

Poetry Series

**Tom Higgins**  
**- poems -**

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## Tom Higgins(27/02/1954)

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

# A Cumbrian Lament

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# A Different Light

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

Tom Higgins

# A Factor Of X

This year is gonna be your year  
You're heading to the top.  
You are gonna make it there  
And you ain't gonna stop

Until you win the accolades  
And get that record deal,  
Because this is why you were made,  
At least that is what you feel.

Yes you were born to be a star  
Your name was meant to be known.  
You ain't meant to be where you are  
In your tiny bedsit all alone.

No that is not your destiny young man,  
That is not what you were created for,  
You know that you easily, can  
Be a winner in life's endless war.

For years now you have watched others,  
Many of them were just like you  
They too were told by their mothers  
That there's nothing they can't do.

Even though it's a singing voice  
That's needed to win the show.  
Your sense of destiny has made the choice  
And you're going to have a go.

So you've posted off your entry form  
And you've been summoned for audition.  
When you arrive you join the swarm  
Who are on the self same mission.

Thousands of the hopeful, the fat, the thin,  
The talented, and the merely insane  
All queing up to prove they can win  
This year's talent spotting game.

And now they have called your name  
It's now your turn to show  
The judges, in this chase for fame  
What the world will soon come to know.

The voice which emanates from deep inside  
A sound which was gifted by the gods,  
Will soon be heard and recognised worldwide  
As your songs play on pads and pods.

So now you stand in front of them, so cool,  
Your microphone steady in your hand,  
And you open your mouth to reveal the fool  
But you can't ever understand.

You can't grasp the fact that you can't sing  
Because your mammy says you can,  
And now you're here in the circus ring  
To show them you're the man.

The judges then vote to decide if you stay or go  
They criticise your choice of song,  
They say it was much too slushy and slow,  
But nobody blames your voice, and they're supposed to know.

So on you go you pass this test  
You're through into the next round.  
Although your voice is not the best  
You believe that you've been found.

You believe with all your heart  
That you are going to win  
You've believed that from the start  
Because you have a little voice within.

Tom Higgins 02/01/2014

Tom Higgins

# A Question Of Morality

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

Tom Higgins

# A Questioning Mind

The mind of another human being,  
Looked at me from behind dark brown eyes,  
And asked me 'What are you seeing?  
And please, do not answer me with lies'.  
I said ' I see a starving child,  
And I don't know why I still do,  
But worst of all this is reality,  
For many millions, not just a few.'

Tom Higgins 03/01/2013

Tom Higgins



# A Sadness

I now have two good friends who will never again be  
The proud owners of their own personality.  
A deep sadness bores deeply into my core  
I really do not want this to be real any more.  
I have no idea of when, what, why or how  
I only know that the reality is now  
My two friends are being taken away  
By a creeping destroyer that sneaks up to lay  
Waste to many lives lived without blame  
It is so unfair and exposes life's cruel game  
Of random selection which does not play fair  
It always seems to miss the evil ones out there.

Tom Higgins 30/10/2013

Tom Higgins

# A Secret Little Prayer

Although I don't believe in God,  
I always find that I,  
Say a little secret prayer,  
Before venturing into the sky!

Yes, every time I board a plane,  
I offer up some words,  
I don't believe anyone's there to listen,  
And I don't believe they're heard.

But, as I clip on the safety belt,  
And watch the cabin crew,  
Showing us, what, if things go wrong,  
Just what we have to do.

I offer up my secret little plea,  
That if there's something there to care,  
Then look after my fellow passengers and me,  
And keep this bloody thing in the air!

Now I know that I'm a hypocrite,  
I don't need it pointed out,  
But I'm not as bad as those Godly men,  
Who hate, and scream, and shout.

At those who won't do as they say,  
Who refuse to accept their rules,  
Who will not bend to life their way,  
Who won't become suffering fools!

Tom Higgins 21/10/2012

Tom Higgins

# A Whisper On The Breeze

I think I've come to understand,  
That most of life goes by unplanned,  
And time passes us in such a hurry,  
There is no point to doubt and worry,  
As nothing is ever as it seems,  
Our reality merges with our dreams,  
So that every day of life one sees,  
Is just a whisper on the breeze.

Tom Higgins

# And Did Those Cheats In Modern Times

I never thought I'd live to see  
Widespread food-banks in this country.  
Where people who can't afford to eat  
Can receive enough for them to beat  
Off starvation for another week  
And where daily many more have to seek  
Help because they have no money  
In this land of milk and honey.  
And more and more of these folk  
Are not those of the standing joke  
You know the unemployed and pretend "ill"  
No, more frequently those seeking help will  
Be working full time for lousy pay  
Which always runs out before the next payday  
So now they're forced to seek charity  
To be able to keep the electricity  
And the gas with which to cook  
The free food which has got them off the hook,  
Which will only last about a week  
Before once more they're forced to seek

Another hand-out from which to survive  
Without it how will they stay alive?  
Now contrast their lot with that of those  
Faceless men and women who rose  
To the prime positions in the corporations  
Which are in business to blackmail nations,  
Who have just hiked up prices by over ten per-cent  
Whilst millions struggle to pay the rent.  
They are given millions of pounds for what they do  
You know ripping off the lot of you,  
And no politician has any intention  
Of raising the issue they'd rather not mention  
Because the money which goes in the pot  
To pay to run the parties amounts to a lot.  
And then of course it would be a pity  
To jeopardise that place on the board or in the city  
Simply in order for them to do  
What we thought we elected them to  
Which is to do things which benefit all  
Not simply line the pockets of a small  
Minority of the extremely rich who

For the last thirty or so years have proceeded to  
Asset strip our land in such a way  
They never have to wait for their pay  
They won't invest where they have to wait  
They want quick returns on a plate  
Everything is done for their short term gain  
No matter how much misery and pain  
Is inflicted on the people of the land  
This was not accidental, this was planned.

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

# Another Year Older

I look forward to the future,  
As I look back upon the past,  
And I hope I'll keep remembering,  
For as long as my life may last,

And I hope that my album of life,  
Will have an expanding trend,  
And that my ability to refer to it,  
Will stay with me to the end.

I hope its colours never fade,  
Or its bright reflections dull,  
For from these is the person made,  
And a life can never be full.

Unless the memory stays clear  
For those remaining days,  
Without fading into the mists,  
Of an autumnal evening's haze.

To gradually disappear  
Into a wintry fog bound Hell.  
A man without a memory  
Is a mere empty shell.

Tom Higgins 22/02/2013

Tom Higgins

# Are We There Yet?

There is a place I used to go  
When I was still a child  
An untamed place filled with mysteries  
A place where I could run wild.

Amongst the trees lay the stones  
Which held secrets from long ago  
I wondered how such big snail shells  
Could possibly have come to grow  
ston  
Within the confines of the huge rocks  
Which lie scattered in such profusion  
On the bottom of the quarry floor  
Which, to add to my confusion

Is eighty feet lower than the rest  
Of the land which lies all around,  
I wondered how it was possible  
That such strange things could be found.

So at the age of seven years  
I joined my local public library, where  
In books that were provided for  
The 'Great Unwashed' to share

I searched for, and found the answers  
To the questions I had as to how  
Those shells in rocks came to be,  
And it still works for me now.

