Poetry Series

Tom Higgins

- 97 poems -

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Tom Higgins (27/02/1954)

I was born and grew up here, and apart from a brief spell working at Rolls Royce in Bristol in 1973 I have lived here all my life, so far! Egremont is on the edge of the Lake District National Park and the surrounding area is exceptionally beautiful.I have been married to my wife Gillian since 1983, and we have two daughters.I started to jot down a few words about five years ago, but prior to this time I had not written anything other than a letter or postcard, since I left school in 1971.

A Cumbrian Lament

I lay me down in the shadows,
'cos I got drunk tonight,
I lay me down in the shadows,
'cos getting drunk ain't right,
I lay me down in the shadows,
cos you won't let me in,
I lay me down in the shadows,
between the shed and the wheely bin!

I'm lying down in the shadows,
and it's freezing cold out here,
I'm lying down in the shadows,
knowing my nice warm bed's so near,
I'm lying down in the shadows,
and the frost grows on my clothes,
I'm lying down in the shadows,
and there's ice growing from my nose!

I fell asleep in the shadows,
will this be my swansong?
I fell asleep in the shadows,
was what I did so wrong?
I fell asleep in the shadows,
am I so bad amongst men?
I fell asleep in the shadows,
will I ever wake up again?

Tom Higgins

A Different Light

The meaning of the words we write,
Is oft times clear, black and white,
but sometimes it is true to say,
that those meanings are in shades of grey,
but, with the addition of a touch of colour,
we can paint a picture, with meaning, fuller,
by adding some luminosity to the words,
birdsong needn't be just for the birds.
Yes, by wisely using our palette of words to write,
we can all see the world in a different light!

Tom Higgins

A Question Of Morality

Surprise! Surprise!
Another banker lies.
The people he robs
Of their wealth and jobs,
Are left to wonder,
to ask how they,
Have to, for years,
To continue to pay,
Whilst the high placed
Thieves walk away,
With the fruits of their
Deception and theft.
What does this tell us
About our world?
Is there any morality left?

Tom Higgins

Believe Only What You Can Test By Observation

Why fear death?
With my last breath,
I will be gone forever.
Before my birth,
my only appearance on Earth,
I did not exist, no never!
And so when I die,
there'll be nowhere to fly,
no me left to go,
this I do know,
and I can live with this thought,
as my life it has taught,
that all of life ends,
even for family and friends,
and this includes me
and it allows me to be free,
because I'm not scared of dying,
and to myself I'm not lying,
so there's no sense in me,
pretending that I see,
what just is not there,
for which I don't care,
no, I shall just live,
love and forgive,
In a life which is good,
as all of us should,
and I'll never concede,
that I need some creed,
to tell me which way,
to live every day,
how I should think,
what I may drink,
what I can eat,
this or that kind of meat.
No, my life choice is mine,
and I live it just fine.
I don't need to believe,
that after death I'll receive,
access to the Land of Never Never,
now isn't that cleverer than clever?
That there can be,
where no man can see,
a place of such infinite glory,
where the 'good' continue their story,
in some parallel universe,
unaffected by time's curse,
somewhere that we,
can live for infinity,
but only if we truly believe,
in a permanently invisible divinity!

Tom Higgins

Blind Faith

'You must believe my son,
you must let faith within you dwell,
because if you don't
you will doom your soul to everlasting Hell.'
Such were the words drummed into me
when I was eight or nine,
now here I am at fifty eight,
still waiting for a sign,
some proof, a flash, a voice from god,
or something else divine.

Instead I have witnessed many other things,
solely from Earthly sources,
that tell me no compassionate god
could exude such malevolent forces,
surely a god that is good could never sit,
and watch so many die,
without sending angelic intervention,
a UN force from the sky!

Yet this has never happened
in the history of mankind,
through many thousands of years,
and many billions of tears,
the gods have always been deaf and blind!

Tom Higgins

Can You See The Cookie Tree?

I was walking in the park last week,
when to me, a young boy did speak.
'Excuse me mister can you tell me,
where can I find a cookie tree?
I know that there are some in here,
and I've been told that they are near,
yes, before I was the age of three,
I knew all about the cookie tree!
I've never seen one yet, although,
they're definitely here, yes this I know,
as from a very young age they've told me so,
that cookie trees in this park grow.
So come on mister, tell me please,
where in this park are the cookie trees?
I have to find them before I'm old,
and they're definitely here, because I've been told.'

I answered him in the following way.
'Since I was young I've come to play,
and wander freely all around this park,
but your question leaves me in the dark.
Because, never once in all this time,
have I come across any sign,
to tell me that cookies grow on trees,
where did you get your info please? '
Straight away, the kid replied.
'Oh well, you're the first one that I've tried.
I didn't think I'd do it with ease,
you know, find the orchard of cookie trees.
So I'll carry on until I find,
someone who believes, and isn't blind,
yes a person who really, truly agrees,
with the fact that cookies grow on trees!

Tom Higgins

Cat And Mouse

I saw a cat
playing with a mouse,
from the kitchen window
of my house.
I ran outside,
and shouted'shoo! '
The cat ran one way,
the mouse ran too!

Tom Higgins

Chances Are?

The likelihood of seeing,
a non-terrestrial, intelligent, being,
who greets you with a friendly wave, and,
announcing that his name is Dave,
he then asks you to take him to your leader,
is about as probable as hearing,
that the day is actually nearing,
when equality and fairness,
replace the general, couldn't care less
attitude which today is rather prevalent,
and which is actually quite malevolent.
What do you think,
dear reader?

Tom Higgins

Come Into My Parlour

The fly flew into the spider's web,
'oh dearie me'said he.
The spider said 'yes dearie you
I'm having fly for tea.'

Tom Higgins

Count Your Blessings

Often circumstances can conspire,
to make a life's experience dire.
If this should ever happen to you,
this is what you ought to do.
Look around yourself to see,
if there is a worse place you could be,
and usually you'll find 'tis so,
there's somewhere worse where you could go,
and the poor beggars dwelling there,
have many more woes about which to care,
so count your blessings and sing in praise.
You're better off than them, oh happy days!

Tom Higgins

'Curiosity' Killed The Cat!

We look up in wonder at the stars,
We ponder on there being life on Mars,
And so we've sent a craft to see,
A marvellous thing called 'Curiosity'.
And on the surface of the big red rock,
The last of its kind looks up in shock,
As from the sky there falls a star,
Which has travelled there from afar.
Then the star begins to slow,
And the last Martian feline down below,
Stares in wonder, as a chute deploys,
Soon followed by the strangest noise,
As the thrusters ignite to stop,
The rapidity of the strange craft's drop.
And then the craft begins to lower,
A separate large object from below her,
Which lands upon the creature's head,
Leaving it squashed and very dead!
Now just how bloody ironic is that?
'Curiosity' killed the cat!

Tom Higgins05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

Democracy? What Happened?

Democracy! What was the cost?
How many wars fought, how many lives lost?
To get us to where we are today,
where the children of freedom's defenders have to pay,
exorbitant prices in order to live,
bled dry by the parasites, who refuse to give,
any of their massive wealth, much of which they stole,
back to the very societies over which they maintain control,
by removing people's chances of ever building wealth,
of owning any property, of living in good health.

Thus ensuring they wield really awesome power,
allowing them to be certain that every single hour,
the majority of the total global population,
in serfdom toils, kept down at a lowly station,
by the multi, multi headed hydra corporation,
who for the benefit of a small minority,
have undermined and collapsed the foundations of democracy.
Yes, these unelected, non representative schemers,
have bought out our politicians, those self promoting dreamers.
Who never dreamt of creating a decent society,
where if needed, I'd look after you, and you'd look after me,
but they only dreamt of enrichment for li'l ol' number one,
with any concept of equanimity and fairness, forever gone.

So, if the political class has already been bought,
how can we achieve that which for so long we have sought?
The democracy, we thought we had, laid down in constitution,
with freedom for all men, untainted by pollution,
by a greedy and manipulative few,
well yes there is something that we can do.
Apparently at election time with little changed,
legally it can be arranged,
for a vote for policy making to be returned,
to the people whose forefathers earned,
this inalienable right,
in the never ending freedom fight
We have to vote in sufficient numbers so,
democracy can truly be given a go,
and that policy making is put back in the hands,
of the people for the people, understand?

