

Poetry Series

Tom Allport
- poems -

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Tom Allport(31/05/1949)

I was born and brought up in Liverpool, and I went to Webster Road Primary and Earle Road Secondary Modern school's there, I am married and have 3 grown up children, and 7 grandchildren. My hobbies are writing poetry and creating wonderful artworks.

A Life

A baby born
Who's life
Was never meant
To be
The same as for
You and me
A life lost
In the dark
A life lost
In the park
Left crying
All alone
Beneath...
A weeping Willow tree.

Tom Allport

A Storm.

Peace 'Bro'
Is all we ask
With an equal share
Of life's blast
Fairness and love
Should be the norm
Not greed and hate
They'll only cause 'A Storm'

Tom Allport

Alan's Baby

After a long and arduous labour
Christopher was finally born
Like all babies
He had teething problems
Slowly learning to crawl
Then with support from dad
And the rest of family
He was now ready to run
Destined to become
The greatest child of his time
Who would not only be
His Country's saviour
But would always be remembered
As Alan's wonderful baby.

Tom Allport

Always

If the past time
Is classed as...Been
And sometime in the future
Will never be...Seen
Then surely the present
Must always be...In Between!

Tom Allport

An Old Person

An Old Person left alone
No means of support in an empty rented home
The future not thought of
The past ever near
Thoughts no longer needed
Memories of yesteryear
An Old Person dressed in rags
Never enough money and none saved away
Friends and neighbours seem so far away
People who mean well just don't stay
An Old Person
At life's end
No longer the strength or willingness
To make things mend
No sense of hope
With no belief
A time of thought
And not much sleep
An Old Person left alone

Tom Allport

Any Frontier. Any Hemisphere

Refugees being
Refugees suffering
Freedom lost
Freedom found
New beginning
New hope
No dividing
No boundaries
Any frontier
Any hemisphere
To be....Found.

Tom Allport

Babe

Babe hold my hand
And understand
How close can we be
Before we see
The strand- which
Pulls and parts
Our hearts
The line so fine
Yours and mine
Loves divine
Through infinite time
Everlasting never parting
Always reaching- reaching
Babe hold my hand
Forever

Tom Allport

Beauty

What is beauty
A painting
Full of dots
A sunset
Of golden hues
A mountain top
With mist less valleys
A starry night
Of forgotten stories
A persons face
With a smile
A helping hand
Touching compassion
A bond
That newer breaks
Beauty is
What beauty does
It lifts the spirits
High above
It is the bringer
Of all things love.

Tom Allport

Bent Tap

And when the doomy prophet says
"Where are you now Batman
In a new kind of dawn"
The rain is teeming
Leaving nothing and nothing ahead
Gulls kiss the sun
After breakfast.

Tom Allport

Bethsaida (A Fishy Story}

The man was hungry and tired
And never felt so low
He was caught in two minds
Whether to stay or go?
He couldn't make his mind up
So he asked another fellow
What should I do mate...stay or go
The reply was short and sweet
'Stay my friend for a miracle show.'

Tom Allport

Brave

How brave is brave
When under fire
And how to tell
A young heart's desire
That no more
A future holds
Of cuddles and touching toes
Gone forever...
Lost in a blast
No future - just a loving past
Because physical things do not last.

Tom Allport

Bring Back The Bob.

Who said duck apple night
Was dead and gone
Probably an American
Still professing their con
Of Tricking Treats
Out of gullible Brits
We must be stupid
To have fallen for these tricks
I say enough is enough
Let us bring back the bob
Banish....yes banish Tricking Treats
And then go back to having some good honest fun.

Tom Allport

Brotherhoods.

A simple plan
To unite all
Brotherhoods of man
To freely speak
Of love and peace
Then to actually seek
To stop burning the air
With words of thunder
Thus making our world fair
Without greed and hunger.

Tom Allport

Brothers

Cold is the night
May we face thee not
Until doings are done
And Brothers unite
For Brothers we be
For a time without end
Soldiers in a world
Of Foe against friend
Of swords against pens
Of widening gaps amongst friends
Cold is the night
May we face thee not
For Brothers shall we be
For eternity

Tom Allport

By Measure.

In a world
Full of strife
Life soldiers on
With humanities decline
Future obligation
Contradicted by pain
Which by measure
Has expanded
Has grown
To make possible
The release
In to air
Love and peace
For all to share.

Tom Allport

Cake Box

My wife whose name is similar to bat
Is a lovely woman without her hat
She likes her tea with no lumps just milk
I often give her a wink
Each day comes and each day goes
My, my wife has lovely toes
And she wears socks to stop the cold
And has her hair in streaks of gold
I do think she would like mink
Wrapped around her shoulders bare
Cosy and warm in a fireside chair
Whilst, masticating on a raspberry puff
Straight from a cake box, said one is never enough
Now content and dying for tea
Out goes the cry, time for rosy lee

Tom Allport

Chaos.

The chaos
Feel good factor
Is one of knowing
There is no one person
....In control?

Tom Allport

Civilised

Explosion time, it's started again
For the world in which we live
It's just a game
Buildings and People
High on the list
Guilty or innocent
Not to be missed
For the blood that's spilt
And body's maimed
There are people who claim
It's part of a game
So in this day and age
Of bombs and hunger
Civilised man might stop to wonder

Tom Allport

Clouds

Clouds above
And clouds below
Restless seas
And endless snow
Cold is the night
And warm is the day
Gold is sent
For man to pray
In his lust
For endless wealth
In his mind
He's not himself

Tom Allport

Confuctus.

Confuctus once said
The difference between
A fart and a trump
Is one can be quiet and gaseous
And does little harm
Were as the other
Is loud and dangerous
And could cause a world storm.

Tom Allport

Constant

Give and take
Is the only constant
In the Chaos
Of mathematical worlds.

Tom Allport

Creature

Innocent creature
Desperate to cry
Feathered friend lying there
Eyes, opened to the sky
Beak, struggling to open
Just... waiting to die.

Tom Allport

Curtains

What lovely curtains
What monsters do they make
It does not matter they are awake
It is curtains
The love of life and what it takes
Is born to them whose mind intakes
It does not matter they are unkind
What does matter is your kind?
Start anew with a bang
For we will all understand
When tears drip into the sand
And the glass.....
Shall be passed.....
From hand to hand?
It is curtains

Tom Allport

Daffodils.