Tom Higgins 17/10/2014

Tom Higgins



# Believe Only What You Can Test By Observation

Why fear death?  
With my last breath,  
I will be gone forever.  
Before my birth,  
my only appearance on Earth,  
I did not exist, no never!  
And so when I die,  
there'll be nowhere to fly,  
no me left to go,  
this I do know,  
and I can live with this thought,  
as my life it has taught,  
that all of life ends,  
even for family and friends,  
and this includes me  
and it allows me to be free,  
because I'm not scared of dying,  
and to myself I'm not lying,  
so there's no sense in me,  
pretending that I see,  
what just is not there,  
for which I don't care,  
no, I shall just live,  
love and forgive,  
In a life which is good,  
as all of us should,  
and I'll never concede,  
that I need some creed,  
to tell me which way,  
to live every day,  
how I should think,  
what I may drink,  
what I can eat,  
this or that kind of meat.  
No, my life choice is mine,  
and I live it just fine.  
I don't need to believe,  
that after death I'll receive,  
access to the Land of Never Never,

now isn't that cleverer than clever?  
That there can be,  
where no man can see,  
a place of such infinite glory,  
where the 'good' continue their story,  
in some parallel universe,  
unaffected by time's curse,  
somewhere that we,  
can live for infinity,  
but only if we truly believe,  
in a permanently invisible divinity!

Tom Higgins

# Blind Faith

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Book Of Memories

I look forward to the future,  
As I look back upon the past,  
And I hope I'll keep remembering  
For as long as my life may last,

And I hope that my album of life  
Will have an expanding trend,  
And that my ability to refer to it  
Will stay with me to the end.

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Or its bright reflections dull  
For from these is the person made,  
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To gradually disappear  
Into a wintry fog bound Hell  
For a man without a memory  
Is a mere empty shell.

Tom Higgins

# Can You See The Cookie Tree?

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Cat And Mouse

I saw a cat  
playing with a mouse,  
from the kitchen window  
of my house.

I ran outside,  
and shouted 'shoo! '  
The cat ran one way,  
the mouse ran too!

Tom Higgins

## Chances Are?

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

Tom Higgins

# Come Into My Parlour

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

Tom Higgins



## Communications Breakdown?

I often seem to get lost,  
On the internet, and there is a cost,  
To me in time wasted, wandering,  
Getting nowhere, just meandering,  
Through the inter-connective links,  
Where I learn a bit of how humanity thinks,  
But when you are fifty and more,  
I have to wonder what is this for?  
Why do a billion people today,  
Want to live their lives in this way?  
Why can we not speak face to face?  
Communicate like a civilised race,  
By going round to our friend's house,  
Instead of merely clicking this infernal mouse.

Tom Higgins

# Count Your Blessings

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

Tom Higgins

# 'Curiosity' Killed The Cat!

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

Tom Higgins05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

# Das Kapital?

From the start let's get this clear,  
Just to be sure there can never be,  
Any misunderstanding between you and me.  
I do not care a single jot about you,  
Or for anything you would ever hope to do.  
I do not care about any other,  
I don't even care about my father or mother,  
And I don't care for my sisters or brother.  
I care only about ME!

I am the one life was created for,  
I've heard the preachers, and I know the score,  
It is written that I should have it all,  
Whilst most of the others are excluded from the ball.  
Yes, me, me, me! It's the only way,  
For the world to function in this modern day.  
How else could things ever be made to work?  
If those with nothing are ever allowed to shirk,  
Their responsibility to ensure that I,  
Remain as top cat, the number one guy.

Tom Higgins

# Democracy? What Happened?

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

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

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

and that policy making is put back in the hands,  
of the people for the people, understand?

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

Tom 13/11/2011

Tom Higgins

# Divine Non-Intervention!

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

Tom Higgins 06/08/2012

Tom Higgins

## Dovecote Dictator

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

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

Tom Higgins



# Election Looming

'Believe me folks, when I say,  
That I know exactly which way,  
This country needs to go,  
In order for the economy to grow.

And, unlike the incumbent there,  
My friends and I, we really care,  
About the direction that this great nation,  
Needs to take, and, indeed, the frustration,

That we know you folks out there are feeling,  
We're here for you, and we're appealing,  
For your valuable votes, so that we,  
Can take you where we want you to be.

And working with our friends at Haliburton,  
You can rest assured, yes you can be certain,  
That everything will go as planned,  
Directed by God's almighty hand.

We aren't going to tell you just now,  
That you will all have to pay, and how!  
When we take on the mullahs of Iran,  
And attack them from Afghanistan! '

Tom Higgins

# Entranced

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

Tom Higgins

# Exercise For Life

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Extremely Fat Cats

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

Tom Higgins

# Fat Happy Chappy

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

Tom Higgins

# Father Dearest.

What kind of father can he be  
Who watches his children  
As they try to flee  
From the carnage of the war  
Yet then behaves as if  
He never ever saw  
Anything as starvation  
Overwhelms them  
In their war-torn nation,  
Or as diseases  
Rampage and kill  
It seems he does not  
Have the will  
To prevent any of this,  
Right down through history.  
He is indeed the greatest  
Ever 'mystery.'

Tom Higgins 17/10/2014

Tom Higgins

# Fatty Bum Bum

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Feeling The Words

Feelings cannot be expressed,  
In the same way they are felt.  
What words could describe the emotions best,  
That can cause a heart to melt?

How can the dictionary provide,  
A lexicon for the senses?  
The ebb and flow of a life force's tides,  
That will overcome all defences.

Tom Higgins



# Fifty Percent

A friend of mine suffered tragedy  
She lost the love of her life.  
He was her loving husband  
She will always be his wife.

He passed on whilst still young  
As many seem to do,  
There is no rhyme or reason  
As to why or when or who.

Some years have passed but the hurt  
She feels is just as strong  
As is the love she has for him  
It will last her whole life long.

She never will forget how they  
Together had a very special thing.  
Right from the day they first met  
And before the wedding ring

Each of them knew that they  
Were meant to be together,  
That feeling still resides in her  
And it will last forever.

Tom Higgins 10/10/2014.

Tom Higgins

# Fishy Philosophy

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

Tom Higgins

# For The Glory Of?

Those out there who wish to die,  
To meet your imaginary friend in the sky,  
Please think about the deed you plan,  
To kill and maim your fellow man,  
And ask why it is that it falls to you,  
To see this 'holy' mission through?  
When those who trained you, and conceived the story,  
Of heavenly virgins, and martyrdom's glory,  
Will all remain here both feet on Earth's ground,  
Why is it that they never got around,  
To strapping on the explosive belt,  
How come that they have never felt,  
Such powerful urges to be the one,  
To go to the market with the bomb strapped on?  
Is it perhaps that these older men know,  
That there's nowhere after the explosives blow?  
And the reason that they've brainwashed you,  
Is that you'll do the deed that they'd never do!  
It is a fact through man's history,  
There is absolutely no mystery,  
That when it comes to starting wars,  
Those scheming ones who are the cause,  
Never turn out on the field of battle,  
They just train dogs to herd the cattle!

Tom Higgins 18/10/2012

Tom Higgins

# From Here To Eternity, Almost!

The defining moment in my lifetime so far,  
Was the instant I first understood, what we are,  
That we've been around since time began,  
And that every atom which makes this ape, called man,  
Has been part of the mechanism of nature's machine  
For countless ages past, and will be for those not yet seen.

Here I stand an atomic conglomerate,  
Aware that the day will come for the takeover- corporate,  
When the asset strippers of Mother Nature PLC,  
Will move in and dismantle all that made me,  
And break everything down into those valuable particles,  
For the construction of new participating articles,  
In the ongoing evolution of Life Industries PLC,  
Eternity beckons for little old me!

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

# Fundamental Question

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

Tom Higgins

# Go To The Library

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

Tom Higgins

## 'God' Bless America?

A nation of six percent of global population,  
Has been led to believe the sole purpose of creation,  
Was to bring them alone to the fore,  
To give them the right to so much more,  
Than their fair share of the Earth's resources  
And in doing this they have used mighty forces,  
To maintain for them, absolute power,  
But, now it seems cometh the hour,  
That other nations will soon replace,  
Them as dominant over the human race.  
So as this happens, and change ensues,  
What will be their response to the news,  
That 'god' is no longer on their side?  
And no longer does his holy spirit abide,  
In the seats of power on Capitol Hill,  
No, he's now hovering over Asia, where he will,  
Share his guidance from above,  
With the Indians, and Chinese that he's come to love!

