached to them. And frankly why should it? For that is, always was and will forever be the reality in our exclusively white-dominated and exceptionalist society. And guess what? It's the natural scheme of things to which unconditionally you must learn to accept; for if you don't you will quickly find yourself summarily and quite ruthlessly disposed of - and, brutally put, without any qualms or even a token gesture of regret!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 August 2014.

Author's comment:

In memoriam of Michael Brown and all other Blacks of both genders and of all ages both known and unknown, who across the west and elsewhere have been gratuitously killed in the name of state-institutionalized as well as casual racism.

Together with my absolute empathy and utmost solidarity with the community of Ferguson, Missouri and all such communities across the United States, Britain, the rest of Europe and elsewhere globally; and to unambiguously let you know and likewise assure you you're not alone in your fight for freedom, justice, equality and the deserving dignity to live your lives as human beings. So the fight will continue whatever our enemies do until victory is finally achieved; for without Justice there will be no Peace - AMANDLA!



# War Criminal Tony Blair, His Blairite Scum And The Damoclean Sword Within The Labour Party!

By Stanley Collymore

Love can be a blessing or a curse, as you can so easily find yourself besotted with someone who says to you that for them you're the best thing that has ever happened to them, the absolute person they've been waiting for and who has finally and satisfactorily in every conceivable manner entered their life, and moreover how very fortunate and truly blessed they equally are to have discovered not just someone like you but also and much more importantly that is essentially you to complement the amazingly and encouragingly magnificent way forward in their joint existence with you as man and wife.

Naturally you feel profoundly flattered by all this and unsuspectingly believe their every word, blissfully unaware that the flattering compliments they're giving and which you're joyously receiving are not effectively an outpouring of their dedicated love for you but in actuality is a Damocles Sword which they're wielding, a wily ploy being cynically used to gain your confidence and trust, an absolute must for them in order to attain their proper and thus totally successful control physically but just as fundamentally and much more specifically their rather determined and psychological hold over you.

For in reality they're odious bastards and bitches that you're up against, in other words, inveterate scum; charlatans every one of them: pretty vile persons not possessed of or remotely capable of ever acquiring any decency or morality and

with two primary goals foremost and  
always in mind - first the heartless  
possession of individual power  
and influence by any means possible and then  
having these quite massively supplemented  
by their grasping and rather exploitative  
covetousness, and second to that the  
manifestly barbarous and sadistic  
usurpation of what's clearly not  
theirs, but others they happily  
and spitefully undermine,  
disdainfully look down  
on, doing so as it always happens  
with the avid help of those like  
you who're foolish enough  
to trust them and what is  
more as the credulous  
and entirely useful  
idiots that you are  
believe what they  
tell you totally  
mindful they  
can always  
reliably  
depend  
upon  
you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
26 September 2016.

Author's Remarks:

This poem is dedicated unreservedly to the 130,00 Labour Party members and supporters who with the cynical, nepotistic, cronyism, self-serving, brazenly corrupt, public office malfeasance and manifestly illegal fig-leaf covering provided by England and Wales Appeals Court judiciary members, Blairite aficionados, ingrained capitalists, inured Nazi Zionists and virulent anti-Jeremy Corbyn coup collaborators Philip Sales, Julia Wendy Macur and Jack Beatson authorized their likeminded scum companions in Labour's NEC to purposely disenfranchise them from voting in the recently held and enforcedly run Labour leadership campaign.

Yet in doing so and in blatant breach of all civilized legal custom and contractual law irrationally holding on to these members membership fees, having retrogressively disqualified all of them from voting after the election process had actually begun and though they were expressly and unequivocally informed they would be able to participate in any leadership election contest when they joined the Labour Party, and having themselves done so before any such election had even got underway. And to add insult to injury the Appeals Court and the NEC between them condoning the use of these disabused members' fees to fund the NEC's dubious case in the Appeals Court having earlier lost their bid to do the same thing in the High Court.

Additionally it's a thank you to all those who saw through this naked travesty of justice and in your massive numbers, despite massive vote rigging, purging and the wilful refusal by the NEC to send out ballots to people in areas they suspected the Labour members there would vote for Jeremy Corbyn, gave a resounding victory nevertheless and an increased mandate to a principled man who isn't just the most popularly elected leader in the history of, most certainly British politics ever, but where we saw that even those who voted for the loser in this contest, Owen Smith outstripped by far the actual party membership of even the Tory Party as Jeremy Corbyn cleaned up in every respective category there was in this election. But you won't find the rightwing media or our BBC reporting that. I wonder why? I ask myself quite cynically!

Stanley Collymore

# We Were Made Slaves But Don't Define Yourself By That Inferior Status!

By Stanley Collymore

I was born free and from birth fully endowed with the Godly gift of liberty and the inalienable freedom to become whatsoever it was that constructively I wanted to be. Then quite loathsomely and unexpectedly the Arab plunderer who had previously commandeered part of our African continent now at the combined and complicit behest and imploration of the Jew and the white Caucasian suddenly appeared in my beloved country and thereupon savagely proceeded to abruptly take all those expectations and earnest ambitions which I had entirely and permanently away from me.

Forcibly and barbarically kidnapped I quickly became one among millions of others who over several centuries, and in the most horrendous of conditions imaginable, were heartlessly transhipped from our respective lands in Mother Africa which we would never see again, across the Atlantic Ocean to work in constant servitude on the islands of the Caribbean and likewise in the Americas for the Jew and similarly exploitative white, European men and their evidently gutless women.

The repressive loss of our human dignity combined with our blood, sweat, tears, enduring labour and

even our deaths providing the huge financial  
prosperity that they - our exploiters - and  
even their indolent descendants in the  
21st Century still richly savour. But  
for all their corrupted privilege,  
greed and arrogance God doesn't sleep!  
And as sure as my determined spirit  
roves in you my dear descendants  
I'm enormously confident that  
however long it takes the day  
of reckoning will ultimately  
come for those that freely  
wronged us - the Useful  
Idiot Arab, avaricious  
Jew and, of course,  
the seasoned and  
very abundantly  
accomplished,  
white and oh  
so barbarian  
Caucasian!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
3 August 2016.

#### Author's Comments:

In 1833 the British parliament debated a motion whether or not to abolish slavery in its colonies and most notably among them those in the West Indies. This was a decision embarked on, notwithstanding the opposition to the very nature of slavery itself by the likes of William Wilberforce and others, both Black and white, not as a result of any twinge of conscience by those including these same parliamentarians who had profited immensely from slavery and were still doing so at the time or any moralistic reasons but principally through financial considerations. In short, although still a hugely profitable enterprise for many of the white and privileged elites among Britain's population, in reality slavery had become an economic millstone - and not dissimilar I assure you to what Trident will likewise in the not so distant future also become - around the neck of the British nation.

However, with slavery's eventual abolition in the British Caribbean territories and the white slave owners paid disproportionately massive sums of money, in

today's (August 2015) terms amounting to billions of Pounds Sterling for the loss of their "property" or "chattel" - namely their slaves - while neither the slaves themselves nor their descendants were ever given a single penny collectively among them for what was iniquitously and systematically done to them, despite all that and even after the Emancipation Act was passed in the British House of Commons every slave: whether man, woman or child, still had to compulsorily work freely as though nothing had changed for the next FOUR consecutive years for their so-called slave owners before they could be "legally" be classified as no longer slaves.

All the Caribbean Islands and most particularly so my ancestral homeland of Barbados commemorates the emancipation of our people; and although this was no panacea for our people it was nevertheless the first step in a long road to where we are today. And as Barbados celebrates this momentous occasion in both psychological and physical terms for all our people, here on our beautiful island as well as in our extensive Diaspora worldwide, on behalf of my German Partner and me, both of whom are currently here in Barbados and will be participating in these celebrations, I'd like to wish every Bajan wherever you are on Planet Earth and our fellow West Indians all the very best for the future.  
HOUSE NIGGERS EXCEPTED!

And in closing I would like to pay tribute to our designated National Barbadian Heroes listed here: Bussa; Charles Duncan O'Neil; Clement Osbourne Payne; Errol Walton Barrow (Founder of independent Barbados and the Father of our Nation): Samuel Jackman Prescod; Sarah Ann Gill; Sir Frank Walcott: Sir Garfield St. Auburn Sobers - legendary cricketer and the only living Barbados Hero; Sir Grantley Adams, a former Premier of Barbados; and Sir Hugh Springer, former Governor General of Barbados; as well as all our ancestors who played their part in making us who we currently are.

Stanley Collymore

# Well Bugger Me!

By Stanley Collymore

Not literally you see, as I'm only speaking  
metaphorically and consequently must  
choose my words most carefully so  
as not to inadvertently convey to  
all and sundry the wrong  
impression that either previously or  
currently have I ever directly, indirectly  
or even remotely so been personally,  
Good gracious me, involved in  
buggering or having myself  
buggered by anyone; or,  
euphemistically put,  
indulged in acts of  
homosexuality.

Presently activities that quite lawfully can  
be participated in by both women and  
men who, in Britain at least, can  
now legitimately get married  
in the process and thereby  
assist, to some degree,  
in gradually alleviating the entrenched  
public aversion to what many among  
it resolutely with an undisguised  
and undiminished hostility still  
perceive as unnatural and  
even ungodly liaisons.

And seemingly conveniently overlooking the  
glaring fact that female sexual deviants  
were neither similarly affected by  
nor ever subjected to the same  
judgemental, public opprobrium or judicial  
sanctions that concertedly were highly  
damaging and likewise a constant  
bane in the lives of their male  
counterparts. How so?

Quite simply really;  
Queen Victoria  
just didn't  
want to  
know!

For doggedly, dishonestly and blatantly masquerading  
behind that cunningly contrived, imperious and  
puritanical façade of hers she'd implacably  
refused to sign into law the House of  
Commons Act which would have  
outlawed lesbianism as  
well as homosexuality, lyingly declaring  
that women weren't corrupted by any  
such deviant condition; and so  
the Prime Minister of the  
day meekly caved in  
to her barefaced  
and flagrant  
exaction!

Fast-forwarding to the 21st Century what concerns me  
most is not how many queers, poofs, bottom-bashers,  
leslies, dykes or fanny- thumpers - politely put  
gays and lesbians - there are in our country,  
who they are personally or what they  
lawfully and consensually get up to  
in their private lives, as none  
of this bothers me in the least. But as the character  
Rigsby in the TV series, *Rising Damp* pithily put  
it, there are many influential and Establishment  
figures here in the UK, who if they had their  
way dual gender homosexuality laid bare  
in all its diverse forms wouldn't just be  
legal, they would damn well ensure  
as well it was made compulsory.  
And that, quite, frankly, is a  
bridge too far; even for  
someone as clearly  
tolerant as me!

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25 January 2015.