Because the fact is all control of policy,
is in the hands of the political class, currently,
and as they themselves have been bought and sold,
in reality government policy, is controlled,
by the mighty faceless corporations,
who tell our leaders how they must run our nations,
never allowing anything to be introduced,
which might lead to their power being reduced.

Tom 13/11/2011

Tom Higgins

Divine Non-Intervention!

Please do not speak to me of God's love,
And divine guidance from your friend above,
Until you've walked in the young men's shoes,
Whose lives were taken on the ten o'clock news,
Almost every single waking day,
Throughout my life it has been this way,
With conflict raging all around,
And after millennia we have still not found,
A way to stop the destruction and killing,
Because those who cause it are simply not willing,
To change, to think, to try to be,
Decent people who can really see,
That there is only one chance at life,
And that they hold the power to stop the strife,
So that many more people would make it through,
To the modern average of four score and two!
So when will we see amongst all this madness,
God the invisible stop this sadness,
And make an appearance to end all the wars,
And famines, and droughts, and then to cause,
The world to be a godly place,
A heaven for life, for every race?
The answer to my question then?
You'll hear it nightly on News at Ten!

Tom Higgins 06/08/2012

Tom Higgins

Dovecote Dictator

This morning I awoke to the sound,
of a collared dove making it known,
that he is boss of all collared doves around,
and this territory is his all alone!

His coo he repeated time and again,
and it kept building in volume too,
like most dictators, those puffed up little men,
he wants the whole world to know of his coup!

Tom Higgins

Entranced

Let me lead you in a dance,
Around the fire, in a trance,
I'll take you to another land,
Where you will learn, and understand,
What it is we're here for,
And glimpse those who came before,
Your ancestors who roamed this place,
Forefathers of our human race,
Would dance around a fire, just so,
Shadows and substance in the glow,
Generations joining in such a dance,
Not all of them were in a trance,
But those who were, said they could see,
The ancestral spirits wandering free,
So come on people move those feet,
Build up the rhythm and the beat,
All together in our rhythmic dance,
As we work ourselves into a trance,
So we all can once more see,
Those we loved, who used to be!

Tom Higgins

Exercise For Life

Keep working your brain
as you grow old.
It'll keep you sane,
or so I'm told.
Complete this quiz,
or that crossword.
Just the biz,
or so I've heard,
to help you keep
what is there,
less time asleep,
and much less in care!

We should all
make this our mission,
and we should call
our local politician
and get him or her
to join in too,
don't let them defer
get them to do,
something they have never done,
come on we should make them try,
it really promises so much fun,
let's make 'em think, before they die!

Tom Higgins

Extremely Fat Cats

It used to seem that 'The Company'
was in business for you and me,
but things have changed and now it seems,
like that was only ever in our dreams,
and these days all they strive to do,
is take everything just for the few.
So, will the world ever be freed,
from the curse of corporate greed?
They thrive on an almighty lie,
that says that we are all gaining by,
the actions of these monstrous beasts,
that stride the planet on which they feast,
taking all from those who have no way,
to defend their lands, or to have a say,
in how their resources are to be used,
instead we are all merely abused,
to fulfil the wants of the greediest men,
who will wreck Mother Earth, and then,
use their wealth to maintain their power,
whilst all the populations of the planet cower!

Tom Higgins

Fat Happy Chappy

The Buddha now sits in my garden,
I've given him a new place to stay,
right in the middle where the sunshine,
is on him for most of the day.
He seems happy in this his new home,
he is smiling so broadly you see,
though he was grinning like that when I found him,
so maybe it's not down to me.
He was sitting alone by the roadside,
beaming at all who passed by,
but no one else seemed to notice,
so that's when I decided that I
would pay five pounds to have him come,
back here to our family abode,
much better than leaving him lonesome,
on his own at the side of the road.

Tom Higgins

Fatty Bum Bum

How did I end up in this state?
I'm always fighting with my weight,
I'd like to put it down to fate,
but that ain't honest!

I know for sure what I do wrong,
I've known the truth all along,
but I always sing a different song,
and that ain't honest!

I've tried to blame my family,
for passing the fat gene down to me,
and making me a big fat'B',
but that ain't honest.

So now I'm gonna face the fact,
I have to make me a slimming pact,
and with exercise I must react.
Now, that is honest!

Tom Higgins

Fishy Philosophy

My goldfish waits patiently to be fed,
he waits without moving much.
When I approach, what goes through his head,
does he actually think thought patterns or such?
He gets excited as I take some food
and sprinkle it into the tank,
does he look up to me as his one true god,
the father that all fishkind must thank,
for being there each and every day
to make sure all his needs I'll meet,
does he look up to me and pray
that forever, I'll make sure he'll eat?

Tom Higgins

Fundamental Question

I have a question,
to which so far
my life's experience
cannot provide an answer.
How could a benign, thinking,
loving and caring creator,
come up with
such a thing as cancer?

Tom Higgins

Go To The Library

Please read at least one other book,
before you make up your mind,
as to just how right you may be,
don't make decisions until you find
other answers which can help you see,
whether or not what you think
really makes any sense,
or whether you are on the brink,
of doing something rather dense,
and deciding to believe,
because it says so, in the only book you read,
it must be right because it fills your every need,
and it really makes every part of you tingle,
when you haven't even looked inside the cover of a single,
other published book from which to gain perspectives,
I really hope that none of you
apply for careers as detectives!

Tom Higgins

God Log Stardate Thirteen Billion

I watched more people starving,
down on planet Earth today,
but I decided not to bother,
this is how I like to play.
One off against the other,
the strong against the weak,
the haves against the have nots,
who have no voice to speak.

Tom Higgins

God The Dad

If God is actually Jesus' dad,
would he really get so mad?
If someone with him didn't agree,
would he, perhaps, the other viewpoint see?
Do you think he'd look down from heaven's height,
and everything he saw he'd want to smite,
why would he on them want to jump,
and fire and brimstone on them dump?
Surely such havoc he would never wreak,
would he not just turn the other cheek?

Tom Higgins

gone

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Tom Higgins

Gone Fishing

They launched at dawn, Jim and his mate,
both men unaware of their mutual fate.
The boat was small, the sea was calm,
and neither of them foresaw any harm.

This was something both had done,
at the rising of the sun
on many, many previous days,
they'd sailed out into the haze.

This time it seemed just the same,
the weather was mild, the wind was tame,
though neither of these good friends could know,
just how this trip was destined to go.

Before they left home they checked the weather,
the forecast was fine, and they laughed together,
because today was perfect for their trip,
so they headed down to the launching slip.

At last they were headed out to sea,
for this much anticipated fishing spree,
all bait and tackle at the ready,
their progress out at first was steady.

About six miles out from their home port,
lies a mark from which they had caught,
a lot of fish, over lots of years,
but back on shore there would soon be tears.

At three miles out, suddenly,
a thick mist rolled across the sea,
and rapidly they were so fogbound,
that they feared they would never be found.

Their boat was fine in sight of land,
but lost in fog, they'd never planned,
for such an eventuality,
blind with no compass, miles out at sea.

They slowed the boat so they could hear,
if any other craft came near,
when suddenly out of the gloom,
appeared the harbinger of their doom.

A ship so huge they could not steer,
beyond the bow so high and sheer,
as it bore down on them at a hellish rate,
and sliced their boat, and sealed their fate.

The great ship passed on as no one knew
that they'd just killed the small boat's crew,

and back on shore it was not yet known
that both of the friends would never come home.

By eight that night they began to worry,
and to the launching slip they did hurry.
They called the coastguard, and he,
called on all shipping in the vicinity.

After hours of searching from lifeboat, and sky,
and many other vessels that were passing by.
Nothing was found, out in the mist,
it seemed the men did not exist.

And this of course, was totally true
the men had sunk down into the deep blue,
they were lost at sea without a trace,
departed from the human race.

Tom Higgins

Here We Go Again

The planes are in the air again
I learned of this from CNN,
they're off to kill Ghadaffi's men
and make old Muhamar think again.

But bombs and missiles cannot choose,
who will win or who will lose.
They can only make people die,
more mothers left behind to cry.

And all those who are blown away,
young and old, they have no say,
they cannot hope to run away.
Perhaps their God will hear them pray!

