

Poetry Series

Alan Bruce Thompson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alan Bruce Thompson(01 May 1947)

This anthology of simple poems about daily life, I have called
' OUT OF MY MIND'

Alan Bruce Thompson lives in Zurich, Switzerland with Elisabeth Thompson Huerner. Alan trained as a geologist and has spent more than 40 years as a professor and researcher. He is a passionate traveler with interests in world culture, world art, and the development of society. He is now able to devote more time to his other interests including painting and drawing, and writing fiction.

Comments about his poetry on this website can be made to
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A Dog's Life

It's not bad being a dog, this time around,
As long as I live in a happy home and not in the pound.

Being born again was just my luck,
But a dogsbody is better than an elephant, a donkey, or a woodchuck!

I'm lucky that I look really cute as a pup,
And belong to a breed that looks good even when grown up.

I'm an even-tempered breed and never get angry,
I don't yap or slobber, nor look always hungry.

I have a pleasant fur, a marvelous coat,
I look like a dog, not a mouse nor a goat.

To come back next time as a human would be very mundane,
I'd much rather come back to the world as this dog again.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Abc Of Terror

Did the CIA tell the FBI that it knows the work of the IRA?
Just as the RCMP confused the PLO with Al-Quaieda?

The biggest weapon of terror is alphabetic confusion,
It blends together ignorance, fanaticism with dogmatic infusion.

For the homeless, poor and hungry, there is basic need,
To the yammering of the privileged and rich they do not heed.

Food and medicine for all is delayed by poor distribution,
It's waylaid by the mighty against retribution.

It's hardly a wonder the world's a more dangerous place,
That the rich and famous try to escape into space.

But the Almighty knows who deserves to be here,
And it's not the humble and poor, who have something to fear.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Among The Folk

Must I ride inside this coach? My place is not in a bus!
These children make so much noise, all this fuss.

These disgusting people should be kept apart from me,
I only ride this dirty coach because it's free.

The can see from my nose high in the air,
What I think of them, their foul skin and hair.

When I get in the bus they should all get off,
My presence alone should tell them enough!

How dare they come close, what do they want to see?
How dare you suggest, I should take a taxi.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Angel City

It's a bit rusty at the edge, falling apart at the seams,
Its times are past, its hopes, its dreams.

From inside our glass house, its easy to scorn the past,
To think we're the only ones, who will endure, who will last.

Those thousands who strove, and built the world in their time,
Built the world of tomorrow in a city so fine.

But in its perfection, its all still there,
In the virtual world, flying in the air.

Its still occupied by an angel with wings,
Who dreamt up this city, placed himself among kings.

But kingdoms come to pass, and even angels fall,
And then we realise that his xanadu was very small.

In our ambition to rise and place a monument on this hill,
We forget that down there in the slum, life went on still.

We realise that it's people that count, not glass and steel,
That walls are lifeless, but communities thrive and feel.

So Angel City is fallen, the angel long gone,
But that doesn't matter for even angels need a home.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Anxious And Nervous

I can't concentrate, can't get things done,
The medicine I take, makes me quite numb.

With a hundred things to do, I can't even do one,
This nervousness frightens away the fun.

It's this wonder drug like cortisone,
That strengthens my muscle but chills my bone.

Family members mistake a cry for a groan
I'd rather stop taking it than turn to stone

Even when it's time to go home,
All this confusion keeps me quite alone.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Army Of The Night

How do they do it, so calm and bright?
Striding along like guardians of the knight.
Strong and confident, no fear in sight.
Tough resilient, and full of might.
No self pity, no self doubt,
These ones throw all weakness out.

I sit and wonder as they march by
What it is that they have that I might try.
My puny self, often full of fear,
Put on bravado, put on smile and cheer.
To be like them is something I won't try
That's the Army of the Dead that was marching by.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Ascent From Resentment

Feeling torn apart, very pulled down,
No room for a smile, beneath this heavy frown.
Why do I get so low? so close to the floor,
I kick myself a round, then do it some more.

I am my worst enemy during this descent,
Bathe myself in my own resentment.
It's only when I'm almost below the ground,
That I try to stop the punishing sound.

The helping signal arrives just in time,
I hear a saving voice, which sounds like mine.
The words encourage me to rise,
But I'm nowhere near reaching the skies.

"Pull yourself together, lift yourself up,
Take the charm of life from your own loving cup.
You've been so unkind to yourself, time to be good!
You can be nice now, as all men should."

There's a reward for all those who try,
To start the ascent, to give the reply.
To be a whole soul again is my intent,
And I begin by burying my resentment.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Autumn Means Winter

It's the time of year when the sun begins to turn down,
The leaves start turning, they fall then they're blown.

Each day is shorter, each night a little long,
Quite soon at midnight we'll hear the midday bird song.

The evenings are cooler, the mornings quite chill,
It won't be long before the temperature's at nill.

I used to get depressed at autumnal time of year,
Not because I don't like the fall, but because winter is getting near.

But I have learnt a way from all my hibernating fear
Is to find a new job each autumn in the other hemisphere.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Ban On Smoking

We've heard that in many countries it's now very bad,
That smokers are persecuted, it's all very sad.

After all the pleasure we once had,
Non-smoking politicians are driving us all mad.

In some airports there's a smokers glass box,
A big glass coffin to display the smoker's pox.

It's even illegal to smoke in the street,
So now we can't distinguish between smoke and heat.

I've learnt to walk with an unlit cigar in my mouth,
The activists get excited and send me further south.

Where will it end? This sad smoker's plea,
To mention any S- word will soon be blasphemy.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Bedtime Movies

Before I go to bed, before I hit the hay,
I wind back the head video and watch the movie of the day.

The triumphs and tribulations, the joys and the lies,
The small bouts of happiness, amid all the cries.

I've found it clears the mind to put the mind on "play".
To turn the horrors into dreams before nightmares have their say.

A quiet head makes quite a happy soul,
This bedtime makes me once again quite whole.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Bicycle Courier

I must try to fly, bike there very fast,
Speed this very second like my last.

A courier like me, with precious mail,
Can't afford to be slowed down by a snail.

Down the streets the wrong way, jump the light,
I'm careless by day, without light by night.

I race with the tidings of gloom and despair,
To gain speed I shave my legs and my hair.

I try to be there almost before I begin,
I bring warnings of death, of fear, and of sin.

I replaced the stage coach, before me they flee,
Now the electronic courier will overtake me.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Bird Brain

Soaring up, caught by a draught,
Up more, up again, as I soared I laughed.
There I am down there, the other one of me.

The collective bird brain does not know you, does not know me.
Two parts of the same soul caught by the single wind.
What are those spots down there? Asked one of me the other.

Ah! humans in the garden of life, replied one of me to the other.
They strut to assert themselves to prove they are not one soul.
Ah! The simplicity of the bird brain, the joy of the common goal.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Bronze Not Gold

Those who've won gold, really do know,
That they were the lucky one from a hundred or so.

