

Poetry Series

Peter (Prof) Fox
- poems -

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Peter (Prof) Fox(10 August 1957)

Born in 1957, Peter was brought up and educated in Sevenoaks before obtaining a degree in engineering. Since 1978 he has been a computer whiz of various sorts and now lives in Essex.

His writing skills are based on the need for logical structure and precision associated with technical reports, programming and systems analysis; poetry is a whimsy.

The poems on Poem Hunter are the result of joining the poetry club that meets in the back bar of the Blue Boar in Maldon every Monday, where a new challenge subject is set each week by members in turn.

A Stench Of Fresh Air

The populace went to the polls
It was May and their hearts were all light
They would kick out all the old crooks
The new lot would make everything right

The new lot would bring in a new broom
Said they'd be honest and care - like they do
Now I don't know how long you've been voting
But I knew it just couldn't be true

Before they could get on with their cutting
Good mates from the city were sought
To advise on new codes of banking
Who says politicians can't be brought.

Out came the knives to the quangos
Regardless of value or need.
And cut pesky rules for big business
Who need even more help for their greed

Ensnared with the trappings of office
They could start making things hard for the poor
Though the well-off would be of course cushioned
In fact many were given some more.

Vodafone's tax bill was soon cancelled
There's six billion that we'll never see.
The Libs who had pledged to remove it
Are now backing the tuition fee.

Many cuts are vindictive and mean
Wrecking some lives forever
Fhwoor! what's that smell? You've guessed
Now 'We're all in it together.'

Peter (Prof) Fox

Alphabet Of Time

A is ages which go on so long
B is for Bible which gets time all wrong

C is circadian that happens each day
D is diurnal - that's twice the same way

E is for eons stretching back into the past
F is for future which comes up so fast

G is for geology that freezes time in a rock
H is for hours and hands on the clock

I is for instant you have in a cup
J is for Jurassic whose bones are dug up

K is for killing time when we have too much free
L is for longueur and depressing ennui

M is for Meetings - how they stretch so
N is for Now. (But on we must go)

O is for older - how we all get
P is a pause that lets us reflect

Q is for how quickly our life runs its course
R is for regrets and sometimes remorse

S is the second time we call 'Deja vu'
T is those things I promised to do

U is unknowns the future will bring
V is vacation we take in the spring

W is waiting for trains that never go
X is express which is often so slow

Y is for year as we measure a date
Z is for Zzzzz as it's now very late.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Betjeman's Ghost

Note: The blurb for G.A. Evan's book 'Poems with prefaces for Padstow, Petersfield, Poland and Pewsham' says he is 'hailed as the new Betjeman'

The gas was on in the Institute,
The light was on in the shack,
A man was running a terrible cold,
A lass was laid on her back,
When G A Evans the Chippenham man,
G A Evans from Chippenham,
Came writing about the olden time
When chips were made of germanium
Writing about -
Writing about -
Writing about the Mullard
Transistor OC Seventy-One while showing he's no dullard.

The sun shone low on the railway line
Aroundabouts Bath and Colne
And sat at the upstairs window
Was 'GA' all alone
When he saw the ghost of Betjeman,
Sir John with his pen full of ink
Come tripping along in a pin stripe suit
For a Saturday evening drink.
Sipping a drink -
Sipping a drink -
At the bar of the old Bull and Bush
Sipping some more he fell off his stool and faded away in a rush.

There wasn't a man in Winterbourne
That didn't think it a fake,
And over the valley in Trowbridge,
And round by Savernake,
When G A Evans the Chippenham man,
G A Evans from Chippenham,
Made him his heir and brought him drinks
And how quickly he'd been sipping 'em.
Made him his heir
Made him his heir

To write technical information

Paying a call at WH Smith to pick up his publication.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Blushing

Awkward silence

Beating heart

Clumsy words

Dreadful pause

Embarrassing moment

Peter (Prof) Fox

Compulsion - Or Lack Of It!

