OPUS 5 IN B FLAT

And Other Poems

Colin A. Ross, M.D.

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1701 Gateway, Suite 349

Richardson, TX 75080

Phone: 1-800-572-9588, FAX: 972-918-9069

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INTRODUCTION

This is my fifth collection of poems, the previous ones being: *Adenocarcinoma and Other Poems*; *Songs For Two Children*; *Shakespeare's Tragedies*; and *Meditation At Stirling Castle*. These poetry collections are as important to me as my other areas of writing, including my books and papers in the field of psychiatry. Too bad it makes me mad I wish I wish I wish I had a form that fits the current fad I'll try I'll try I don't know why I don't or won't or can't and shan't but the chance is scant I will so I don't wait OK that's it this intro's done no more fun son says this dad or daughter either both I'm loathe to end this sentence here but will and will not spill more ink on this page this stage this world this space to use current parlance words and. . . what? No if and or but I'm done. Mania I can't explain ya so I'll stop close shop and flop on my mind's couch – ouch that hurt.

OPUS 5 IN B FLAT

Hey listen up now while I play my tune
A kind of a riddle kind of a rune
I hope that my music never falls flat -
No sound should B suffered I’d say like that -
My fifth collection of thinking in rhyme
Is writ in good rhythm writ in good time.

ON CURRENT INTELLECTUAL STANDARDS

My mouth’s louder than the rear of a horse
And that’s why I’ll win the debate of course.

MEANWHILE IN THE FOREST

I cite my sighting of one bald eagle
Breaking news fit I think for Der Spiegel
And next day an otter running right there
Below the branch where that eagle did stare
At me I'm sure before it rose and took wing
A subject on which reporters could sing
On earth an ant tried to lift up a twig
It dragged it an inch then gave not a fig
It left in a hurry then next I see
A small maroon bug much smaller than me
One quarter inch long while up in the air
Pelicans drifted on updrafts no care
In the world in a wild world split in three
Clear air up above bug below and me.

LECTURE SERIES ON QUANTUM COSMOLOGY: LECTURE 1

Why would one pee in the woods one might ask
I'm here to say it's a DNA task
The plumbing is free and no one is there
Except a mouse a deer maybe a bear
When bladders are full strong urges then come
But of this fine tale that's sure not the sum
We need science from a far future year
To make a man's motive valid and clear
He pees in the woods because of a fact
This is no thoughtless or mere random act
His DNA placed on the earth sends out
A signal and that's what this is about
The earth in turn sends a signal right back
A kind of a cosmic natural hack
His signature thus is written in rock
And in water a type of atomic clock
That counts out his days remembers his soul
As rock moss and urine all play their role.

AUDITION FOR A SPORTSCASTER JOB

He was the Kareem of the crop I'd say
Captain Hook in the sky back in the day
He could glide he could fly just like a Byrd
No one could defend him that was the word
Now no one's dunkin' like Duncan could dunk
It's all in the past now who would have thunk
Some kind of Curry is throwin' down threes
Man today's players are charging big fees
The river Jordan was chilly and wide
No one could cross him when he was in stride
Or catch him or block him when he caught air
To be that athletic just isn't fair
I'd sure like this job I sure know my stuff
I'm up with the times and that is no guff.

LSOQC: LECTURE 2

The BEMER can have an effect it's said
At least that's what I've heard, that's what I've read
It makes a pulsed electromagnetic field -
Of microteslas - but what does that yield,
What health or support for body or mind?
Pub med has published papers I find
With no difference 'tween BEMER and sham:
That's too often true in papers on CAM.
But I don't really care, don't really fret
Even if BEMER's as good as we get
Here in our primitive lightless dark ages
We're besieged with crazes and rages
But this is the road we all will walk down
There's no need to worry, gossip or frown
We're at the beginning just at the start
Of learning to heal the mind and the heart.

CAM = complementary and alternative medicine
sham = a placebo control
www.bemertherapy.org

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

“Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The daddy was hoping that he soon would get laid
All the presents were wrapped, and the credit cards paid
He’d been a good daddy for over a week
And sober for longer than any prior streak;

His hot mommy certainly would soon want to strip
After her daddy had stroked on her butt, head and hip
A creature was stirring there’s no doubt of that
Hot mommy is buxom and sure isn’t flat;

He thought a tincture of porn would help set the mood
He had no idea his wife thought that was lewd
She turned a cold cheek and rolled over in bed
Dad handled the problem with handwork instead;

Down the street at the rectory priests in their frocks
Were busy helping altar boys get off their rocks
They’d just finished speaking of Lord Jesus’s birth
And now were checking the boys’ penises girth;

The nuns were all praying on their holiest night
Hoping that God their Savior would keep them in sight
Would strike any priests who came creeping their way
They’re nuns so they really do not like to play;