Those who never even competed have no idea,
They think that being the single first is the only career.

The difference between bronze, silver or gold is the fraction of a second
But to get there at all is hardly ever reckoned.

To believe there is only one is quite a jest,
To throw away all the others is stupidity at best.

To be number one is for some the ultimate ambition
But to believe you will stay there, is the final perdition.

So for the ultraambitious, there's one more question,
'So you've won the gold, and what then? '

Alan Bruce Thompson

Catching Up With Myself

I was very busy all the time, and the years slipped past,
Then I got very sick and thought that day would be my last.

Those endless items filling up the time,
Were not for me, not even an idea of mine.

I tried to make a list of all those deeds done then,
And asked myself for what? For whom? And when?

I found it was easier to let the anger slip away,
Forget the lost time, assume it had been only one day.

To give away what had already gone,
To realize that I was not alone not forlorn.

I was catching up with myself, realizing we are all the same,
Lost item is not lost, it's all in someone else's name.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Chain Of Lies

I told an untruth, a little white lie,
Now it's blown out of proportion, a mountain high.

The first lie was really nothing, just avoiding the question,
Just didn't want to talk, non participation in suggestion.

Because I denied the little first, the bigger second came fast,
The lies after that came out like a blast.

Now I am trapped in a web of lies, a chain of deceit,
I can't look you in the eye, I hate it when we meet.

I no longer know the truth, I no longer balk,
Everything I newly invent each time I talk.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Doctors Waiting Room

We sit across from each other and wonder what is wrong,
All patients together, but hardly a happy throng.

With plasters and crutches it's obvious what the affliction is,
And some ailments are without doubt more hers than his.

But most are dressed normal it's just the shifting eye,
That ensures us that they suffer, even close to cry.

The brave swallow their hurt, do not show there is pain,
They want the business over, be outside again.

The hypochondriac comes by each day at two,
This regular costumer expects to be treated before you.

He is welcome to come here everyday,
I just want to be declared healthy and be on my way.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Dolphins Delight

I spring out of the water to get some air and light,
I agitate the ocean, when it fluoresces at night.

I read the minds of sailors as they gaze out to sea,
They long for the dry land, I sense their drowning plea.

We've been guiding ships forever, for millennia,
But shippers don't know why we pass so near.

We know where the threatening rocks lie that can tear ships asunder,
We especially know the storms amid lightning and thunder.

The innocent people trust us when they sleep,
We are the guiding intelligence that pervades the deep.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Egod

Nietsche did not kill God, and Nietsche is dead,
Did these less than philosophical ideas run through his head?

To ridicule a myth is no difficult task,
But all they have done is to remove a mask.

Why are those so proud who threw God out?
With what did they replace him? With EGO they tout!

That's a sad truth, for without belief nothing's there,
To find your salvation, you will need to learn to care.

Whether you find God now may be your luck in Life,
It is said that belief can carry you through all of life's strife.

You should not fear God because SHE does not fear you,
Belief in a power greater than ourself may be what we need to carry us through.

We replaced God with electronics in our self-styled epod,
I am more almighty than SHE, you may call me EGOD.

Alan Bruce Thompson

End Of The Day

The final beams of the setting sun flashed their light,
Just as the shadows heralded the oncoming of night.

Those final beams sharpened into rays,
That silently warned of the end of days.

What have we done to God's glistening land?
What can we do now to stay his hand?

Why did we think the world was ours?
Can we change events in these final hours?

It's not simply that we kneel down to pray,
That will not stay the end, only permit delay.

We can't pretend our destruction can be undone,
The responsibility to repair is ours, ours alone!

We must learn again to value people not money,
Reject the golden calf, back to the land of milk and honey.

For our reacceptance by Nature will be by Gods grace,
We must restore the damage we've done, this is Their place.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Evil Eye

I don't want to be seen not doing good,
We will be told what to do, and be told we should.

If we don't do, we are told, who? what? and why?
We are reminded that we are watched from the sky.

The society doesn't need those who think on their own,
Such independence breeds seeds that should never be sown.

We all should fit into some uniform comfortable mould,
That's why we are permitted alcohol and nicotine, I am told.

If those wicked anarchistic free thinkers try to spread discontent,
We forthright citizens must take action, make them relent.

It is quite right to scrutinise, even to spy,
For why should free thinkers be free from the evil eye?

Alan Bruce Thompson

Eye Contact

If you look another person in the eyes and they look away,
Then your soul is free to look another day.

Don't look a dog in his eyes, because you'll never be free,
You're chained to his soul forever, a bonded mystery.

When you look your love in the eyes,
That's more than enough to hypnotize.

If you look yourself in the eyes,
The truth gets trapped in the mirror, but what about the lies?

Alan Bruce Thompson

Facing The Wall

The history of the world flashed by as I faced the wall,
The unraveling of the past from before the rise to after the fall.

Lifetimes and dynasties pass in seconds before the eye,
The whole of the story of man in his rise from earth to sky.

I shut out the view and focus just on a small stone,
In the vastness of space I do not feel alone.

The entireness of vacuum lies just before my nose,
From one Big Bang to another as the universe just glows.

If my mind sets the size of space to the millimeter scale,
The vastness and grandeur of it all becomes a little frail.

My mind has finally become still, there is nothing there,
The existence of everything is captured in one stare.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Famous Stare

Why are they staring at me? What do they think?
That I'm an important person, dressed in denim not mink.

Do they think I am modestly avoiding great fame?
Slumming, walking incognito, not using my name?

Do I look familiar? Someone impressive they've seen,
Most likely I look like some big shot from the scene?

And now they're laughing, directly at me,
Ah! what a relief! it's the one behind that they see!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Fat Food

Is this really all there is to eat?
Glutinous, shimmering and blazing with heat.
There's lots of this stuff, this bread and meat,
This has become the substance that gives life it's beat.

The noble vegetable has gone, salad took its place.
Even the vegetarians eat it to save face.

There's no way to complain, you'll get what we want
There's much variety but little point to chant.

Flavours and taste come from three drums
"Lots of choice", but no choice, take it as it comes.

Fat, sugar and salt is all we need,
To feed our hunger and forget our greed.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Final Goodbye

I'm sorry, but I must now go,
"Oh! please don't, don't leave me just so".

We've all those times together, those wondrous days,
"But if you leave me now it'll disappear in the haze".

A letter came, I'm called away,
"But why right now? please say you'll stay".

They've called the plane, I must go now,
"But how will I manage? Tell me, say how? "

We'll meet again sometime, in some distant place,
"I knew this day would come, you're cruel, a disgrace".

But why are you angry, it was a love that could not be,
"Yes, but you're not doing this to anyone, you're doing this to me! "

Alan Bruce Thompson

Fish Play

It's a quiet day, mild wind along the shore,
The fish swim near the surface, the birds come back for more.
The sea has no smell here, no rampant seaweed,
Is it the wrong kind of rocks beneath, or no nutrients they need.