New age dawn
Being... so human
Carbon copies of
A star most tall
Heavenly tears fall
Daffodils grow then bow
Little grubs fatten
On pastures unseen
Mutations turn blue
Disappearing languages too
No sense of being
No horizon
Now... gone.

Tom Allport

Dark Matters

Does the dark matter?
While the lights are on
Or does it hide away
Till the setting of the sun
Then... like a wimp thief
Out in the night
Robs you of ALL
Your possessions that glitter bright.

Tom Allport

Dead Things

Beware?
Dead wasps
For they
Can Still
...sting
But only if
You touch
Them pesky
Dead things.

Tom Allport

Disaster

Human error of
Mistaking good intentions
That lead to
Very bad outcomes
Will in deed
End in disaster.

Tom Allport

Dormitory

The new school room
Was a dormitory
At loggerheads colomendy
Everyone was friendly
Till it came to bed
When the teacher said
Lights out
The man cried
IT'S LIGHTS OUT
And we all cried
For we were children
Of an early age
Lost in the dark
Lost in the night
Tears joined in spite
-Of a cry
From a man who knows
Night and darkness
Shall only grow
In those minds of fearful woe.

Tom Allport

Doubt

This morning being
Rather young and foolish
I created for myself
Something that was not there before?
On the dawn boat
Doubt....shall not make
An end of you.

Tom Allport

Dread

Dread, dread, dread
Knock, knock, knock
Men, men, men
Of the law
Said said said
Dead, dead, dead
You've, you've, you've
Heard it before
Dread, dread, dread
The knock, knock, knock
....On the door.

Tom Allport

Dream

Life's dream for love and peace
For happiness beyond belief
These are things that we search for
These are things of which we sing
Lifes dream with no more wars
With no old scores
Forgiveness and faith shall open doors
Lifes dream without hunger and strife
To live a good life
With family and friends
And no dead ends
Life's dream of no more greed
Of people freed of selfishness and hate
Wouldn't it be great
To live - Life's dream

Tom Allport

Duty

Drinking, singing, dancing with jolly expectations
Celebrating the old guard and intoxicated to the gills
Speeches of glorious proportions with happy farewells
Then youthful exuberance and now with too much pop
Sends spirits and expectations high with all present and correct
With a previous story of victorious escapades and plenty of good hunting.
Although, the accommodation is tight
With not much room to write
Everything is well oiled for the children's crusade
Share a bunk as well as almost everything else
When duty calls and the hierarchy expects
A call goes out... Action Stations
Move, Move your not on a cruise
Dive, Dive if you want to survive
Remember practice makes perfect so down we go
Deep down way below with pressure increases
We jump at every sound and our hearts pound
This is real... This is now... This is our duty

Tom Allport

Each Day

My thoughts are of

Council Tax

Income Tax

Bedroom Tax

Value Added Tax

Water Rates

Gas Bill

Electricity Bill

Phone Bill

Food Bill

And generally just trying to make ends meet

These thoughts help me from thinking of more important things?

Like why does the caged bird sing?

Tom Allport

Easy

Traveling into the future
Is very easy to do
Just close your eyes
Then count slowly to 86402
A new day beckons
With all things anew
You have now travelled
Into a future you!

Tom Allport

Eaten

Eaten away by night and by day
Eaten away by time
Who has his say
Bones and flesh
Rich and poor
Eaten away- when it comes to your door
No escape no where to hide
No potion yet devised
Just wait-
To be eaten alive

Tom Allport

Eleven

Leave one for Santa
Was the cry from the crowd
It was only a bit of banter
And Santa was very proud
His team was winning ten nil
But he had not scored
Till a back pass from Akin
Gave him the chance to be adored
By the fans who then chanted...
Santa... Santa... has hit the sack
Eleven goals planted
And they are a load of crap.

Tom Allport

Exception

In an ever changing
Dark world
Nothing ever actually changes
Except....
Brilliance always shines.

Tom Allport

Fate

History tells us
In order to survive
Man must war
For not just his pride
He will first destroy
In order to create
... Frankenstein monsters
To prolong his fate.

Tom Allport

Flower

You live
You cry
You smile
You flower
You smile
You cry
You die.

Tom Allport

Fly

Wings now unclipped
Time to fly
Great big world
A starrier sky
Standing on own
Learning life's game
Time so sweet
Married, with new name
What will be?
New story to tell
As two becomes three
The future unknown
Past, now forgotten
Sheffield is now home.

Tom Allport

Flying Machine

Flying machine you have been seen
Speeding gliding disappearing too
How i wish i was aboard you
Silent and fast and sleek in shape
I wonder am i really awake
The places you have seen
Only you could say
As time to you is as yesterday

Tom Allport

For You

We are here
Because we are here
Waiting for the show
And the whistle to blow
Not wanting to fall
With our bodies and soul
All thinking of ome
But we are here
Bacause we are here
Trapped like rats
Caught in the storm
And everywhere the carnage
And the reaper's call
Of senseless thunderous mayhem
Of barbed wire defences
And gluepot steps
The hissing hissing and mad cap hats
And the torrents of tears
Leaving our history in the snow
We are here
Because we are here
Physically here with fear
Side by slide
For God, King and Country
Slide by side
For Flag, Honour and Commardary
But most of all
We are here
For You

Tom Allport

Foreign Bells.

It had been rubber stamped
The plans were in place
It was now official
And a bloody disgrace
Scottie Road was to die
For the sake of a Motorway
With questions of why o why
Why should a community suffer
Because of a lie
The first to go
Were the people themselves
With a mass exodus
Out to foreign bells
With many broken hearts
Still longing for home
Without the caring spirit
A lot felt alone.

Tom Allport

Frank Reply

In response to
Franks idea of
Rich and poor
There's no distinction
When It comes
To your door
The charge will
Be the same
For everyone in
Life's exit game.

Tom Allport

Fresh Meat

Put in a message
So simple and drone
The angry bear seeks
To wander and roam
Not just eating wild berries
But fresh meat off the bone.

Tom Allport

Gently

The white death
Gently floated down
Covering the earth
In a snowy white gown
Silence and peace
Was now all around
And no earthlings
Could be found.

Tom Allport

Gift

God's greatest gift
Did all he could
To show us the path
That would enlighten us
Of a right way
For ever being good.