Tom Higgins

# God Is So Great

Seventy thousand now dead, and counting  
The victims of another sectarian war.  
The obscene toll just keeps on mounting,  
And just what are they fighting for?

To prove their interpretation of text is right  
And they are the only ones who  
Have the Great One on their side.  
Their belief is pure and true.

Once more an ancient camp fire story  
Is taken and used in a murderous fight.  
Both sides praying that God in his glory  
Will back them with his heavenly might.

But as it's been throughout the ages  
No god ever gets involved  
The innocent keep dying as the battle rages,  
And the problem rarely ends up solved.

The problem is that people will  
Even when their god is the same  
Because of the silliest difference kill,  
They seem incapable of shame.

Maybe it's a lack of education  
Or perhaps it's just ignorance and fears  
That ensures the perpetuation  
Of waterfalls of cascading tears.

Tom Higgins



# God Log Stardate Thirteen Billion

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

Tom Higgins

# God The Dad

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

Tom Higgins



# Gone Fishing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The great ship passed on as no one knew  
that they'd just killed the small boat's crew,  
and back on shore it was not yet known  
that both of the friends would never come home.

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Here We Go Again

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Heroes For Heroin

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

Tom Higgins



# Hindsight

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Home For Ever

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

Tom Higgins

# Hook, Line, And Sinker

I'm in the fishing tackle shop,  
And tempting thoughts just will not stop,  
I'm like a little kid of three,  
In a sweetie shop where all's for me!

I already own enough rods and reels,  
But inside this place it really feels,  
Like I can't just play at look see,  
I'm compelled to take things home with me.

Why is it that I feel this way?  
I go to other types of shops every day,  
And I never feel such an urge to buy,  
Please can any kind person tell me why?

That every time I come in here,  
I want to buy all manner of gear,  
Even stuff I know I'll never use,  
It is so hard to just peruse.

Without picking up a lure or three,  
They're for catching fish, but they catch me,  
More often than any bass or cod,  
And look at this reel, and this latest rod!

Do I need either? Not at all,  
It'll eventually drive me up the wall.  
This madness, it just has to stop,  
Or I'll have to open my own tackle shop!

Tom Higgins

## How?

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Human O' War

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# I Am Old, I Am Not Invisible

I am still breathing I can hear, and I can see.  
Why do you always just look straight past me?  
Why is it that I always find  
when it comes to me you seem quite blind?  
How exactly do you see me  
As a person or a used to be?  
I am old and you aren't yet  
And sometimes I can forget,  
But that's no reason for you to ignore  
That I am just as human as I was before.  
I once was young, just like you  
I lived a busy life and had a family too.  
But now I languish all alone  
Forgotten and left in the ignoring zone.  
I sit here and wait for the day to come  
When at last my time will be done,  
And I can leave and find permanent peace  
For me it will be a blessed release.  
Perhaps if you could stop to ponder  
That time leads everyone to the great blue yonder,  
Then, maybe you'd realise  
That there is a mind behind these eyes.

Tom Higgins

# I Love You

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

Tom Higgins

## If Left To Think For Oneself.

The seed of the Jewish man,  
Swims frantically towards its goal,  
To be united with that Muslim egg,  
To unite in the creation of a soul,  
A human child that is the same,  
As any other on the Earth,  
Until it is born, when begins the daft game,  
From the moment of its birth.  
This child is a Muslim says the mother,  
No it is a Jew says the dad,  
If the child had a say would it not think of other,  
Than these two choices, both sad?

Tom Higgins 06/12/2012

Tom Higgins



# Inactive As Well As Invisible!

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

Tom Higgins 06/08/2012

Tom Higgins

## Is There Not More?

This physical shell, the manifestation of me,  
Is it simply what it seems to be?  
Am I merely as I look?  
Or is this vision of me often mistook?  
My whole being transformed into a material thing,  
With no thought given to what makes me sing,  
Or dream of all of those beautiful days,  
Of warm sunshine, and evening haze,  
Of a full moon filling a dark blue sky,  
With silvery light to help see by,  
Of a summer breeze blowing meadow flowers,  
And rainbows framing springtime showers.  
It takes much more to make the man,  
Than what he owns, or how much he can,  
Gain from his striving in the short time he's given,  
No one finds happiness by being driven,  
By forces which are beyond his own control,  
He needs to find his self, to make him whole!

Tom Higgins 17/10/2012

Tom Higgins

# It Happened Naturally!

Big bang happened, time began,  
Now here we are, the sons of man,  
Discussing whether a supreme being,  
Of such might and wisdom all seeing,  
Could possibly be around before,  
Any time existed, and what's more,  
Could pick a tiny isolated planet,  
And with a vast array of zoology, man it!  
Now that is more than incredible,  
If it was pie it would be inedible.  
The thought that out of billions of galaxies,  
He chose one tiny planet for the people he's,  
Made in his own likeness to do his bidding,  
No really he must have just been kidding,  
And out there among those trillions of stars  
There are billions more Earth's, where there are,  
Trillions more like you and me,  
Discussing how they came to be!

Tom Higgins 18/10/2012

Tom Higgins

# It Is Written!

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

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

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

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

So from this point, change came faster,

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

Agriculture now became widespread,  
and meant that many more could be fed,  
much time for many was now freed,  
so towns grew larger, and so the need,  
for new things that now could be made,  
so with food surplus, came growth in trade,  
as goods manufacture added worth,  
sold to townsfolk who did not till the earth.

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

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

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

Tom Higgins 05/05/2012

Tom Higgins

# Jobsworth Journalists

They write the words  
to say we must  
abide with all that is unjust.  
They write the words  
to say we all  
must obey  
or all will fall.  
They write lies  
to perpetuate  
ignorance, greed,  
and eternal hate.  
They used to write,  
in times gone by,  
some truths you knew,  
were not a lie,  
and then came a change  
I have thought long,  
that this was strange  
and very wrong,  
it coincides with those times  
of the Thatcher  
- Reagan crimes  
against all decency and humanity,  
which begat  
our shared reality.

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

# Know Your Friends!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins 07/08/2012

Tom Higgins



# Knowing Words

I want to know, I wonder why  
We look up and see the sky,  
And when we then look down,  
We see our feet on the ground.

Who was the first to say it is so,  
And how exactly did they know?  
That up is sky and down is ground  
How were these words originally found?

Why is a bird called a bird  
Why is something daft called absurd?  
Why is a dog called a dog and a pig a pig?  
A cow a cow, and what's little and big?

Words that flow from every mouth  
Describing which direction's South  
Or North or East and West,  
Or just whatever you think worst or best

Words for good or words for bad,  
Words to describe happy or sad  
Words keep on going on and on  
But how did they first come along?

Once there must only have been a few.  
Perhaps there were only one or two.  
Yet today our human tribe  
Has hundreds of languages with which to describe

Everything we see and do,  
Millions of words no longer a few.  
And as time passes the word count grows.  
Where will it end? No one knows.

So as the dictionaries expand  
In every one of Earth's many lands  
Increasing our ability to communicate  
Our similarities which are many and great.

Will it lead us to a place in time  
Where we all agree that war is crime?  
And where perhaps we will come to see  
I'm just like you, and you're just like me.