A fishing boat comes close to the beach,
Dragging their net inshore, the fish are in reach.
Then there is a wrenching sound,
The zealous fishers have run aground.

As the fishers run for their lifeboats,
The escaping fish don't need the rising floats.
The fleeing catch survives for another day,
But maybe the fishers don't like fish play.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Free Market Economy

The world began with me, there was nothing before,
History what's that? Your past is a bore.

What's there is here, was simply not there,
Whether it took millennia to develop, I simply don't care.

It's all for me to steal, to take, to sell,
If you object, you will be sent to hell.

The oil, the water and even the air,
Is for me to consume and to make profit my share.

Who cares if it's all gone when I am old,
There's is nothing left, it's all been sold.

There was nothing before me, an empty world,
It was mine to abuse, and I have the gold.

To slow down, to ration, to conserve the supply,
You would need to start now before we all die.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Free Ticket To Heaven

Jostling past the other pushers to be first on the train,
I push and shove and love to complain.

If I'm first, in time, I'll find a seat and sit down,
There's a man giving out free tickets, I'll take one.

'Free ticket to heaven, be first in line'
I've got mine, my greed doth shine.

He opens the door, invites me to be first,
I should go through? never to come back? that would be the worst.

Hold on! , That's not what I want! , Not so fast! ,
No! , I'll change my ways! , 'the first shall be last'.

Now I give out free tickets, they're grabbed from my hand,
The greedy selfish people, heavens first to understand.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Fresh Bread

Is it possible with just words too conjure up a smell,
Do the words 'burning flesh" remind you of Hell?

And the mere mention of the breath of a lady's perfume,
Remind your nose of a flower field in June?

Or when you just hear of the train's dining car,
Does your nasal proboscis twitch from afar?

Then there's the written description of the baking of bread,
Sends images of croissants and baguettes through my head.

Does the telling of pipes and cigars evoke smells from the deep,
Oh No, it's my trousers burning as I wake from my sleep!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Future Planning

When the oil runs out, and the water's gone,
We'll ask what we did to our planet, our home?

But wait a minute, we need reason here,
Let's not get caught up in panic and fear.

Who are the opponents? these prophets of doom?
"The economy will collapse if we don't consume".

How dare you speak out against industrial might,
Keep your mouth sealed, keep out of sight!

For the moment we want riches, the problems should ignore,
With our lust for resources, it's the earth that we should bore.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Fuzzball

I enjoyed chewing the grass with my usual cat's flair,
It's the best way to dislodge those balls of hair.

They get caught in my throat as I love to lick my fur,
But if I swallow those hair balls it makes my stomach stir.

My owner thinks it due to the commercial cat food,
When I throw up a feeding fortune, and ruin her mood.

But the kids know and that's why they named me "Fuzzball",
But I play dumb and refuse their stupid call.

I was Baptised "Horatio", such a noble cats name,
But which Felix would respond to their cat-bating game.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Good Man

He's quiet, he's shy, not really a whimp,
He eats what he's told, more quiche than shrimp.

He walks quietly behind me, and lets me decide,
It's true that sometimes he would rather hide.

I selected him at the beginning for his docile way,
Such men stay at home and never dare stray.

He babysits when I indulge and have fun,
He stays in the shade while I bask in the sun.

He builds up his muscles and trims his waist,
All done for me! , but it's not my taste.

'You saw him with his girlfriend? looked like a cat with cream! '
But how dare he do this, this is not in my dream!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Granada Mi Amor

In the time of the almighty Moors
Granada had open windows, open doors.

Together were the crescents, stars and crosses,
Respected by the children of Mohammed, Moses and Jesus.

Without constant war, the culture flourished,
With the growth of love, all children were cherished.

Such Utopias do not last long,
Because religious fanatics think peace is wrong.

'My god is the only one, Disbelievers must die,
I will smash the harmony, blow your world to the sky'.

When the wars are over, and the fanatics have gone,
Granada with three gods again, no more alone.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Grandpa's Genes

Those parents of mine had parents too,
And so it goes on, spreading issue.

Then the genes jump and miss one generation,
My mother say's I'm like her father, 'too much imagination! '

From my grandfather I learnt many things,
How to fix planes and birds with broken wings.

I got up at dawn to wave grandpa goodbye,
And when he came home at dusk I gave a great cry.

He's long gone now, but I remember him very well,
I look forward to my grandchildren, to create a new spell.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Head Of Honey

I like to fall asleep slowly,
Let the mind-honey flow through my head.

The trickle of mind-treacle through the brain,
And no mind-molasses on the bed.

The best medicine for me,
Is to sleep endlessly.

No waking till noon,
And back to sleep quite soon.

A head of mind-honey is quite right
It's an endless mind-sugar delight.

Alan Bruce Thompson

High Speed Going Nowhere

We are carried through the air at the greatest of speed,
We sit comfortable, we sip drinks, and even can read.

No more storming of the waves, or riding bumpy roads,
No week long journeys, which daily prayer forbodes.

And todays high flying speed train,
Is just a grounded version of a jet aeroplane.

But where are we going at this great rate?
We'll be there before we started, before they open the gate.

I think the purpose of this great flair,
Is to drink one more cup on the ground, not in the air.

For what do we do with all of this saved time?
Usually to brag about how my time is mine.

We have found ourselves trapped in a spiral of fast,
'Faster, fastest, forgotten', I gasp.

We ask the gods what are we worth?
'Less than before', they chuckle with mirth.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Hot Dog

Hot dog in summer is my canine lot,
To wear a fur coat in the tropics, cool it is not.

Hot flesh in summer is not much fun,
Wrapped in putrid fur, not the putrid bun.

My friend the Persian Cat is clipped down to the skin,
She comments that zip-off furs are really in.

My owner and hers talk together a lot,
The result is a detachable fur with my tail in a slot.

But now the anti-canine anti-feline comments are scathing,
"Hot dog and cool cat, arrested for naked bathing".

Alan Bruce Thompson

In Full View

We don't just 'have' it, that precious scent
We must earn it, we must learn ascent.

To look so beautiful, to be so admired
Needs certainly much more than to be simply desired.

For a few days of beauty standing in full view
Is no thing for many, but special for the few.

To stand there naked, without disgrace
So is the true life of flowers in a vase.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Into The Nursing Home

We should put mother in the home without much fuss,
Move her across country to be close to us.

Nearer to us would be better for her,
Forget her friends, they're mostly not there.

I worry so much that she might fall
Plays hell with my golf, lost my ball.

So you agree then, but she'll have to pay,
Who cares if she knows no one, they're half dead anyway.

Why should she get lonely, its full of old fools,
All limping and crippled, a bunch of old mules.

What do you mean it will happen to us,
I am immortal, there'll be no such fuss.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Isolation Of The Mobile Phone

The world is endlessly talking on the mobile phone,
They walk in front of traffic, chatting far from home.

They ride a bike with phone held in one hand,
Coffee cup in the other, then do a headstand.

They are all talking hectically, gesticulating on the bus,
But not to their seat neighbor, rather making distant fuss.