Months later and the rebels have won,
they caught Ghadaffi trying to hide,
one of them he pulled a gun,
and in that moment the colonel died.

So what for Libya has all this meant?
For all the blood and money spent,
to bring about this regime change,
the pecking order to rearrange.

Apparently not such a lot,
every day people are shot,
vengeance killings are now the norm,
did this we plan when we launched our storm?

The aerial bombardment which turned the tide,
in favour of the rebel side.
Now tribal rivalry rears its ugly head,
and many more will wind up dead.

Could it perhaps be the case,
that old Muhamar had a friendlier face,
and that the new boys fighting on the block,
may yet deal the west another great shock?

Tom Higgins

Heroes For Heroin

More soldiers die,
more families cry,
more daddies lost,
such is the cost,
six together this time,
terrible the crime.
Why are they there?
Why should we care?
About people who will,
all of us kill,
if given the chance,
in this macabre dance,
across the Afghan plain,
the whole thing is insane.
For their freedom we fight,
to give them the right,
to continue to grow,
the poppies, which we know,
are used for opium making,
which again is taking,
the lives of many more,
who daily have to score,
because they are so hooked,
on the heroin that's cooked,
from poppies that they grow,
and which, as we all know,
our soldiers then protect!
Is there not a serious defect,
in the big plan for Afghanistan,
or is it game, set, and match to the Taliban?

Tom Higgins

Hindsight

Yes I want to be creative, I really want to make my mark,
I need to leave my indent like the bite of a great white shark.
I'm sick not being noticed, fed up with going unseen,
just one more of all of those who never, ever have been.

There must be more to my being here, the reason I breathe and think,
it can't all be down to waiting for the next time we have a drink.
No this life should not be wasted, you only get one shot,
and you should use oh so carefully, the ammunition that you've got.

I know that when I was young I had a natural bent,
for creating things artistically, but that would not pay the rent.
So I did what I did not want to do and joined the rats at play,
and jumped on to their treadmill for eight hours every day.

And now so many years have passed, and my treading carries on,
but I've never found my Shangri La and soon I will be gone.
Without having felt the joy of making the life for which I yearned,
too late to take advantage of a lesson cruelly learned.

So be brave and strong you youngsters if you're nurturing a skill,
don't let the pressure to pay the rent drive you on to that mill,
open up your mind, and open wide your eyes,
develop those talents, and reach for the skies,
soar like an eagle, and find your own way,
and don't eat the crumbs from the trap they call pay.

Tom Higgins

Home For Ever

Another delivery arrives in a plane,
six oblong, wooden boxes,
flag draped, carried by mates,
sent home from the Afghan plain.
They did their duty,
but they won't be going back again.
They never saw it coming,
the blast which killed them all.
Another hidden improvised device,
that made so many fall.
Four of them had just passed twenty,
one was only nineteen,
and their sergeant, he was the old man,
he'd reached thirty three.
They liked living, partying, loving,
five of them were not yet dads,
their sergeant was a husband and father,
but the others now will leave all of that,
to other, vital, strong, and still breathing lads.
For them, all that remains to do now,
is the encore,
as they move slowly in their last convoy,
through the breaking waves of sadness,
past the lowered heads and flags,
to take their final bow.

Tom Higgins

How?

if before the big bang there was nought,
how come the prophets and philosophers never thought,
to raise a major point, strangely missed,
that before the universe, time did not exist!

So if there was no such thing as time,
is it not just slightly, a bit asinine,
to state categorically that god is the creator,
was he there before, or did he come later?

Yes how did such a deity come to be,
in order to make you and me,
the universe, the stars, the planets, all lands and seas?
Answers on a postcard, please!

Tom Higgins

Human O' War

What did you do in the war daddy?
Where did you fight, and who did you kill?
Were you a goody, or were you a baddy?
Did you join up against your will?

Or did you join to fight for pleasure,
to get a licence to take any life?
Was the body count how you would measure,
your success in the merciless strife?

Yes were you one who thought it such fun,
to shoot other human beings dead?
Did the power trip of carrying a gun,
drive all sense and reason from your head?

Perhaps the training you were given,
changed every point of view you held before.
Yes, all humanity from within you, driven,
to turn you into a dog of war.

And now you're home with your war ended,
will you settle into family life once more?
With all your nightmares and reality blended,
what does our future have in store?

Tom Higgins

I Love You

My love for you
will last forever,
I promise that
it will never,
come and go,
ebb and flow,
wax and wane,
cause you pain,
fade away,
ever stray,
or depart,
nor break your heart.
My love light
for you will,
always be bright,
when times are bad,
when you are sad,
it will shine on,
until the blues are gone.
This my love
is our truth,
never fear,
love lives here,
it will always do so,
and continue to grow,
for certain I know.

Tom Higgins

Inactive As Well As Invisible!

This God you keep trying to ram down my throat,
Where was he when the iceberg sank the boat?
And through thousands of years of history,
Never once was there anything that he,
Ever did to change a thing,
Nor did choirs of angels ever sing,
To help mankind when the need was great,
For his first intervention we all still wait,
And worldwide, victims still starve and bleed,
But the invisible one stays invisible indeed!

Tom Higgins 06/08/2012

Tom Higgins

It Is Written!

In the darkness of the night,
a camp fire glows, yellow, orange, bright,
around it sit people who we now describe,
as together, having formed a tribe,
and as they roast their latest kill,
enough this time to eat their fill,
the father figure of them all,
begins to reminisce, yes, to recall,
stories of great deeds that he,
has stored within the recesses of his memory.

And through passing millennia it was thus done,
tribal histories passed from father to son,
until the populations of tribes had grown,
and many different stories had come to be known.
Then there came the great idea to draw,
depictions of what each day they saw,
when hunting the animals they needed to stay alive,
they recorded each species which then, did thrive,
painted on cave roof and wall,
wondrous visions which still enthral!

Change came slowly from this time, and,
populations moved to find new land,
so they could ensure their survival,
looking for space without any rival
tribes competing for scarce resources,
life was hard with Mother Nature's forces,
stacked against this new species, who,
compared to Earth's history, was brand new.

Successful tribes began to grow,
and with life experience they came to know,
that the hunter gatherer way of living,
was particularly hard, and unforgiving,
and that for their populations to expand,
they had to find new ways to exploit the land.

So from this point, change came faster,
sometimes punctuated by a natural disaster,
but change it did, and before too long,
they built settlements that were big, and strong,
on land from which they now knew,
the kind of crops from the soil best grew.

Agriculture now became widespread,
and meant that many more could be fed,
much time for many was now freed,
so towns grew larger, and so the need,
for new things that now could be made,
so with food surplus, came growth in trade,
as goods manufacture added worth,

sold to townsfolk who did not till the earth.

As trading increased with other tribes,
there grew a need for new ways to inscribe,
the dealings that took place each day,
to make sure buyers did the sellers pay.
This led to development from pictorial depiction,
to the earliest forms of inscription,
stone and clay tablets were at first employed,
and the new middle classes now enjoyed,
the great advances these changes brought,
as written language could now be taught.

Then tribal history, once passed paternally,
could now be written, and shared with all, eternally,
and legends from the peoples darkest past,
could be written in stone or clay, to last,
down through the ages they could now be read,
long after the ones who wrote these words, were dead.

This has meant that in our so called modern times,
we have seen the commission of unspeakable crimes,
because generations of 'scholars'have read ancient scrolls,
and accepted as literal truth, what there unfolds,
instead of understanding these often called 'glories',
are merely the retelling of tribal camp fire stories.

Tom Higgins 05/05/2012

Tom Higgins

Know Your Friends!

A flock of American vultures,
Circles high in a British sky,
Looking down on the once mighty beast below,
Waiting for it to die.

They came across an ocean,
Thousands of miles they flew,
To make sure they all got their share,
Of this benign giant, that they knew,

Would eventually succumb to the wounds,
Inflicted by their friends,
And as it crashes down to the ground,
They will move in for the end.

To get in first, to tear up the beast,
And rip it all apart.
No time to waste, no sentiment,
A vulture has no heart.

And all of those, for who this gentle giant,
Once provided precious care,
It's too late now, your friend has gone,
And the vultures will not spare,

Anyone who is injured or sick,
Who needs medical help in any way,
If you do not have the wherewithal,
If you can't afford to pay,

For protection against the vultures,
Provided by their friends.
This is where not worrying too much about healthcare,
For the British public, ends!