Tom Higgins 12/06/2013

Tom Higgins

# Land Of The Brave And Free?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom,08/12/2011

Tom Higgins

# Learn Or Burn?

I am human just like you,  
Arms and legs, two and two,  
Eyes and ears, two as well,  
And one nose with which to smell,  
The only differences I can detect,  
Are the ways we use our intellects.  
There are those who believe,  
There are those who think,  
There are those who believe they think,  
There are those who think that they believe,  
And those who simply can't conceive,  
Of anything other than what they've been told,  
Are they incapable of being, just a little bit bold?  
And questioning that which they've been taught,  
Perhaps even introducing an original thought.  
So think for yourself, but do not condemn,  
Life should not be a game of us and them,  
The aim should be to educate,  
To enlighten minds, not to berate.  
We should communicate in a civilised fashion,  
About that which arouses so much passion,  
So perhaps with time some may think,  
For themselves and break the link.  
Because from our history we should have learned,  
That once the books start being burned,  
It isn't long before we see,  
Those with whom the fire raisers disagree,  
Replacing books, to fuel the fire,  
Reignition of a vast funeral pyre!

Tom Higgins 23/09/2012

Tom Higgins

# Leave Nothing Unsaid

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Let Us Not Be Vague

Let Us Not Be Vague!

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

Tom Higgins 03/08/2012

Tom Higgins

# Let Us Prey

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Let's Dance

Those charismatic creatures of the Taliban,  
Have done it again this week,  
That beacon of hope for Afghanistan,  
Have got the publicity they seek.  
This has to be their master stroke,  
Beheading seventeen people who,  
Dared to listen to music like normal folk,  
And, worst of all danced too!  
And this was done in their god's name,  
To protect their perfect religion,  
They do such things with no shame,  
And with the intellect of a pigeon.

Tom Higgins



# Lightning Rods

We stood on the rocky breakwater,  
My fishing friend Peter and me,  
Faces turned sideways from the wind,  
Which churned the steel grey sea.

Our carbon fibre fishing rods,  
Pointed at angles to the sky,  
When on the distant horizon,  
Orange flashes we did espy.

The waters got much rougher,  
Than when we'd first arrived,  
And the fishing was much tougher,  
As nature's forces then contrived,

To wash us from our platform,  
Into the raging briny,  
The power of a building storm,  
Reminds you that you are tiny.

Then jagged lightning bolts advanced,  
Towards us from the West,  
Across the sea they flashed and danced,  
So we thought it would be best,

If discretion replaced trust in the gods,  
And we packed our gear and fled,  
As carbon fibre fishing rods,  
Plus lightning equals dead!

Tom Higgins 29/01/2013

Tom Higgins

# Live Or Diet?

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

10/05/2012

Tom Higgins

## Love Is.

Tell me how can it be true,  
That I ever found one so fair as you.  
How can it have come to pass,  
That I came across such a beautiful lass?  
The one who inhabited all of my dreams,  
The girl who is my queen of queens.  
The one who, above any other,  
Agreed to be our children's mother.  
I thank you with all of my heart,  
That you decided to play your part,  
And so together with love, we,  
Created our little family.

Tom Higgins 13/12/2012

Tom Higgins

# Madmankind

Am I barmy, Am I mad,  
am I crackers or just sad?  
The elite world is, totally.  
It follows every stupid fad,  
how the hell can we be glad?  
When all they do is,  
feed the greed,  
never the need,  
make the majority bleed,  
to feed their all encompassing greed.  
And now, I am told,  
or probably I am being sold,  
a story they want me to buy,  
a yarn to make a grown man cry.  
The Chinese are on the rise!  
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise,  
Apparently they're on the make,  
and it's said that they intend to take,  
their new position as a mighty world power,  
and if so when cometh the hour?  
How long have we got d'y'all reckon,  
before the argument starts wrecking  
everything we know as normal,  
do you think they'll do it formal?  
You know, a declaration of war and all.  
Or will each side just unleash missiles to fly,  
and have all their new fangled bombs to fall?  
Then gauge how many of us die.  
Have the Chinese made a calculation,  
can we possibly kill their billion fold nation?  
And have the Western powers done the same?  
most likely to their eternal shame.  
Just a mention of the numbers, the human cost,  
measured by a guesstimate of the total lives to be lost.  
Gets to the crux of the matter once again,  
have we collectively gone totally insane?  
Because the military and the politicians,  
that sad unforgivable bunch of so and so's,  
are planning for this right now,

they are even planning strategies for how,  
the world will be when their war ends,  
who will be their enemies, who will be their friends?  
The spoils shared out amongst the winners,  
but which side will be named the sinners?  
And so, the wheel of fate keeps turning,  
with no generation ever learning,  
from the dawning of mankind,  
to the futility of war, we like to stay blind!

Tom Higgins

# Malodorous Two In The Queue

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

Tom Higgins 05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

# Master Of Plaster

There was a young lady from Oldham  
Who asked me if I'd like to hold them,  
I said 'if I could, forever I would,  
I'll just get some plaster  
And mould 'em.

Tom Higgins

# Me And My Shadow

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

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

Tom Higgins



# Merry Christmas?

Christmas is coming,  
The rich man keeps getting fat,  
Please put what you can spare  
In the homeless soldier's hat.  
He fought for his country,  
He got forgotten in return,  
But then again he's lucky,  
He didn't die or burn.

Tom Higgins 12/12/2012

Tom Higgins

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

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

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

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

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

Tom 29/05/2012

Tom Higgins

## More War In Store?

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

Tom Higgins

# Mother Earth

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

Tom Higgins

# Mr Jobsworth

Mr Jobsworth

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

Tom Higgins

# Murdered For Me Teeth!

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

Tom Higgins

# My Little Lady Of The Lakes

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

Tom Higgins



## No Fool Like No Fuel!

Had a bit of bother with my car,  
my wife was driving it and had not got far,  
when it began to stutter, and stall,  
it wouldn't go, not at all.

She rang me and said,

'I think your poor old car is dead! '

I mentioned to her that before she left,

the fuel tank was of diesel, bereft,

could this perhaps be the reason why,

my old faithful had seemed to die?

And this of course was a fact,

I put diesel in and it did react,

and the engine spluttered back to life,

disproving the theory of my wife.

Yes, cars do actually need fuel to go,

without it they just tend to say, no!

Tom Higgins

# Not So Snow White!

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

Tom Higgins

# Now And Then

Once babes in arms,  
Once tots at play,  
Once bright eyed kids,  
Once happy schooldays.

Now men at arms,  
Now they don't play,  
Now dead eyed boys,  
Now they just learn to slay.

Tom Higgins

# Oh Syria!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom 03/06/2012

Tom Higgins

# On Clint Eastwood's Birthday

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

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

# On Living

This collective of cells manifests itself to be,  
Everything that is known as me.  
But what of this awareness biz,  
What is it that makes me fizz?  
I am not just a living thing,  
What creates the joy to make me sing?  
And lets me dream of those beautiful days,  
Of warm sunshine and evening haze,  
Of a full moon filling a dark blue sky,  
with silvery light to help see by,  
Of a gentle breeze blowing meadow flowers,  
And rainbows framing summer showers.  
Yes lots of whats, and whys, and hows,  
Grow along life's path on which to browse,  
And answers still are hard to find,  
To the questions of mankind.

Tom Higgins 12/01/2013

Tom Higgins

# On The Beach

I went fishing last night,  
And once again I never caught anything  
Except the wind on my face,  
And the salt spray in my eyes,  
And the scent of the ocean in my nostrils.  
I spent nothing apart from a few calories  
Which I burned up walking over the beach,  
The sand and the rocks and weed,  
In that tidal area between sea and land  
And ended up with another totally free experience  
Of what it feels like to really be alive,  
Everyone should go fishing at least once.