Tom Allport

Given

How does one feel
If made to steal
Not for one's self
But for stealing sake
And what does one make
If given the chance
To find his stance
In life's trance
A fortune teller
Can foretell
A person's dreams
And a future day
So why steal
What can be given
In our house
And in Heaven

Tom Allport

Glass Ceiling

I really want to
Fully understand this concept
As it's a matter of fact
With no concealing
The hopeless task
Of true believing's
When worlds clash
With one kneeling
Trying to smash
Through.....
The glass ceiling.

Tom Allport

Harry

Harry Cato did not know
How to say...thank you
To any person
Till he went to Japan
On a holiday
Everywhere he went
He was given a smile
And a big welcome
He would smile back
Not knowing what to say
So he would just say
His name...Harry Cato
Which made him
Very popular in Japan.

Tom Allport

He Loves You

With dogs in the car
You'll never go far
Not with all the barking
And plenty of farting
You will then have to pull over
To let out Rover
Who will leave his scent
As a little present
Then do a number two
Just to show he loves you.

Tom Allport

Herr Satz

Herr Satz as she was commonly known
Was born and bred in a Liverpool home
Her parents who were originally from Germany
Wanted a boy to carry on the family
So when she was born
She was christened as a boy
Frau Satz her mother then called her Lee
Thus she lived the rest of her life in misery.

Tom Allport

Hobbits

True friends should stick together
True friends should make a stand
And be ready to fight
To protect their land
As when dangers start to grow
From enemies down below
From monsters of the keep
Whose eyes no longer sleep
True friends should stick together
And go hand in hand
And to remember whats important
In their forgotten land
For all our lives are precious
And no one can deny
No amount of treasure
Will ever come to buy
The things we take for granted
Like the stars in the sky
And the powers of somethings
Which will never ever die

Tom Allport

Home

Born of violence
In a star studded show
Spinning so fast
With a bright amber glow
...No earth yet
But that will eventually follow.

Tom Allport

Human Being

Accept the truth of the situation
Gone has your beloved Nation
You are now classed as a refugee
Yet you are not....to me
You are a human being
Someone who needs help to carry on living.

Tom Allport

I

I am you
That listens to words
That sees a face
That touches a hand
That needs more
I was you
As you was before.

Tom Allport

Innocence

Nine months of hope
Nine months of beauty
Nine months of being a baby
Whose life was never meant to be
The same as for you and for me
A life lost in the dark
And a million questions
Of why we live and die
When the sunshines and the clouds sail by
Through an ever changing sky
And people laugh and cry
With happiness and despair
It's all not fair?
Now innocence has gone.

Tom Allport

Interpellation.

For stealing bread
To stay alive
The hungry defendant
Who had been caught
Stood in the dock
'Guilty' was the verdict
Given by the court
Sentence....to be hung
Until you are dead.

Tom Allport

It's Lights Out

It's lights out
The man cried
It's lights out
And we all cried
For we were children of an early age
Lost in the dark
Lost in the night
Tears joined in spite of a cry
From a man who knows
Night and darkness
Shall only grow
In those minds of fearful woe.

Tom Allport

Joyous Time.

The time of day
When spirits are raised
Becomes a joyous time
With many eyes glazed
All singing aloud
Full of alco power
You know it's gonna be
A truly happy hour.

Tom Allport

Jurgen

The job didn't pay much
But it was better than nowt
The hours were long
And he was no lout
All the kids loved him
Because he chased them about
Whereas the teachers
Would just often... shout
Jurgen...Jurgen...Jurgen
There are things to go out
And because he was German
His nickname was the kraut
He did not like this
So he would often just pout
He was really disillusioned
As he was once a football scout
This all ended
When he got gout
And now his job
Was to put the bins out
And to run around
As though he had some clout
But it got to much
He was full of self doubt
When some of the bastards
Started to spout
...He's always drunk
And looks like a trout
His feelings were hurt
He decided to hide out
In the boys room
And take some snout
He was AWOL for two days
When a search party went out
He was found inebriated
That there was no doubt
Instant dismissal was to be given out.

Tom Allport

Just Seemed Natural Okay

Pat-oh-Pat

This you must know

I like sending messages in the rhyme show

Late this afternoon I felt strange like

Hit with mental healing from Southport range

I had to think

Pain is going away

I thought about you all in Southport today

2.30ish, I was up walking about

Felt like I could twist no shout

Thought I clean my table

Do a painting or two

Felt my walking feeling better

Was coming from all of you.

Short of pots of paint

I started mooching 'round

Cleaning up the table

And floor all around

Found I had enough to start

Wished I had more

Then Frances entered

Closing the front door

Could see her eyes were dancing

Blossoms in her hair

She couldn't wait to tell me about Southport

And all you being there.

I said to Frances, I feel really fine

Like I got healing messages on my thought lines

We looked at each other and quite smile

Stange things happening in the healing line

Frances said 'Tommy, Lesley got this for you'

And handed me a bag - like a dream come true

Paints, nail varnish, acrylic divine

Out of paint a minute ago, now fine.

Brushes delicate - soft true

Can't stop me painting 'cos you're beautiful too.

When my eyes they started watering cooled down

I could see

All the beautiful colours because Lesley you know me

Frances putting the kettle on, telling me more
I'm walking about - pain walked out door
She handed me an Amethyst
The twinkles hit my eyes
I see faces in the jewellery and healing in its eyes
I know Pat it comes from you
And all around there energy too
I've painted two pictures
Wrote a story in Rhyme
Gonna make a cuppa tea
And honest I'm fine
Thank you Pat, for the pain stone -
It's beautiful to feel
I know your energy and self-power in malachite
To me helps heal
I keep stones with me
And a world I do now see
A sparkling ray of healing care
From all of you to me
Time to get de kettle on
Just want to say
I love you all like family
Just seemed natural okay.

Words by Tommy McHugh. July 2012.