Author's Remarks:

In January 2015 in the immediate aftermath of the Zionist, false flag operational attacks in Paris the sane residents of Europe and the rest of the world through the fawning courtesy of the western corporate media: state as well as privately owned and controlled, were zealously, fulsomely, premeditatedly and most cynically subjected to the calculatedly pre-planned and absolutely ludicrous, in my opinion, totally obscene spectacle of the naively good, heinously bad and obdurately evil-minded, in tandem with the habitually crass, easily manipulated and brain-dead gullible [how ever I wonder would the 21st Century manage to operate so entirely dysfunctionally without the presence of these mindless jerks? ] collectively corralled into rather effusively supporting and actually physically participating in a Paris, France street march that ostensibly its lying and dishonest organizers - who are no strangers themselves to egregiously and calculatingly instigating most of the political and societal chaos, mendaciously contrived mayhem, unwarranted destruction, and even some of the most callous and savagely executed murders throughout the world - barefacedly and quite fraudulently maintain was a necessary public manifestation of their resolute, uncompromisingly determined and daringly undeterred commitment to the absolute tenets of freedom of expression, free speech and the individual's inalienable and unchallenged right to permanently and in every possible situation exercise the aforementioned at will.

This notwithstanding the transparently observable and instantaneously recognizable fact that these infernally cretinous, odiously demented, demonically hypocritical and the consummate and perfidious past masters of the most inimically-conceived duplicity imaginable evidently don't practice what they hubristically and markedly egotistically preach to others, especially those whom with no rationalization at all they care little or nothing about and conspicuously disdainfully despise. Since for them and their numerous supporters freedom of expression, attendant with its free speech assertion, is highly selective and all about them and their assumed exclusive right, as they perversely see it, to gratuitously and even with intent abuse, denigrate and also publicly humiliate at will, and in whatever form they elect to, those groups or individuals whom they intentionally marginalize or disfavour and, furthermore, with the expectation and enjoyment of absolute impunity to do so.

And should they be challenged on any of this ought with blanket immunity to be at liberty to dishonestly claim that such "unreasonable" requests which they then disingenuously interpret as "demands" being made

on them are totally absurd and, what's more, are clearly motivated by what they untruthfully characterize as "political correctness." However, were their opponents or others thoroughly sickened by their hypocrisy and double-standards to adopt the same approach and spearhead a similar campaign of vitriol against them, even through the art form of satire which these charlatans belatedly claim to love so much, then that becomes wholly unacceptable and those who're responsible for this must be severely punished; even if it entails having to fully deploy the full extent and apparatus of noticeably skewed laws against them to get the desired result that these egocentric nerds want.

And it would be wise, I think, to generally recognize that Charlie Hebdo, their latest standard bearer in this Machiavellian crusade of theirs, is to satire and free speech what prostitution or unequivocally running a brothel is to Catholic nuns in an established nunnery; in other words these activities are wholly incongruous and implausible with the prescribed status and known proclivities of the particular body concerned. And since Freedom of Expression and also Free Speech are now seemingly the rediscovered, overtly as well as overly publicized and actively encouraged buzzwords formally endorsed by and with the official imprimatur of our virtuous rulers stamped all over them, I've consciously, of my own volition, decided to test the waters of this panacea of western libertarianism by simply not only writing but also publishing this poem, "Well bugger me!"

I'm neither a homophobe nor an aficionado of homosexuality in any of its gender forms [why should I be when it's not my bag and I've no personal axe to grind one way or another? ]; but I'm well aware that homosexuality is being cynically and rather concertedly used by the British political class, our rulers - economically and politically - and most typically and quite incontestably our Establishment too. And I say this because while the overwhelming majority of these people are quite prepared to either cowardly or deceitfully hide behind the façade of marriage to mask their homosexual proclivities and attendant perversions, and moreover have been doing so for yonks; with the unanticipated revelations of paedophilia and other forms of child abuse in their ranks coupled with a surge of historical cases virtually daily coming to the fore, as longsuffering victims have finally found the courage to speak out knowing that finally they'll be listened to, which clearly wasn't the case in the past, our Establishment and other elite paedophiles have become tremendously rattled concomitant with the profound and very pervasive fear that they'll be found out at last and appropriately dealt with.

And so what the British people are being cynically subjected to is a raft of homosexually friendly laws that are calculatingly designed to create an

environment which is conducive to homosexuality per se, give the appearance that it's entirely free of all its past stigmas and, in the process, create an environment among the many morons within our society, as we observed with the Charlie Hebdo scenario, that homosexuality is officially quite cool but with the unspoken and sinister undertones that hopefully the perversions of political, so-called celebrity and Establishment paedophilia and other heinous child abuses including murder, can summarily and permanently be swept under the elitist carpet, while the &quot;Sacred Cow&quot; of homosexuality prevails.

Now how's that for Freedom of Expression and Free Speech?

Stanley Collymore

# What A Bloody Nerve!

I'm completely at a loss just what to say  
when you can so easily walk away  
from me without a moment's  
hesitancy or the courtesy of  
a simple explanation for  
what you've done,  
then expect to  
casually walk back into  
my life as though nothing had happened; and all  
because your lover has predictably chucked you  
out for another that's younger and more attractive  
than you are, causing you to hurt like hell and  
consequently see me as the safe sucker, you  
obviously think, to take you back again  
and have you look upon my home as  
a convenient place to kip down in.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
17 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

## What Else Can I Do?

Morally as well as practically I categorically know the difference between yes and no, and that obviously goes for sex as well. My problem however, in spite of the aforementioned and which intriguingly I'm completely baffled as to how to resolve it, is that any discussion I embark on relating to sex invariably triggers my dyslexia, and primarily because of that instinctively causes me to be completely at a loss how best react in such circumstances while at the same time activating the most intrinsic urges and animalistic instincts in me.

Stanley Collymore

# What On Earth Were You Thinking Of God When You Did This Senseless Act To Muhammad Ali?

By Stanley Collymore

I would've willingly and quite unreservedly without a moment's hesitation gone in your place my Black brother, inspirational mentor and my enduring friend as I'm equally and absolutely sure that many more not only of our Black race but every other one would also freely have done, but God in his supposed objective evaluation evidently decided Muhammad Ali that your time inexplicably had come and therefore our earnest wishes however sincerely and rather heartfelt were spoken and most particularly after your last illness, which seemingly he graciously accepted, somehow it seemed just couldn't practicably for whatever reason, he never ever said, be realistically entertained, sanctioned and most certainly not be agreed to by him.

Why not? I'm still perplexed to know and just goes to show that even the great ostensibly omnipotent and allegedly all-knowing Deity actually can and does at times, and markedly so as in this specific situation, get things quite horribly, rather uncomfortably and most terribly wrong! And yes I'm scathingly angered by this assessment of his to take your life on Earth away from you Muhammad Ali in this premature and pointless way!

Surely Heaven has already had a superfluity of truly great people taken away from us in this year alone. So why the imperative need for another one who has single-handedly done so much for his long standing and unremittingly victimized race specially, as well as for the rest of human kind generally and whose irreplaceable loss at this particular period of our existence will not only serve to aggravate our already escalating and egregious societal problems that you assiduously and diligently with creditable aplomb have worked to alleviate Muhammad Ali; but now with you regrettably gone will more than likely provide an uncalled for catalyst-situation for greater racial intolerance akin to that of bygone eras while simultaneously being a disastrous body blow, and inestimably so, to the remainder of civilized, law-abiding and peace-loving elements of our routinely hard-done by and long suffering inclusive humanity!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 June 2016.

Stanley Collymore

# What On Earth Would The Rest Of Us Do Without You, Eh?

By Stanley Collymore

You're here, you declare! And enormously proud to be a man you say; and furthermore for as long as you live and are physically capable of doing so will consistently flaunt that fact of life that you so assiduously and obsessively cling on to in every way that you can. And the reason? Obvious can't you see? It's so that the entire world and particularly every desirable woman, from your personal perspective that is, is left in no doubt that unquestionably you are, and moreover if you have anything to do with it, will constantly remain what God in His infinite wisdom, and, most positively where you are concerned, always did unconditionally intend from the very moment of your sanctified conception, your delivery into this world and progressively onwards into your adulthood that you would not only emerge but also fully develop into the best embodiment of His incredibly proficient and creative plan of meticulously fine tuning you into the full personification of the idyllic, white Master Race icon and Zionist, Caucasian man! So well done! That said however, even sociopathic morons in flawed western democracies are I guess charitably entitled to their far-fetched but intensely embedded, blinkered delusions, wouldn't you say?

© Stanley V. Collymore

15 March 2016.

Author's Thoughts:

This poem was inspired by the recurrent idiotic actions of those in power on both sides of the Atlantic and who also equally and collectively together with their utterly likeminded kith and kin who're firmly ensconced in their stolen, inhabited and completely controlled by them states arrogantly continue with their venomous political, economic, military and so-called cultural poisons to infect not only the countries they live in but also the rest of the world.

Obviously they can't all be named here or in any article I were to later embark on as they are far too numerous to be so enumerated. But it'd be very remiss of me if I did not mention a few of them that I class as being some of the vilest among this already odious lot. There is no classification in terms of their pecking order as far as I'm concerned, since to me they're all useless vermin and I've simply written down their names as they came into my head.

Here goes then: Alastair Campbell, Michael Howard, Ian Duncan Smith, Michael Gove, Liz Kendall, Simon Danczuk, Frank Field, the clowns at the MoD and those in the Home Office; Theresa May, Michael Fallon, Philip Hammond, Boris Johnson, Neil Kinnock, Hilary Benn, Margaret Beckett; those who run Serco and G4S - nice one boys you give a new meaning and dimension to criminality and how to get away with it with impunity; the BBC in all its guises and specifically its Yid plutocrats; and the list goes on. I haven't mentioned Tony Blair as it'd take the rest of my life to say what I really thought of him and as for David Cameron I've wilfully left him out. Why? Because I really do feel sorry for him; I'm not going soft or anything like that just that I don't like seeing people being stabbed in the back as he currently is by his Yiddish, Zionist Nazi Gestapo and Waffen SS. Perhaps he'll stop and reflect on how abominably Jeremy Corbyn has been treated and the part he played in this. I'm not holding my breath on that one though.

Across the Atlantic the list of scum is also enormous and ranges from the Supreme Court all the way down to the White House, Congress, Wall Street and what ludicrously passes for the media there. And that's exactly why I'm rooting for Donald Trump to be the next President of the United States. No I'm NOT mad. And I do have my reasons. Firstly he's not a politician and secondly he literally genuinely speaks his mind; So you know where you are with him and I like that in people whether their views chime with mine or not.

And I'll give you an idea of what I mean. After Enoch Powell's Rivers of Blood

Speech several of my UK relatives quit Britain and either migrated to the US, Canada or else the Caribbean. My second sister and her engineer husband left the UK and moved to the US where their skills were very much in demand, and in the process taking their kindergarten age daughter, my niece, with them. Both my sister and brother-in-law have prospered in the US as have my Dad's youngest sister and her husband who also quit Britain with their three sons but instead went to Canada. They've all kept up the family tradition of gaining a superb tertiary education and requisite skills, but it's my niece I want to tell you about.