I would rather have the silence of people messaging with their thumbs,
There is nothing worse than the verbal banal tales shouted louder than drums.

The tram is no longer a place for meditation, thought and peace,
Even empty church buildings are being set up with a calling lease.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Kraken Awaken

Deep beneath the surface of the sea,
Away from the tides and the winds from lea.
The mighty kraken floated as if lighter than air,
Their tentacles swirling like octopi without a care.

Those monstrous giants, those kings of the deep,
Woke after a thousand more years of sleep.
They awoke because they heard the cry from the shore.
On land and at sea, there were men at war.

The screams had penetrated into the Abyss,
Where the bombing and rockets sounded like a hiss
These men will destroy themselves again, just like Poseidon said,
Rumoured the waken kraken at the floating dead.

When they've all killed themselves we'll crawl back on land.
As we did before, to follow Neptunes beckoning hand.
Darwin had it right, life came from beneath the sea,
But not because living followed an evolutionary tree.

Life goes on after destruction, death and strife,
We find a niche that better suits our life.
We'll change our gills to lungs and breathe the air,
Evolution will harden our skins, grow feathers and hair.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Late Arrival

Even allowing for delays, the bus did not come,
I planned each step carefully, to appointment from home.

I hate to be late, and hate latecomers too,
The regular late one is dismissed without ado.

I know it's quicker to travel by car than by bus,
But then there's the slow lane, the parking, the fuss.

I used to allow an hour for a half-hour trip,
But delay at the destination is beyond my grip.

I should travel yesterday for a meeting tomorrow,
But to miss that too, means lost time as well as sorrow.

Work at home with internet is a theme to evoke,
But the servers overloaded and the providers gone broke.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Legalised Taxation

We know that drinking's bad and smoking too,
But from alcohol and tobacco we take in enormous revenue.

That gambling is catching and quite addictive to you,
Is no reason to close the casinos on cue?

The lottery induces people to throw away hard-earned cash,
Is hard to believe when a few win with a splash!

What most don't know, and don't tell them if you do,
Is that investment banking, is legalized gambling too!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Light Wmd

I saw the flash, the pillar of light,
Cutting like a white beam, splitting the night.

Is it a new weapon of destruction, a new threat to mankind?
To destroy civilization, to move the future behind?

The mighty laser of light blasts through the sky,
We hold our breath, we swallow a cry.

Does it cut through the skin? Evaporate all the hair?
It's grandmother with her flashlight, coming down the stair!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Looking Through The Mirror

'My God how the Jones's have aged',
said Mrs. to Mr. Smith, both a little dazed.
'My God how the Smith's have gotten older',
said Mr. to Mrs. Jones, trying to be a little bolder.

'But we're all the same age honey, how do I look to you? '
'Just fine honey, but then you always do'.
'I see you everyday, honey and you don't look one day older'.
'We haven't seen them for five years honey, they're both quite a lot colder.'

'Well I see myself everyday too honey, reflected in the mirror,
and behind that aging face are still the younger eyes of a hero.'

Alan Bruce Thompson

Loveyes

Lovers fall through each others eyes,
Because there's the doorway to the soul.
Their caught breath and the brief surprise
Make the two halves one whole.

They don't regret this loss of self,
This duality of one,
This simple sharing doubles the wealth
And lovers are never alone.

The first time happens before you know,
The second time you know before it happens,
Thereafter you remember the first time glow
But now you try carefully to make sense.

The heart remembers the first time,
Even though the brain says 'not again',
The intuition in the gut knows the sign
And prepares both for the love without pain.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Managing Madness

I'm fast, I'm famous, I'm greater than me,
I manage anything, and nothing, thing's we can't see.

I push people around, make impossible demands,
And charge you heavily to get off my hands.

I guess and I bluff, and call it 'talent' as such,
Old and sick beware, you cost far too much!

From my calculations the ones who should pay,
Are the lucky workers who slave night and day.

Sigh if you can, but don't dare object,
Otherwise you in particular will be marked as 'reject'.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Midsummers Day

Shoulders bared, welcoming the sun,
Being half naked is part of the fun.

All heads turn as the beautiful walk by,
Every thing looks better today beneath a heavenly sky.

With the ever-warming globe, the summers are not the same,
Only rare moments of sun, between the winds and the rain.

But the bodies are all burnt, the radiation's too strong,
With all the carbon oxidation, the atmospheres gone.

The delicate balance of life, for which nature doth toil.
Is ruined by us in our greed to burn all the oil

Alan Bruce Thompson

Mining My Clathrates

The sea is angry today,
The white caps try to carry the wrath away.
The onshore wind whips up the tide,
Those braving the blast go soon inside.

The ocean knows of the wish of men,
To cheat the sea and deceive again.
They've taken the fish and drilled for oil,
Now they want the gas from Nature's toil.

The gas clathrates form at cold waters upwards seep,
Capture the methane leaking from the Deep.
The vessels dredge the icy cages on each of their trips,
And dump the burning snowballs on the decks of ships.

Now we can mine Nature's gas, don't worry about supply,
Ignore the Kyoto Protocol, burn all to the sky.
We've extended the reservoir from forty to sixty years,
Enough oil and gas to burn without any cares.

Why worry about the world's next generation?
The world should toil for the sake of one nation.
What if it's all gone, why make this fuss?
All that matters is enough for us.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Missing Your Voice

I hear your voice sometimes now,
It's in the wind when it blows right through.

I hear your voice daily now,
There's no mistaking that sound quite true.

I hear your voice hourly now,
I start to wait for the upcoming cue.

I hear your voice regularly now,
It has affected all that I do.

I hear your voice always now,
There's no time left, even to be missing you.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Mother Is So Difficult

"Its all perfect, it's all just fine,
There's nothing wrong, I heard her whine".

My daughter blames me for all of her chore,
But really she wants to play, finds me a bore.

She puts words in my mouth, tells that I am a fool,
When all she wants to do is lie by the pool.

"Why do they need to change what works so well?
If you ask me the youth has gone to hell! "

"Why can't they join the army, they should join the corps,
Change is not better, we need less not more".

"They don't respect me, don't regard my years,
It's all "Hi" and "Cool man", with "Wow" and "cheers"".

My daughter is waiting for my body to get cold
She does not agree it's the duty of children to care for the old.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Narcissa

She looks into the mirror with a loving stare,
Wallowing in her beauty, adoring with care.

She turns herself around in her selfie affair,
Making love to herself within her own lair.

She really believes that with herself she can pair,
Stroking her skin with a lovers full flair.

One day she realises that there's no way to share,
No one to say that they like the style of her hair.

She now knows that she must step out of the snare,
Learn to look in the mirror until there's no one there.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Narcoleptic

Half asleep and dosing, gasping for air,
It's hard when we're sleepy to concentrate, to care.

A twelve hour cycle in a twenty four hour day,
Means at four and at four, a sleep in the hay.

Our regulated work ethic blesses risers at five,
Does not allow for people whose eyes take a dive.