Down at the office the big boardroom was rocking
Because of the merchandise filling the stocking
Left in each home for each kid right near the tree
By jolly old Santa we never do see;

Retailers were praising the Lord for their earnings
But now after drinks were demanding their yearnings

Be serviced by women at work with their lips
Or better by rocking of pelvi and hips;

The other way down on the same fine neighborhood street
Some far far right Christians had all gathered to meet
To block all the Muslims from getting to heaven
A cosmic abortion for those bad brethren;

Meanwhile white supremacists were having a bash
Financed by Godly gun sales the source of their cash
With whiskey and women and with seasonal song
With Jesus and country those boys all stood strong;

And so in their beds the children slept safe and sound
Dreaming of presents that surely soon would be found
‘Neath a Solstice fir tree stolen from sinners
Who in God’s righteous ways were only beginners;

Their blankets were tucked tightly and covered their heads
Santa they say works while they sleep safe in their beds
It’s a very good story that tricks every kid
It keeps the real story so very well hid.

POLITICS AND THE POSITION OF THE OBSERVER

An Observer stands in the desert sun
Looking at a cactus ‘cause that is fun.
In front of the cactus are railway tracks
Of physics this scenario sure smacks.
A train goes by from his left to his right
Perpendicular to his line of sight.
On the train a pitcher pitches a ball
The ball goes fast and does not sink or fall.
Pitcher’s to the right catcher the left – so
Observer sees the ball not fast not slow
But still in line with the cactus - he sees
The train move right the mitt hit the ball - please
Follow my thought: the pitcher sees the ball
Move away from him the train stay still, all
Real quick. The catcher sees the ball fly fast
Towards him but before the plant has passed
Sees the cactus move towards him and yet
The pitcher sees ball move away I bet
From him and the cactus too move away
From him – that’s how these three see the same play.
For this physics to work the ball and train
Must travel the same speed so says my brain
One left to right one right to left so that
The ball stays still for Observer – and that
Is proof that an observer’s position
Can strongly affect his mind’s cognition.

THE TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMISSION

Canada’s one great place the pundits say
Everyone there can party and play
On Ottawa dollars all day and night
And that is so very righteous and right
The white people all have bought off their guilt
And sewed natives into Canada’s quilt.
Now under that blanket there’s nothing new
Just hatred and death like Nazi for Jew
We cut out their knowledge cut out their tongue
We now give them cash to quiet their young
It’s a really good deal for all the folk
A kind of a cosmic genocide joke
We killed off their culture then gave them bucks -
A settlement - since we’re real good Canucks.
Our instrument of torture was the church:
Now nothing is made of bark of the birch
Genocide continues hid by a smile
Beneath the surface is hatred and bile.

ON THE HYPOCRISY OF ANTHROPOLOGY

There's one more small word that I want to say:
It's bullshit the way you wiggle and play
Your game of inclusion, cultural respect
And tolerance but one thing you neglect
To point out with your pointer in lecture -
Now this is just a guess or conjecture -
And that's that you think it superstition
What aboriginals know. My mission
Is to place a well-aimed and poison dart
In your conceptual system's dead heart
You disallow spirit in jungle and
On plain and you don't grasp or understand
The core truth hidden by you from yourself
That rock, water and tree on your book shelf
Are dead but in my world living instead
That's something I've lived not something I've read
Your school denies the truth of the shaman
In cities your core error's quite common.

ON THE MERITS OF CANNIBALISM

Fi fi fo fum I smell the blood of an Englishman
Good for blood sausage in old Scotland where Scots come from.
That syllabic calculation’s unlucky for some
But we Scots are quite happy when our feasting is done.

GAY GIGOLO JACK

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jump over
The candlestick.
Even for Jack
That’s quite a trick.
Homophobe John
Was at the motel
When Vice broke in
And sent him to Hell.
Young Jack got out
To turn more tricks
Jumping over
More candlesticks.

ON DR. MAGOO

To learn God's law you should sit in a pew
Next to the most reverend Doc Magoo.
He'll show you the way to follow the rules
Bedecked as he is in Catholic jewels
The Church hired him to free every poor priest
Falsely accused by sick women who feast
On their memories and then play the lead role
In lawsuits aimed at the pure Christian soul
At fathers at uncles at clergy too
Telling false stories that just are not true.
Magoo will show how identity works
He shuns the harlot who bounces and twerks
He translates the truth for those who are trans
Those violators of God's holy plans:
Your gender must match your God-given form
So you can be blessed and weather the storm.
Listen you wandering and wayward youth
To the gospel to God's one holy truth:
The doctor can help you to learn and heal
But get off your pew – to Him you must kneel.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider
Who sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
Little Miss Muffet sure had to tough it:
The spider had ruined her day.