Tom Higgins 01/11/2013

Tom Higgins



# One More For The Road.

In search of fun  
He spent his youth  
He found some fun  
He was uncouth.  
He was quite vain  
And loved the self,  
Along with the  
Products on the spirits shelf.  
He liked to drink  
More than he could  
He drank until  
He felt good.  
He drank until  
He felt so bad  
Next morning  
He felt so ill, and sad.  
He drank so  
He could hide away  
From the reality  
Of another day,  
Seeking answers  
Never found  
With the purchase  
Of the next round.  
Year on year  
It was his way,  
He played the drunk  
In a life's sad play  
About a man  
Born to be  
Yet unable  
To simply see  
That life is not  
A mere game  
That is won only  
By achieving fame,  
But has a point  
He never got  
And that is

To strive to  
Improve the lot  
Of those with whom  
You happen to share  
Your time on Earth,  
And try to care,  
More for others  
Not just you  
You'll find fulfilment  
If you do.

Tom Higgins 16/10/2014

Tom Higgins

# Only In The Minds Of Men

Where is he when he's needed most  
In times of the deepest despair  
The father, son, or holy ghost  
Why does he never prove he cares?

This god in which many still believe  
Why has he never shown  
Himself to those who suffer and grieve?  
They're left to grieve alone.

Those victims of the endless wars  
Drowning in the salt water of their tears,  
All through the ages no divine pause  
Was ever granted to calm their fears.

So this mighty and omnipotent one  
Why does he never intervene?  
When all other hope is gone  
He has never, ever been seen.

So excuse me if I question why  
You still believe he sees all,  
When no matter how often millions die  
He never comes to call.

Perhaps he's too busy to bother about  
Our tiny speck of dust  
On the outskirts of a small galaxy  
In a universe of billions where he must

Have many much more significant  
Worlds for him to care for.  
Which would be why he's never sent  
Help for any plague, or famine, or war.

What if perhaps it could be  
That there is a much simpler solution?  
And that this so called deity  
Came only after man's evolution.

Tom Higgins

# Our Time

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

Tom Higgins

# Our Time Together Was Good

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

Tom Higgins

# Pen Versus Sword

Who did any writer ever save?  
When did words raise anyone from the grave?  
Has the great mind, ever by writing,  
Put an end to war and fighting?  
Ideas like icebergs, drift then melt,  
And gradually no change is ever felt,  
Because shortly after publication,  
Of their high ideals, and their computation,  
Of why mankind just loves killing,  
Still so many are oh so willing,  
To join the disparate armies of the world,  
As soon as the flags have been unfurled.  
No matter that so many have already died,  
They wear the team colours with such pride,  
And march off to the tune played by the piper,  
Paid for by the profit driven viper,  
Who wraps his coils around the nation,  
As history screams in absolute frustration,  
That out of nothing, the men of war,  
Have created a cause, worth fighting for!

Tom Higgins

# Pent Up Anger

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

Tom Higgins



## Persistently Pursuing Piscine Protein

Once again whilst fishing at the beach,  
The fish they all stayed out of reach,  
I think they knew that I was there,  
And so my fish bag it stayed bare.  
Nothing in there for me to eat,  
The scaly ones had me beat,  
But such is the nature of this fisherman,  
I'll be trying again as soon as I can,  
And next time I'll catch fish a' plenty,  
Not going home with my fish bag empty.  
This optimism keeps shining bright,  
No matter how often on a cold wet night,  
I venture out and fail to catch,  
I know next time will be game, set, and match.  
To me the stupidly determined one,  
Who keeps on fishing when all hope is gone!

Tom Higgins 19/11/2012

Tom Higgins

## Poppy Price Tag

' In Flanders fields the poppies blow,  
Between the crosses, row on row'.  
So wrote the poet John McCrae,  
Recording the reality of his day.  
Now after ninety four years have gone,  
The use of the poppy has now moved on.  
Instead of remembrance of the brave,  
It sends addicted millions to an early grave,  
And today our young troops fight and die,  
Without anyone asking the real question, why?

In Helmand's fields the poppies blow,  
Beside the compounds where they grow,  
Surrounded by hidden IED's,  
Planted to kill and maim with ease,  
The brave young men sent on patrol,  
Hoping they return alive and whole,  
As they risk all to do their duty,  
The poppy crop provides illicit booty,  
That funds the continuation of this war,  
In which no one can say what we're fighting for!

Tom Higgins 02/05/2012

Tom Higgins

# Ptsd What Their War Has Done To Me

I'm twenty three and just back from their war  
With no idea what I've been fighting for.  
I've not been myself since I got back  
Trying to live within a panic attack.

I know one thing for sure, that my family  
Always have, and always will love me,  
And I know that they can see that I  
Have become a totally different guy

To the happy young man I used to be  
Before I saw the things I came to see,  
But no matter what they do or say  
I still look with dread on each new day

Since my best mate died in Afghanistan  
Blown to bits by the Taliban.  
'Bad luck' they said that he had to die.  
I've never let anyone see me cry,

That isn't how a soldier behaves  
No matter how many go to early graves.  
So now here I stand, mentally torn  
Wishing that I had never been born

Into this cruel, unthinking world  
Where every time the flags are unfurled,  
The politicians spout more lies which we swallow  
Then we flock together as we follow

These Judas goats who lead the sheep  
To slaughter and everlasting sleep.  
Inside I feel I have reached the stage  
Where the fires of hurt have begun to rage

Against what is left in me to fight the pain  
Do I want to face this all again?  
Another day with my best mate gone  
Do I really want to linger on

Asking every time I awake  
Why was it him not me they had to take?  
I just feel I can no longer cope  
Does the answer lie in this length of rope?

Tom Higgins 16/08/2013

Tom Higgins

# Reach Out And Touch Somebody's Wallet

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

## Recession? Where?

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

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

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

While out there in forgotten lands  
the people waste away,  
reaching out with bony hands  
that can't afford to pay,  
to have the basic needs of life  
that we all take for granted,  
with exploitation and corruption rife,  
against them life is slanted,

to make it so hard for them all  
to ever find a way  
to clamber up and over the wall  
to start anew their day.

So how poor are we really?  
How forgotten and forlorn,  
are our clothes merely tatters  
or are our shoes totally worn?  
Do our children cry with hunger  
or die of curable disease?  
Are we thirsting for clean water,  
or are we begging on our knees?  
Of course we know the answer  
and it is really hard to face,  
that for us to grow and prosper  
we impoverish others in the human race.

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

Tom Higgins

## Relative Feelings

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

Tom Higgins



# Repetitive Strain

Another burial party is ready,  
Very well trained, and oh so steady,  
They obey their training to the letter,  
No one could ever do it better.  
They await the order, together to fire,  
This time not to cause anyone to expire,  
No, this time it is supposed to praise,  
Their fallen comrade who the eulogy says,  
Died to protect freedom's towers,  
The one's behind which the warmonger cowers,  
Who signs the cheques to pay for the cause,  
So is written the history of all man's wars!

Tom Higgins 29/08/2012

Tom Higgins

# Reveille

The sunrise is a golden, peachy delight,  
replacing the treacle blackness,  
of the kingdom of the night.

The brightening wakens me  
from my deep insensible slumber,  
and outside of my window  
the songbirds grow in number,  
to sing their dawn chorus,  
competing to be heard,  
each trying to sing much louder,  
than any other bird.

So the conspiracy of our star,  
and my feathered friends,  
means that it is certain,  
this is where my dozing ends!

Tom Higgins

# Sex Ban

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

Tom Higgins

# Shadey Dealings

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

Tom Higgins

## Short Poem, Long Grass

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Simple Pleasures

When I was a little boy I would treasure,  
A cardboard box, in which to play,  
The simplest of things provided such pleasure,  
And would keep me happy all day.  
It was a fighter aeroplane, it was a racing car,  
Swooping from the sky, flashing around the track,  
Then a mighty submarine to hunt for ships afar,  
Or a huge and powerful tank, yes nothing did I lack.  
Who needs those shiny plastic toys,  
That leave nothing to the imagination,  
I think the happiest little boys,  
Are those who look for stimulation,  
In the inner workings of the mind,  
Where anything at all can come to be,  
And wherein he can always find,  
Whatever he wants, and all for free!