A graduate of Yale, Harvard and the University of the West Indies she periodically pops back to the UK to see family and friends and was recently here for a family celebration in Reading. British by birth but now a US citizen we got talking about politics generally and that in the US in particular and I asked her jokingly, knowing that most Blacks in the US are Democrats, if she was all set to put a woman in the White House, a clear reference to Hillary Clinton. She just laughed and tongue in cheek asked me when I was going to join the Tory Party. That out of the way she said that she, her friends and everyone she knew would be voting for Donald Trump.

Being the Devil's advocate that I can be and like being at times I said to her all the things that the so-called mainstream media have been saying about Donald Trump and how inimical his presidency would be for Black people, as if they bloody well cared. My lovely and adorable niece then turned to me and used some of my own words from the past to make her relevant point. They centred on the fact that I had said to her and other family members that as long as I lived I would never publicly criticize the British Daily Mail, citing the fact that this was supposedly a racist and rightwing newspaper with likeminded readers who hated us Blacks, yet it was the only paper that conscionably and honourably went out on a limb, doing everything it could to get justice for Stephen Lawrence and put his racist killers behind bars, when the other so-called liberal media, pretending that they cared, were in cahoots with the police and others who shielded Stephen's killers.

The Daily Mail didn't have to do that but I know that my family, my friends and those I respect were indeed grateful to the Daily Mail for what it did and always will be. Then as she looked me firmly in the eyes my niece said these words: &quot;Donald Trump is our Daily Mail! &quot; I knew what she meant and gave my niece a huge hug and a peck on the cheek, profoundly assured that she was very much a chip off the familial block. And to you Donald Trump, I know you read my work as you've tweeted some stuff to me previously, I shall personally, as will my family in the US and the Caribbean Diaspora there, do everything to

ensure that you are the next President of the United States. But don't invite me to the White House if you've a mind to unless and until you first thoroughly hygienically fumigate it of all the filth that has passed through that place!

Stanley Collymore

## What Price Virginitv?

Hey! What are you saving yourself for; until the right man comes along? And who says he will, or that if he does you won't by then be a bitter and frustrated old maid wishing that you'd acted differently when you had the chance, rather than dutifully or even stoically settling for second best and deluding yourself that you've found real love at last.

No sensible person would ever suggest that you voluntarily opt to gratuitously sleep around at the arbitrary behest of every irrepressible virile or self-opinionated stud willing or even eager to put it about and flippantly pass that off as having fun; as indulging in what's undoubtedly the most intimate of physical experiences with another person should be largely based on an informed choice juxtaposed with the unadulterated freedom to make it, and do so entirely on one's own!

Not perceive it or other comparable decisions, and certainly not the matter of virginitv, as a valuable bargaining chip for contrived matrimony, financial security or, most condemnatory of all in the 21st Century, as a fast track mechanism up the ladder of social, upper crust or even hereditary mobility: the latter with its attendant, parasitical prosperity and marked proclivity to be venally supreme, if you shrewdly catch the drift of what I mean!

Stanley Collymore

# What Would We Brits Do Without Having The Weather To Talk Or Moan About, Eh? (Poem)

By Stanley Collymore

Why do we needlessly keep cherishing the seasons in Britain when in actuality there's no difference nowadays between any of them? I say this because I can well remember the time when there was a clear distinction, let's say, between Spring and Winter but woefully those days are long gone; and when, pray tell, can you honestly remember or else vividly recall when we all had good old-fashioned pristine snow and lots of it on Christmas Day and the rest of the time too, which to every one of us who, overall, fortunately and specifically knew and actually felt that it was most aptly and becoming in the circumstances to be attributed and labelled as a cyclic change and winter time.

Instead, our current and allegedly winter-weather as well as Winter itself have decidedly morphed into rather poor facsimiles of essentially and quite strikingly what was formerly Spring, while Spring itself has bafflingly been radically transformed into a drab, dreary, grimly snowy-white and the evident facade for a conventional winter-type scenario where, not infrequent to see, hail storms, snow downpours and all manner of icy cold and gusty weather profusely bombards our British landscape with total impunity, and in this process ridiculously fashioning in the making a decidedly Artic-type environment that in numerous respects, and for me in all frankness is manifestly less exciting or in any weighty sense uplifting weather-wise as one could pragmatically

expect to find in Iceland  
let alone in Greenland.

For all that this climatic commotion with its comparative attendant and, for me, debilitating anxiety and infernal annoyance basically does, is to strongly emphasize the accustomed and exasperating British social custom and culture of incessantly talking at every stipulated probability or concocted opportunity afforded to them, for most Brits to rather garrulously talk about the bloody weather, whether in standard, as well improvised or intuitively manufactured conversations. Seemingly, the only clear thing in a country, the United Kingdom, where the majority of people either visibly with a distinct apathetic attitude towards or a perceptible and at best minimalist opinion, or convincingly none at all, on most things regularly; however when it absolutely involves the British weather, none the less conspicuously and precisely have no reticence at all in strongly exhibiting their longsuffering and more consensual unanimity.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
27 October 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

Essentially while this is a tongue-in-the cheek article and poem there's nevertheless more than a grain of salt in relation to the truth and about what I'm saying. And whether one believes that the kinds of unpredictable weather patterns that we've been experiencing for some time is as a direct consequence of global warming that itself stems from the inconsiderate and even malicious actions brought about by human activities or are simply the result of a cyclical situation that has been going on for millennia and ever since this inhabited planet we live on and call Earth was created, or is a combination in greater or lesser form of these two things, is for every one of you who is all that bothered to make your own analytical judgement on.

Then, of course, there are the speculative suggestions that mankind, who has both been a general benefit as well as an infernal curse to this planet we call home while often quite arrogantly and most conveniently forgetting that there are other species of animals as well as other creatures that live here too and in most cases have been on Earth for far longer than Homo sapiens has been, have embarked on and even managed to utilize insidious means, these elements of human kind obsessed with their ludicrous and delusional notions of superiority coupled with a divine right to rule and control everyone and everything on this planet and just as idiotically feel themselves imbued with an unchallengeable right to the perceived concept of their own exclusivism in all matters, to effectively control the weather and malevolently use it for their own purposes and endeavours, is another bone of contention we apparently have to deal with.

Truthfully, I've no categorical proof that anything of the sort in respect of the weather is happening, but putting that aside and fully knowledgeable about the kind of people that this human scum are, I personally wouldn't put anything past them.

Suffice to say that whoever does what or nothing at all to the weather there's nothing that I can personally and on my own do about it nor want to idly speculate about for that matter. For I guess that in being basically a Brit what essentially I want to, and like others prefer to do, and specifically in my case when I've nothing better to do, is like all the rest of you, in one way or the other, to culturally moan about it.

Stanley Collymore

# Whatever Got Into Me?

I must be in love, for after you'd gone I found myself reaching out and cuddling the pillow that previously you'd laid your head upon; which I've never embarked on doing before and objectively, unless it's love that unwittingly I've succumbed to, find it inexplicably hard to properly understand what could have brought those emotions on, as I've never before got wrapped up with or even wanted to get emotionally involved with any of my numerous one-night stands.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 March 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Whatever Next?

I'm different I readily accept, but I'll  
not make any apologies for being  
me; for what kind of a world  
is it when I'm expected to  
feel guilty simply for  
acting honestly?

Stanley Collymore

# What's It With You, And Why Can't You Leave Me Alone And In Peace?

By Stanley Collymore

What is it with you, and why do you keep on gratuitously picking on and criticizing me? For whatever things I say or do you instantaneously jump on my case not only to condemn what I've done but also, with your barbed comments or alleged knowledgeable advice, and totally unasked for, vociferously, patronizingly and even most hatefully conclude how very off-base, in your subjective point of view, and according to you, I completely am.

Well I'm thoroughly sick and tired of it and not only because I firmly consider myself to be a genuinely responsible and well-informed adult but also a person in my own right that is entitled to and furthermore have realistic opinions of my own which, in case you've expediently either chosen to forget or are wholly unconcerned about is none the less my permanent prerogative to, and additionally as I justly perceive it emphatically stops you from unilaterally and unduly, even if I was indubitably in need of advice, behaving in this constantly confrontational fashion of yours towards me for no other reason I can inference, apart from the realization, it so happens, that you are my mum.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
21 January 2017.

### Author's Remarks:

Whatever the circumstances: natural and biologically, surrogate or test tube, in which each and everyone of us ultimately enters this world that we're in, the clear and indispensable necessity of a human mother to assist and complete that process is inevitable. That's the physiological part which is itself markedly different in a multitude of ways and wide-ranging permutations that can and not uncommonly necessitates a series of actions or steps taken in order to realize the particular end of raising each child that successfully makes it through conception to birth and expectantly adulthood.

A complex evolution, and not an over-statement to say so, whose development can be virtually trouble free, pretty straightforward and infinitely beneficial for those individuals fortunate to be so privileged but regrettably can also conversely be a distinctly traumatic as well utterly debilitating nightmare for those who aren't so lucky particularly when the wilful dispenser of such angst is the one person that conventional norms dictate should never be a part of that latter equation. Yet how often do contemporary circumstances and tragic events prove us to be totally wrong?

Stanley Collymore

# Where There's Jill There's A Way!

By Stanley Collymore

The reassuring warmth and comforting empathy that you spontaneously, naturally, excitingly, delightfully and enthusiastically radiate are wondrous to behold, and as personal experiences to those who are the fortunate beneficiaries of this agreeable good-naturedness of yours are absolutely no less remarkable or inspirational in the manner in which individually or collaboratively they brilliantly connect to fashion and sustain in character what is indisputably in every regard a genuinely superb lady whose stimulating charisma, accomplished self-confidence, appealing maturity, elegant poise and a perceptibly shrewd, attentive and good-tempered brain, places you undoubtedly in that specialized category Jill of not only being key among the brightest and most estimable of women but also unquestionably positions you apart as a manifestly affable and extraordinary individual; and human being.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 December 2016.

## Author's Remarks:

This poem was inspired by and is dedicated to Jill of Vision Express, Worthing, West Sussex. Thanks for the gift! And have a truly wonderful and blessed Christmas!