Northern latituders think siesta is a scam,
'Lazy people sleeping aren't worth a damn'.

The mighty supermanager can fly through a day,
Without showing weakness, sleepiness or delay.

But what is the purpose of the superman's roar,
To be first at cocktails, to hold forth, to bore.

Let us pray rather for the sleeper,
For with him life's meaning is much deeper.

Alan Bruce Thompson

No Plan For Man

The core of faith is all the same,
It is the common sense of man.
Even if we don't utter His Holy Name,
It is the centre of Nature's plan.

Our species is just one step along the way,
Continuous change is His plan.
Despite our wish we are not here to stay,
There is no special role for Man.

We will be succeeded in due time,
By an unsuspected intelligence not even known,
It is our big vanity to think we are sublime,
To rule this world as if our own.

He will not punish the arrogance of Man,
We will do it ourselves quite well.
Even if our demise is our own plan,
He will permit us to go to Hell.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Olympic Wood

Imagine an Olympic Games where the purpose is to lose,
To be last or second last is your possibility to choose.

Remember that "the last shall be first and the first shall be last",
So the ambitious will be penalised if they run very fast.

We encourage running backwards and holding the javelin in the air,
We reward the pacemakers for stopping and giving aid and care.

We regard gentlemanly activities, and honour ladies too,
And without steroids and doping scandals, first will be very few.

Civilised behaviour wins all, and the winner wins wood,
The uncivilised ambitious firsts receive metal as they should.

Instead of gold, silver and bronze, we have olive, oak and pine
Winners of two wooden olives certainly must resign.

So for the anti-ambitious we have the Anti-olympic game
Where the losers are rewarded, and their shame becomes fame.

Alan Bruce Thompson

One Angel Per Pinhead

The wings are delicately balanced,
As I have learnt the art of only one foot on the pinhead.
They are all looking at me as I hover, aren't they?
No doubt admiring my greatness as I sweep the wind of the world.

Vatican scholars have long pondered how many we are,
Well the answer is, only one. There can be, only one.
Because I am alone in my uniqueness, alone because of my uniqueness,
Alone because I can no longer tolerate those who don't bask in my holiness.
There are those whom I want to be there, but who don't envy this life on my
pinhead.
How dare they!

I can't imagine that there are those fools
who actually don't need this feeling of uniqueness.
Don't want this greatness, hate the pedestal,
prefer a quiet life, don't need the adrenalin.

I have been trying to force those fools to want to be part of my greatness.
Persuasion did not work. Damn it, there are some who still refuse.
These ones will be cursed. I will curse them. I will hunt them down.
I will speak against them in sacred places, in fact I will speak against them
everywhere,
out of context. It is my right!
I will condemn them in public, because they don't need what I demand they
should want.

Usually aspirers are content with a library named after them,
but such aspirations are trivial compared with my worth.
Some become knighted, others sanctified, but only I know what they cannot
know,
there can be only one angel per pinhead.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Onto Another Place

When the time comes it starts to get dark,
'The end for non-believers', is the usual remark!

Only those who have prayed and paid can come through,
We can draw out the ritual, with much pomp and ado.

But the truth is that in the blink of an eye,
The soul moves through the portal into the sky.

It is not just a dream, it's a dreamlike place,
It has no bounds, no walls, just space.

The 'other place' is bathed in light,
All stars and suns, no dark, no night!

For the newly freed traveler a wondrous sight,
He could not go there while living, try as he might.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Pleasing People

I always say 'Yes', can never say 'No',
Swallow all hurt, let no feelings show.

He insulted me badly, called me the 'Son of a Bore'
I just rolled over saying, 'Kick me again, give me more',

How much can I take of this? This punishing load,
Do I have to absorb all of it until I explode?

Learn to say 'No'? to reject the demand?
Stop the flow of request before it gets out of hand?

Do I have the courage to stop being kicked around?
Can I get the strength to say 'No', before being pushed to the ground?

We are taught to fit in, not complain, project such piety,
The world does not need 'individuals who upset the society'.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Second Eternity

An instant can be an eternity as I watch or gaze,
The child wrapped in his play gets lost in the haze.

The old man sits the same each day
And the dog is sleeping every which way.

We race or we glide, but time stays the same.
A second is between heartbeats, lose or gain.

When I dream, time goes slowly by,
The more we watch the seconds surely fly.

And when I sleep, whole hours go fast
And when I'm awake those moments don't last.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Seeing Blind

Officially blind means that my eyes cannot see,
For a blindman to see, I must use other parts of me.

The eyes of my ears see the sounds of the day,
The eyes of my nose see the fresh mown hay.

The eyes of my tongue see the taste of the fruit,
The eyes of my fingers see the feel of my suit.

When the lights go out, I'm the one that can see,
The blind leading the one-eyed is the history of history.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Semana Santa

The holy family made of wood,
Hoisted on shoulders, staggering then stood.

Through the town, carried aloft at night,
Candles flickering, shadows cast, a trick of the light.

Eighty feet in step, shuffle along the street,
Carrying a monstrous scene that we should not meet.

The naked Christ in pain, who died for us,
Jammed between wall and tree and the town bus.

The floating tableaux cruise through the town,
And converge at the church where they are put down.

Jesus, Mary and the Crucifixion the wrong way round
Does not matter because our feet are finally still on the ground.

A week of carrying our faith on our back,
Makes us really see the faith that we lack.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Sitting, Doing Nothing?

Can't sit and do nothing, must fill in the time,
Can't be, must do, try to be divine.

It's wrong to pause, to gaze or stare,
To look slowly at the world, simply because it's there.

I'm trained to perform, to move with speed,
To be very fast while I do the deed.

To take a breath, to question the world,
Takes a lot of courage, because it's life unfurled.

What do you mean? relax and just be!
All the people would stare and point at me.

What do you mean that they really don't care?
It is only ambitious me? who can't let down their hair!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Small Soul

I'm really quite frightened in this flabby little form.
I've tried to tell them that I don't like being alone.

If I squeak just right then she'll think I'm hungry.
If I squeal quite wrong, then he will get angry.

It's hard for the formed soul to express through the child's mouth.
It has to wait a long time of growth to find its way out.

Months and months of milk bottles and nappy changing.
Years and years of being small, wet and cold.

Slowly from baby to boy, even slower from child to man.
Then the soul gets lost as the body starts growing old.

The growing old is just about the opposite of growing up.
Then one day the soul is free to find another flabby little body.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Soaring Eagle 9/11

Sitting at my desk on the 44th floor.
A shadow crossed the room and hung framed in the door.
There like an eagle soaring from the skies,
Was a massive plane just before my eyes.
Does the Angel of Death have this form?
But I had made my peace with God, I was not forlorn.

The plane hit the tower which collapsed very fast,
My soul left my body, that gasp was my last.
I hovered above the earth, way above the ground,
There was destruction everywhere, a terrifying sound.
I was totally surprised at how fast death had gone,
Spirits flying all around me, I am not alone.