There are heroes amazingly dogged
who persist at one thing come what may
Setbacks to them are annoying
That hamper but don't block the way

I've never been one who is driven
Though the opposite might be the case
I'll invent a diversion instead
and do something else in its place

Seeds of ideas and potential
as they land in the mind one by one
Must be attended and nurtured
Even if the main job isn't done

I have a home and a vacuum
It's plugged in ready but not often used
But I'd rather be writing this poem
As the Hoover doesn't keep me amused

Men! There's no need to be driven
Just stick to your bachelor life
You'll soon know about neurotic precision
If you ever live with a wife

Compulsive behaviour is scary
House-proud people a big pain
You're a criminal if you should visit
And leave some invisible stain

Manic dusting is surely an illness
I don't know if it's as simple as that
Somebody should give all the patients
Something useful that they can work at

Endeavour beyond call of duty
Is something we should all applaud
But wasting time on the dusting
Is activity that must be abhorred

Peter (Prof) Fox

Defeated Or Defiant

Quickie addressed to a poet who wouldn't write about a subject on principle.

Some hateful idea is no real excuse
for head in the sand, a fight to refuse.
The poet must be ready to answer,
just like the surgeon takes out a cancer.
So lift up your pen, and lift up your heart.
Blast all those buggers! Let's make a start.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Do It Now

Ties of the heart are hard to part
Routines are lost at heavy cost
Broken trust hurts the most
Pack up the present bundle of sorrow
The future starts now not tomorrow

Peter (Prof) Fox

Do It Right

Don't pick the revolving door
Don't run down the up escalator
Don't run away slowly
Don't apologise meekly
Don't think of ever turning
Or for some little comfort yearning
Or 'what-if I'd tried then'
Will ever be your burden.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Electric Sheep

The unconscious masses with minds like melting snowmen
Are controlled by their master's messages through the TV
Thoughtlessly they make a billion mechanical actions
In a world where humans used to be.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Escape From The Office

In the week I work in an office
Shuffling paper and fiddling with pens
It's really incredibly boring
I can't wait 'til it gets to weekends

I go away to reenactments
You know - like the old Sealed Knot
It's great fun to have a good fight
And fills a need that I've got

I thought about Celts and the Romans
And tried some Saxon and Viking
The Civil war was just a big bore
Then I found something more to my liking

I've joined the Old Testament Horde
We enact scenes from out of the Bible
We've Nebuchadnezzar and pharos
Engaging in battles most tribal

But slingshots and shields in a sandpit
Are not what we like to do most
Our favourite battle 's in heaven
As the bad angels get turfed out of the host

I'm on the side of the devils
We have weapons and many rough moves
The get-up is really quite frightening
Though I do wish we didn't wear hooves

I wouldn't like being an angel
So pure, humble and meek
All that they do if you hit them
Is offer their other cheek

I have been laid out by a harp.
Oh so 'accidentally' of course!
And the thing that made me most mad
Was the angel's girly remorse

After the battle is over
In civvies we go for some grub
Angels and devils together
Drinking away in a pub

Some lovely people you meet there
I've got my eye on a cherub
She's not that pure I can tell you
Tonight I'll be her Beelzebub

So it's back to the office on Monday
After a weekend of mad sex in a tent...
...Sad to say it was all just a daydream
One of the many I have to invent.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Everyone Helps A Beginner...

I'm new to this sort of thing
there's lots to carry and bring.
I've got some brass tacks for the sails
And a flap for the cat-o-nine-tails
A scope for the anchor they sent me to buy
But nobody stocks them although I did try
I've an electric inflater if the battery 's flat
But coloured oil for the lights? - I'm not falling for that!

Peter (Prof) Fox

Futility

I went to the shopkeepers and asked them for courage
They said they didn't supply it
(Shame they don't know where it comes from.)
So they couldn't help me.

I went to the bureaucrats and asked them for courage
They said it was too difficult to define
(Shame they had their own agenda.)
So they couldn't help me.

I went to the government and asked them for courage
They said it was not their fault
(Shame they wouldn't address the issue.)
So they couldn't help me.

I went to the media and asked them for courage
They said they did invent heroes, but didn't supply courage
(Shame they only deal in base emotions.)
So they couldn't help me.

I went to the people and asked them for courage
They only had apathy and anger
(Shame they are cowards of convenience.)
So they couldn't help me.