Stanley Collymore

# Why Are These Repulsive Sewer Rats Still Alive And Not Ruthlessly Killed?

By Stanley Collymore

Can seemingly normal human beings or even those who actually are, but nevertheless morph into becoming horrendous and utterly appalling monsters, and as a result solidify into the odious characters that they subsequently and narcissistically display; discernibly obtain tremendous satisfaction from being in full possession of patently repulsive human characteristics while sadistically, obsessively and, evilly in the bargain, manifestly derive massive pleasure from barbarically inflicting their sick perversities onto others who're innocently undeserving of what is done to them and therefore like all other conscionable and principled individuals of the calibre and ethical standing of Diane Abbott, John McDonnell or Jeremy Corbyn truly see or regard in any mode, shape or form the revolting likes of Tony Blair, Gordon Brown, Margaret Hodge, Neil Kinnock, Tom Watson or vote rigger Ian McNicol;

Alastair Campbell, Peter Mandelson, Nick Clegg, Tim Farron, Ed Balls, Yvette Cooper, Margaret Beckett, Liz Kendall, Charles Falkner, Frank Field, William Hague, David Blunkett; Amber Rudd, Harriet Harman, Jack Dromey, Boris Kamal, Michael Hecht, Alan Johnson, Sadiq Khan; Michael Fallon, Philip Hammond Theresa May, slavery beneficiary David Cameron or the plethora of other

Blairite-Labtory, Lib-Dem and Tory  
scum-shit - including too in this  
elimination hit list detritus,  
media morons Laura  
Luenssberg, Tim  
Sculthorpe and Matt Dathan  
as veritable human beings?  
To be perfectly honest  
with all of you I  
very much  
doubt  
it!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
10 October 2016.

Author's remarks:

This poem was conceptualized as part of my ongoing and justifiable, I believe, attack on the privileged paedophiles, war criminals and the rest of these principally white Caucasian and "British" lowlifes that literally with the blessing and the officially granted to them immunity by consecutive UK regimes, the police forces across Britain, the Crown Prosecution Service and the several judiciaries sitting in what's still my country Britain routinely and literally get away with.

However, this poem is NOT in response to anything that the female tsar Alison Saunders of the Crown Prosecution Service and its lamentable Fuehrer has reportedly said on the BBC: a notorious propaganda mouthpiece which I haven't watched or listened to for donkey's years and have no intention of changing that positive habit I've acquired. Moreover, this particular poem like a lot of my work was recently put on the backburner for excellent reasons, since as my readers already know a week of celebrations are currently taking place here in Germany as a most laudable tribute to a truly phenomenal female, the lady in my life and my Partner, whose birthday it was on the 8 October 2016 and consequently in relation to this I have far more important and pleasurable things to occupy my life than resorting to dealing with white British lowlifes however powerful or influential, courtesy of Rupert Murdoch, that they may in typical delusional fashion think they are. But when my attention was drawn by a British guest of ours to Alison Saunders remarks on BBC Radio 4 I believe it was, even my German Partner who is as politically active as I am insisted that I respond.

In the lead up to and during the Second World War hundreds of thousands of Kenyans like many others throughout the then enormously non-white British Empire collectively in their millions and in Kenya's specific case hundreds of thousands of volunteers altruistically gave significant help militarily to Britain during that war. It was essentially an act of altruism on their part this assistance of theirs and was reinforced by a pledge that Britain of its own free will gave to Kenya and other colonial territories that it then controlled that should Britain with the help of these colonies emerge successfully from World War II it would look most favourably on the prospect of these colonies acquiring their independence and henceforth the inalienable right on their part to individually conduct, without any interference from the UK, their own domestic and foreign affairs as sovereign and independent states.

However, with these colonies having played a substantial part in the defeat of Germany and its Axis collaborators, the permanent demise of fascism and Nazism in Britain and the rest of Europe one genuinely thought at the time, but how unbelievably wrong they were as current events show; and Britain still very much in possession of its empire, the United Kingdom, quite true to form, and shamelessly adopting the attitude that it no longer had any obligation to honour its pre-war pledge and similarly wartime promise as well, rather contemptibly and regardless of the deep offence and hostility that it knew this would cause despicably reneged on its own solemn pledge to these colonies to grant them their independence.

Finding themselves grotesquely and repugantly betrayed by Britain, a past master of such odious conduct by the way, several colonies proverbially shook their heads in utter dismay while others decided to challenge Britain's betrayal of them and its attendant and dastardly conduct in relation to themselves. One such colony that acted in this latter way was Kenya that the UK pre-war had ethnically cleansed hundreds of thousands of indigenous Kenyans from their ancestral locations in their very own country to prepare these areas as exclusive preserves for mainly white British but also other European settlers as well.

Understandably aggrieved as they were by what had happened to them previously Kenyans were ever more so by this blatant betrayal of them by the British as it was patently obvious to them now that Britain all along had mercilessly tricked them and had no intention whatsoever of ever relinquishing Kenya back to its indigenous population but instead had every intent on calculatingly turning Kenya into a country appropriate for the habitation of white Caucasians only while having dotted here and there within that country densely and even overcrowded populated internal Bantustans where those Kenyans who now were forced to live there would serve as and also provide a source of cheap

and indispensable labour at the behest of these privileged white settlers.

Incensed by it all and quite determined to have their country back the Kenyans resorted to peaceful protests that were initially ignored, but as these grew bigger and with the protestors demands becoming more insistent the minority white settlers claiming in the most fraudulent and deceitful manner that they could muster among their plethora of other lies, petitioned not only the colonial administration, which knew that they were lying, but also the Westminster regime in London that their lives were dangerously under threat from savage Black brutes - why I wonder don't white morons up their vocabulary when describing my race instead of resorting to the same old childish stereotypes - and loudly insisting that something be done to rectify this dangerous state of affairs.

Quite predictably the British authorities both in Kenya and London authorized military action against the Kenyans. Hundreds of Kenyan civilians of both genders and of all ages including young children and babies with their mothers were quite savagely gunned down, a response from the Kenyan people that instinctively heralded and not unnaturally triggered a guerrilla war against the British. Fighting the Kenyans on their home turf was always going to be quite difficult for the British and so the British in customary fashion resorted as they invariably do to the old habit of theirs of resorting to maximum barbarity. Thousands of Kenyan women, children, the elderly and the disabled were gratuitously rounded up and afterwards stockaded in multiple reinforced pens as if they were animals and while there it was demanded of these hostages where the guerrilla fighters were. Many of those stockaded hadn't a clue but those who knew refused to give that information; an attitude that only incensed the British.

Ian Henderson who ran this barbaric and genocidal campaign against the Kenyans gave the order for all of these hostages, still securely stockaded and unable to free themselves, to be liberally doused with petrol or kerosene, set alight and while still alive horrendously burnt to death. Ian Henderson's orders were callously, racially and sadistically carried out as the sick, British and white perpetrators of these heinous crimes watched gleefully as these Kenyans in gruesome agony were unbearably consumed by the raging flames.

Undeterred and even more passionate and determined to achieve victory the Kenyans kept on fighting for their independence and won. Ian Henderson was then immediately transferred by the British regime he loyally served to Bahrain where for decades until his death he exercised his endemic barbarism against the Bahraini people with the wholehearted permission and full support of successive British regimes and the savage, dictatorial and minority Sunni "ruler"; - Bahrain is an overwhelming majority indigenous Shia country - installed by the

British. On the 13 April 2013 at the age of 86 &quot;The Butcher of Bahrain&quot; as Ian Henderson was and is still notoriously widely known as happily died and his understudy and someone that he personally mentored, John Yates: a most dodgy and criminal former Assistant Commissioner at the Met Police in London with the avid complicity of the then British regime, the Metropolitan Police itself and the Crown Prosecution Service instead of facing the criminal charges for the many and extremely serious criminal activities he should be serving time in jail for was allowed to resign, retain his pension and additionally was dispatched to Bahrain, where first he became the understudy of Ian Henderson and afterwards in his own right the new Butcher of Bahrain and where to this very day he sadistically carries out his handiwork.

And all of this I hope should convince the lot of you out there why it is that I'm doing what I am. I don't see it as trolling - whatever that Americanism means to the lot of you even if you do know what its real connotations are and that also includes you Alison Saunders and which I very much doubt, but as an English specialist I deal strictly in &quot;proper&quot; English and have no time for junk imitations. So I'll say this much that what I do is always an attempt to highlight what are essentially sick, extremely barbaric and deeply ingrained aspects of British cultural and political life and why the so-called forces of law and order that operate in Britain - quite nepotistic and decidedly cronyism to the core - not only condone but actually encourage and grant official immunity to generations of mass murderers, war criminals, paedophiles and the rest of these white Caucasian lowlifes especially if they stem from the privileged elites and in 2016 and what's the 21st Century still continue to do so.

Consequently Alison Saunders your appointment as Director of Public Prosecutions was to ensure that the status quo remained rigidly intact and your lying and disingenuous statements coupled with your farcical declarations that you'll resolutely go after and remorselessly in the process imprison these &quot;trolls&quot; are simply quite cynical distractions and sops to the public at large to give the intentionally dishonest impression that you're actually doing or are going to do something monumental to permanently clean up the rather stinking Augean Stable which you now preside over. And how mind bogglingly ironic that, when in effect you'll actually be taking no heed whatsoever of the message while assiduously doing your level best to kill the messengers that are bearing a vital message. Hardly a recipe for progress or success is it? Well Alison I'm one messenger who isn't falling for your crap or will I ever succumb to your bullying tactics - the same kind of behaviour that you hypocritically decry in others that you unwarrantedly disapprove of or is markedly and characteristically practised by the privileged elites and those who consist of the same graspingly greedy, US versus THEM mindset, and the cap-doffing lowlife scum network that

you Alison Saunders are very much a part of!

Stanley Collymore

# Why Should Western Leaders Bother About Terrorism When They Benefit Hugely From It?

What God or religion for that matter authorizes or condones the gratuitous killing, no the sadistic slaughter of innocent civilians, some of them mere children that hadn't as yet even begun to properly live their lives let alone start the process of exploring and utilizing their God-given talents, far less allowed the chance to make their personal contributions to the world in general or the human race in particular of which they were a part?

And explain to me, if you can, what's civilized about premeditatedly using callous brute force, ghastly acts of cannibalism, suicide bombers or coldblooded terrorism in your sick and insane attempts to coerce decent folk into doing what you want them to? Because even brain-dead morons like you must be well aware, or should be, that nothing you murderous nutters propose, remotely represent or have to offer decent and democratic folk globally will ever tempt any of us to freely consort with evil and barbaric scum like you.

But then, of course, you already know even before another of your terroristic atrocities takes place that you'll get away Scot-free with your mayhem and barbarity, don't you; because of the West's unbridled hypocrisy regarding

what you're doing. Liberally exercised  
in its geopolitical game play where the  
likes of al-Qaida, its spawned enfant  
terrible, and their criminal  
associates of feudalistic  
barbarians are paraded to us one minute as the  
Devil incarnate and the next, as in the case  
of Syria, Iraq and Libya for example,  
as the saviours of humanity –  
depending of course on what  
the ever changing foreign  
policy agenda of the  
West is at that  
moment in time  
and greedily  
dictates.

Meanwhile innocent lives continue to be  
needlessly and forever lost in this neo-  
colonialist and imperialist carnage  
cynically orchestrated by the West,  
never mind the platitudinous  
noises that its leaders make  
when their cynicism  
and complicity in  
these murderous obscenities  
are occasionally but all too  
infrequently exposed  
and promulgated  
for the rest of  
the world  
to see.