Tom Higgins 07/08/2012

Tom Higgins

Land Of The Brave And Free?

In the land of the brave and the free, and the eagle,
there exists a new breed of man,
who makes corruption and theft legal,
and they do it simply because they can!

They pay billions to the party politicians,
to allow them to operate sans regulation,
they have made it their sole mission,
to control the central power of the nation.

The president has given them the keys,
so they run the federal reserve,
and he's done this because he's,
wanting a second term so he can serve,

not the people whose votes put him in power,
but this new breed of snake oil sellers,
who, even though they should hide and cower,
still appear on tv where they tell us,

that they never did anything wrong,
that their type of stealing's ok,
and that if we all want the economy strong,
then the only way to have it is their way!

I have one question for the Great Democracy,
'why did your people, the brave and the free,
allow the unbridled growth of such a kleptocracy? '
It has blighted the lives of billions, and me!

Tom,08/12/2011

Tom Higgins

Leave Nothing Unsaid

A friend of mine died the other day,
not in a war, or any other violent way.
He was just a victim of natural attrition,
he reached the end of his life's mission.

A really nice man has ceased to be,
gone to his rest, eternally,
never again a sunrise will he see,
and worst of all, it came suddenly.

So I can never again say 'see you mate'.
For all the small talk, it's too late,
he is gone forever and the reality,
is there for all of us to see.

If we have something that we need to say,
don't put it off until a later day,
be sure to talk often to your friend,
because, in the blink of an eye, a life can end!

Tom Higgins

Let Us Not Be Vague

Let Us Not Be Vague!

I 'll get straight to the point,
I won't be vague,
They try the worst of criminals at the Hague,
For crimes against humanity,
Murder, torture, ethnic cleansing, but three.
But my question is, ' why are there not more,
Crimes against humanity the bad should answer for? '
Because there are in this world, suited bad men, the worst,
Who have created all of the investment bubbles,
Which they then for their own gain burst,
To create most of the economic troubles,
That the world is fighting hard to put right,
Yet these same scumbags plot each day and night,
To blow up the bubble of their latest scam,
With the controlled acquiescence of good old Uncle Sam.
How come they are not in the dock in the Hague?
Or is this a question for politicians, too vague?

Tom Higgins 03/08/2012

Tom Higgins

Let Us Prey

The Lord above, he came to me and whispered in my ear,
'some folks down there, live their lives in ignorance and fear,
so think how easy it would be to get them to pay,
to listen to you spoutin' off about me every day! '

So next mornin' at the crack o' dawn I began my holy task,
by makin' sure that that first of all I would always ask,
my little congregation to pray real hard, then I'd holler,
that their prayers would work much better if supported by their dollar.

Now gradually my following grew bigger day by day,
then I was asked on to TV to let more folks hear me pray,
and now my preaching was on air every waking hour,
meaning that as my following grew, therefore did my power.

I now own the votes of senators and congressmen as well,
and if they don't do as I say, then I'll make 'em go to hell,
'cos me and the Almighty have gotten us a pact,
that the gates of heaven will open, to those who pay to join my act.

Tom Higgins

Live or Diet?

Well, here it is, and here I am,
for dinner a lettuce leaf, and a slice of ham.
If this tiny morsel, on this great big plate,
is supposed to ensure that I lose weight,
then rest assured, it will ensue,
that pounds will dropp off, and not just a few,
no, if I stick to this, then let it be known,
that I'm gonna wind up skin and bone.
my body parts will shrivel and waste,
and to top it all, I can't even taste,
such a teeny weeny piece of food,
if I served this to guest, I would be rude.
So I am going to make an increase to,
my slices of ham, yes, that's what I'll do,
a tasty four slices I'll have of ham,
and frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn,
that this may slow my weight loss down,
as it will help to rid me of this frown,
and also I'll add another three,
lettuce leaves 'cos they're good for me,
and then perhaps a tomato or two,
to enhance the flavour, yes this I'll do,
then to top it all, and add mucho taste,
in a sweet chilli dressing, the lot I'll baste,
and then I'll pile it all between two hunks of bread,
because I intend to live before I'm dead!
And if I stick to this, I'll never be known,
as skinny Tom, the human xylophone!

10/05/2012

Tom Higgins

Madmankind

Am I barmy, Am I mad,
am I crackers or just sad?
The elite world is, totally.
It follows every stupid fad,
how the hell can we be glad?
When all they do is,
feed the greed,
never the need,
make the majority bleed,
to feed their all encompassing greed.
And now, I am told,
or probably I am being sold,
a story they want me to buy,
a yarn to make a grown man cry.
The Chinese are on the rise!
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise,
Apparently they're on the make,
and it's said that they intend to take,
their new position as a mighty world power,
and if so when cometh the hour?
How long have we got d'y'all reckon,
before the argument starts wrecking
everything we know as normal,
do you think they'll do it formal?
You know, a declaration of war and all.
Or will each side just unleash missiles to fly,
and have all their new fangled bombs to fall?
Then gauge how many of us die.
Have the Chinese made a calculation,
can we possibly kill their billion fold nation?
And have the Western powers done the same?
most likely to their eternal shame.
Just a mention of the numbers, the human cost,
measured by a guesstimate of the total lives to be lost.
Gets to the crux of the matter once again,
have we collectively gone totally insane?
Because the military and the politicos,
that sad unforgivable bunch of so and so's,
are planning for this right now,
they are even planning strategies for how,
the world will be when their war ends,
who will be their enemies, who will be their friends?
The spoils shared out amongst the winners,
but which side will be named the sinners?
And so, the wheel of fate keeps turning,
with no generation ever learning,
from the dawning of mankind,
to the futility of war, we like to stay blind!

Tom Higgins

Malodorous Two In The Queue

Smelly people in the queue,
Wafting B O from each shoe,
And from their bodies, both unwashed,
Then to cap it all, both are sloshed,
Swaying back and forth as they,
Wait their stinky turns to pay,
And I am right behind them too!
What's the best thing I can do?
Should I just hold my breath?
That may well lead to my death,
'Cos this queue really is very long,
And their odour is really strong,
And holding my nose will not do,
The powerful pong still seeps through,
As through my mouth I'm forced to breathe,
From this position I have to leave,
Before my retching makes me spew,
I'm heading for the back of the queue!

Tom Higgins 05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

Me and My Shadow

A big black dog is following me,
Everywhere I go,
I don't know where it came from,
But it just seems to grow.
Every time I look at it,
It gets bigger, and more black.
I cannot make it go away,
It just will not turn back!

I close my eyes and make a wish,
But my wish is never granted,
And I feel I am just a fish,
Taken from the water, and supplanted,
Into a hostile environment,
Where it's impossible to survive,
How long can I suffer this,
Do I want to stay alive?

Tom Higgins

Mighty Lord Where Are You? (Suffer Not The Little Children Part 2)

Oh most mighty merciful one,
where are you when we cry,
where are you when we scream,
where are you when we die?

I prayed to you for many days,
but still the soldiers came,
I begged for you to save us all,
but everything stayed the same.

The shells and bullets kept flying,
throughout every day and night,
and my people kept on dying,
surely Lord this is not right!

And now! The soldiers, they are here!
They've crashed into our house,
I scream in terror, so great my fear!
I don't.....

Tom 29/05/2012

Tom Higgins

More War In Store?

I am so lucky, for,
I have no experience of, nor,
have I ever suffered from it ever before,
nevertheless, I truly abhor,
that most cruel of human behaviours, war!
Down through the centuries, man,
seems to find, wherever he can,
the excuse he needs, so he can plan,
his next major conflict, rather than,
looking at ways in which to make,
permanent peace, for mankind's sake!
Maybe I am simple, maybe naive,
but how many more people will have to grieve,
before leaders learn to embrace humility,
and all agree on the waste and futility,
of each wicked, evil pointless fight,
to prove their point, that they are right!