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins

# So Much For A Swiss Education!

So Much For A Swiss Education!

In North Korea Kim Jong Un  
Has been on the telly firing a gun  
He says he will make us all tremble  
As his military might he will assemble.

And the generals are going to make it clear  
That they are serious and we should fear  
Their mighty army with all those troops  
Made best in the world with cabbage soup!

And in his palace as he eats his steak,  
With all the trimmings and his own wine lake.  
The little tyrant grows ever fatter,  
But he calculates it does not matter.

Because they tell him he is a god  
Which he believes, the silly sod.  
I thought he was a communist leader  
The hypocritical little fat bleeder!

So this chubby young man in Beatles gear  
Listens to the whispers in his ear  
As the generals who hold the real power  
Think they are making the whole world cower.

In reality what they don't seem to know  
Is how this daft game is likely to go.  
If they make one miscalculation  
It could lead to serious confrontation.

Whereby a nation seperated and insular  
May provoke a war on the peninsula,  
And the fearful hell this may lead us to  
So what next will this young fatso do?

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins



## Song Of Life?

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

Tom Higgins

# Starbound.

Starbound.

Ziggy played guitar one last time  
to summon the Gene Genie  
and ask of him one last wish,  
to be taken back to  
the Starman, beyond Mars  
and the spiders,  
to blend once more  
with the stardust  
from whence he came.

Tom Higgins 11/01/2016

Tom Higgins

# Statistics Of Poverty

The number of kids who die because their water isn't clean,  
is one every four seconds.

For the rest of us, what does this mean?

Well, that's, fifteen a minute, yes that's a fact,  
equal to nine hundred per hour, when will we act?

This is an obscenity, that we can halt,  
it's no good to finger point, or to delegate fault,  
let's all get together, and do something, now!

Anyone out there want to help? And how?

Twenty one thousand and six hundred every day,  
come on all of Earth's folk,

these numbers are real, this is not a joke!

It is in reality much worse.

to have to live with poverty's curse  
and that the future looks so bleak,  
when you have no voice, with which to speak.

How would you feel if it was you?

How would you cope, what would you do?

And then we hit the frightful figures,  
the total of kids who die every year,  
because a basic need is not there,  
seven million, six hundred and twenty four thousand,  
plus a few more statistically missed,  
but never forget, each one had a name,  
and was always lovingly kissed.

Tom 21/04/2013

Tom Higgins

# Suffer Not The Little Children?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# That's Just The Way It Is / Was

The icy winds blew from the North  
The frost lay thick like ermine.  
The cloak of earls swathed the ground  
In a bleak land of plague and vermin.

The people shivered in the cold and dark  
With no fuel to light a fire  
On which to cook some warming gruel  
Their situation worse than dire.

Although once it was so much better here  
With warmth and food a plenty  
Until the plague descended and  
They found their larders empty.

So from where did this plague come,  
Such evil, what could brew it?  
It has been hidden from us for many years,  
The money lenders grew it.

So now we sit, and starve, and freeze  
In our tattered tents and shacks.  
Whilst they look down from their ivory towers  
Their well fed armies at their backs.

Tom Higgins

# The Almighty Atom!

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

Tom Higgins 05/08/2012

Tom Higgins

# The American Citizen's Right To Bear Arms

I believe in the constitution, and that it does enshrine,  
My right to be able to protect myself, and mine,  
And that in order that I can so do,  
I can own any gun that I want to.

So if I want to have ten automatics,  
That's absolutely fine, despite the fanatics,  
Who live with us, quietly, until the day,  
They have chosen to make our children pay,

For all of society's insults, real or perceived,  
That growing up amongst us, they feel they received,  
And so off they go to the local school,  
With their legal weapons loaded, they feel oh so cool.

Because why they did it will remain a mystery,  
But they and their deeds will go down in history,  
And again, and again, it will be repeated,  
But our pro-gun lobby will never be defeated,

Because our Founding Fathers gave me the right,  
To always have the means to fight,  
And properly protect myself and my family,  
Against every threat that I can possibly see.

But what happens when there is no warning?  
Another bloody slaughter, on another school morning.

Tom Higgins 26/12/2012

Tom Higgins

# The Apex Predator

Tigers no longer burning bright  
In any forest by day or night.  
This soon will be the case  
Because of us the human race.

Elephants and Rhino too  
You'll have to see them in a zoo,  
Because daily their numbers shrink  
Killed by those who only think

Of the profit they can gain  
Caring nothing for the pain  
And suffering they cause  
In this most unequal of wars.

People in Asia sadly believe  
That better health they will achieve  
From taking ground up tiger bones  
Or the ground up hair of rhino horn.

Now the burning question for me  
Is how do people seem unable to see  
That such things offer no improvement  
To blood flow to the penis, or bowel movement.

There is no benefit at all  
Except to the greedy, one and all  
Who make the market for such 'medicines',  
And for ivory trinkets, carvings, and rings.

And daily the slaughter carries on  
They won't stop till the last one's gone.  
Then where will they turn  
Which species will be next before we learn

Not to treat nicely those who are  
Behind it all, and who so far  
Have always been protected by  
The corrupt politicians that they buy.



Tom Higgins 20/06/2013

Tom Higgins

# The Arabian Head Removal Service

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# The Bench

The old men who used to sit on the bench,  
When young together occupied a stinking trench,  
Where they'd wonder if they'd ever again see,  
Their wives and sweethearts, and if there'd ever be,  
A future for them to look forward to,  
Or whether today would just have to do.

The next day, and so on, just the same,  
They'd hope and pray for release, but it never came,  
Unless their misery was brought to a final stop,  
When a fatal wound they would suddenly cop.  
Or if they were 'lucky' and not yet quite dead,  
With a serious wound to the torso or even to the head,

They could be on a hospital ship back to Blighty,  
Giving thanks to their lord god almighty,  
Who they thought had looked down on the great battlefield,  
And on this occasion he'd decided to yield,  
To their pleading heard above the battle's sounds,  
As they screamed to him for mercy from the killing grounds.

Yes, hundreds of young men dying by the minute,  
Who, despite all the horrors they kept trying to win it,  
With gas, and bullets, and shells together,  
Neither side stopping to consider whether,  
They saw one another as being of humankind,  
This thought was put right at the back of the mind,

As they fought out the great bankers fight,  
For who's money would buy them the right,  
To control the whole world, to have it all,  
The problem is those bankers never fall.  
And on they ploughed and duly applied,  
Their penal reparations to the losing side.

They then said the world would now come together,  
Just like saying they could control the weather,  
Then they all reacted with such great surprise,  
As the little Austrian corporal and his gang began to rise,

And proceeded to extract their vengeance for,  
Their loss of face in the First World War,

By starting another one this time far worse,  
As if they were driven by some sort of Satanic curse,  
And even the evil ones were backed all the way to the bank,  
So who do the fifty million dead really have to thank,  
For their total destruction, their removal from history?  
This is just another great financial mystery!

Tom Higgins 13/01/2013

Tom Higgins

# The Crime Is War

A possible war crime, they say gas was used  
And human rights have thus been abused.  
What is the point of having a law  
That fails to make a crime of war?

Why do we bother about the means  
They use to kill other human beings?  
What difference does it make  
To the poor sods whose lives they take?

All methods of killing are equally bad  
The victims mothers are equally sad.  
So why do we not all demand  
That all forms of warfare should be banned.