Tom Allport

Kiss

A kiss
A moment in time
Closeness benign
Each other holds
Eyes closed
And you can see
Hearts as one
Desires begun
Time unfolds
And no one knows
Whose love grows
A kiss
Time in motion
The touch of skin
The feelings grow
Awareness is now
One kiss and you know

Tom Allport

Laughter

The sound of laughter
Is good to hear
The hearty chuckles
And roaring pains
Are continuous over again
But more than likely
The tickle ends
And silence but for breathing
Is the end
So smile and be happy
Even if its once
For that you will remember
When all else has gone

Tom Allport

Leave One For Santa

Nature had had enough of us
So it secretly created a new virus
In order to rebalance its own domain
By so doing, causing humans much pain
The new disease, nicknamed the Red Dearth
Was spreading rapidly around the Earth
There did not seem to be any escape
As every country had started to incubate
And with nowhere to hide
Or treatment yet devised
It did not matter if you were rich or poor
Instant death was for sure
The only ones who had a chance to survive
Were those that could afford a ride
On an experimental vehicle called Thunderbird
And 'Leave one for Santa' was the password
To board a specially adapted Super Balloon
Whose destination point, a new Eden on the Moon.

n

Tom Allport

Lifes Drunk

My heart had sunk
And i was lifes drunk
Always above and never on earth
I was sleeping and drinking time away
Listening to people without a prayer
Then thoughts above came down to me
Thou art lost
Come and see
And what i saw
Was never to be forgot
For there were we
Dressed as now
But shackled in pains
And losing all selfish gains

Tom Allport

Liverpool Lights

The Liverpool Lights are shinning bright
The Liverpool Lights are bright tonight
Our Liver Birds sit so proud
Up so very high in the clouds
The ferry boats go on their way
And happy people enjoy the day
As busy buses come and go
Plenty of smiles here on show
So forget the weather - rain or shine
The Liverpool Lights are sublime
Find a tunnel if you dare
Deep underground without fear
See the wild horse set free
To guard the church and history
Wave to Lewis who stands alone
Still as naked as the day he was born
And Moores the merrier join the Club
Our City of Culture is far above
While Tracey's little bird sings her song
George's lions they grow strong
The Liverpool Lights are shinning bright
The Liverpool Lights are bright tonight
Pick a colour and never change
Sportsmanship always reigns
See a Cath and make your peace
Spot the tower and feel the release
Give a penny for his thoughts
Lord Whitty is still on course
Over one hundred and fifty years and still not out
He was our original paper scout
Look for Luke's bombed out piece
And take a walk down any street
Listen for the Echoes of sound
Mathew's noise was deep underground
Justice is done behind the square
Judge and Jury try to be fair
Phil's the place for your food
But try not to look it could be rude
Visit Ye Olde Cracke for a jar

Spot the Beacon Tower it's not far
Ain't it Grand to finish the race
And just as good taking your place
It's gorra be 'The place to be'
It's our home by the sea
As the Mersey flows and the Mersey grows
In our hearts and in our souls
The Mersey sound has been lost and found
But the Liverpool Lights
Are bright to-night.

Tom Allport

Living

I often worry
Of where my next meal comes from
Of where do I sleep next?
Of what the future holds?
Worrying of these things
Takes my mind off
.....Of living.

Tom Allport

Lord Whitty's Post

He might have been
Lost in his Post
But he ended up
The Scouser's toast
Who gave a penny
For his forethoughts
Lord Street's Whitty
Is still on course
One hundred and fifty years plus
And still not out
He was the true
And original paper scout

Tom Allport

Lucy Sky

Lucy existed behind false smiles
A child of our time
With diamonds in her eyes
Neglected by a family
That never listened to her
She was lost in a wicked world
That little girl with long brown hair
So it came as no surprise
That when Lucy died
It was found to be
She'd been deprived and starved
Of not just food
But also of her family's love.

Tom Allport

Magic Cue

I am a professional snooker player
But sometimes I am pretty sad
If only I had a magic cue
My life wouldn't be so bad
The table lights up
With bright white light
It shines down in my face
I can't see a thing
And waiting my turn
I wish I was in another place
You see I get so tired
travelling around
In fact....I've met the Queen
Then the ref arrives
And smiles at me
But looks so very mean
My throat is dry
And my stomach aches
I think I've had too much to drink
So feeling full
I run to the loo
Must have another.....phew
Life of... a snooker player
Can be pretty sad
If only I had a magic cue
My life be so bad

Tom Allport

Mcdonalds Farm

McDonalds new animal farm
Surely wont do us any harm
It could be pie in the sky
But let's give it a try
As it cannot be any worse
Than the blood sucking Capitalist purse

Tom Allport

Moon

Moon over the world
So cold and free
Mans destination stop
Can alter the sea
Moon over the world
How long will you be
A friend to us
Before set free
Time nor distance
Or wave after wave
Invisible forces
Shall make us slaves
To our own
Greedy evil ways

Tom Allport

My Love

To the one i love
I apologise my dear
I know these are only words
But words most sincere
For the trouble caused
And heartache felt
My only wish
Is the wrongs i have done
To be forgiven
For you my love
For ever and ever

Tom Allport

News

Could old news
When first heard
Be construed as
The words from
A dying star.

Tom Allport

Nineteen.

He said "Let's stay here
She keeps Kingfishes in their crates"
At nineteen I was a brave old hunchback
On a horse called Autumn
And later to come across
Some pretty thoughts?

Tom Allport

Number

You are just a number
On a list
Your just a stamp out
On a cord
You will exist
And never be bored
For your life
Is planned out
Before you were born
With no errors made
Everything is saved
From the cradle to grave

Tom Allport

One Man, One Woman

One man, one woman
One kiss
A moment in time
Closeness benign
Each other holds
Eyes closed
You can see
Hearts as one
Desires begun
Time unfolds
No one knows
Whose love grows
One man, one woman
One kiss
Time in motion
The touch of skin
The feeling's grow
Awareness is now
One kiss and you know.

Tom Allport

Our Place

How lucky each day
The sun shines down
Warming the ground
In every way.....
Nothing is impossible
Nothing can delay
A hearts boldest beat
The noise of childrens play
How fragrant the flowers
How tall the man?
Who shows his hand
To his brother of place
In time and fortune
That is no disgrace
The wave, s of the sea
The smile of a face
God only knows
Its our place

Tom Allport

Paradise Found

Milton's lost paradise
Will never be found
Not while greed and hate
Freely abound
Chief architect Gabriel
Did all he could
Spreading the truth
But alas.. few understood
A simple equation
Of good over evil
Equals paradise found
For some people.

Tom Allport

Pattie

My wife whose name is similar to bat
Is a lovely woman without her hat
She likes her tea with no lumps just milk
I often give her a wink
Each day comes and each day goes
My, my wife has lovely toes
She has her hair in streaks of gold
And wears socks to stop the cold
I do think she suits pink
And I do think she would like mink
Wrapped around her shoulders bare
Cosy and warm on a fireside chair
As it's the place to be for a nice cup of tea.

Tom Allport

Peace

A unified peace
Can be here to-day
A positive shift
Is needed to play
Because greed is cruel
Togetherness can rule
A better future
With all on board
So put hate a-side
And jealousy away
Get rid of the bombs
And brake up the guns
Our destiny is now
To embrace and cherish
Our home
Our place
It is our heaven.