Tom Higgins

Mother Earth

I was told God made this marvellous place,
for the sole benefit of the human race,
although through the years it really seems,
as if this is the figment of someone's dreams,
and maybe a lot of what I've been told,
just seems to shine, but isn't gold.
Yes, I used to ask only now and then,
but nowadays it happens, again and again,
and the questions asked all revolve,
around a problem I can't solve.
How come it took him only six days,
to make the universe, for us to amaze,
and in this time to populate too,
our world with people and the rest of the zoo?
As I know for a fact, that when my dear mother,
was making my new little baby brother,
it took her about nine months or so,
before she was able to let him go,
and he could join us in this lovely place,
a shiny new addition to the human race.
So how come God could possibly do,
something like that in a second or two?
I think I'd better buy a new book,
this really does rate a really good look!

Tom Higgins

Mr Jobsworth

Mr Jobsworth

My name is Everett Jobsworth,
an' I'm the governor of this Texas prison,
I follow all my orders,
an' I follow one true vision.
I believe what it says in the Good Book,
I believe in an eye for an eye,
and that anyone, if a life he took,
then that person just gotta die!
I ain't worried if the guy they jailed,
could be innocent, that ain't no reason why,
when all of his appeals have failed,
that he should not now have to die.
No matter that the evidence which
convicted him, was slim to say the least,
I'm gonna make sure the sonofabitch,
goes to meet the Biblical beast.
It ain't my job to question why,
an innocent man may be put to death,
my job is to see he dies,
and to obey until my last breath,
I'll tell the world, I'll shout it loud,
I love my job and I'll never shirk,
my life is good, and I am proud
to be doing Almighty God's own work!

Tom Higgins

Murdered For Me Teeth!

The killing has started again.
They shoot us, and then,
we trumpet our last breath
then we crumple into death.
The African men,
who killed us, then,
hack out our tusks,
leave us as husks
in the African dust.
But, kill us they must,
as for doing this deed,
they'll be able to feed,
their children, for a year,
thus diminishing their fear.
They were paid more
than they ever saw,
making them willing
to do the killing,
because Chinamen
carve our ivory
then
sell it to
the nouveau rich,
who,
want everything which
money can buy.
I hear Mother Earth cry,
stop!
As gold inflates their vanity
but provides not the tiniest drop
of any decency or humanity,
to encourage an end to this insanity.
They just live the lie
that they can buy,
the elusive emotion, happiness,
derived from trinkets and rings
and other silly, sparkly things,
that they think they possess!

Tom Higgins

My Little Lady Of The Lakes

I look upon Lady Grasmere,
from atop Dunmail Raise,
as she lies in her amphitheatre
of beauty unsurpassed,
mere language cannot express
words powerful enough to praise,
to describe such a vision,
such a total sensory blast.
This bejewelled goddess
of Mother Nature's glory,
laid out before me
on a bed of velvety green,
telling a wonderful
and very ancient story,
throughout the millennia
by many adoring eyes seen.
And still she lies
in mostly natural splendour,
little of her changing as
each new age doth pass,
I stand gazing, I'm awestruck,
and I surrender,
my whole being, willingly,
to this little Lakeland lass!

Tom Higgins

No Fool Like No Fuel!

Had a bit of bother with my car,
my wife was driving it and had not got far,
when it began to stutter, and stall,
it wouldn't go, not at all.
She rang me and said,
'I think your poor old car is dead! '
I mentioned to her that before she left,
the fuel tank was of diesel, bereft,
could this perhaps be the reason why,
my old faithful had seemed to die?
And this of course was a fact,
I put diesel in and it did react,
and the engine spluttered back to life,
disproving the theory of my wife.
Yes, cars do actually need fuel to go,
without it they just tend to say, no!

Tom Higgins

Not So Snow White!

Snow White, she once took
seven little men to bed.
She only ever did it once,
at least that's what she said.
Now of these seven,
six of them were not known as happy,
and another of them, normally,
well he was rather snappy.
So she thought what might work,
would be good old rumpy, pumpy,
guaranteed to cheer up,
even that little old sod Grumpy!
The next morning, the change in them
was really quite dramatic.
Even old Grumpy had changed his name,
he said' just call me Mr Ecstatic.'

Tom Higgins

Oh Syria!

The Halal slaughterers used to come at dawn,
they came to kill the lambs,
they would cut their throats, in the shape of a smile.

The slaughterers came at dawn,
and they killed the kids,
they cut their throats in the shape of a smile.

Did they smile as they did the deed?
Are they still smiling now?
What kind of man, and what kind of creed,
can contemplate this, and how?

Where are the teachings of their God?
What are their true beliefs?
Are they truly righteous folks?
Or are they merely, thieves?

Who hide behind a chosen creed,
and say they are God's men,
I say they lie, I say they heed,
cruel, and evil orders, then,

unleash their ignorance on those they see,
as enemies of their master,
an ugly, murderous mess ensues,
for the many innocents, disaster.

And here in our 'nice' democracies,
we sit and watch on our TVs
as evil flaunts its wicked grin,
and thousands commit the most wicked sin,

and again we do not lift a finger,
the bad tastes from other wars still linger,
we wait to see what will unfold,
too late for those who'll never grow old!

Tom 03/06/2012

Tom Higgins

On Clint Eastwood's Birthday

For a fistful of dollars,
I'd write a new 'happy birthday.'
For a few dollars more.
I'd even write the score.
To avoid dirty Harry,
the good, the bad, and the ugly, I'd marry.
And for the man with no name,
I'd most likely, do the same!

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

Our Time

Thinker,
failure,
soldier,
sailor,
airman,
dead man,
grief.
Politician,
preacher,
blind man,
teacher,
banker,
usurer,
thief.

Tom Higgins

Our Time Together Was Good

I wrote these words for you, my friend.
We never know when we'll reach the end,
I only know I have to say,
That I'm so glad you passed my way,
And through our lives you were such a good mate,
When times were bad, and when times were great,
And I always knew as time whizzed past,
That true friendships are built to last.
And now I stand alone to read,
This tribute to a friend, indeed,
As sadness permeates my soul,
I feel that I'm no longer whole,
That part of what made me, has gone,
I'm left alone to soldier on,
Through what remains of my lifespan,
Without you here, a lonely man,
But my love for you was always strong,
And that love will help me get along.
So my love, my thanks for sharing,
Your life with me, and for caring,
Enough for me to see it through,
I only wish that it was not true,
That you have now forever gone,
My one, true love, the only one.

Tom Higgins

Pent Up Anger

The howling wind interrupted my dreams,
Some time in the early morn.
It was a dark and moonless night,
With a long time left till dawn.
The roof it shook, the windows too,
The doors it seemed did breathe,
As Mother Nature's pent up force,
once more was loosed the leash.
I lay awake listening, in fear, and fascination,
That such destructive forces can grow,
To threaten the very fabric of a nation,
From the gentle summer breezes we know,
And trust as our true friends,
When they conspire together for power,
Then for many they deliver the end!

Tom Higgins

Poppy Love

' In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
between the crosses, row on row'.
So wrote the poet John McCrae,
recording the reality of his day.
Now after ninety four years have gone,
our use of the poppy has now moved on.
instead of remembrance of the brave,
it sends millions to an early grave,
and today our young troops fight and die,
with many asking the question, why?
To protect the flowers in Helmand's fields,
still, this plant, such power wields!

Tom Higgins

Reach Out And Touch Somebody's Wallet

On Friday night whilst I, in boredom, was channel hopping,
through lots of rubbishy programmes, including shopping.
I regret to admit that I found me,
reached out to and touched by satellite, God TV,
Lots of pop singers and glamour there,
and a message for all the lost young kids to share,
oh it's so good to be good, and how they really, really care.

Then came the request to every person who feels they can,
to give as much money as possible, to help their fellow man.
Now call me cynical, but questions do arise,
who actually gets the cash, and would it be wise,
for me to simply shrink the size,
of my bank account, to give it to,
someone who preaches one thing, but who,
is really in it for their own gain?
Leaving those in need to retain their pain.

Smiley, smiley, yes indeed, we are true believers of our creed,
no other people have ever been so truly freed,
can't you see that clearly all other beliefs are wrong?
That we are oh so right, and we are also very strong.
So follow us and sing out loud for the salvation of your soul,
join us on our journey, and we will mend the hole,
in your life that you really need to have filled.
before any hope within you ends up being killed!

It would be nice to believe they do it solely for the cause,
but unfortunately, my time on Earth, makes me take a pause
to weigh up all the pros and cons of each and every offer,
especially those supposedly from God which the keys to Heaven proffer.
I only know that if there is a God he or she lives in everyone,
and that he or she never existed before human consciousness came along.