That of course is very naive of me  
To think that there will ever be  
Peace on Earth while there are men  
To find a reason to kill again.

I think perhaps the answer lies  
In the grey matter behind the eyes  
Of some whose craving for power  
Means that their every waking hour

Is used to plot and plan and scheme  
How to fulfil their life long dream.  
No matter how many they kill and maim  
As they have no capacity for any shame.

Tom Higgins

# The Elephant In The Room

The ministers are meeting to discuss affairs of state,  
And seated round the table they will all agree.  
On how to wield the power to influence the fate  
Of many millions, the likes of you and me.

And standing in the shadows at the far end of the room  
The elephant stays un-noticed by them all.  
It has always been present as it waits in the gloom  
For the day they will invite it to the ball.

It grows bigger day by day as it waits there all alone  
Just for once to hear it mentioned by its name.  
It's as if they are all too frightened to enter into the zone,  
And the world over it seems to be the same.

Everywhere the ministers are meeting to discuss  
The things they need to do to maintain their power.  
Whilst hidden in the shadows and coming into must,  
The elephants are getting more restless by the hour.

The elephants names are "Poverty, " "Hunger ", and "War"  
World politics will keep ignoring them no doubt,  
Until they bring on "Armageddon" to even up the score  
Then perhaps they'll give the pachyderms a shout.

Tom Higgins

# The Emperors Of Tome

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

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

Tom Higgins

# The 'Life'Boat

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins



# The Mad Haters Tea Party

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

Tom Higgins

# The Masters Of Consumption.

Useless eaters,  
still breathing,  
and breeding,  
too many  
useless eaters.  
Shut, cut,  
save prosperity,  
get rid,  
use austerity,  
no shelter  
no food,  
no healthcare,  
no brood.

Free space  
no scum  
left to face,  
so the  
master race  
can live  
self obsessed  
shallow existences  
without distraction,  
obliviously  
consuming  
and eventually  
dying,  
and being  
consumed.

Tom Higgins 09/01/2016

Tom Higgins

# The Primeordial Principles For Living

Enough I say!  
If It would work then I would pray,  
That for mankind to proceed,  
There is now such a great need,  
For us once more to be,  
Where all of us can see,  
A better way for all to live,  
Where we do not have to give,  
The whole of our lives to profit another,  
Where each man is a brother,  
Where all can live their lives with pride,  
Where the law of capital doesn't decide,  
Who can live with dignity,  
And who in ignominy.  
Where all are allowed a life,  
Without poverty, fear, and strife.  
We had this once before,  
In the distant days of yore,  
But somehow over the ages,  
We have lost the wisdom of the sages,  
And allowed self interest and greed,  
To replace the simple fulfillment of need,  
So we really need to reassess,  
Ways we can recover from this mess.

The Plains Indians had a lasting culture,  
That of the hunter, not the vulture,  
In which each person had a real worth,  
And they only ever took from the Earth,  
That which they knew would grow once more,  
Thus providing all they wanted for.  
But then the 'civilised ' men came,  
And they imposed their rules on the game,  
They slaughtered the many million bison herd,  
They promised 'fair treatment', but broke their word.  
They destroyed the aboriginal way of living,  
And replaced it with one so harsh and unforgiving,  
That if a man can no longer toil,  
He is tossed onto the heap of spoil,

From where it is so hard to leap,  
Back to where he can keep,  
His dignity, his sense of pride,  
Without feeling the urge to hide,  
From the shame he feels inside,  
From being so casually cast aside.  
Yes some ancient cultures saw the way,  
To live happily day by day,  
And did so for many thousands of years,  
Without the burden of 'civilised ' fears,  
That feed the desires, but never the 'soul',  
Can mankind ever again be whole?

Tom Higgins 17/11/2012

Tom Higgins

# The Removal Men

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

Tom Higgins

# The Road

It's a long, long road  
When you're the only one on it.  
It's a long, long way  
To travel all alone.

It's a long, long road  
When there's no one to walk with.  
And it's a long, long time  
To have to travel on your own.

It's a long, long journey  
To your final destination  
It's a long sad life  
Without someone there to share.

It's a long, long face  
Without a smile upon it.  
It's a long lonely life  
If there's no one there to care.

Yes it's a long, long life  
Too long to live it lonely.  
It's a long empty life  
Without someone's love to keep.

It's a long, long life  
Without someone there beside you.  
All those long, endless nights  
All alone and trying to sleep.

So put a smile on your face  
As you set off on life's highway.  
Keep a smile on your face  
As you travel down the road.

'Cos with a smile on your face  
Friends will always find you,  
And you can walk together  
And share life's heavy load.

Tom Higgins

# The Route To Happiness Via The Millionaire Preacher

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

Tom Higgins



# The Tricksters

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

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

Tom 07/06/2012

Tom Higgins

# The Trilogy

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# The Trilogy Of Duplicity

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Thirty Four Years Ago

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

Tom Higgins

# This Racing Life

And they're off, and they've set off at speed  
And 'New Kid On The Block' takes an early lead,  
Quickly followed by 'Wide Eyed With Wonder',  
And coming up quickly and from under,  
The radar is that fast improving colt 'Teenage Fear'  
On his shoulder comes 'Promising Career.'  
Who is being trailed closely by 'New Girlfriend'  
Followed closely by 'Love Will Never End'

Hot on their heels now comes 'Engagement Ring'  
Followed closely by 'Ding Dong Ding'  
And passing them now it's 'Marital Bliss'  
Swiftly followed by 'Babykiss',  
Then closely behind comes 'Mega Cost',  
Neck and neck with 'Freedom Lost'.  
And as they come to the half way mark,  
It's 'Big Mortgage' followed by 'Mistress Dark'

But moving up through the bunch to take the lead now  
Is 'Divorce Lawyer' moving fast, but wow!  
'New Wife' shoots to the front of the fray,  
But he's not letting the mare get away,  
And as they turn into the finishing straight,  
'Divorce Lawyer' seems to have left it late.  
And as they move into the final three furlongs,  
Coming up fast as if it's where he belongs,

Is the novice colt 'Home Alone' making ground,  
But what's this? Out wide moving smoothly round,  
It's the rank outsider " and right behind,  
Comes, 'Russian Beauty' Who seems not to mind,  
That she was never in the betting for this race,  
As she moved steadily up the field place by place,  
She's closely followed by ' My Lonely Heart'  
Who from halfway has played a very big part

In this exciting race for the line and glory  
But today writes 'Russian Beauty's' story  
As she crosses first to win this Year's race,

Now who thought she'd come in first place?  
Into the winners circle on parade,  
The handsome mare has now made the grade,  
The crowd all comment 'she is some looker.'  
But when the eyes aren't watching, it'll be 'so long sucker! '

Tom Higgins 05/02/2012

Tom Higgins

# Thoughts Of Nought.

In fifty million years or so  
The very countries we now know  
On the five continents now widespread  
Will not exist, but I'll be dead.  
Long before any of this comes to pass  
I will have taken my old tired ass  
And departed from this life unplanned  
Gone off to no man's land  
Where I can do what I like best  
Sleep and sleep and rest and rest.

So after I have gone on my way  
How can anyone possibly say  
That things will simply carry on  
As they were before I was gone  
Because if I am not here as me  
How can things ever possibly be  
Just the same as when I was?  
It can't be so just because  
No one will sit and write my thoughts  
'Cos all there'll be will be loads of noughts.