I went to myself and asked for courage
And found it
(Shame as I was
shunned by the shop keepers,
blocked by bureaucrats,
arrested by the government,
pilloried by the media, and
ignored by the people)
So that wasn't much help.□

Peter (Prof) Fox

Gin And Tonic In The Mess

What does the cracking of ice cubes mean to a rifleman sat in a pub?
Nothing! That's what. It's another man's life out there waiting alone in the mud.
And what does a drip down the neck mean to a rifleman prone in a scrape?
A tickle reminds him of fear creeping in under the cape.
A soft trickle of damp isn't a bullet or a mortar grenade
But when a man is a target he won't say he isn't afraid.
I once knew a reckless major and heard what happened to him.
Best we don't think of the details - just add more fizz to the gin

Peter (Prof) Fox

Halloween

Who hollowed out the pumpkin and carved a silly face
Who scooped out all the seeds and left a glimmer in its place
The japes of Halloween are bravado cloaking fear
There's not much levity, for tonight's the reckoning of the year

All through the light of summer we strove to fill the store
Now as the dusk 's upon us there's no chance to get some more
This ancient point of crisis is the end of the peasant's work
As the Celts full well knew, the rest is down to luck

The golden god of summer is going to his rest
The steely winter goddess is going to be our test
She wakes and waits and watches for weaknesses to show
Then shrieks and strikes and smothers everything in snow

Tonight at dusk the hidden knife of night comes down
To cut off life. To stab to death. To take away the friends around.
Who hollowed out the pumpkin and carved a silly face
Who scooped out all the seeds and left just a glimmer in its place

Peter (Prof) Fox

Hard Times

Times are hard, we're down to our last au pair.
We can't afford a chauffeur and the yacht needs some repair.
What will the neighbours think if the BMW 's last year's?
It's the children I feel sorry for, when they come home full of tears,
'cos their dad 's not got a Bentley and a mistress in Amsterdam.
Hubby has to get by with a tart from Lewisham.
We can't afford birthdays now we have to save,
It costs too much to fly them all to Paris for a rave.
All through their youth the kids had ponies as of right,
but a horsebox and dressage coach are 'off' now finances are tight.
Tristram, he's gifted, should have a Stradivarius
But now he'll have to busk as our funds are so precarious.
We brought Sam a restaurant to see what she could do,
But the world's all topsy-turvy when a profit 's needed too.
The government's to blame for the hardship all around us,
Don't they realise Gavin only got a half a million bonus.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Haven Of Rest

Beneath the hazy stars the set of tide is guessed
Somewhere ahead the tumbling bar will be a nervous test
Our keel must worry round the bends against the curling flow
Until there's scope to dropp the hook and we can go below.

Peter (Prof) Fox

I Wandered Lonely As A Clown

By Billy Birdbath

I wandered lonely as a clown
That vaults on high for children's thrills
When all at once to please the crowd
I grabbed my special daffodils
Inside the heads beneath the flowers
Squirts of shocking water showers

Continuous as by design
The drops out from the flowers flew
They squirted in a never-ending line
To land upon the crowd as dew
Ten children wide-eyed it wets
Tossing their heads to miss the jets

Peter (Prof) Fox

Incident

For the people involved a shocking event is at least a story to tell
Or they might suffer distress or much worse and blight their family as well
A happening isn't an incident until there are forms to be written
And when blame may appear out of nothing unless certain facts can be hidden
Let battle commence even though everyone claims it isn't a war
'We need a few things for the record - Formalities - just to be sure'
People in quiet city offices look at their screens hoping with luck
They can find somebody lower or higher or elsewhere to carry the buck
Now the money that's paid to the lawyers wouldn't have fixed all that pain
But the people involved who suffered so much don't seem to have made any
gain.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Incident - Two Trikus

Incident

Vibration in the night

Sets me thinking

About nothing

Incident in the night

Something in the dark

Comes through walls

Onto my pillow

Peter (Prof) Fox

Journey I And II

A journey that's made for the last time
Is poignant with thoughts of time past
Of people of moments of pictures
Sad to think this time is the last

A journey that's made for the first time
Is of scenes that pass by in a rush
No background, no substance, no meaning
Quick sketches with a broad brush

A journey that's made in the middle
Is tedium where the views are unseen
To get on, to pass by, to ignore
Insignificance born of routine