Tom Higgins

Recession? Where?

Because of this recession,
how badly hit I am
I now must eat more chicken,
and cut right down on lamb.
Oh how we're all affected,
and for some it seems quite bad
but if you put it in perspective
it makes me really sad,
that here we are all a whining,
and bemoaning our lot,
when we really should be singing
to give thanks for a still full pot.

Whilst out there in the other world,
their reality they must face,
each night they lie in hunger curled,
many others of the human race.
Because the lottery of life
condemns them to such a fate,
nothing but fear, hunger and strife
to make up their daily plate.

So how damaged are we really?
Those of us in the West,
always so touchy feely,
whilst living on the best,
gobbling up resources
produced in the poorest parts,
eating multiple courses
and swelling our fat filled hearts.

While out there in forgotten lands
the people waste away,
reaching out with bony hands
that can't afford to pay,
to have the basic needs of life
that we all take for granted,
with exploitation and corruption rife,
against them life is slanted,
to make it so hard for them all
to ever find a way
to clamber up and over the wall
to start anew their day.

So how poor are we really?
How forgotten and forlorn,
are our clothes merely tatters
or are our shoes totally worn?
Do our children cry with hunger
or die of curable disease?
Are we thirsting for clean water,
or are we begging on our knees?

Of course we know the answer
and it is really hard to face,
that for us to grow and prosper
we impoverish others in the human race.

So when you rise each morning
and get ready to start your day,
count your blessings that the dawning
finds you where you want to stay.
In this green old land of plenty
where the children laugh and play,
because their plates are never empty,
and where all can have their say!

Tom Higgins

Relative Feelings

Do you and I feel things the same,
joy or grief, pleasure or pain?
Or do we always touch, taste, smell and see,
our living experience differently?
Or are we all somehow connected,
by an ancient, shared family collective?
Or is it that we are here to feel alone,
living out our lives in a solo zone?

Tom Higgins

Reveille

The sunrise is a golden, peachy delight,
replacing the treacle blackness,
of the kingdom of the night.
The brightening wakens me
from my deep insensible slumber,
and outside of my window
the songbirds grow in number,
to sing their dawn chorus,
competing to be heard,
each trying to sing much louder,
than any other bird.
So the conspiracy of our star,
and my feathered friends,
means that it is certain,
this is where my dozing ends!

Tom Higgins

Sex Ban

When I was born in nineteen fifty four,
there were a few less or maybe a few more,
than two and a half billion alive on Earth.
Fifty eight years later I can't believe what I heard,
that world population back then was only a third,
of the number of people living here today,
all occupying the lands of this planet.
I think if I was dictator of Earth for a day,
then sexual intercourse, I would ban it!

Tom Higgins

Shadey Dealings

Even shadows have a minister!
Don't you find this rather sinister?
I heard this on the BBC News,
Where the said person was giving his views
on something that was nothing at all
to do with shadows, short, or tall,
but all about industrial strife,
which he said is becoming rife,
and this is because this governing bunch
is always going out to lunch,
with those who preach that we have to learn,
we can only spend what we can earn.
But he says this is just not so,
and if we give him another go,
he knows a way to turn things around,
and once more the economy will be sound!

Tom Higgins

Short Poem, Long Grass

This morning I sat down for a while to write
some words based on what I was thinking,
when life's reality came to bite,
as my coffee, I was drinking.

'How long are you gonna sit on your fat ass? '
My darling wife enquired.
'Get out and cut the flaming grass!
Your input is required! '

Tom Higgins

Song Of Life?

If the god I don't believe in,
really made it all.
Why did he include death and illness,
yes why do these horrors fall,
on little children with no sin,
and many others who've done no wrong?
Surely if there was thought behind creation,
he'd have written lyrics for a much happier song!

Tom Higgins

Statistics Of Poverty

The number of kids who die because their water isn't clean,
is one every four seconds.
For the rest of us, what does this mean?
Well, that's, fifteen a minute, yes that's a fact,
equal to nine hundred per hour, when will we act?
This is an obscenity, that we can halt,
it's no good to finger point, or to delegate fault,
let's all get together, and do something, now!
Anyone out there want to help? And how?
Twenty one thousand and six hundred every day,
come on all of Earth's folk,
these numbers are real, this is not a joke!
It is in reality much worse.
to have to live with poverty's curse
and that the future looks so bleak,
when you have no voice, with which to speak.
How would you feel if it was you?
How would you cope, what would you do?
And then we hit the frightful figures,
the total of kids who die every year,
because a basic need is not there,
seven million, six hundred and twenty four thousand,
plus a few more statistically missed,
but never forget, each one had a name,
and was always lovingly kissed.

Tom 21/04/2013

Tom Higgins

Suffer Not The Little Children?

Mercy, Mercy Lord above,
I am begging of you please,
I pray oh Lord that in your love,
you will, my pain and suffering ease.

Again oh Lord, Almighty one,
please listen to my pleading,
before all hope within me is gone,
please stop my people's bleeding.

Oh mighty one, for many days,
I have prayed to you to help me,
please use your divine and miraculous ways,
to save us, and bring back my daddy!

Oh mighty Lord of all mankind,
again I beg you to intervene.
Please my God, please don't be blind,
please see what all the world has seen.

The soldiers, they come every day,
they shell and shoot, and spare no one.
We try to hide, we all still pray,
but my faith in prayer has now gone.

So if you are there, can I ask,
a question, oh mighty invisible Lord?
Why do you never take to task,
those who live and rule by the sword?

Tom Higgins

The Almighty Atom!

Everything including me,
Is made of atoms that came to be,
With the explosion of a star,
Light years away from where we are,
And then these atoms pulled together,
And formed our planet and the British weather,
And eventually, the human brain,
Which despite obsessing about the rain,
Could probe creation using math,
And work out a theorem in the bath!
So did the atoms somehow decide,
That they alone, could never provide,
Any answers for any questions asked,
So they made an intelligence which could be tasked,
With providing answers as to how,
Atoms came to take their bow?

Tom Higgins 05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

The Arabian Head Removal Service

In Medina just the other day,
whilst normal daily life was in full sway,
out into a car park in the middle of town,
was dragged a Sudanese man, who was then forced down,
onto his knees, and then a blindfold was tied,
and with one swift arc of the flashing sword the poor man died!

They chopped off his head in full public gaze,
this was how a defenceless man ended his days!
And for what was he killed, why was this done?
He was accused of and convicted of sorcery! Now are they having fun?

Because another young man is waiting to die,
and when you read this, you'll just want to cry,
when I first saw this it took away my breath,
his wickedness for which he was sentenced to death!
Was predicting happenings at some future time!
Yes astrological readings, such a terrible crime!

Neither of these men received a fair or proper trial,
they were tried and sentenced in secret, while,
the king and the other royals of the Saudi state,
were all well aware of their impending fate,
yet none of them raised a finger, these killings to halt,
or to question if maybe their legal system is at fault!

And we in the west aware of the fact,
not one single leader decided to act,
to stop these judicial murders not one voice was raised,
is it perhaps because oil wealth has fazed,
all of them so much they are unable to think,
beyond economic interests? Almighty, the stink!

Tom Higgins

The Emperors Of Tome

I find a lot of what is penned,
is difficult for me to understand.
I think it is because these great words tend,
to flow from a pen in a genius' hand.

Because the indecipherable script is understood,
only by these brilliant few,
but the knowledge they share with the great and the good.
I wish I could partake of it too!

Tom Higgins

The 'Life'Boat

I started out young to build my boat,
to get me across life's ocean.
I wanted to quickly get afloat,
this was a powerful notion.

So I asked Jesus if I could learn
from him, how this could be done,
to build a boat from prow to stern,
as he was a carpenter's son.

For further help I looked to the East,
and there I came across The Buddha,
and asked him if he, at the very least,
could contemplate for me the perfect rudder.

Then I showed the build so far,
to Mohammed so he could see,
if all the timber, canvas and tar,
were being assembled properly.

But soon I realised as I strolled along the beach,
they would never work together as one,
no agreement would they ever reach,
and I really needed to get this done!

So in the end I decided to put a stop,
to the work, and do it all for myself,
so I went back into the workshop,
and took the plans down from the shelf.