Tom Allport

Pearls Of Wisdom

when I was a young boy
my father said to me
son- be a poet
in order to be free
and after a few years
of writing honest glee
my ganny mac one day
whispered to me
tom your a poet
don't ever go to sea
for ships can sink
where as books make us think
then me mam said to me
write your truths
and let it be
but a word of caution
she then offered to me
beware the writing groups
that only offer tea.

Tom Allport

Peddle On Man

The cycle of life
Is like riding a bike?
When your young
It's effortless fun
Hills come and go
Falls in the snow
Pick yourself up
Peddle on.....
Plenty more miles
Under the sun
Then one day
A hill to steep
Must be the bike?
But what's that squeak?
Get off and push
Bones start to creak
On further inspection
The tyres are bald
The bell doesn't work
The brakes have gone
The seat is loose
And the lights are dim
Not to worry though!
Be a man.....
Take it on the chin.

Tom Allport

Phantoms

Phantoms must eat
In order to grow
Feeding on our emotions
Of angst and sorrow
They are not visible
To the human eye
Yet they feed on us
As we live and we cry
In a false and manipulated world
Planned and created by them
Made up of conflicts and terror
And total mayhem
But phantoms must grow
Day after day
Through our violent actions
We will all have to pay
For we are the harvest
And their dish of the day.

Tom Allport

Pies

The desperation showed
In his sad eyes
If only he hadn't eaten
So many pies
For it was only
Done for a bet
But now as he rushed
To the toilet
The judge out cried
That he had won first prize.

Tom Allport

Pity

What a pity
And what a shame
People's lives in different ways
Sadness and happiness
Start as one
Children's friendships
Already begun
What a pity
And what a way
What a feeling
Of nasty delay
Of goings on
Of common say
What a pity
What a pity
And what a way
To live a life
Of self decay
Only thoughts
To clear away
To live another day
Oh what a pity
And what a way

Tom Allport

Plan

If only Kasparov
Had knew
That the super computer
Nick named Deeper Blue
Had a much bigger plan
Than he
Which was to ultimately destroy man.

Tom Allport

Plenty

World of plenty
Is still not enough
For the faceless gentry
Who don't give a cuss
People can starve
Cue at the banks
Wealth is their king
They don't give a toss.

Tom Allport

Poetry

Painted art is artificial
As it is not built
Or made to last
On the contrary poetry
Although some times written
Stays in the mind
And can be passed.

Tom Allport

Poor

You are poor
With bare feet
You struggle too
Make ends meet
Living each day
Is a feat
With hope.....
Your only treat.

W

Tom Allport

Price

What price, there is no price
To live and be happy
To breathe the air
To watch the flowers grow
To feel the warmth of the sun
What price, there is no price
To see children play
To walk a path on a summers' day
To say what you want to say
What price, there is no price
To stroke a pet
To even forget
What price, there is no price
To be alive and be free

Tom Allport

Prophecy

The shimmering stars looked down
At a picture of dark dark brown
It had happened
The prophecy had come true
The earth was no longer blue
For fate arrives to all
Whether you are big or small
The good and the bad
Laid to rest - side by side
No future but distress
For those who escaped the demise
Their destiny a life
Far worse than those who died

Tom Allport

Queen Of Everything

To my Queen of everything
I must confess... no less
But first I will take you somewhere
When the moon is at it's brightest
Then I will tell you something
In the cold night air
A thing I could not tell you.. in daylight
My true thoughts of you being near
It is of your handsome beauty
Shining brighter than any moon
It is of your royal being
That I kneel and ask to be your groom.

Tom Allport

Quest.

Bridges not walls
Should always be built
Handshakes not bombs
Will always make us think
Of humanities quest
Of not....becoming extinct.

Tom Allport

Rain

The dam bursts
And flood gates open
tears flow and fall to the ground
Time----
Seems to stand still
We are full of pain
Why----
Dont people stop
And feel the same
Because everything is slow
And nobody seems to know
Its going to rain
And we will never be the same

Tom Allport

Red Ball

I am the same as another fourteen
But in fact I am pretty sad
If only I was dipped in another colour
My life wouldn't be so bad
The table light lights up with bright white light
It shines down in my face
I am in the triangle waiting my turn
To be sent to another place
But I get so tired rolling around
Travelling on the green
And then the man with the cue arrives
He looks is so very mean
Slowly he leans, eyeing up the shot
Suddenly he strikes me.....
Running so fast, heading to pocket
Fit like a lock and key
Life of a red ball
Is pretty sad
If only dipped in another colour
My life wouldn't be so bad!

Tom Allport

Refugee

You might be a refugee
Yet.....to me
You are a human being
Someone who doesn't need forgiving
For fleeing your country
Full of death and despair...to be
Free in a new land
With love and hope to understand
Humanity is not all bad
Just some who have the will to make us sad.

Tom Allport

Remember

A part
A part of
The miracle
Which is life
Stems from you and me
From when your born
To lifes end
Like a spinning top
It transcends
Everything we see
And everything we do
Remember.....
It is all about you
To carry it
And see it.... through
With messagers of hope
And messagers of glory
Remember.....
We are all part
Of the same story

Tom Allport

Return Of The Giants

After a very long sleep
I awoke in Stanley's arms
Now refreshed and ready to search
Taking my love - to cheer
And a message - of no fear
We were separated by fate
Now a Titanic quest awaits
To show the masses
That Giants are great and care
But where are we now?
Ambling along Liverpool's streets
Following a predestined winding road
Cheered on by thousands of ecstatic sounds
Stopping to smile and wave and ask
'Do you know what happened - in the past? '
Of broken hearts and love lost-but not forever
A struggle to live and survive
'How lucky to be alive'
I am just starting to tire and not far to go
To a reunion of kind hearts about our show
To tell our stories of people - enroute
To the Arena of dreams
And hundreds of thousands of welcoming screams

Tom Allport

Robbery

On opening the door
Greeted by a gun
With shouts of down
The nightmare had begun
Gun to head
Duct taped face
And arms and legs
In a terrified place.

Tom Allport

Rock.

Relationships built on sand
Eventually crumble and disband
...Those built on rock
Their hearts forever interlock.