Championed hypocrisy closely integrated with the  
Machiavellian machinations of the Persian  
Gulf Arab Bantustans as a key element  
of their survival strategy, preservation  
and security, and liberally financed  
by the petro-dollar Danegeld of  
ruthless and barbaric Dark Age savages  
in tyrannical control of their Persian  
Gulf, Arab Bantustan fiefdoms;

and who are unquestionably  
the architects and rabid  
sponsors of most of  
the world's acts  
of terrorism.

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31 December 2013.

My View:

One doesn't need a crystal ball, the IQ of an Albert Einstein or even ludicrously to consult the Oracle of Delphi to comprehend the origins and requirements of terrorism in our contemporary world, or who its instigators and significantly its beneficiaries are.

In my view it has bugger all to do with religion, which is simply I believe being used as a convenient scapegoat for what are blatant acts of criminality and sadistic indulgement. For if Islam is such a peaceful religion as we're constantly told why then are so many of its avowed and supposed followers nothing more than a bunch of barbaric, Dark Age and criminal savages?

Analogously you wouldn't tolerate your dearly loved daughter's husband, partner or boyfriend consistently and gratuitously knocking the shits out of her and telling you, and what's more expect you to buy it, that he's simply physically expressing his love for her. So why, whether you're a Muslim or not, do you put up with this Islamic crap?

This particular boil has to be lanced and in my opinion the only charitable and comprehensive way to rid ourselves of such bestial brutes and their western puppet masters is through an all out holocaust on their Wahabi and Salafist lairs and of those within them by genuinely concerned, moral and authentic world leaders and their nations getting together in a global enterprise against these savages. For we already know where they are; primarily in the Persian Gulf Arab Bantustans.

And let's not be squeamish about this; we've previously had unwarranted holocausts of Blacks, the indigenous people of the Americas, the Caribbean, Australasia as well as of Jews and the Roma peoples of Europe; so why not the justifiable holocaust of these incorrigible Islamic scumbags?

Stanley Collymore

# Why Wish To Be Someone Else?

By Stanley Collymore

What do I care about love and why logically should I?  
For why would I want to willingly subvert my most  
intimate thoughts and emotions to the personal  
scrutiny or whim of someone else? I'm an  
individual, and a thinking one, for God's  
sake! Not some human android  
inescapably programmed into  
unthinkingly reacting in ways  
completely contrary to my  
best interests or else forced to  
behave in the prescribed manner  
that others who I either don't know,  
will in all probability never meet;  
whose opinions I don't share and  
consequently mean nothing to  
me arrogantly determine are  
appropriate life strategies  
that unquestioningly I  
should adopt?

For to allow this pervasive brainwashing to subvert and  
even consciously take over the entire running of my life  
would not only be contrary to the individuality I've  
assiduously cultivated and fostered throughout it  
but would also, I feel, unequivocally negate  
everything that is human in me. So please  
let me be for I'm not you nor do I  
aspire to being anyone else but  
me; and all I ask is to be left  
alone to make my own  
choices in life and,  
you've guessed it,  
to likewise be  
unmistakably  
me!

© Stanley V. Collymore

26 September 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# With Love And Happy Birthday Stanley Victor Collymore!

By Stanley Collymore

Few if any physiological conceptions whether leading to failed or successful pregnancies and certainly none that I know of were so meticulously planned as this one! A pleasurable task undoubtedly for me but even so somewhat circumscribed by the urgency of your mother's obsession in wanting a son, having consecutively produced three daughters: Andrea, unfortunately now deceased, Lynne and Beverley, in the preceding marriage she'd intentionally relinquished for her after that current one, which evidently did subsequently in fact involve her and me.

Unconcernedly, and to be exact, it didn't bother me in the least and discernibly as a matter of fact what of the two genders you actually turned out to be, and most especially so both from my own personal perspective as well as expressly that within my own family where my four sisters - respectively and just as proud of their Barbadian ancestry, and themselves like me intimately connected to Bajan culture and society where nobody would ever be, as is so asininely commonplace in British white, Asian and Jewish communities even remotely much less so decidedly disposed and often exclusively as well towards male gender, and other distinctly ambiguous ones in between, preferences and pre-eminence which then correspondingly guarantee the prejudiced prolongation

of real female gender inequality -  
noticeably outnumbered in my  
own family the unworried  
lesser presence all-round  
of my brother and me.  
And in those given  
circumstances your  
gender was, and  
still is, Stanley  
of no germane  
significance!

However, what was of significance to us, and as a family had  
been so all along, was that when you eventually came into  
this world after your stipulated nine months and two  
weeks stint in your Mummy's tummy, and like  
the quintessential football striker, OK soccer  
forward to the uninitiated, which you later  
became in the English Premier League  
and I must admit most impeccably  
maintained in respect of your  
birth with you promptly arriving on January 22nd  
of that year and somewhat providentially as  
it happened preceding by two days the  
anniversary date when your mother  
and I initially met, was from my  
family's perspective and quite  
predictably my own that on  
putting in what was your  
very first appearance so  
long as your precious bits and pieces were perfectly  
intact, functioning properly - and appreciatively  
from a father's standpoint you've admirably  
and competently established that over the  
years - you Stanley who truly were a  
most welcomed and treasured baby  
and with God's gracious blessing  
were also indisputably, robustly  
and informally rudely in good  
health that we as a family having collectively:  
both privately and openly, surmised and  
even anticipated all sorts of amazing

things for you are splendidly and  
unapologetically pleased, I must  
truthfully say; and on this I'm  
not alone, even though you  
decided to play football  
rather than cricket, at  
how you've tuned  
out Son. And so  
here's wishing  
you in closing  
a genuinely  
remarkable  
Birthday!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 January 2016.

The Celebratory Thoughts of the Author of this Poem:

For the exquisitely charming, stunningly handsome, absolutely intelligent,  
physically adroit, spontaneously and incredibly articulate - my God you haven't  
half genetically inherited a plethora of truly outstanding characteristics from me  
(laugh) never mind the South Staffordshire accent that you acquired from  
childhood (smile) but who better than you in the circumstances to give it an  
uplifting standing.

Someone uniquely in British society that with breathtaking integrity, likewise like  
me, openly, forthrightly, honestly, rationally and intrepidly speaks his mind at all  
times regardless of who chooses to get offended by what you say.

Consequently, what can your biological family including me wish for you on this  
your special day, and furthermore express to you who have everything going for  
you, outside continued excellent health coupled with traditional and renowned  
Barbadian longevity? Except to say we're all immensely proud of you and  
additionally would like to suggest that you carry on conscionably giving the  
surfeit of morons out there the absolute hell they deserve; I know I shall!

In conclusion from your Barbados and British branches of the Collymore Family,  
our Diaspora across the Caribbean, in Guyana, Belize, Panama, the United States  
of America - incidentally your first cousin there Jackie who you were inseparable  
from when you were both kids and she at the time lived in Reading with her  
parents prior to my sister, her mother, and my brother in law, her father,

migrating with her to America has specifically asked that I include her in this birthday tribute dedicated to you; so too your second cousins, also originally from Reading England, and other close relatives of ours in Canada - and of course the growing Collymore family in Germany.

All of whom sincerely wish you a tremendously unforgettable birthday and many more of the same in the future. And as your father I wholeheartedly endorse their every sentiment!

Stanley Collymore

# Without A Commitment To Their Implementation Expect Dreams To Remain Just That!

By Stanley Collymore

I'll staunchly carry on regardless of what the circumstances are: be they positive, seemingly pointless or absolutely disturbing either to me personally or likeminded souls generally, to use my undeniably inalienable and likewise lawfully acquired right to vote; and in the process of my doing so sensibly engage in helping to select those whom I objectively consider as best suited in my opinion to rationally understand the real needs of, and who moreover are really proficient at doing something positive towards addressing the material concerns regarding the public nationally, but more specifically in this deliberately taken and implemented stratagem of principled civic interaction universally ensure that those like me who responsibly and committedly wish to effectively utilize their lawfully enshrined and guaranteed democratic entitlement to radically change our greatly flawed societal structures and noticeably corrupt country can unconstrained lend their voice in favour of, vote for and assuredly grant their unshakeable support to the candidates of their real choice. And only then with that prospect a reality will I personally subscribe to the credible notion that the United Kingdom that with Germany I choose to jointly live in, is indeed a genuine democracy!

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8 May 2017.

Author's Remarks:

Liars, and increasingly pathological ones, can and often do win elections. Successes that do ultimately lead to all sorts of political, social and financial disasters. In marked contrast, however, statesmen and women who by their very nature simply aren't afraid to speak the unpalatable truth while espousing practicable and constructive remedies to annihilate such catastrophes, not infrequently end up being the unsung heroes of an ungrateful world, and particularly so in the western hemisphere, endemically steeped in sadomasochism.

A population that's often either totally unaware of or else absolutely indifferent to the fact that democracy isn't or shouldn't be about mouthing disingenuous and self-serving mantras, but rather ought to be concerned with telling the truth while both initiating and tirelessly implementing measures to remedy what disadvantages there are that need to be successfully confronted.

Stanley Collymore

# Woman

Lift your voice unapologetically up to the hills; raise a defiant clamour: triumphant and unambiguously clear, about your perceived status as a proud female, and simultaneously and flagrantly let the entire world unequivocally know that you're a free woman, unbowed, unbranded, quite resolute about your selected role as to who you are and significantly what you want and are absolutely determined to become; all conscious decisions of your own choosing and independently arrived at by you.

In effect and distinctly so, in what's generally and undeniably a society of mindless conformists, let it be equally known that you are a most untypical lady in character with aspirational goals that are all hers, and not those speciously or calculatedly devised or even patronizingly consented to and grudgingly approved of by some psychologically immature or baneful misogynistic male, however persuasive or well-meaning that misogyny might be, desperately needing to prove to himself his dubious masculinity or else his non-existent virility; or worse still who's aided and abetted by the supportive artifice of an acquiescent, female sycophant profoundly influenced into meekly accepting her purported designated role in society as a second class citizen, and who emphatically considers herself to be man's private property because, you guessed it, the Bible tells her so, the status quo endorses that view, and therefore she firmly believes it to be true, that she's man's spare rib.

Well sorry to disabuse you about any of this folks but I've never, don't, nor will I ever buy that twaddle. And if like me you're totally gender confident, conscientious, inwardly as well as outwardly positive about and committedly forward thinking in relation to yourself and, attendant with

that, assiduously aspire to comprehensively ditch  
the negatives and concentrate instead on the  
constructive aspects of your daily life as  
you productively forge a redemptive  
pathway with regard to being a  
singular female and worthy  
human being, you too,  
I'm categorically  
sure, won't  
either!

Stanley Collymore

# Worlds Apart

Your concept of love is different from mine, for with you there's no realization that universally accepted civilized standards of behaviour are inherent in any meaningful relationship let alone one that purports to be special between two people; and I'm fearful that you'll never grasp this crucial understanding of what genuine love is all about. So taking this into consideration I must inform you there's no future, and never was, for us together; and for your own sake it's best that you understand and accept this.