Soon afterwards I had my launch day,
and set sail across life's turbulent sea,
and if I should sink whilst under way,
then any failure is all down to me!

Tom Higgins

The Mad Haters Tea Party

I'm gonna have a tea party,
and I will only invite,
those of you who think like me,
and who with me will unite,
in their contempt for the poor,
who we believe are parasites,
and that if you have no money,
then you should have no rights.
No we don't wanna pay taxes,
to be squandered on health care,
for those who don't contribute,
who never pay their share!
No matter that they can't find work,
that matters not a jot,
they ain't tryin'hard enough,
by god I'm sure they're not!
Yes I'm havin' me a tea party,
for all who agree with me,
that poor people are sad losers,
who don't deserve to be,
living in our proud nation,
where the greenback calls the shots,
and the haves feel anger and frustration,
at giving anything to the have nots!

Tom Higgins

The Removal Men

The thought police, for the thinkers came,
they took them all in one night.
It was time for them to extinguish enlightenment's flame,
to consolidate and make greater the might,
of the powerful clique, the scheming few,
who'd combined to usurp all power,
and now the time of retribution came, to,
all who disagreed, or whose thoughts did tower,
above those of the ruling menace,
who feared these ideas would spread,
so they removed them from the human race,
attempting to stop their questions, dead!

Tom Higgins

The Route To Happiness Via The Millionaire Preacher

The people come in their thousands,
they want so much to hear and see,
the man who'll tell them what they want to hear,
and how he can make them be,
the person, that deep down inside,
they all know they are,
but as yet they have not become,
because they do not know, so far,
how to get close to the only begotten son,
but he is going to tell them,
yes, he'll show them how it's done!
How knowing god's only son will get them all they want,
and let them achieve their heart's desire.
It starts with baptism at the font,
which puts them on the road to all that they require.
And right away the message is very clear,
you have to have money to pay before you can acquire
the pass to enter the holy presence, to be allowed near,
he who can grant your wishes, and allow you to gain,
all the things you think you need to get rid of all your fear,
to live your life to the full and banish all your pain!
But facing up to reality means never having to pay,
just take control of your own life, one new step every day!

Tom Higgins

The Tricksters

The clever magician will have us believe,
that he keeps nothing up his sleeve,
that none of what he does is tricks,
that all of it is a pure mix,
of miracles that he creates,
and from thin air, substance, emanates.

The clever politician plays a similar game,
like the magician he will claim,
that from thin air he can produce,
the things with which he can seduce,
whole populations for him to vote,
at your next election, please take note!

Tom 07/06/2012

Tom Higgins

The Trilogy

If a child from birth is never told which religion he must choose,
will he belong to the Muslims, the Christians or the Jews?
Or will he grow up using his brain for the purposes it was designed,
and think for himself all through his life, thus broadening his mind?

And if this way of doing things began to be widespread,
would so many people in this world still wind up being dead?
Long before their natural lives have run their natural course,
curtailed by some so called believer, in an act of savage force!

Yes the fanatics use any means to make us see the light,
but usually it is violence they employ to prove that they are right.
Although, they never answer the questions we raise,
they just tell us we must believe or die, in the name of the one they praise!

Tom Higgins

The Trilogy Of Duplicity

The god of Moses and Abraham is now divided into three,
not Father, Son and Holy Ghost as was taught to little old me.
But because Muslim, Christian and Jewish men have got it into their heads,
that the deity belongs to them, despite the common threads.

And so it seems the spread of hate will drive our destiny and fate,
for it is easier for the lazy mind to be told what to think and so remain blind,
than to question, just a wee, how one god, can become three?
Or even how, if everything that is must have a maker,
did their god come to be?
Perhaps some universal master baker?

Tom Higgins

Thirty Four Years Ago

You looked at me,
and then you smiled,
I thought you so pretty,
with a beauty so fine,
with that exchange of looks,
I was instantly beguiled,
and I determined at once,
that I'd make you mine!

Tom Higgins

Time For Rhyme

I am not averse to a poem or two,
to rhyme is not a crime,
and I can only write the words I do,
when I have got the time!

Tom Higgins

Truly Entranced

Now I have you all in a trance,
You've joined me in my fire dance,
You made my fire burn even more bright,
By burning books to my great delight,
And so the scene is now set,
Most criteria have now been met,
I have already built the stage,
From which I can scream out my rage,
And I now see a global panorama,
In which I can act out my drama,
In which millions are about to lose,
especially those sub-human Jews,
And Poles, and Slavs and Gypsies too,
They're going to see what we can do.
And as we purify the land,
For the greater good of the purest man,
Then the rest of the world will see,
You can't afford to mess with me.
And for all of you who accept the yoke,
Of total obedience, the chosen folk,
The Master Race, above all others,
Born of pure Arian fathers and mothers,
A thousand year Reich we will build,
Don't dare ask how many will be killed,
Because I know all, I am as God,
I hold in my hand the lightning rod,
To smite our enemies, all to kill,
For the Fatherland I will fulfil,
My plan for living space for you all,
As the sub-humans beneath us fall,
More fuel for our fire we will provide,
By burning millions of those who have died!

Tom Higgins 10/06/2012

Tom Higgins

Two Little Boys And One Tiny Bird

I am eight years old, my friend is ten,
the sky is billions and azure blue,
we are walking to St Bees and the beach, when,
suddenly a skylark soars piping his tune so true.
We watch and listen as the tiny bird,
in undulating flight trills his lovely song,
it is like nothing else that we have ever heard,
and he keeps singing for joy as we continue along
the narrow country lane down to the sea,
where all day we'll explore the rocky shore and weedy fronds,
knowing that there will doubtless be,
myriads of strange creatures in their salty ponds.

I am fifty seven, my friend is fifty nine,
his health is not so good, but he battles on,
myself, I am feeling mostly fine,
although the best years have now gone.
The sky is billions and a bit, and sometimes it is blue,
and as I drive along the still narrow lane
towards St Bees where skylarks once flew,
the only thing flying in the sky is a tiny silver plane,
and the only sounds come from engine noise, and BBC Radio Two.

Down on the beach the rocky pools and seaweed fronds,
all are clearly still there,
but there are not so many animals in their salty ponds,
did they just vanish into thin air?
Or is it perhaps that I can no longer see,
through these older, more tired eyes,
the same things I saw when I was young and free,
when with every new day I would unwrap a different surprise?

Tom Higgins

Two Other Little Boys

I sat and watched two little boys die,
on my TV screen last night.
I sat and watched as each in turn,
lost his uneven fight.
They died from something we don't fear,
they died because they were poor,
they died from pneumonia brought on by diarrhoea,
which for us is so easy to cure.
I will never forget their mothers cries,
or the anguish of their faces,
once more their reality magnifies,
the inequalities between our races.

Tom Higgins

U F O Experience

I once saw a flying saucer,
not long after we were wed,
it came zooming across the kitchen,
and almost sliced off my head!
I've never seen another one though,
that was my last UFO experience,
'cos from that moment on, I knew it was so,
It was time to grow up, and see sense!

Tom Higgins

U N Happiness

I am living in Bhutan,
and I am a very happy man!
At least that's what they say I am!
No one came to ask me though,
so how is it that they could know
that I am such a contented chap?
Now this has got me in a flap,
to find that the UN in the USA,
has now come up with some way,
to tell how happy we all are,
they must have scanned me from afar!
And by doing this they've read my mind,
which is a very scary thing to find,
and just by listening to the BBC,
I know I've had this done to me!
So now I fear all the time,
that I'm a victim of cyber crime.
They stole the happiness I had,
and left me full of fear, and sad!

Tom Higgins

Ultimately We're All Green

They say it's easier to die if you've got nowt,
so little that's good to leave behind!
But for the wealthy it must be much harder,
with all that comfort and luxury in mind.
The poor are taught to expect zero,
and that is just what they get,
the rich all have great expectations,
and they all know that these will be met.
So all through Life's divided journey,
the contrast is massive, and stark.
There are those who thrive in the sunshine,
and those who wither in the dark.
But in the end we all become equal,
and money means nothing at all,
when you're returned to the eartb and recycled,
the main course at the ugly bug ball!