A journey that's made in the end
Is a trial borne day after day
To accept, to assist, to politely endure
Wasting one's interest away

A journey's that only made once
Is a privilege, not labour of love
To record, to appreciate, to absorb
And all of those verses above

Journeys made by design
Are private attempts at fulfilment
To seek, to acquire, to perspire
At a painful pace of achievement

Journeys made in your mind
Are vital to real life success
To invent, to dispute, to evolve
Make our thinking progress

Journeys made in your soul
Result in new ways of seeing
Listening, guessing and smelling

Add body to your method of being.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Keep Moving To Stand Still

An old boy once said to me
'You have to keep moving to stand still'
And I didn't believe him
Now he's moved on
and I've moved on
And people don't believe me.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Mallet - Malloy

Note. Anatole Mallet was a railway engine builder specialising in articulated locomotives. Coming from Switzerland his name is properly pronounced to rhyme with 'ballet' but in the US and to some extent elsewhere it is pronounced as spelt. A 'Garratt' (rhymes with carrot) is another form of articulated locomotive with a 'top half' (cab and boiler) slung between two 'bottoms' (cylinders and wheels) .

A Swiss engine builder named Mallet
Took a boat to Dover from Callet
When he got late to the quay
He said 'goodness muay
I'm very annoyed by the dellet'

When in London he went to the Ballet
And danced at the Hammersmith Pallet
As he had a day fruay
He went to Leiston to suay
The two engined, one boilered, Garray.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Murder In 1654 - Broadsheet

Title: A true relation of a horrid MURDER committed upon the person of Thomas Kidderminster at the White Horse Inn in Chelmsford in the County of Essex in the month of April 1654

It was in the year of '54
Foul murder did occur
A traveller came to a Chelmsford inn
Then died in blood and gore
He only meant to rest one night
As to London he made his way
But he remained for many years more
While his ghost refused to lay

Tom Kidd had been to Huntingdon
Where family lands he'd sold
Weary he came to the White Horse Inn
With his cloak-bag full of gold
Travel-tired though Tom might be
His face it surely smiled
For the very next day he'd be at home
With his loving wife and child

The keeper, Sewell, who ran the inn
Tom knew from earlier time
Could not resist his scheming wife
Who'd hatched an awful crime
By sad mischance the landlord's wife
Saw gold bright in the light
And so it quickly came to pass
there was red blood in the night

The flash of golden sovereigns
had fired her evil greed
'Husband I will be the brains
And you will do the deed'
As Tom retired to bed that night
For the last time in his life
Between the sheets he dreamed sweet dreams
Of his children and his wife

His wife she waited patiently
But then she had great fears
For Tom never came as he said he would
There was silence for 13 years
All her enquiries drew a blank
Of Tom there was never a trace
Except unknown to those searching for him
Strange happenings in the place

The rooms upstairs were seldom quiet
A ghost prowled night and day
So the landlord and his wife took fright
and soon they went away
The fence at the back just wouldn't stay
upright for long at all
So John Cox would to do the job right
And build a good brick wall

As he dug the foundation hole
His pick struck something dull
On looking down amongst the earth
he found a human skull
He tossed it in the orchard field
but it would not lie still
It kept on moving through the grass
and even rolled up hill

John picked the gruesome object up
and thought it made a sound
Then dug down in the earth to find
a skeleton in the ground
The shocking news of this strange death
was by the journals spread
Mrs Kidd soon guessed the truth
and so to Chelmsford sped

She bravely went to that fateful inn
and there would stay the night
At two o'clock with an groaning crash
she was woken with a fright
The spirit knew his love was come

so boisterously did it show
Chairs went flying and the table split
from a dreadful ghostly blow

The unquiet ghost had walked before
since that bloody deed
Now Sewell and his accomplices
would soon pay for their greed
Sad was the tale of that bloody night
when poor Tom was killed
Enquiries soon found the story out
Of how his blood was spilled

'Will you rob me of my gold.
Murder me as well!
Take my money or my life
And I'll see you all in hell'
Cruel Sewell swung a poleaxe
Which struck him in the head
His wife then went and cut his throat
so Tom like a pig was bled