Tom Allport

Rose

My lovely rose
You make me smile
You make me cry
You make the stars
Look blurred in the sky
And the sun and moon
To whistle by
As your love is given
And I hope
Will never end
My lovely Rose
My best friend
I will.....
Always love you
Till the very end

Tom Allport

Sally Rand

She was born in Missouri
And danced her way to glory
From chorus girl to ballet
Hers was a true story
Then Mr DeMille changed her name
It was how she found fame
By dancing to the tune
Debussy's 'Clair de Lune'
She would perform peek a boo
It was what she'd love to do
And whilst on the stage
With the audience she'd engage
By waving two ostrich fans
Using both of her hands
As she twirled and swooped
All the men's eyes looked
It was a real extravaganza
Seeing a proper fan dancer
Who was the toast of the land
And her name was Sally Rand.

Tom Allport

Same Taste, Same Language.

If I ate a full tin of baked beans
And the President of the USA
Ate the same brand of baked beans
At the same time of day as me
Would my beans taste any different to his?
The outcome however of eating
These beans could possibly be
The same for Trump as for me
We would be both now
Talking the same language
Out of our backsides!

Tom Allport

Save Our Sevvv

First went the jockey sands
Then all the boats disappeared
The aviary was then axed
Now what? will be next to be sheared
Enough is enough!
Leave it alone
Lets save our Sevvv
As it is fondly known
Is a local park
And a second home
To countless Scousers
Out for the day
With plenty to do
And games to play
From flying a kite
Or riding a bike
Going the café
Having a lite bite
In Spring be inspired
By daffs galore
And bells of blue
Look there' Peter Pan
And Eros right on cue
Take a stroll around the lake
In Summer
Sit on the grass
'Til you bake
Climb a tree if you can
Then listen to the bandsmen
Or visit old Nicks cave
Go on then'
Do be brave
In Autumn
Its a kaleidoscope of colours
Watch out though
There may be runners
Still there's plenty of birds
And little creatures
Not to mention

Loads of water features
With stacks of paths
And glorious views
Now is the time
To drink in the fabulous hues
In Winter
Everything dies down
The lake may freeze
And some of the trees
Are naked without their leaves
Then the joggers return
Running their race
So lets remember
Its our special place
Yes, its Sevvv park
The place to be
But best of all
Its still free.

autumn

Tom Allport

Scouse Pies

There is a lot
Of things you can do
In fifteen minutes
Except... maybe not poo
For when constipation arrives
It will bring tears
To your screwed up eyes
As you sit and wait and wait
And then curse eating far to many scouse pies.

Tom Allport

Scouseland

Taking a journey around Scouseland
Can make you feel quite grand
Starting at the Pier Head
Watch the birds being fed
Then look up to the sky
On top of the Liver building...my o my
Our Liver bird sits so proud
Up so very high in the clouds
The ferry boats go on there way
And happy people enjoy the day
As busy buses come and go
Plenty of smiles there on show
So forget the weather come rain or shine
Liverpool's lights are sublime
Find a tunnel if you dare
Deep underground without fear
See the wild horse set free
To guard the church and history
Wave to Lewis who stands alone
Still as naked as the day he was born
Phil's the place for your brain food
But try not to look it might be rude
Visit Ye Old Cracke for a jar
See the Beacon Tower it's not far
Listen for the Echo's of sound
Mathew's noise was deep underground
While Tracey's little bird sings her song
George's Lion's they grow strong
Choose a Cath to make your peace
Then look for Luke's bombed out piece
Pick a colour and never change
Sportsmanship always reigns
Aint it Grand to finish the race
But just as good taking your place
Give a penny for his thoughts
Our Lord Whitty is still on course
Over one hundred and fifty years and still not out
He was the original paper scout
While Justice is served behind the square

Judge and jury try to be fair
Take a walk down any street
Say Hi...to those who greet
You know.. it's gorra be.. the place to be
It's our home by the sea
As the Mersey flows and the Mersey grows
In our hearts and in our souls
The Mersey sound has been lost and found
Thus ending this journey around Scouseland

Tom Allport

Senses

I heard a knock on my head
But I couldn't be sure
I saw a wooden block in two
But I couldn't be sure
I smelt an iron bar
But I couldn't be sure
I tasted a food for thought
But I couldn't be sure
I touched my wife's heart
And of that I'm sure

Tom Allport

Sensing Freedom.

Hearing is reassuring
Seeing is believing
Touching is confirming
Tasting what could be?
Then smelling what is free.

Tom Allport

Sevvys Bandstsnd A True Inspiration?

A day in the life
Of Sgt Peppers lonely Hearts Club
Begins with good morning, good morning
For lovely Rita
Who at the moment
Is fixing a hole
Being for the benefit of Mr Kite
Who is getting better all the time
Even though Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Said she's leaving home
With a little help from my fiends
Who said when I'm sixty four
It'll be within you, without you?
To be part of Sgt Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band.

Tom Allport

Situation

Accept the truth of the situation
Gone has your beloved nation
You are now classed as a refugee
Yet your not... to me
You are a human being
Someone... who deserves a new beginning.

Tom Allport

Skylight.

Mayakovsky, sitting at your window
....One afternoon
He keeps his coat on constantly now
Expecting at any moment
"Maud" where are you Maud
Sing softly
She walks across the room
And opens the skylight
"Room" you're toneless now
Sleep now
"Alice" this is your first winter
Moving through you one evening
I found a small Dragon
In the wood shed.

Tom Allport

Snowing Seagulls

Alerted sight
Snowing seagulls
Sounds of joy
With feathered flight
And scattering feet
Hand to beak
They do annoy
Food they keep
Bags they destroy.

Tom Allport

Spear Phishing In The Great Cyber Ocean.

Silent spears are thrown
Quietly hitting the target
Your home
Then nestling deep inside
Like a traitor try to hide
Slowly but surely
Infecting inside out
Becoming a voice
With a legitimate shout
Mimicking your every move
Infiltrating, spreading bad news
Taking you to a point
Of total despair
With no money left
And lots of pulled out hair.

Tom Allport

Star Attraction

The not so
Well known Seer
Confuctus
Once said
He who has
Dog ing car
Shall never feel
Alone
Shall always
Be observed
They may even come
To be known
As the star attraction
That is until
The Bizzies arrive.