Tom Higgins

Unbridled Capital

I own you! You will obey me,
and for owning you, you will pay me.
You will work for me all of your days,
your choices limited to whatever I say,
you are mine, I own you!
You'll be just fine, another clone to,
be utilised with all the others,
all of who are trained, just like your mothers,
and your fathers too,
to be obedient, and always do
everything I tell you to.
I own you!

I own each and every politician,
you may think they're on a mission,
but I have bought the whole damn crew,
to ensure my ownership of you!
I own the police, I own the law,
I own everything you think is worth fighting for,
I own the judges of the supreme court,
they come with the politicians I bought,
I own the schools, I own the teachers,
I own the churches and the preachers,
I own the kids and what they're learning,
I own what little money folks are earning,
I own the media, it says what I say,
I own you, and you will obey!
I own nearly it all, ninety nine percent!
I own you in your ragged tent,
I left you all with barely a cent,
I own you!
I own the farms, I own the mills,
I own gigantic companies making pills,
I own the treatments to make you well,
but if you're poor you can go to hell!
I own the shops and all they sell,
and I even own good old Santa Clause.
I own the marvellous armament producers,
and all the vicious wars they cause.

I own the means of all production,
I own the button of mass destruction,
I own the army in which you serve,
join up, and get what you deserve.
I own the air force and the navy too,
but there's still so much for me to do.
I look up at night and see the stars,
so pretty soon I will own Mars.
I have great control over how you think,
I own the water that you drink,
I'll get my media to have you believe,
that it's fine for me to own the air you breathe.

I own the means of keeping you warm,
I own every port in a storm.
I own the land where your ancestors lie,
I own the space that you occupy.
I own all of nature the seas and the sky,
and I will own you until you die!
So come on y'all and give up your thanks,
for the future prosperity of my banks!

Tom Higgins

United We Are Stood Upon

If I come across as a bit critical,
about some subjects, religious or political.
this is all because the fact is I,
am a critical kind of guy,
when it comes to those who brainwash,
and spew out so much drivel and hogwash,
leading people repeatedly to disasters,
so those who spout it can be masters,
of all the Earth that they survey,
'don't do as we do, do as we say! '
Because they always say they have the answers,
these troupe leaders of Disaster's dancers,
follow them to the next global stage,
where they can act out their hate and rage,
whilst feeding the masses the same old story,
that our world will be just hunky dory,
all we need do is keep believing,
as they carry on with their deceiving.
So, yes, I am a just a wee bit cynical,
just as they are always very clinical
in their clever use of propaganda,
to sell the world their pre cast agenda.
It matters not where you live,
they are never ever going to give,
you the chance to be all you can,
or to live in peace with your fellow man,
because everywhere, those who hold the power,
look down on us from their ivory tower,
and conspire together to ensure,
that their dynasties remain pure,
and maintain their rule and future health,
by only allowing those of massive wealth,
to join with them to maintain,
their position in the power game,
and find new ways to exploit and use,
we see it daily on the news,
more people killed every day,
in wars that just won't go away,
because political and religious division,
ensures the planet will forever be riven,
unless there ever comes a day,
when the majority actually have a say,
and politicians have really, truly taken note,
and made the policies for which the people vote!

Tom Higgins 25/94/2012

Tom Higgins

Vote For Me!

The politician, his words are hollow,
you get to taste, but never to swallow.
He wants you to believe that he,
will be the one to set you free,
to live the life of which you dream,
and be the cat that got the cream.

But, he will always forget to mention,
that this was never his intention,
it's been the same through history,
no change to the status quo has come to be.
Because those with power take the view,
that the many are here, to serve the few!

Tom Higgins

Wandering Spirits

The sun is shining brilliantly today,
the eternal sky is the bluest of blue,
the wind is blowing the clouds away,
the aerial vista changing every second or two.

The sea reflects the sky's vented forces,
in azure blue and turquoise glory,
it's surface a herd of ruffled white horses,
the repetition of an ancient story.

The melding together of the seas and skies,
over countless millennia constantly recurring,
offering new sights to billions of different eyes,
and great yearnings in the hearts of men stirring.

Thus, have many been drawn to sail the oceans,
to seek what may lie on the other side.
Yes, mighty is the power of such emotions,
and from them, there is nowhere for us to hide.

Tom Higgins

Watery Lottery

Water, as most of you will know,
has the chemical formula H2O.
Now this essential liquid is, as well,
in its natural form, devoid of smell,
and also in its pure state,
it's clear and clean and really great,
for keeping living things alive,
as without it nothing can survive.
Yes it really is such magic stuff,
because without it things are really tough,
and it often makes me stop and think.
each time I pour myself a drink.
What would I do if it all dried up?
Turn on the tap, but an empty cup!
Nothing from the pipes emanating,
panic, as I'm not used to waiting.
This is not how it is for me,
I live where rain falls frequently,
and I can drink, shower and bathe too,
as often as I'm wanting to.
But in other parts it rains only rarely,
and people there, well they can barely,
find enough water for their needs,
to drink, to wash, to nurture seeds.
For them life is infinitely harder,
they've learned to live with an empty larder,
and simple hygiene is so hard to achieve,
when the detritus of living, they have to leave,
lying, rotting, stinking on the surface all around,
polluting any water source in the ground.
Because of the extreme poverty of these 'others',
on my TV screen I have seen the faces of the mothers,
whose children died because there has never been
access to water which is drinkable and clean.
Yes, something that we take for granted,
because we were born, where we were planted!

Tom Higgins

Weather Or Not

The weatherman says it will rain,
in Northwest England today.
Oh! Quelle surprise, wet again,
when will he ever say?

'Today and for a few days yet,
sunshine will be the norm,
and along with this I can safely bet,
it'll also be nice and warm'.

Tom Higgins

Whale Meat Again

All aboard this ship of fools,
all aboard she's sailing,
all aboard this ship of fools,
for we are going a' whaling.

From the harbour our course we keep,
for the distant Antarctic water,
to find the leviathans of the deep,
and begin our bloody slaughter.

All aboard this ship of fools,
all aboard she's sailing,
all aboard this ship of fools,
for we are going a' whaling.

We say there is a scientific need,
to study these magnificent beings
we harpoon them, and watch them bleed,
as before our ship they're fleeing.

All aboard this ship of fools,
all aboard she's sailing,
all aboard this ship of fools,
for we are going a' whaling.

And still our leaders, they entreat
that we do this for the good of science,
but really it is for their meat,
that we kill these gentle giants

All aboard this ship of fools,
all aboard she's sailing,
all aboard this ship of fools,
for we are going a' whaling.

Tom Higgins

What A Wonderful World

Eighty five percent of global assets have been,
appropriated by ten percent of the population!

That leaves fifteen percent to be shared between
ninety percent, i.e the vast majority in every nation!

How can this possibly be right?
How can such numbers be true?

Will it all end in a fight?
What will be left, and for who?

How did this come to be?
Was it meant to be so?

They tell us that we are all free.
To that I say'ho, ho, ho, ho!

Tom Higgins

Where Are You?

Hey there, absolute,
Father of all creation,
mega, massive guy,
occupier of all the visible,
and invisible sky,
will you promise that,
you'll look after me,
when I die?
Or are you going to be,
just the same as every day,
that I have lived up to now,
and are you still going to play,
the game of hide and seek,
that so far never ends,
where I can never find you,
so that we can become friends,
and if I cannot find you anywhere,
how can I ever know if you care,
enough to let me through,
those pearlescent heavenly gates,
to live on forever in eternal happiness,
with all of my family and me mates.
So come on Monsieur omnipotent one,
show me how I can find the way,
to be started on, the way to find you,
Just one sign would do,
blinking red neon, maybe,
or even fluorescent blue,
pointing the way to a happy eternity,
because so far all the routes I've seen,
have been totally unintelligible to me!

Tom Higgins

Whoops Olympics 2012!

Oh no! We've just spent billions,
on the bloody Olympic Games,
and now I read that millions,
will die in terror and flames!

Because an ancient people had a vision,
many hundreds of years ago,
and they saw things with such precision,
I'm told it must be so!

Funny though, how they never foresaw,
the cause of their own demise!
The drought which caused major famine and war,
I bet that gave them a surprise!

Tom Higgins

Write Only For Right.

The pen is a most mighty and worthy tool,
when wielded for good purpose by he who is wise.
But, in the hand of the wicked, ignorant fool,
it can lead to the sound of the most fearful cries!

Tom Higgins