Three thousand souls hanging in the air,
All wondering why there had been this massacre.
We talked to each other and made our plan,
To find out why this had happened, who was the man?
Not just those pilots guiding those planes,
We want to know who was responsible for all these flames.

Our bodies might have died in pain and in vain,
But our souls will strive to find the perpetrator insane.
But first we must make contact with those who write,
To tell them our story when they dream in the night.
Then the poets will tell of the soaring eagle in the sky,
And slowly the whole world will want to know why?

Alan Bruce Thompson

Speaking Some Truth

Diplomacy I know is something I should find,
Because people don't like it when I simply speak my mind.

I find it quite dishonest not to speak the truth,
To present the intermediate grey, as I was taught in my youth.

Even the worst news should be wrapped in perfume and flowers,
Instead of being direct in seconds, the dismissal should last hours.

To white lie to people is quite all right,
Must not offend, to upset is too impolite.

To swallow all of these lies is ruining my health,
I dare not even know the truth myself.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Spoilt Child

I can get what I want if I stamp my feet,
If I make enough noise, I get what I want to eat,
Exactly what I want, very colourful, very sweet.

Mother gets so embarrassed when I jump up and down,
When the people at the next table raise their eyebrows and frown,
So I do my best to be really unpleasant, and behave like a clown.

Where did I learn this behaviour? To be so crude and coarse,
To jump up and down to whine like horse,
Where did I learn this childish discourse? Why from my children of course!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Stone Owl

I've sat atop the gate post for centuries now,
I have heard many generations of men ask how?
Can a stone bird probe the brain,
Know the truth from a lie and suffer their strain?

The stone sentinel watched as the ambitious peak and wane,
Unknown to the staring men the stone owl took their pain,
So the visitors felt well whenever they passed that way,
They all felt the radiant colors that came from the owl's grey.

There were two boys that regularly passed by for a while,
They danced and told jokes and tried to make me smile.
My impassive pose made them angry instead,
They stopped telling jokes and threw rocks at my head.

I closed my stone eyes tighter without letting them see,
All of the hurt and anger that they had thrown at me.
For how could they know through all of their adolescent ado,
That stone owls who don't show it have feelings too!

The boys grew up and came back as men,
With guns over their shoulders they asked each other when,
The stone owl had looked their youthful souls right through,
Then they felt it in their bones that the owl was scanning anew.

Their minds were laid bare, their thoughts written in each face,
Each brain fought with it's shame, tried to hide the disgrace,
The boys grown men had returned from the war,
And they hoped their atrocious behavior was hidden afar.

For the men had slaughtered innocent children and their mothers,
They followed orders they pleaded, the command came from others.
But they knew they had murdered, they repeated the refrain,
They could never hold their heads high like real men again.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Strangers Each Day

She saw him and wanted to meet,
So she stumbled as she crossed the street.

He picked her up and gazed into her eyes,
Soon there was heaven falling from the skies.

They pulled together and deeply kissed,
And the world around them was not missed.

Thereafter they went though life that way,
She falling, he picking up, like strangers each day.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Streetside Café

Passing by on the street, smell of coffee in the air,
Long legged girls, looking to pair.

Freshly shaved boys, pressed and washed,
Tough and macho, certainly not abashed.

The perfume fools the pheromones and the coffee drowns both,
The rules of attraction are confused with hope.

Spirits and cocktails make them fuzzier still,
The girls try the condoms and boys swallow the pill.

Another day gone by on the corner of the street,
Come back again tomorrow to see who you'll meet.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Take Me As I Am

I'll wear what I want, even ashes and a sack,
He will love me for me, there's nothing I lack.

I'll dress as I want, I'll do as I please,
And to prove he deserves me he'll go down on his knees.

All of these beautiful women are nothing but bores,
He will like me as I am, with bad breath and snores.

It shows how weak he is, to be seduced by their looks,
To prefer them over me, with my brain and my books.

How dare he think there are intelligent beauties that be,
When I, Earth Goddess, believe the world waits for me.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Cause Of Tsunamis

The tsunami rushed ashore, killing thousands in its wake,
No early warning system? That costs money for heaven's sake!

Our seismologists observed the opening crack in the seafloor,
What forces of nature could cause such death and force such awe?

The tectonic plates fracture under their own load?
They fall apart down there in the devil's abode.

Our seismologists saw something that gave me a scare,
Since nuclear weapons testing has been banned in the air.

With their ray tracing through the lithosphere,
Showed that undersea nuclear explosions had taken place here.

Since no army or government claims responsibility for this fear
We can only assume that terrorists or aliens are at work here.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The College Of Mars

Behind the doubly locked doors
Behind the triply thickened walls,
Deep in a cavern underground,
Buried in the heart of the mountain,
Met the founders of the College of Mars.

They conspired to create that special something,
That most valuable of things.
Which each and every soul would want.
Worth even more than the breath of life,
That thing beyond the dream of Faust.

How could they create envy in each sinner's theme?
How could they turn all will to clay?
How could they quell all wish to resist?
How could they rule all lust supreme?
How could they make people want a dream?

They would say this was a gift for only the few.
Only they would award it, but never to me nor you.
It was only for the selected, this gift from Mars.
From the red planet, the god of battle, covered in scars.
All would want, this invisible sacred thing,
The whisper of the stars.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Comfort Of Books

In the vaulted library the smell of the past,
Takes us away from the noisy world, away from the blast.

The occasional pinfall, the occasional snore,
Does not mean that the past is a bore.

The comfortable book-world, cosy and warm,
Means a world of progress, away from the harm.

Managers should sleep here to put their feet on the ground,
To balance their lofty ideas away from dollar and pound.

Maybe that's it, the mightiest executive's ultimate promotion,
Stamp collecting, cataloging and lengthy devotion.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Coming Of Summer

After the rain, the street smells clean,
Fresh and washed, ready to dream.

The summer's coming, the snow is gone,
The flowers are blooming, the birds are home.

The air smells soft, perfumed and light,
Becomes more that way into the night.

Endless long days, nights short and warm,
The time is right for love and charm.

The activities show after nine months to the day,
All the summer slumber babies born in May.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Disappearance Of Time

It takes a child twenty years to become fully grown,
But in the second twenty the adult is very much alone.

Aging is our marker along the lines of time,
The arduous is everlasting, too short the sublime.

Time is shorter now, an hour is the blinking of my eye,
When I realize how fast it's going, I am very close to die.

I've learnt the secret of timelessness, I've crossed to the other side,
In the ageless infinity of time immemorial, where the souls reside.

We should learn to know our lives that way, respect the singularity of time,
To prepare for the time acceleration and not to fear our decline.

For no fear of life everlasting is the only sure and tested way,
That our own timeline will right itself, and a day will last a day.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Ear Of The Beholder

It sounds so fine, so delicate, so rare,
But to me it's so loud, like elephants coming up for air.

What's delicate for one, is breaking the sound barrier for another,
Like pitch and timbre for quiet sister and loud brother.