The ostler helped to dig the grave
out in the hotel's grounds
For this he got the traveller's suit
and also sixty pounds
Justice slow but certain came
to those who did the crime
First to die was the woman who
washed the linen at the time

She was brought before the justices
and made to swear an oath
'May I rot alive' so she said
'If I don't tell the truth'
'There was no blood upon those sheets
Of that I can be sure'
But soon her bowels began to rot
- for that there was no cure

Her loathsome death made Sewell think
Fear and doubt fought in his head

Demons and conscience struggled inside
'til he wished that he was dead
In case he gave the game away
by losing of his mind
His wife poisoned him so soon to hell
his soul it was consigned

In her turn she caught the plague
Before assizes time
And the gibbet claimed the ostler's life
for his part in the crime
Four deaths for one was not enough
The ghost hadn't settled the score
The family was broken by these foul deeds
So still he walks the floor

At night when you are fast asleep
And hear a ghostly call
Don't dig too deep in your back yard
'cos you might just find a skull

(Rendered into verse from a rare narrative of the same name for Essex book festival from a reference in Chelmsford Through The Ages found in Colchester library's local history section.)

Peter (Prof) Fox

My Talisman

Sharper than thistledown
Stronger than ripples
More silvery than shadows
More polished than clouds
More private than meadows
More personal than air
All-in-all a lump of junk
Still, I like it

Peter (Prof) Fox

Nationalism

Before written time
All over the world
A warrior was made
Raised up from the earth

Impelled by men's hope
An image of strength
Defending with us
Our homes and our pride

Then put to slumber
In shadows alive
King Arthur or George
A saviour or saint

But warped wizard minds
Looking for power
Dig up the legend
To use for their own

In some dark dungeon
Out of a furnace
A puppet is dragged
Without any strings

Clothed as an icon
Driven by not-things
The golem 's abroad
And leeching our brains

A head that is carved
Two embers for eyes
Red brick muscled skin
Two hammers for hands

Not alive. Not dead
No thought with no brains
No song with no throat
No pride with no kin

It's not a machine
There isn't a brake.
It isn't alive
No one has a leash

The words in its head
Are simple and clear
Unite one and all
By building on fear

It asks for each child
to be brain-washed and
then given the toys
we use to kill men

Games in the playground
Are bent for the state
Skipping to marches
Love turned to hate

It seeks pretty maids
To do awful deeds
And lively schoolboys
to make vicious thugs

Gossipy women
become screaming hags
Sensible tradesmen
now hope for a fight

Daily rants feed it
In the red-top press
Fires of hatred built
By the wealthy class

War is good for arms
Profit can't be bad
Dead people do not
hurt the bottom line

War is good for news

Shock upon the page
Pavlov would be proud
To hear the mass bay

Round we go again
With no end in sight
Anger management
Now means something else

Peter (Prof) Fox

No Future Here

Tomorrow's destination is not known as yet
Tomorrow's friends and sustenance are just a hopeful bet
Better though to gamble than to stick round here
When breakers bleed you, best move on I fear.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Noise In The Night

Awoken by a noise in the night
the poet wonders:
Is there malice abroad?
Is it coming, or going, or real?

Waiting for another noise in the night
the poet wonders:
Is it searching for HIM?
Does it know that he's here?

Frightened by a noise in the night
the poet wonders:
How the dark blindfolds courage
How to hide from the unknown

Searching the silence of the night
the poet wonders:
How long will his breath hold out?
Then what'll happen?

Comforted by dawn's hint of light
the poet wonders:
How the taught imagination
Resonates to tiny vibration

Shrugging off the noise in the night
the poet knows:
How the quietest moments
create the biggest tensions.