© Stanley V Collymore  
5 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# Worry About Who You Really Are And Just Leave Me To Be Who I Am!

By Stanley Collymore

I am who I am! No less so a Briton than those of you who not only think differently but also asinine assume in your rank stupidity that my skin colour and ethnicity quite transparently different from your own do consequently in your sick, troubled and manifestly ill-informed minds justifiably delude you into obstinately concluding that I am in no way or can I ever realistically either see my self or be reasonably regarded as by any normal - your twisted definition of that word and not in any way mine - indisputable and genuine Briton.

Well, feel free to foolishly think or even believe all the rubbish you may have perceived about me and cheerfully want to digest, for whatever it is that you've arrived at in your delusional, primarily white Caucasian and deeply ingrained exceptionalist notion of who you in point of fact are and thus in response consider that I am or should be arbitrarily classified as in your biased assumption of me, let me assist you in that one chum by emphatically, explicitly and unapologetically

establishing once and for all  
that isn't my problem but  
evidently it's yours and  
worst luck for you I  
shan't ever at any  
time currently or  
in the future be  
ever likely to  
make it mine!

For let me also firmly pledge to you and just  
as decisively hopefully put your terminally  
depleted minds at rest my idiotic white  
Caucasian, brain-washed half-breed  
house niggers, Asiatic compulsive  
and incestuously in-breeding, or  
Arab toadying cretins and alas  
for me my fellow Brit citizens  
that whatever it is that you're  
most determinedly aspiring  
for in your specious end game and specifically in  
cases of people like me, let me unfalteringly  
and unambiguously inform you that what  
ever it is you're attempting to do isn't  
by any means new; has been quite  
vainly, earnestly and rather  
disastrously tried before by  
preceding generations of  
similarly hare-brained  
and feebleminded  
cretins like you  
and from my  
personal perspective  
and quite frankly  
you see doesn't  
cut any ice  
whatsoever  
with me!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
20 September 2016.

Author's Remarks:

Racism of every sort is a consummately pernicious and invasive evil beloved of, actively promoted by and liberally indulged in either overtly or more commonly cowardly and therefore clandestinely by those who're infected by and what's more are also deeply ingrained with a wholly insupportable and when objectively scrutinized found to be wanting in every regard notion of what in their thoroughly twisted and utterly delusional state of mind they nevertheless obsessively regard as their inherent, inalienable, continuous and unchallengeable right to what in their distinctively madcap interpretation, exceptionalism exclusively means to them.

And moreover how it can and must in all fairness to themselves be employed to negatively impact on every single one of those whom they gratuitously despise and in whatever way they can derogatorily categorize - noticeably and conveniently overlooking their own inured penchant for and multiple acts of diverse criminality - and additionally deride as being unquestionably inferior to them.

All this with skin colour and purportedly untainted racial origin on their part - an even if the latter were true both of which ironically they had no part to play in nor could they personally or in any way have done - being the dominant and determining factors in this purblind stupid and vilely ludicrous assumption of theirs as to who they are and therefore must categorically be always regarded as by everyone else. Well there you have it and to which I happily say:

&quot;Humour them if you want to but I shan't as frankly it's not my cup of tea!  
&quot;

Stanley Collymore

# Yes! I Do Plead Guilty To Being In Love With You.

By Stanley Collymore

I'm already fully acquainted, if you really must know, with what they instinctively think of and, what's more in turn are explicitly saying about me in the court of public opinion in connection with you; and earnestly taking this matter into consideration and specifically in relation to the situation that I embarrassingly find myself in and bearing in mind, too, all the attention that quite obviously it has been having, who really in their right mind would then logically want to view what these people have consequently wholeheartedly embarked on as in any way provoking; irresponsibly undertake to question their impassioned reasoning or honestly blame them for reaching what irrefutably from them, and by any level-headed deduction, is not only a decisive but also a singularly arrived at and unanimous decision?

For even as those who previously were completely unaware of this personal situation affecting me but could now clearly see that those who all along and moreover had collectively and persuasively been assertively pointing the finger of conviction strongly in my direction as a direct response to my unquestionable accountability which was noticeably recognizable to everyone whose principled objectivity that person was willing to put on show, certainly had entirely good and quite valid reasons in store, in their well thought out judgement, that led

unflinchingly to  
them doing so!

For to put it bluntly, and as I assuredly knew, they most definitely had the goods on me knowing perfectly well, as they unmistakably did, what my track record on this specific and amorous subject matter, as it directly related to you then, was and had always been; and furthermore in their resolute estimation of all this had also and correctly assumed how it positively in their perceptive eyes accorded with the decisive conclusion that they had confidently arrived at and therefore were unyieldingly and wholeheartedly quite geared up to defend in relation to their own integrity and, quite perceptibly, also their defining judgment on me.

So what other course of action in the stated circumstances that I was starkly faced with could I either seriously or realistically have embarked upon doing, seeing that there was no earthly possibility much less so any truly convincing way on my part that I could have disagreed with those eyewitnesses sound and patently unimpeachable findings? Except, of course, to publicly and straightforwardly admit to what's now an open secret to just about everyone there is; and with any real hope of securely extricating myself from the emotional abyss I was clearly in summarily throw caution to the wind and myself along with it on the mercy and hopefully too the impartiality of the court's jury, and with the balance of probability in this rather tantalizing and amorous review of me

delicately poised, it's true, between  
my wining or losing their empathy,  
unconditionally plead guilty to  
having always been, still am,  
and inexorably will always  
carry on being eternally  
and most enjoyably  
in love with you!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 November 2015.

#### The Author's Thoughts:

Ever since Eve coquettishly tempted and quite obviously as well most skilfully and successfully managed to get a massively turned on Adam, evidently and passionately stimulated by what she was physically doing to herself, to sumptuously, quite pleasurably for both of them and, as a by-product of her expert seduction technique on Adam but equally in that intimate process between them set off a sort of procreative chain reaction which subsequently led to generations of human beings, and the same goes for every one of us who're currently here, being born with more or less the same distinctive inclinations, to greedily eat her apple – incidentally the first recorded account of cunnilingus in the history of human kind – among many other things which Adam gratifyingly did to Eve and ecstatically relieved the sexual cravings of both of them on that auspicious occasion at the dawn of humanity, generations of their human descendants have in one way or another tried to emulate them.

To say they've all been pleasurably successful in their enterprise would be a gross overstatement, since as a consequence of the very personal nature of their individual activities trying to glean the unvarnished truth about these would, to put it mildly, be a massive and unrewarding enterprise, as the truth factor couldn't reliably be depended upon. So instead rampant speculation takes its place and anecdotal evidence becomes the basic framework on which subjective judgements are made. However, whether the real truth does emerge or not what really matters is how each individual in effect adjudicates on his or her own sexual leanings or involvement, and with whom. What terms we choose to either individually or collectively apply to those sexual yearnings: lust, sowing one's wild oats, abstinence, promiscuity, celibacy or even the general and amorphous one of love.

And who's to say which of these terminologies or among the several others not

listed here that one has the right to apply to him or her when it specifically, directly, individually and even uniquely affects just them? After all it's their personal life; and as long as they're unquestionably a compos mentis and consenting adult legitimately doing what they opt to, what business is it of anyone else judgementally, other than with the person with whom they're personally, physically or emotionally involved? Is that love? Your guess is as good as mine unless it personally affects you!

Stanley Collymore

# You Are Everything To Me

You are my life, my major reason for living and the cause of so much happiness in my life that were I to enunciate all the benefits your presence in it has brought me it would take a lifetime to do so; so instead I'll just let my body language and what we obviously do so wonderfully well together speak eloquently for how I really feel about you.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
6 January 2011.

Stanley Collymore

# You Call This Romance?

The art of wooing is virtually dead and, instead, what now passes for courting is nothing more than the perfunctory and seemingly regulatory groping of the chosen target's body: their breasts, bottom and a furtive hand pressed fortuitously and gratefully between compliant and even complaisant legs, while robotic-like tongues, darting hungrily from suction-compressed but slobbering oral cavities, essay to bury their way, amid the dregs of saliva, into gaping-wide throats in a distinctly ostentatious and supposedly intentional display of ardour. Is this what romance has really come to? Effectively nothing more than a spirited, concupiscent smash and grab full of bestial emotions, but conspicuously and sadly devoid of fine words, poetry compliments and all the other acknowledged forms of civilized artistry?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
22 March 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# You Came, You Saw And Convincingly Influenced Me!

By Stanley Collymore

In respect of your undeniable love for me, and how consistently you've been in your principled attitude, faultlessly loving and honest conduct towards me at all times, even from the very first moment we accidentally met and thereafter decisively shortly afterwards and with my full and complimentary approval took to dating me, I've been explicitly head over heels in love with you; so much so that when you proposed we should get engaged and within a year of doing so get married, I was so thoroughly overjoyed with the proposal that you so appealingly and convincingly championed of us affectionately, freely and reciprocally sharing our individual life with each other unendingly that it would have been very remiss of me as well as a no-brainer option on my part not to have genially and wholeheartedly accept your proposition that I become your wife. Presently three years later on and with me most blissfully pregnant with our first baby unequivocally healthily on its way - do forgive me when I say that I was so overjoyed being with child I curiously couldn't resist having a pre-natal scan - the most favourable and fitting words I can approvingly say in relation to our express case as man and woman are: &quot;Thank Heaven for a job well done! &quot;

© Stanley V. Collymore

1 April 2017.

## Author's Remarks:

Fulfilling all or most of one's personally cherished and earnestly committed to aspirations or life's ambitions is undoubtedly up there among them, as is the certain and quite encouraging knowledge that you were consciously, and expressly lovingly, born into a caring, devoted and encouragingly to your highly principled and evolving interests both as a child and continuing unchangeably later on in life as the thoroughly well-adjusted adult that you were ably assisted

into becoming; but there can unquestionably be no greater credit, reassurance or gratification to be gained than in knowing that you've indisputably, justifiably trustingly and reciprocally fallen in love with someone whom you've also married, who undoubtedly means the world to you and either is or will be the responsible, loving and a highly motivational figure as father and mentor in the lives of your joint children.

This poem then is in appreciative tribute to all such caring couples and especially those dads who're allowed to, and accordingly unhesitatingly take their paternal role seriously.

Stanley Collymore

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Fulfilling all or most of one's personally cherished and earnestly committed to aspirations or life's ambitions is undoubtedly up there among them, as is the certain and quite encouraging knowledge that you were consciously, and expressly lovingly, born into a caring, devoted and encouragingly to your highly

principled and evolving interests both as a child and continuing unchangeably later on in life as the thoroughly well-adjusted adult that you were ably assisted into becoming; but there can unquestionably be no greater credit, reassurance or gratification to be gained than in knowing that you've indisputably, justifiably trustingly and reciprocally fallen in love with someone whom you've also married, who undoubtedly means the world to you and either is or will be the responsible, loving and a highly motivational figure as father and mentor in the lives of your joint children.