Tom Allport

Sticky

O to be in Benidorm
Now that sticky's there
Giving out her culture
And showing us her flare
Like the opening of pandoras
Out come all her tricks
Jaw dropping manoeuvres
Starting with very high kicks
Then the parting of the waves
Magically come the razor blades
Finishing with the scratching of heads
When all the light bulbs turn red
Encore...encore...encore
As the crowd shout for more

Tom Allport

Sucker

The blind musician who was always in demand
Could play the fiddle till it sang
He was known the world over
As the funny eyed ex soldier
Who had lost his sight one night
When his dubious girlfriend gave him a fright
By telling him he was the father sucker
Of a string of little pluckers

Tom Allport

Suffragette

The race of death
As it is now known
Saw Emily's last breath
Leave this Earthly home
The young lass
Did not want to die
Her actions were initially
To make the King cry
But the Suffragette
Had now opened the gates
She was to be a martyr
For future Women's fates.

Tom Allport

Tax Dodger

He was born in a Brooklyn slum
Quite soon learnt to handle a gun
Johnny was his friend and mentor
Who taught him the way to splendour
So if no one listened to Al
They were not to be his pal
As he'd wine and dine, then kill
But making money was his thrill
Any honest cops were moved away
Everyone else was on full pay
Capone was like a night bird
With two bodyguards he wasn't scared
Always dressed up to the nines
Yet bootlegging was on his mind
Everyone around him spoke easy
If not there was no speakeasy
And on celebrating Valentines day
The other gang had no say
Till Agent Ness came along
Showed Scarface, wasn't that strong
Then all the presidents men
Hoovered up evidence from his den
Evasion of tax was the charge
He was no longer to be at large
And now had egg on his face
Going to jail was Scarface
Locked up on the rock for his crime
And left to rot in his prime.

Tom Allport

Tell Me

Tell me Teacher

Have you been to war

Do you know the score

Have you fought a fight

And believed you were right

Tell me Pastor

Have you been to war

Have you seen it before

With the muck and the blood

And the stink of fate

Tell me Preacher

Have you been to war

Have you heard the noise

The deafening noise

Of man's killer toys

Tell me Father

Have you been to war

For family and friends

For Country and honour

For something called tomorrow

Tell me

... before I go.

Tom Allport

The American Dream

The American dream
Is no more
Electing a President
Who is so cock-sure
The only way ahead
Is to get rid of the poor
By chasing and taxing them
Until death's door.

Tom Allport

The Birth Of Consumerism?

Expansion

Supernova

By products?

Expansion

Supermarket

Buy products?

Tom Allport

The Hills

The mystic hills long ago
In their magic time
Had a meaning
Unknown to most
And an ending to send
With the earthy ground
And the holes to sound
A time of much thought
And to those that found
A lot more did'nt
But to those few, who did
Is the main reason
To-day we humans live?

Tom Allport

The Present.

If the past
Has been
And the future
Never seen
Then the present
Must always be
In between!

Tom Allport

The Squatters

The house had been vacant for just a day
When the Corpie arrived to earn their pay
What job had to be done; had to be done today
As the Squatters would hear and be on their way
So in no time at all
The house was bordered and barbed
And with no one inside, was left to starve
But the Squatters weren't far
And they did hear
The story of that house in Hamilton Square
And the very next day
Borders and barbs removed
The house had a smile
And occupants too!

Tom Allport

The Two Faced Clown

I see a lighthouse in the distance
It's surrounded by sea
The seagulls are singing
They're happy to be free
As the windfarm whistles
The tunes of the day
Lots of people in cars
Not wanting to play
There is thunder in the distance
And a grey mist descends
The pebbles on the beach
Each follows a friend
The incoming tide
Makes the sand seem alive
The shimmering Sun is going down
And the Red Rocks look brown
As someone asks the way to town
Whilst being watched by the two faced Clown.

Tom Allport

The Wilderness Show.

Precise directions of how
To get to this show...follow
First you lose your health
Then you lose your job
Quickly followed by loss of home
Finally...Family disappears too
It is so sad
That you... are now a part of
The Great British Wilderness Show.

Tom Allport

Think

Bridges not walls
Should always be built
Handshakes not bombs
Will always make us think
Of many happy hours spent
Connecting our humane link.

Tom Allport

Tight

Mr and Mrs Benny Dorm
Often went to Spain
He would like to siesta
She would always complain
If it wasn't about the hotel
It was mainly about the plane
Till it came to night
When they each drank champagne
Ending with both feeling up tight
And now with plenty to explain
About the previous night's fight

Tom Allport

Till

Our eyes are wide open
But they cannot see
Mankind, s inhuman calamity
Like children we follow
And believe it right
To raise our flag
And do battle and fight
We follow like children
The words of a few
With no thought of consequence
Because it is a just true?
And we cannot lose
With him on our side
And the winning, s.. the prize
Of a home with a garden
And food on the table
And a job which is stable
And a peaceful time
Till.....
The next time

Tom Allport

Time

An illusion in time
A mirrored reflection
A poem to ask
In what direction
Destiny rides
With great expectation
A positive light
With no connection
Fathers of the past are they
Transient beings of worlds in decay
Masters of disguise
Illusions in our eyes
Ghosts of ages like lonely sailors
Set free in the sea of time.

Tom Allport

Tinsel

The best time of year
Is the coming of festive fayre
When spirits are high
And grown people try
To love one another
Like sister and brother
Each giving out a message
Of joy and safe passage
As peace, descends once more
And everyone is rich, even the poor
For glad tidings are had
There is no reason to be sad
Just recall, what you have got
Even if, it is not a lot
Now its time to dress up the tree
Like a shinning example of thee
And remember, all that tinsel and glitter
Might only make your neighbours titter

Tom Allport

To Eagerly Split

If I was to split an infinitive?
And gave you half to fully share
Would you throw it back in my face
And say that you don't bloody care!

Tom Allport

To Follow The Style

Her hair has been cut
To follow the style
And she is so young
It will take awhile
To grow as it was
So long and straight
With curls at the end
I just cannot wait
Her face has changed
To follow the style
Eyes that were bright
Are as dark as night
And no longer the smile
Which stole my heart
But just a mask
Of which she is part
Her life it seems
Is to follow the style
While mine
Is to follow her heart

Tom Allport

To Him.

He did all he could
To lighten the way
Which in turn
Made some to stay
Close to him
Until...Armageddon. be

Tom Allport

To Sleep

I awoke this morning
To the sound of a ding
And after a quick yawn
I pressed the stopper thing
Peace again I could see
But the thought of work
Kept hitting at me
So a decision I did make
To sleep and think
That I was awake

Tom Allport

Together.