Annoyed by the noise of the day
the poet searches for silence.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Pet Hates

One of the things that drives me round the bend
Is verse where the lines don't rhyme at the terminus
Repetition is another thing that drives me round the bend
And people who don't know where their poems have to

Peter (Prof) Fox

Praise To The Ploughboy

The ploughboy plods behind his horse
To keep the ploughshare in its course
The sun and rain draw up the grain
What is buried will rise again

To line the land with furrows straight
The plough team work from dawn till late
Figures crawling 'cross wide fields
Make the bed for summer's yields

The steady pressure of man's hand
Leaves his sign upon the land
In time the fields give what we need
For bread and ale on which we feed

2000 seasons go to show
We still need fields for crops to grow
So praise the lonely tractor boy
Who's iron plough we all employ

Peter (Prof) Fox

Shall I Compare Thee To A Lump Of Clay

Shall I compare thee to a lump of clay
Thou art more stupid and more ignorant
Tough skin do shape your hollow cheeks of grey
And mummer's grease no youth shall grant
Sometimes too hard the marly earth is found
And often is its pores clogged up with soil
And every ball slumps to a shapeless mound
By fire or raw upon the wheel to spoil
But thy lumpen corporation always full of rot
More useless than a simple clod of earth
From mum's best china to a chamber pot
Will eternally outlast you and your lack of worth
So I long for you to die and turn to clay,
So sooner you'll be useful in another way.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Something To Die For

I need young men the window said
I need a man who's fit and strong
Who'll fire me up and drive me wrong
A motorcycle chromed to shine
A faerie temptress by design
Let's leave this world and find some joy
Naked wind for the biker boy
A flying sack with limbs in black cartwheels into a pole
The body found upon the ground has lost its living soul

I need young men the prophet said
I need a man to spread the word
I want our message to be heard
Take courage and address the crowd
Tell them your story strong and loud
Call me a god and soon my son
They'll all call you the blessed one
Too soon for one but not for some the teaching gets across
So another tortured brother hangs broken on a cross

I need young men the skipper said
I need a man who has no fear
To earn good money hauling gear
Wrestling wet nets is for the brave
Who laugh out loud at wind and wave
The sparkling sea The silver shoals
Is better far than digging coals
A job for life with gutting knife is short upon the seas of grey
A black wave licks aboard the decks to take another man away

I need young men the sergeant said
I need a man who's tough and bright
Who has raw courage in a fight
Show off your smart new uniform
To thrill the dull folk left at home
Now as your country calls for you
Be proud to do what you must do
Now in a trench a soldier sleeps to waken nevermore
A monument to martial dreams and what not to die for

Peter (Prof) Fox

Star Signs

About those daily papers that print the horoscopes
Those silly bits of nonsense they print for simple folks
I've often wondered why, but have no answer I'll confess,
Why do they print all twelve of them when they should print one less.
'Cos Leos don't believe in their lucky stars
They scoff at conjunctions of Uranus and Mars
They don't need a paper to tell them each day
The people they'll meet and what not to say.
Happy-go-lucky with spark of life aflame
Every Leo takes what comes as a happy little game
They make their own luck and play poker with the fates
I feel so sorry for people born on other dates.

Peter (Prof) Fox

The Broads Green Rodeo

Fred and Nemo don't go far, they have nowhere to go.
They're stuck inside the paddock trotting to and fro.
'Till one day they got fed up and started off the show:
It's a day we all remember: - The Broads Green Rodeo.

Geoffrey saw the naughty pair break out of the stockade.
He held out both his arms to form a wide blockade.
He assumed that they were tame and both were easily led.
He don't remember much more: - Now he's two plates in his head.

Lou was very shocked to see both her horses free.
She called on her customers in the Walnut Tree.
'Which of you will help me in my hour of need? '
One by one we went outside - to help with the stampede.

Strutty thought he'd try a tune to keep the horses sweet.
He strapped on his accordion and went out in the street.
The song it proved a failure by the second verse.
Fred and Nemo hated it: - it only made things worse.

The darts team they were very keen to get on with their match.
So they went on the green to try and make a catch.
A few of them had bumpy rides and went off the double top.
A horse gave one a bullseye but still refused to stop.

Mark came in the public bar and stopped to have a think.
He sussed-out the solution was to give free drink.
'A prize my lads to anyone who'll overcome their fear.'
So one by one we went outside - to try and win that beer.

Fox jumped on his bicycle and peddled after Fred.
He caught him up and then he threw his arms around Fred's head.
It looked as though he'd cracked the problem in two shakes.
Instead he got to find out that horses have no brakes.

Wilf's a cute old timer who had a bright idea.