This poem then is in appreciative tribute to all such caring couples and especially those dads who're allowed to, and accordingly unhesitatingly take their paternal role seriously.

Stanley Collymore

# You Can'T Expect On Demand What I Freely Don'T Want To Give!

By Stanley Collymore

I hate you; and nothing that you say or do in  
a supposed atonement for your utterly  
appalling behaviour towards  
me will ever ameliorate for,  
far less seriously persuade me  
to forgive you for the incalculable  
and intentional harm you've spitefully  
caused me; damagingly inflicted  
on my professional career  
and callously done  
to my personal  
reputation.

And why? Because in your sick and somewhat  
perverse mind you took great offence to  
what you regarded as my audacity in  
declining what you superciliously  
considered as the ultimate in  
marriage proposals to me and thus my  
rejection of you: God's gift, you  
see yourself as, to all men and  
someone I should have been  
quite flattered to have in  
my life, in the process;  
never mind how I  
actually felt  
about you.

Namely, that I don't love you nor want to have  
anything to do with you. Something which  
you're well aware of; but despite that  
constituted the only reasons, as far  
as I can tell, for your proposing  
to me; because you're not  
used to nor can you countenance the idea

of someone genuinely ignoring you  
or what you truly and unhappily  
represent. And, as such, can't  
accept the reality of that,  
nor does your stubborn  
conceit make it any  
easier for you  
to do so.

Therefore, you came up with your bogus offer  
of us getting married, because you love me  
you say - how crass or insensitive can  
one get? - hoping no doubt that I'd be terribly  
impressed, fall for it all and, accordingly,  
change my mind and opinions towards  
you; enabling you to gain the upper  
hand and, as a result, be in a  
prime position to exert  
your full influence  
and control over me.

Well you thought wrongly,  
didn't you? As none of  
that could possibly have  
happened, even if I  
wasn't already  
in love with  
someone  
else.

But you're so used to being the centre of  
attention: having all manner of men  
besottedly falling over themselves to  
gain your attention or be favoured  
by you, that the mere thought  
of someone like me - who you've  
disappointedly realized you can't  
have and isn't afraid to openly  
tell you so - constitutes for  
you a situation that you  
frighteningly find  
inconceivable to  
believe and

intolerable  
to bear.

Consequently, out of a twisted desire for revenge - by getting your own back at me, so you think, for having thrown this unexpected but decisive spanner into the works of your conspiratorial plotting - you ludicrously concluded and delude yourself that you've an absolute right to impugn my integrity and what's more additionally destroy me in the process; hence your vitriolic vendetta against me. Well, go ahead and do your worst! For I'd rather, even unreasonably so, prefer to be a social pariah than to imaginably, let alone wittingly, share any part of my life with an ogre like you.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
8 June 2014.

Remarks:

Love, it's often alleged and invariably said, conquers all. But analogous to achieving success in any major military campaign and finally winning that particular war, every intelligent and accomplished protagonist of the heart well knows that the dispensing of together with the full utilization of moral forces themselves set alongside the scrupulous acknowledgement of and the undaunted conferring to the subject of one's desire what's unquestionably their basic and inalienable rights, are just some of the key aspects to ensuring the real likelihood of realizing a stable and commendable personal relationship. Not coercion or emotional blackmail!

Stanley Collymore

# You Inspire Me Very Much

By Stanley Collymore

You are an incredible young woman and an amazing inspiration: a fertile and welcoming oasis in an otherwise austere and unforgiving desert copiously littered with smashed hopes, unrealizable dreams and broken promises. A cool and invigorating breeze delightfully tempering the sultry heat of a tropical paradisiacal island, and from a personal, aesthetical perspective an exceedingly beautiful woman with a sumptuously eye-catching figure that strikingly stimulates the physical and mental senses in a way which sensually reinforces the huge positive impact you made on me from the very beginning and quite evidently still wield.

Just as your feminine presence with its enervating, powerfully seductive and enduring sensuality is such a massive turn-on that only the blind or totally imperceptive, arguably forgivably so, are either unaware or else would be unappreciative of them. All of which is my personal invitation and the prelude to my saying to you:  
"Welcome into my life! "

© Stanley V. Collymore  
30 December 2010.

Stanley Collymore

# You'll Never Be Forgotten

You're just another unfortunate casualty of  
a world possessed of a distorted notion  
of what its priorities are and as a  
good, decent and caring person  
who always put the needs of  
others before your own it  
was only a matter of  
time before your  
own victimhood  
was itself  
assured.

But despite the  
cruel injustice and futility of your death  
your memory and what you ethically  
stood for live on permanently in the  
hearts and minds of those of us  
who were fortunate enough  
to have known, loved and  
deeply respected you.

Just as these attributes of yours will undoubtedly be a legacy  
I'm sure to generations of as yet unborn Barbadians and  
others globally who will hallow your memory and the  
work that regrettably you were cut short from  
completing, but which none the less must  
continue for all time in the manner it  
deservedly and proudly should be!

Stanley Collymore

# You're Bewitchingly Sensual!

By Stanley Collymore

God! Had I known you were so hot I probably wouldn't have spoken to you in the first place and most likely as well would have been too petrified to have you touch me. But having allowed both of these things to happen, and bearing in mind what subsequently occurred, I honestly don't regret for a single moment that I did. For you certainly and most commandingly, I'm happy to say, know exactly how to make me feel that extra special and what's more completely irresistible as a woman.

How did you manage it, would you care to tell? Doing so as it happens without any prompting from me or queries on your part as to what my innermost needs were, even to the extent of deciphering and exploring my most secretive sexual predilections. And boy did you satisfy them all, and how; as well you know! As likewise I'm sure you're also fully aware that the quite graphic recollections of your thoroughly masculine, torrid and coital display, which you so consummately and dexterously executed and I for my part have in the process most pleurably discharged in a powerful tsunami of erotic responses, still have me agog and desirous for more of the same.

Triggering, too, emboldeningly vivid and utterly gripping remembrances that energetically unleash and sustainably send incredibly, pleasurable shock waves of eroticism through crucial areas of my body causing that entire edifice to go into a violent quiver; uncontrollably

make me go totally weak at the knees; and in  
a thrilling and reciprocal empathy with the  
thoughts expressively surging through  
my head in response to each fervid  
reminiscence that lasciviously  
assails it makes me want to  
have you all the more.

In truth, though, I'm inwardly glad and deeply flattered  
that you haven't disclosed to me just how it was that  
you successfully sussed me out and most crucially  
discovered so accurately what it was that I  
earnestly wanted you to do to me, as that most likely  
would predictably have spoilt some of the amazing  
fun which I'm unquestionably having by being  
with you, although in no way, I hasten to  
add and solemnly promise you, ever  
likely to dampen the intensive  
ardour and huge craving  
that I have for you.

How thoughtful of you then, meticulously taking  
into full consideration the various circumstances  
we're jointly and intimately cognisant of, to  
mindfully stimulate and, prodigiously too,  
enhance my insatiable hunger for you,  
engendering in me my innermost  
gratitude for everything you're  
brilliantly doing, with the  
firm pledge never to  
intentionally let  
you down!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
14 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# You're Out Of Control!

By Stanley Collymore

What is it that you really want from me? For you've never said, and having wracked my brains for all it's worth to find out I still don't know nor dare to claim that I understand. And why these silly games of yours that you insist on playing, especially since I've made it abundantly clear to you in words and gestures that I'm no longer interested in you and much less so in what you're up to? Yet incredibly you persist in carrying on as though nothing has changed.

So please take my advice and stop all this nonsense that you're indulging in before your behaviour leads to even greater harm than what it has already caused; and additionally with the grave possibility of you even unconsciously, if you persevere with it, of creating for yourself an altogether untenable situation from which you'll almost certainly experience considerable difficulty in freely extricating yourself; if at all. And frankly, to sum it all up in a simple and rather straightforward sentence: "You're desperately in need of quite serious psychiatric help! "

© Stanley V. Collymore  
24 October 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# You're Out Of Line!

Your penchant for the absolute  
control and total dominance  
of others is for me a dire  
situation that I will  
never accept;  
nor will I ever accord  
to such behaviour  
the dignity of  
tolerance.

© Stanley V. Collymore  
12 July 2001.

Stanley Collymore

# You're Wrong. Crime Does Pay!

How can you purposely look me in the face,  
openly say and, what's more, seriously expect  
me to believe that crime doesn't pay, when  
clearly you know as well as I do that apart  
from perhaps the armaments industry  
the legal fraternity is arguably and  
consistently the one ongoing  
as well as the fastest and  
possibly even the only  
growth industry  
currently in  
the UK?

Tsch man!

What an absolute and calumnious misrepresentation  
of the facts. And anyway, why on earth would you  
want to go out of your way to say something as utterly  
preposterous as that to me of all persons, fully aware,  
as you apparently are, of the masive accumulative  
contributions in terms of revenue and the recurring  
prospects of ensuring that, which my criminal  
pals and I, despite your seeming attempt to  
blacken our name, just like those among  
the barrister and QC lot, constantly  
make to all that and, of course,  
our flourishing criminality?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
1 May 2013.

Stanley Collymore

# Your Conduct Is Most Unbecoming And For Me Is Quite Simply Unforgivable!

By Stanley Collymore

Deserted and callously abandoned by you because you cowardly didn't have the guts or gumption to stand up to your domineering parents and courageously tell them that it's your life and therefore you've every right to live it as you thought fit and perceptibly without the kind of unwarranted interference they'd been subjecting you to; and not only expecting but also unremittingly demanding too that you submissively and uncomplainingly reined in your natural feelings for me by unemotionally and as they apparently saw it pragmatically and intentionally supplanting these with social-climbing and most particularly financially-motivated ambitions in which love consciously wasn't allowed to play any part whatsoever, even when as was perfectly well known the specified and calamitous outcome of this cold-blooded and unnatural union was unmistakably guaranteed to engender at its best what was a noticeable dilemma and at its worst, and not so smart, a suppressed but all the same an intensely troubled and distinctly broken heart. However, notwithstanding that you none the less still calculatingly went ahead with what had been resolved and that you would compliantly be doing, and in the process effectively and quite literally killed off the enormous store of love that I had for you stone cold dead!

© Stanley V. Collymore

15 December 2015.

Stanley Collymore

# Your Decision!

Whether you choose to stay or prefer to go  
away is a decision you'll have to make  
entirely on your own. But won't it  
be much better if you were to stay  
and fight for this relationship,  
buffeted I know by many  
difficulties cruelly heaped  
upon it and painfully torn apart, and  
by doing so seriously attempt to  
make a brand new start?

Stanley Collymore

# You're Black, Inferior And Have No Rights To A Proper Education!

By Stanley Collymore

In Britain there's an inured dumbed-down educational system, that is fittingly and therefore encouragingly in the sick and puerile minds of its progenitors and supporters, which actively and self-servingly encourages academic failures through assisting incompetent and wholly intellectually challenged white students directly across the board from nursery, primary and secondary school entry to their ensuing enrolment at university and other tertiary levels of education to markedly conscious and distinctly unprincipled terms, as is quite evidently there to see, by design wholly bedevil all efforts and purposeful avenues of meritocracy and assiduous study and rather junkie-like and zealous rely solely on the devious shenanigans as well as the blatantly unethical exploits of chicanery indulged in by their useless, also corrupt and systematically disingenuous educators up to the major standing of university professor.