In a wonderful universe
A long long away
There lived a devil
Who would one day have their say
About the ultimate price
Humanity will eventually have to pay
For all their foul deeds
That would only lead to doom
With a true promise
It will be quite soon
And everybody would be together
In hells waiting room.

i

Tom Allport

Tommy Mchugh

A true gentleman
Witty and bright
He is a man of his time
But with the look of the night
Tommy is his name
And painting is his game
With the flick of his brush
And a few dabs of paint
What a beautiful painting
All colour and bright
Aye... Mr McHugh you have done it again
Created another masterpiece
Ready to frame
You know... somewhere down the road
People will know your true name
Yes you might have guessed it
And it is not Georgie Fame
It is gonna be, put de kettle on...
For Sir Thomas Mchugh, always inspirational
To everyone he knew...RIP Tom

Tom Allport

Truth

In this time
Of bad surprise
Of moving eyes
Of missing spies
The truth you seek
You shall keep
And as your reward
You can keep the sword
Of shining light
Who, s point shall be
More true than sharp
To pierce.....
Anyone, s heart

Tom Allport

Tyrant

tyrants come and tyrants go
this particular tyrant didn't no
his life was about to end
not by his fearsome foes
but by his so called fiends
who in turn stabbed away
until his lifeless body [lay]
bloodied and still
they then ran away
no more hails [just silence]
was it right or was it wrong?
was it murder to be strong
to dispose of a tyrant
who did not belong.

Tom Allport

Unsaid Fact

A sad fact of life
To the innocent
All things are innocent
To the unscrupulous
The Innocent
Will always be fair game.

Tom Allport

Waiting Room

History tells us
In order to survive
Man will war
For not just his pride
But he must first destroy
To eventually create
Hell's waiting room
Then open the gate.

Tom Allport

War

During the war
Everyone dreaded
The knock on the door
Because the news was generally bad
Which in turn
Made people very sad
It was no way to live
Always in dread
And being told
Especially... that a loved one was dead.

Tom Allport

What?

What? what Tyler wanted
But never got?
He lit the fuse
That was never forgot
Then TC came along
With a clever plan
Religion to be read
By the common man
And remember this
But for a selfish king
The USA would now
Be a different sing.

Tom Allport

Why

The Earth
The centre of our being
The cradle for our future
With a promise
To give us only what we need
When we need it
Yet we live
Like there is no tomorrow
Using and degrading
Impatient of greed
Impatient of life
Never listening to those
Who, s spirit grows
For the world
On which we live
Shall take so much
And then start to die
And all we will say
Is
Why o why

Tom Allport

Will Out

Were where you
In the wind and the rain
You missed a speech
To ease the pain
And were where you
When the brains
Were given out
You must have been in the pub
Drinking a pint of stout
Remember...beware false prophets
Baring free ice creams
Filling you with hope
But with false dreams
And were does it end
You may well ask
With friend against friend
It will not last
Not with Jeremy's spout
It will be a thing of the past
Finally truth... will out.

Tom Allport

Wind

As the chemical wrath rained down
There was nothing we could do
But the white washed cottage
Was hidden and out of view
It was surrounded by
Tall trees where birds once flew
Now there was only silence
But for the whistling wind
For all life had now ceased
It was death to every living thing.

Tom Allport

Without Fears

Any borders
North south
East or West
Any place
Without fears
To settle...Back
Into the Human Race.

Tom Allport

Woefully Arrayed Again

A little fairy in a tree
Come be happy - sit near me
The World is ours 'til sunset
King and Queen of the Pelicans we
Though three men dwell on Flannan Isle
Say who is this with silvered hair
I saw God - do you doubt it
Fear no more the heat of the sun
Oh come my joy - my soldier boy
Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Oh snatched away in beauty's bloom
Having been tenant long to a rich lord
I remember I remember
Riding adown the country lanes
When early morn walks forth in sober grey
Yes, I remember Adlestrop
When love with unconfined wings
Wilt thou never come again
My heart is like a singing bird
Cupid and my campaspe play'd
For a day and a night, love sang to us, played with us
How do I love thee let me count the ways
Mad Patsy said she said to me
Come live with me and be my love
Oh to be in England
Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white
Through Ebblesborne and Broad Chalke
The shades of night were falling fast
The wind flapped loose; the wind was still
The sea is calm tonight
The rain had fallen, the Poet arose
Away sad thoughts and teasing
I have had playmates; I have had companions
I met a traveller from an antique land
He thought he saw an elephant
Somewhere in Leather Lane
When I was one and twenty
Love bade me welcome
Yet my soul drew back

Oh mistress mine where are you roaming?
Earth has nothing anything to show more fair
Go lovely Rose
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Oh sing unto my roundelay
Wilt thou never come again
Life and thought have gone away
The embers of the day are red

Tom Allport

Writers Room

The writers room
Where money doesn't matter
Where stories are spun
From white watery deserts
To Vampires on the run
The writers room
Where tea or coffee are served
Where dead men can speak
From where daffodils grow
To a future most bleak
The writers room
Where we talk the clock around
Where splendid hearts go
From a home to a home
To tell their stories of laughter and sorrow.

Tom Allport

X

X plus I
= a colored equation
That is forever
.....Blue

Tom Allport

You

After the war
Came another battle
So where were you
When I was born
And where were you
When I stumbled and walked
And where were you
When I stuttered and spoke
And where were you
When I started school
And where were you
When I passed my exams
And where were you
When I graduated
The answers never changed
It was always prearranged
You were always in the pub
I wasn't even a sub
You always chose drink
As an alternative to me
So maybe this poem
Will stop and make you think
About the events you missed
And all the times
You could have been loved and kissed
Instead of being a sad pub dad.

Tom Allport

You And Me

Once poetry was only
For the educated
And the few
But how times
Have changed
With thanks to
Poemhunter et al
Creative writing
Is now for
You and you and you
And me.

Tom Allport

Zut Alors

It was to be
An evening of gay music and dance
Taking place at Chat Noir, Paris, France
The music was joyful and loud
And the dancers of their high kicks were proud
After an encore they then left the stage
But not before opening a cage
From which appeared a young lady fan dancer
Who only wanted a man to romance her
She started to wave and flap her stuff
Showing a little of her bum fluff
Then out from the crowd jumped a chancer
Who was a typical Parisian prancer
He made a grab for her feather
But instead snapped her thong of leather
She let out an almighty scream
He then realised she was not as she first seemed
She was in fact a fella.

Tom Allport