Tom Higgins 19/10/2014

Tom Higgins

# Toads In The Road

As I was driving along the road,  
There was a sign - 'Beware Of Toads'  
And suddenly, in front of me,  
Were said amphibians, two, then three,  
Then more and more jumped into view,  
Rather a lot, not just a few,  
Avoiding action I had to take,  
I swerved a bit, and hit the brake,  
But sadly it was to no avail,  
My attempts at stopping were doomed to fail,  
And the car just kept on going,  
And there was no way of me knowing,  
How many of the little greenish brown guys,  
Became victims of a truly fatal surprise,  
And ended up squashed beneath the spinning wheels.  
Like skidding on ice is how it feels!

Tom Higgins 16/10/2012

Tom Higgins



## Too Late Again.

This week, on Tuesday  
I must sadly, attend  
The funeral of  
Another friend,  
Who has been ill  
For quite a while,  
But still managed  
To raise a smile  
Right up until  
His dying day  
Whilst we did not  
Know what to say,  
He'd just smile  
And calmly shrug,  
I do wish I'd  
Given the lad a hug.

Tom Higgins 19/10/2014

Tom Higgins

# Truly Entranced

He became a master of the fire dance,  
His folk they followed without thinking,  
Around the bonfires of wisdom, in a trance,  
Thousands of torches through the darkness, twinkling.  
The ancient symbols on banners unfurled,  
Chosen as the new racial identity,  
A rising crescendo of hatred was then hurled,  
From the throat of this monstrous entity!

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

More fuel for our fire we will provide,  
By burning the millions who have died! '

Tom Higgins 10/06/2012

Tom Higgins

# Two Little Boys And One Tiny Bird

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

## Two Other Little Boys

I sat and watched two little boys die,  
on my TV screen last night.

I sat and watched as each in turn,  
lost his uneven fight.

They died from something we don't fear,  
they died because they were poor,  
they died from pneumonia brought on by diarrhoea,  
which for us is so easy to cure.

I will never forget their mothers cries,  
or the anguish of their faces,  
once more their reality magnifies,  
the inequalities between our races.

Tom Higgins

## U F O Experience

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

Tom Higgins

# U N Happiness

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

Tom Higgins

# Ultimately We'Re All Green

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

Tom Higgins



# Unbridled Capital

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

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

I own the means of all production,  
I own the button of mass destruction,  
I own the army in which you serve,  
join up, and get what you deserve.  
I own the air force and the navy too,  
but there's still so much for me to do.  
I look up at night and see the stars,  
so pretty soon I will own Mars.  
I have great control over how you think,  
I own the water that you drink,  
I'll get my media to have you believe,  
that it's fine for me to own the air you breathe.  
I own the means of keeping you warm,  
I own every port in a storm.  
I own the land where your ancestors lie,  
I own the space that you occupy.  
I own all of nature the seas and the sky,  
and I will own you until you die!  
So come on y'all and give up your thanks,  
for the future prosperity of my banks!

Tom Higgins

# United We Are Stood Upon

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

ensures the planet will forever be riven,  
unless there ever comes a day,  
when the majority actually have a say,  
and politicians have really, truly taken note,  
and made the policies for which the people vote!

Tom Higgins 25/94/2012

Tom Higgins

# Vote For Me!

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Wandering Spirits

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Watery Lottery

Water, as most of you will know,  
has the chemical formula H<sub>2</sub>O.  
Now this essential liquid is, as well,  
in its natural form, devoid of smell,  
and also in its pure state,  
it's clear and clean and really great,  
for keeping living things alive,  
as without it nothing can survive.  
Yes it really is such magic stuff,  
because without it things are really tough,  
and it often makes me stop and think.  
each time I pour myself a drink.  
What would I do if it all dried up?  
Turn on the tap, but an empty cup!  
Nothing from the pipes emanating,  
panic, as I'm not used to waiting.  
This is not how it is for me,  
I live where rain falls frequently,  
and I can drink, shower and bathe too,  
as often as I'm wanting to.  
But in other parts it rains only rarely,  
and people there, well they can barely,  
find enough water for their needs,  
to drink, to wash, to nurture seeds.  
For them life is infinitely harder,  
they've learned to live with an empty larder,  
and simple hygiene is so hard to achieve,  
when the detritus of living, they have to leave,  
lying, rotting, stinking on the surface all around,  
polluting any water source in the ground.  
Because of the extreme poverty of these 'others',  
on my TV screen I have seen the faces of the mothers,  
whose children died because there has never been  
access to water which is drinkable and clean.  
Yes, something that we take for granted,  
because we were born, where we were planted!

Tom Higgins

# We Are All In This Together? ? ?

Blessed are the poor,  
For they will inherit the Earth,  
But not until we've taken more and more,  
And got everything with any monetary worth.

We'll leave poverty and all its ills,  
With those who never had anything other,  
Whilst we live in luxury on top of the hills,  
Looking down on the mass of our brothers.

We'll keep paying for military and police heroes,  
Yes we need lots of them to keep order,  
And to stop all the enemies of the Status Quo,  
From ever crossing our border.

This is not a figment of imagination,  
This is happening right now,  
The total theft of every nation,  
Is almost complete, and how!

We don't pay our share of any tax,  
We take but never give,  
We place the burdens on the backs,  
Of the people who happen to live,

In all of the countries where we profit,  
A multitude of places around the Earth,  
Where we've bought the politics so they're off it,  
Though they know what the tax avoidance is worth.

So we've got them to impose austerity measures,  
Depriving the people of essential needs,  
Taking away the access to the simplest of pleasures,  
To ensure we keep feeding our greed.

And now here we sit in one of our castles,  
Discussing our great strategic plan,  
To ensure we have a world full of serfs and vassals  
Maintaining our control over our fellow man!



Tom Higgins 06/12/2012

Tom Higgins

# Weather Or Not

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Whale Meat Again

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# What A Wonderful World

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Where Are You?

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

Tom Higgins

# Whoops Olympics 2012!

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

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

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

Tom Higgins

# Why Spy?

They can't put everyone in prison  
So they've got us all on Prism.  
If you thought we have democracy  
Then why do they want to spy on me?

If we have a free society  
Why do the powers that be  
Want an increase to their power  
By watching us all every waking hour?

Why are they so afraid of me  
That they feel that they have to see.  
Who I talk to and what we say  
Every night and every day?

What kind of threat do we pose?  
As all the time the monitoring grows.  
Are we all seen as the enemy  
Of those who control our 'democracy'?

Who are the people who are behind  
The gathering of thoughts from the collective mind?  
What do they want them for  
And will they keep stealing more?

More and more of what I think  
Mighty putrid is the stink.  
If I live in a land which is free  
Then how come I've had this done to me?

And why has all this information  
Been sent on from the gathering station?  
Yes those lovely folks at GCHQ  
Have passed all our life stories to

Another gang of spooks, their mates  
At the NSA in the United States.  
Now call me stupid or maybe naive  
But I think I am right to believe

That I am a citizen of a country called Britain  
And I have never seen anything written.  
That says that these foreigners have the right  
To spy on me by day and night.

So what is happening to our land?  
Is there something underhand  
Happening, and our fate  
Is to become Yankee, the fifty first state?

Tom Higgins

Tom Higgins



## World Of Plenty?

Greedy people everywhere I look,  
They brazenly hold their heads high,  
And they see no need to weave or duck,  
As their anti-morality they apply,  
To every transaction that they make,  
Which like their smiles are never real,  
Selling more of that which is fake,  
Be careful with who you place that deal!  
The world now seems full of such men,  
Will they ever answer for their crimes?  
Will a time ever come when,  
We'll see the advent of happier times?  
Come for the innocent majority, who,  
See the wealth being stolen from every nation,  
In bewilderment they watch, what they do,  
As they impoverish millions for the gratification,  
Of the basest instincts which exist in man,  
Take more than a fair and reasonable share,  
And push, and grab it whilst you can,  
Leave the bleeding hearts to care!

Tom Higgins

## Write Only For Right.

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

Tom Higgins