Students and the alleged allocators of their questionably delivered education alike who conveniently for them find themselves resolutely and most reactionarily imbued with their joint delusional, completely

white supremacist and exceptionalist racist  
mindset, convincingly in their rather sick  
minds and furthermore constantly brain  
washed by an unjust and discriminatory system that  
imperiously directs them to feel and unfalteringly  
believe that there's nothing for them to either  
learn or even in the situation of their trusted  
educational minders for the latter to really  
dispense to them; for as they're already  
and comprehensively persuaded that  
whatever they needed to know and  
would subsequently as practising  
adults oversee throughout their  
individual life had previously  
and indisputably from birth been intrinsically  
permanently and significantly genetically  
embedded in their everlastingly white  
superior DNA, why on earth then it  
was subjectively reckoned should  
educational institutions like Top  
Valley Academy, Nottingham,  
England pointlessly go out of  
their way to provide for, as  
they saw it, the ridiculous  
academic abilities or the  
absurd aspirations of  
full-blooded Blacks  
or even half-breed  
picaninnies like  
Chloe Barton?

© Stanley V. Collymore  
13 January 2017.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem has been inspired by and is also specifically dedicated to Chloe Barton: a student at Top Valley Academy that's located in Nottingham City in the English East Midlands and also others like her across the entire United Kingdom and at all levels of tuition received by them attendant with individual study on their part, who both feel and are equally convinced in the vast majority of their cases that the entire British educational system, for what it's truly worth that is

and spanning essentially from nursery throughout primary, secondary and even upwards to tertiary studies levels and beyond, simply isn't working for them and is routinely and categorically characterized and likewise inimically jeopardized and wilfully destroyed as well by individuals both within and who're also entirely responsible for the said educational system but who none the less are largely unaccountable by any enshrined or even universally understood democratic criteria for that educational system, its diabolical liberties and clearly its gross racial and social inequalities.

And among these inveterate, full of themselves, highly incompetent, narcissistic, enduringly diehard and sycophantically nepotistic employees - that's how they got their jobs in the first place and manage, despite their transparent lack of ability and multiple inadequacies, to hold on to them - and particularly ironic too as it happens, relative to the aforesaid circumstances, indisputably and disturbingly intellectually challenged morons of the likes of Sean Kelly: the sitting Principal of Top Valley Academy in Nottingham and correspondingly his like-minded cretinous teachers and administrators at that supposed educational institution who incredibly and as supposed educators nevertheless in their fervid imaginings literally assume that being white Caucasian is all that substantially and even vitally matters in the educational and purported racial superior stakes, and then in their delusional mindset rampantly transfer those loathsome and sick assumptions of theirs to all those who don't fit their repulsive and totally unsubstantiated conclusions.

But alas they're not alone in this and merely constitute the tip of this malevolently treacherous and out of control iceberg that menacingly and perilously lurks within the dangerous waters of the British educational system. A situation where skin colour and not personal ability - as is quite discernible to anyone with eyes to see and really wish to do so - in the individual and collectives cases of all these so-called brilliant graduates even from purported prestigious British universities that infest the British House of Commons; corporate, banking and other financial industries and, of course, major media outlets in the UK both private and state-owned like the BBC but who in actuality couldn't plot their way, without assistance, out of a sodden paper bag if that action was even to save their fucking pathetic lives, do unwarrantedly but nevertheless continue to reign supreme!

Stanley Collymore

# You've Got What I Desperately Need; So Let's Be Having It!

By Stanley Collymore

I know you want my body and I'm quite willing to give it to you! For in the current circumstances it seems to me to be the most desirable and natural thing in the world for me to do, bearing in mind the extensive manner in which you so instinctively turn me on each time I look at you, even when temporarily setting aside the presence, I readily confess, of that adorably enormous hard-on that you're nurturing, possess and delightfully too evidently sporting; and itself quite purposefully lurking within yet conspicuously somewhat difficult to conceal, I'm sure you'll agree with me, inside those rather tight trousers of yours that additionally and quite temptingly that you're wearing.

Located in which is a Penis whose discernibly revealing promise swiftly conjures up in my dizzy head through these scrutinizing eyes of mine how very much better that imposing and consummately imploring erection of yours lovingly, skilfully and appreciably set free by someone like me from its present, pointless and restrictive isolation could alternatively, by merely operating externally rather than being confined internally, be more profitably, mutually beneficially, enduringly and, decidedly, privately recruited to assist - just by being literally outdoors and effectively free -

the much needed catalyst, expectantly  
and wholeheartedly wished for, to  
expediently and pleasurablely  
liberate the coital bliss  
profoundly yearned  
for by yours  
truly!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
18 December 2014.

Author's remarks:

True sexual liberation is not a one way street whose usage is or should ever be exclusively permitted or allowed to morph into becoming the sole prerogative of just one gender. Rather, it's more of a dual carriageway where both participants should always be completely at liberty to openly express their specific sexual needs and preferences, hopefully be able to consensually fulfil them, or else have it honestly explained to them in a mature and sensitive way why their expectations can't be realized. Anything else is sexual exploitation and should be sensibly avoided!

Stanley Collymore

# You've No Cause For Any Worries I Assure You!

By Stanley Collymore

What would I have done without you in my life  
you rather unexpectedly but clearly jokingly  
I assume wanted to know and decided you  
would ask? Find myself another good  
but evidently incomparable to you  
woman naturally I was flippantly  
tempted to spontaneously and diplomatically  
reply but finally logically and judiciously  
did not, as I could grasp and therefore  
also suddenly realize how pointless  
my conjecture on that unarguably  
thorny subject and something  
that happily didn't happen  
but could so possibly if  
commented on quite  
needlessly open up  
a can of difficult  
worms for me.

For in my honest opinion even if I were  
inclined, which frankly I wasn't in the  
least persuaded that I should be, to  
give an off the cuff or even a  
straightforward answer  
either possibly truth-  
fully but more likely than not a consoling  
misleading and pertinently wisely too a  
diplomatic one to your enquiry neither  
of them would either be forthrightly  
relevant, or even in the slightest  
fair, given that your question  
was in actual fact strictly a  
hypothetical supposition;  
something cleverly thrown  
into the air by you and  
quite specifically to  
attain from me an

unquestionably  
unconsidered  
contribution.

So in the given circumstances and with the dice  
of probability so heavily loaded against  
me why then should I bother to even  
start trying to treat your whimsical  
query as though it was a serious  
question? For when it comes  
down to personal emotions  
I always deal in reality, a  
fundamental stance of which I'm fully  
cognizant that you're similarly well  
aware of and most categorically  
and exclusively accounts for  
why you are here in my  
life - the only woman-  
cum-lady I've ever  
truthfully wanted  
to be and have  
intelligently  
chosen as  
my wife!

© Stanley V. Collymore  
16 September 2016.

#### Author's Remarks:

This poem was purposely conceptualized, created and specifically written with genuinely heterosexual persons and couples exclusively in mind and who are themselves either already in or else seriously contemplating on embarking on a constructive and meaningful relationship with that special person in their life, be it as a partner, husband or wife.

This notwithstanding that one or even both of you may have previously gone astray in your particular relationship but having wisely seen sense and positively reacted to its dire warning are now back together and what's more in champion style and thrillingly robust form, both of these buttressed by your erstwhile failings as you now make a gutsy and commendable go at repairing as well as firmly and pleurably consolidating your precious relationship.

However and by no stretch of the imagination - my own or that of any other conscionable person - is this poem in any way intended for any of the following loathsome and deviant persons: those smitten by Dykeism or Queerism whether of the open sort or the closet variety and regardless of whatever powerful position(s) they hold socially or professionally in the United Kingdom or the influence that they wield.

Neither is it for paedophiles; those who support or protect them, or astonishingly with mindboggling condescension and incredible brazenness universally accord to these sickeningly and invariably privileged elite perverts blanket official immunity either politically, through a disreputable Crown Prosecution Service, Police and the national law enforcement system; or a corrupt and itself deeply tarnished and immensely paedophilic in character UK and particularly English and Welsh judiciary!

And so to this latter and utterly despised by me inured sewer scum I unapologetically say to all of you in relation to this poem - piss off and don't even look at it far less so take to reading it. For it's not meant for gutter rats like you that despairingly for all the decent residents within the UK's population see you increasingly emerging in huge numbers and in officially designated genderless Britain, in which you've played a major part in this transformation, from the stinking sewer where you permanently belong and ought forcibly to be made to stay.

Reading me loud and clear Ms Hiliary Benn; Messrs Eagle, Julia Wendy Macur, Kezia Dugdale, Laura Kuenssberg and testosterone May; and complementing this phalanx of human detritus the several truculent dominatrix and their girlie submissive Misses - or bitches as they would much prefer that you call them and of whom the constraints of time only allow me to name a tiny fraction of them - Keith Vaz, Ian McNicol, Philip Sales, Jack Beatson, NEIL COYLE: him who wants to sue Jeremy Corbyn - hello sweetie - and Tom Watson!

Stanley Collymore

# Zionist Ashkenazim Scum! Auschwitz Was Much Too Good For Them.

By Stanley Collymore

Unbridled greed, routine privilege and public office malfeasance intrinsically coupled with unbounded nepotism, monopolistic control of the banking, other financial, all likely gainful commercial activities together with the miscellany of other unwarranted but even so highly influential societal positions given automatically to people like me and, of course, the country's political and legal systems that are my own rightful and unchallengeable entitlements. For collectively and in reality we're the Ashkenazim nation: Yiddish Europeans who've conveniently, very profitably and immensely too quite beneficially for us in all feasible fashions embraced Judaism, and with our post World War Two ubiquitously, fraudulently but oh so ridiculously lucratively used holocaust Anti-Semitism trademark - although we're no more Semites than the native residents of the United States of America's Appalachian region - have nevertheless carved out for ourselves a prized and illegal nuclear manor like no other in the country once known as Palestine and doing so our critics say, however don't believe them, at the genocidal and ongoing barbaric annihilation of its aboriginal and genuinely Semitic population, the

Palestinians!

© Stanley V. Collymore

9 May 2015

Author's Remarks:

Feral and detestable sewer scum who happily, sadistically and ubiquitously dish out their poisonous contagion at will and regardless of the consequences for others however unwarranted their perniciously sick actions and multiple offensive activities are; but who when their loathsomely demonic and predatory actions finally catch up with them, predictably like the cowardly Yid bastards and bitches that they are they instinctively dodge justice and its inevitable consequences for them with every resource and all scheming devices at their inhuman disposal, while shouting at the top of their voices - this is anti-Semitism that you're directing at us!

Stanley Collymore