The high hum, the firm tone, the tenor of the note,
Allows you to rise, crescendo, to float.

I've tried to reinstate the concert hall ear,
But from living in traffic, there's nothing I can hear.

I'm the one everywhere with the headphones on.
There's no music at all, just a noise canceling tone.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Glory Of Numbers

We're judged by statistics, more yet more!
Endless accountability is our new chore.

More than half our time is spent filling out forms,
To present beautiful tables, averages and norms.

Our performance is measured, not by what you can,
But what we should do, the more mundane - the better man.

The quality's not important, it's the appearance that counts,
Our managers don't care about our care, just about products in great amounts.

Massaging our results is common, is encouraged despite the truth,
And sadly ancient managers pretend they're still in their youth.

The traditional family business and honorable company are lost,
Profit is more important than honor, just count the cost.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Great Brain

This terrifying engine of the mind,
This terrible machine of thought,

Has dwarfed all genius-level thinking,
Reduced great minds to naught.

What is this colossus of calculated reason?
This stupendous organ of deduction?

So many neurons brought into action,
As the idea decides to change direction.

The computation greater than the earliest electronic brain,
This complex machination, this stress and strain.

It was brought into action by programmed demand,
And all I did was wave my hand.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Holy Mans Lie

I smiled to myself behind the crack in the wall,
Where I spied down on the business below me in the hall.
Normally I hide as a fly in the room,
But this time they sprayed all flies to their doom.

It was the monthly meeting of the competitor clan,
Where they discussed their success, made their new plan.
This time they talked about a new brand of stealth,
To isolate the Leader and reclaim his wealth.

What should I do? Inform his crew?
But this man had lied to protect his closest few.
He told us the opposition was evil, had weapons of war,
But that was all lies. It was to avenge an old score.

Thousands of troops were sent, hiding behind his lie,
Thousands of opponents were slaughtered, children had to die.
What should I do? the Leader is Gods elected man,
Rose as close to Holy as any politician can.

But the Scriptures say that God had avenging angels too,
Should I play dumb and let the assassins do?
What truth should I die for? Even if its true?
Is it my role in life to sacrifice myself for you?

But a guard below saw a tear drop from my eye.
"Intruder", he shouted, and shot as I let out a cry.
So behind the wall one more had to die.
As another questionable holy man tried to explain why.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Horizon Of Light

We first saw the light coming from way beyond Mars
The source was further than the nearest stars.

The message was clear, written in hydrogen code
The meaning behind, what the future forbode.

It told of times to come, glorious waves of light,
That would blind us if we looked, we should hide from sight.

The code warned of being deceived by a false Messiah,
And contained an epistle about those humans who aspire.

It spoke of strange things, like the power in each,
And cautioned against those who threaten and preach.

It said that the power was everywhere that was reached by the light
And contained a paradox that included light as night.

The final line of the atomic code said that all are one,
And that if we think together then we all can become.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Morning Victim

Some mornings I wake and feel so mad,
And feel angry at someone, who looks quite glad,
The hatred smoulders, and I get quite sad,
When I realise that this problem is the greatest I've ever had.

The anger begins early at about morning four,
When the body is weak and the soul's at death's door,
And the uncertainty and fear grow more and more,
And I shout silently till my throat is quite sore.

The antagonist has really done me wrong,
But my irritation is such that it sings a great song,
I've singled this mental enemy out from the throng
Then I realise that I'm the fiend, I've known all along.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Picture Gallery

I've been in the frame a while now.
I'm taut and I'm very thin and covered in paint.
I'm more than the canvas. I'm also the painting.

During the day they stream past me and point.
Sometimes I follow with my eyes until some child notices.
The parents never listen to their children.
If they did I might need to put out my tongue.

Clever painter who allows me to change each day.
I do this while the custodian is away.

From old to young, woman with beard, man with mole,
I change at will, from equator to pole.

What most visitors to galleries do not know
Is that in the middle of the night it's always so!

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Time Of Pee Huck (As In Pharaoh)

To stop the children swearing we invented our own talk.
To throw out a derogatory curse or an expletive as we walk.

To stand and proclaim, or self righteously blaspheme,
In the middle of the street, is many peoples dream.

We made the silent 'h' noisy, and pronounced it loud,
So no-one else could understand it in the crowd.

So Pee Huck and Bee Hugger were with us all day
But with no 'r' in shirt, we couldn't quite pray.

So in the middle of the town within everybody's hearing,
We did what children hate, we took the fun out of swearing.

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Vehicle Of The Mind

The purpose of the body is to carry this ghost inside the head,
This whirling dervish of dreams, speeding and sped.

Inside the skull is this very complex machine,
It computes and contorts and manipulates every scheme.

It planned the rise of empires and complex surgery too,
It devised travel to space, and to the earth's core through.

This stupendous calculating engine fits into that small space,
This supercomputing computer fits beneath hair and behind face.

We admire the entrepreneur and speculator for the power of his brain,
But there's much more behind the village idiot's refrain.

The potential is there in everyone, we hear the secters shout,
Only relax and meditate, we must train to let it out.

At the end of it all, one questions remains behind,
When the body's gone, what happens to the mind?

Alan Bruce Thompson

The Way Back

During my life I got lost along the way,
Did not watch myself, let me be carried each day.

I simply let someone else decide for me,
Because actually I wanted no responsibility.

That way I agreed to far too much,
I said 'Yes' to many things without saying Yes as such.

Then one day I became fully aware of my load,
But my awareness suppressed the fear of all that forbode.

Instead of feeling sour for all that I lack,
I reached the unbelievable lightness of the whole world on my back.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Thirty Hour Work Week

The thirty hour work week of six hours for five days
Will not work for those who prefer lazy ways.

'If they work so little they won't work at all'
'A pleasant friendly workplace? The thought's enough to appall! '

Our religious work ethic will collapse and die,
Our losses will soar, and malaise hit the sky.

'Time to smile? to enjoy God's given world?
Heaven forbid! Slaves should do as they're told'.

Of course we know there's enough work for all.
That's not the point. We'll lose our control.

We keep them in line by awarding bonuses to the greedy,
We teach to envy the rich, and to despise the needy.

We've bought the churches so they won't preach joy and freedom,
We've got the whole world enslaved without any pardon.

Even the elite must die, that's the payment of fatality,
But even to them we can sell immortality.

Alan Bruce Thompson

This Is My Way

The road is built only for me in my flashy sporty car,
These vans, buses, and lorries are too close not far.

No rooms for bikes, push chairs, skaters, or walkers on feet,
Why are they trespassing on my private street?

When I'm on my bike its a bike path only for me,
Skaters, mothers and others must flee.

When I want to walk and to extend my stride,
How dare those bikers and skaters near me ride.

Now they have built a red stripe just for me to stay,
What is this tramway doing here on my private way?

Alan Bruce Thompson

This Short Life

Seventy years or just a day,
We are not really made to stay.

If all is well, we wish to go on,
But with pain we'd rather die, than moan.