He'd go up to each horse and whisper in its ear.
'To show it who's the boss you stare and take a certain stance'
We watched him try his theory: - Now Wilf's in the ambulance.

Martin guessed the horses wouldn't yield without a fight.
He went off to his workshop and dressed up as a knight.
The sun shone on his armour without a spot of rust.
But he tripped up on his sword: - Now his collar bone is bust.

Grahame Ethridge has been known for his ideas daft and silly.
'What Fred and Nemo need is a friendly local filly.
We'll get the panto horse out and dress it in a skirt.'
I dare not say what happened next: - But by the screams it hurt.

The scouts got in a huddle to think what they could do.
Arkala got them tying knots to make a strong lasso.
By luck the first try captured Fred, they got him in one throw.
But took off fast down Larks lane - with 15 scouts in tow.

Nemo saw the fun Fred had and joined him down the lane.
The pair of them ran off and were never seen again.
We were too tired and not too sad to see the blighters go.
A day we'll all remember at The Broads Green Rodeo.

Peter (Prof) Fox

Time And Place

Sitting, brush poised,
Basho catches
An ageless moment

Peter (Prof) Fox

Trikus

A triku is a general purpose, more convoluted and impressionist development of a haiku

Been there
Sweaty Marathon
And other Greek places
Travel fever

Carded
Knitted woolly words
Coloured, spun and woven
Carded for warmth

Depressing outlook
Contagious ignorance
Deceives its victims
Wisdom defeated

Magnified argument
Focus on detail
Tiny matter
Stretches common sense

Moving on
Anchors weighed
Heavy hearts
High tide - no waves

Second law of thermodynamics
Inertia of ignorant masses
Resists scientific momentum
Civilizing motion decays

Triku
Spring unwinding
Observe the face
Not the pendulum

Triku

The thinking stream
Drops escaping
Voice of all ages

Peter (Prof) Fox

Valentine

I am writing with respect and admiration
To a lovely chap I would like as mine
Oh how happy I would be
If you'll excuse this lunacy
So darling be my Valentine

I am writing on the day that we get married
The day our single lives we do resign
Oh how faithful I will be
Now you'll live your life with me
So husband be my Valentine

I am writing on the day that you are buried
So many years did our hearts entwine
Now you've taken part of me
That no one else can see
You'll always be my Valentine

Peter (Prof) Fox

Waste

Those that have little, waste not.
Those that do little, waste a lot.

Fashion, fripperies and fads
Acquired in overflowing bags
On whim from every shopping mall
To keep the Joneses in enthral
To make them feel hip and chic
They must have new things every week
But as the vase of flowers fades
To be a tomb for gnats and flies
So the tawdry surface gloss
Tarnishes to show the dross
And 'precious' is downgraded to
'Not as good as something new'
Then it must go down the tip
Before another shopping trip

So much is sadly wasted on
The demographic A-B-C1
But C2-D and E also
Don't think before good things they throw

Before they buy the things on sale
There's waste upon a massive scale
Mass produced is mass destroyed
So many mindlessly employed
When making gee-gaws for the masses
Or motor cars for wealthy classes

Those that have little, waste not.
Those that do little, waste a lot.

Peter (Prof) Fox

You Too Can See Through Walls

I can see through walls. It's what I do.
If you think I can't then I'll prove it's true
So what are the thoughts that have grown
In the field of possibilities I've just sown?

Wisdom doesn't grow on trees - I don't know why you're looking there
Ideas are planted in a ground that's taken ages to prepare

Don't stare with silently dropped jaw
Don't snort with smug guffaw
I'll say again: Walls I can see through
Now that's not one thing - but two!

Go on. Have a look and see what I've planted - or possibly found
It could be crops or ancient ruins lying waiting on the ground

To make it clear, let me explain
The first way is to be looking in
So I peer inside to deduce
The mechanism and driving force

Still looking blankly at what's lying in the fields? Wondering where's the worth?
Prod and poke as the poet has shown you things upon the earth.

Now second, from the inside look
To see how things together work
And adapt to times that change
Then crumple or rearrange

Prejudice is a bad teacher! Failing to look makes you blind.
Stop. Listen and look for yourself. The unknown is in your mind.

Peter (Prof) Fox