To live forever as beauty's child,
Is everyone's dream, the mild as the wild.

The child who dies, does not know,
The glory and suffering of life on the go.

She has barely left the womb, and goes right back,
To be born again, elsewhere, right on track.

When it is time for me to go,
I hope dying is fast, although life was slow.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Ticket Tyranny

It's not just the show, we've made the evening the event,
We'll get them to arrive two hours early to stand in our tent.

We'll make them pay through the nose for the show,
So even for real rubbish, they'll fork out the dough.

Even for first class there'll be no reserved seat,
We'll tantalize them, we'll keep them in heat!

We'll force them to snack on fat and salt,
To drink expensive cheap champagne from our vault.

They'll clamour to come, to stand by the famous,
We've hired penniless actors who're actually quite nameless.

Now we double the admission and print designer labels,
The crowds flock in, they swallow our fables.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Time = Money Squared

Time equals money, or so Einstein they blamed,
But time is worth more than money, or so it's claimed!

But given a million years, or a million dollars,
Most take the cash, except for a few scholars.

We want to have both, the money and the time,
But the way we worship gold, is more than a crime.

I want payment for my time, but think your time is free,
Even though this space-time relation remains a mystery.

I've opened a new bank where your time is shared,
But where the cost for my time is your money squared.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Town Planning

The richest ones in our town,
Are those who always tear it down.

The second richest group,
Are those who build it up.

To repair one lamp we close a whole street,
And make an hour's job last a week.

We'll terrorize the town with our noise and dust
And insist our great show is a need, a must!

We'll dig a big hole, then fill a hill,
We don't overemploy, we just overbill.

We'll build a designer wall of solid gold,
The next day we'll tear it down because it's too old.

During building, going slow is one of our tricks,
By demolition, we work fast to steal our own bricks.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Travelling First Without Class

I push to the front of the line and tell my friends to join me,
It has taken years of advantage-taking to become so pushy.

The others are too soft or too polite to complain at what I do,
These weak-kneed citizens should part to let me through.

I've twice as many bags as the rest, as is my natural right,
We've no place for your luggage, just take it out of sight.

I push to be first on board, move baby out of my way,
I don't care if your ticket's for the front, it's my seat today.

Just as I was first on, I must be first off too,
What are you doing in my place anyway? There's no place for you.

What do you mean this is Zagreb? to Zurich was my flight.,
You mean I pushed right past my plane, and there's no other one tonight?

Alan Bruce Thompson

Travelling South

As I traveled south from the mountains in a single day,
The seasons pass by, the months fall away.

From snow capped peaks, and trees loaded with snow,
Quickly to the shores of palms that bend to and fro.

The gloomy weather is left there, forgotten behind,
In the sunshine we're different, friendly and kind.

Now we know why in the sun, people are softer and mild,
Compared to the grey north, where they fight to be wild.

So we send aged northerners south, to return from their life,
Those from the tropics flee north to the work and the strife.

There were civilisations once there, in these temperate warm lands,
We northerners forget that before us there was life down in those sands.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Tunnel

The air thickens and bends as we rush towards the rock,
The train approaching the tunnel makes compression air shock.

We plunge through the hole and our ears go pop,
The tunnel is longer than I thought, please train do not stop!

It was damp, musty and dark, as we raced into the abyss,
Now it's dry and black as we rattle along and hiss.

What will it be like on the other side?
Worse than before? should I prepare to hide?

What is this place? I am hurled into light,
This side is vibrant and friendly, a wondrous sight.

I just realised what has happened, I stifled my scream.
This enlightenment happens often, when I wake from my dream.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Valentine's First Letters

V alentine was a martyr for the Faith Divine,
A priestly man was he from a House so fine.
L overs he secretly married, as they waited in line,
E mperor Claudius's soldiers preferred to wine and dine.
N o man wanted to fight, to march up the Rhine.
T he Emperor told Valentine, your head is mine,
I ndeed at the Lupercalia in front of Junos' shrine,
N o heart was worn on his sleeve, but soon became the sign,
E ach and every lover remembers Saint Valentine.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Venus Personified

She stood there pouting, adopting a film star pose,
As her curvaceous virile body, pushed shape into her clothes.

She perched on her stiletto heels, threw back her blond hair,
She stood high above the crowd, aristocratic, without care.

She rehearsed for hours to become Venus personified,
She got some men excited, the others she mortified.

She swayed along, her hips swinging, so vain.
And all of this performance to collect tickets on a train?

Alan Bruce Thompson

Video Conferencing

How to attend the meeting without traveling around the world?
To be in ten places at once before the news grows old?

The video conference should solve all that,
But solves very little if we need to meet not just chat.

To smell the body, feel the soul, and simply be there,
Cannot be achieved via the ether or waves in the air.

But it's money, not people, that really counts,
A CEO doesn't need eye contact in large amounts.

To talk with great authority from within the screen,
Is all that is needed to distinguish my reality from your dream.

But wait what's going on here?
Mr. Smith on the screen was Mr. Jones last year.

Alan Bruce Thompson

Waiting For The Light

Damn it's turning red, just as I approach,
Trapped in between a tractor and a bus-coach.

For a speeder like me, two minutes is a long wait,
Normally I'm first to go from the starting gate.

I play with the radio, and smoke faster and faster,
In no time at all, inside my car looks like disaster.

I drum on the pedal, prepare energy for speed,
I'm ready to go, to race indeed.

The light turns orange, I'm now roaring to go.
Damn I've stalled the engine, stupid bozo!

Alan Bruce Thompson

Walls Of Paper

In the school of then we learned to build walls so high,
Foundations so solid they would lift stones to the sky.
The blocks would be carefully cut and arranged in line,
Some walls would last forever, longer than time.

Armies marched past, empires rose and fell,
And the stones would try to speak, those stories to tell.
Generations passed through with victory and pain,
But in the end, the sacrifice of civilization was in vain.

The new leaders decided walls should not last so long,
That towers of stone were far too strong.
The walls of the future should be paper thin,
Then the inhabitants could not know if they were outside or in.

Paper walls could be ripped out or even burnt down,
Paper houses, paper streets, and then a paper town
The disposable paper world had arrived,
It was time to pull down those pillars that survived.

The times have changed, the past has no worth,
The civilized values have all gone forth.
And has been replaced by nothing, wrapped in meaningless words,
People no longer valued as souls, rather shepherded in herds.

Nothing should last, we should pay much to replace,
We must endure covering lies, simply to save face.
Those who believe build in stone behind the papers lies,
To pass on our knowledge before civilization dies.

Alan Bruce Thompson

What Was This Feeling Called Love?

Is this true love? What else should it be?
Holding your heart in my hands, breathing your ecstasy.

Moving into the space where you were,
Absorbing your substance from the air.

Feeling your vibrations in the walls,
Hearing your voice in the bird calls.

Knowing you're around takes away all pain,
Helps this lost soul find his way again.

Through all that I do, I'm glad there is you,
To show me, that your very love is true.

Alan Bruce Thompson