ON TOURING AUSCHWITZ-BIRKENAU

What words can do? None can, I'd say: silence
And a still soul are the best remembrance
Hungarian children sat on the grass
None of them knew that soon Zyklon B gas
Would end their lives - they thought that a shower
Was waiting for them and that in an hour
They could dress and could rest from the long ride
From home to Birkenau where so many died
As they would too along with their mothers
With their sisters all doomed like their brothers.

ON THE PROPERTIES OF MIRRORS

“That guy Ponce de Leon sure was a ponce:
If I’ve told you twice I have told you once.”

That quote proves the angle of incidence
Equals the angle of reflection, hence
What you see in the other is just you
But reflected more clearly and more true.

TRACES OF EVIL

The madness of man etched in stone and gold
Is well described but truth is seldom told
The talk's of Hitler Nazis and such things
While a black crow called IG Farben sings
It's song of free labor gassing the Jews
And of huge profits hidden in the news
Which all men read while women wail and cry.
Most men become blind long before they die.
Bayer made drugs to test by day and night
On those hid from freedom's glow and its light.
Well educated to consume the lie
Most men live long but seldom question why
That war was fought Jews gassed and many killed
On fields where foreign brains and blood were spilled:
The Reich was not for the Aryan race
It was for those whose evil left no trace.

A WOMAN'S CLOSING ARGUMENT

One long story's told by the human race:
That is my argument; I rest my case.
It's an endless tale of domination
And attempts to control our salvation.
So say I, here to argue in this court
A truth no man can kill or will abort
If women rise and win their war of words
Entirely not in quarters, halves or thirds:
Right speech right thought right justice and right truth
Written not by Daniel written by Ruth.
Women can give birth to men and to God
Not He to us we who from earth have clawed
Our way to wisdom and into the light
To shine a truth that brings an end to night
Each day. The feminine principle rules
The world of which we're the crown and jewels.
Men fear that truth and cover it with cloth
Or with the stake but I am not a moth
I do not seek that role that death that flame
Know now, Judge, that Earth Mother is my name.

REQUIEM FOR A DICTATOR

The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out
The worms play pinochle on his snout.

THE CONFESSION OF ROBIN HOOD

OK listen up Little John, the point you have missed
Is if there's no life after death, I'll really be pissed.

LSOQC: LECTURE 3

The spirit rock dropped by retreating ice
Absorbs my energy, gives no advice
It does not move or speak or sing or cry
It will live long before its time to die
It will see more than ten billion years
Yet it knows this mortal who walks and nears
The spot where it sits where it says hello
Not in words or in gestures that I know
But in energy sent out and received
To me and my mind unless I'm deceived
By bad theory and imagination
By myths told here by an ancient nation
That soon will be science not just belief
If somnambulists obtain some relief
From the sleep of the senses closed by brains
That no longer live in mountains or plains
But hover in space disconnected from earth
The subject of mourning and not of mirth.

THE PLAN TO STORM AREA 51

Water, map, life insurance, a weak mind:
All are required to search out and to find
Creatures hid in Area 51.
The game is played for laughs is played for fun:
They will be dead when all is said and done.
A drone, a bullet, a satellite strike
Will do its work then that kid on a trike
Will have lost will have died and the hot sun
Will still beat the wind will still blow – no one
Will know more than before the death storm struck
The gates the fences then ran out of luck.
Such secrets are hid for reasons I think
Millennials can't bring us to the brink
Of finding out there is no way in Hell
Of that I am sure, and that I know well.

THE TRAUMA MODEL OF MENTAL DISORDERS

The Guild can laugh can cut can burn can flay
The apostate and thus protect The Way -
The heritability estimates
And other lies. One day the truth will rule
And psychiatry will not play the Fool
On the world's stage or in that play
Writ by a deaf and blind sage day by day.
Data will prove trauma is the engine
Will lock up the boss men in a dungeon
And will keep their paradigm in prison
Once a better model has arisen.
Trauma drives violence, fear and despair
Of that psychiatry should be aware
Not genes, not brain chemicals and no drug
Can sweep all of the truth under the rug
No matter what the drug companies pay.
You're all bought but don't know it, so I say.

HOW THE BRAIN BUILDS DREAMS

The brain builds dreams but how does it do it?
The veil must be broke, we must see through it
Or our theories are bankrupt, not worth much
And with the Dream Mind we stay out of touch.
The Waking Mind does not write the script, so
Who does, or what? Not me, that much I know
I don't paint the colors don't write the plot
Don't build the set don't hire the crew – I'm not
The director but I have a front seat
Who runs the projector I never meet.
So how does that work? The unconscious mind
Does it at night so says all of mankind
But an unconscious mind cannot do that -
The secret stays hidden under my hat.
Do two Colins share the same skull and brain
Or should I rephrase and ask once again?
The question's not clear in the minds of men
Or of women so let's look at it then
From this angle: if a dream has a plot
Then it seems that a script writer has got
To exist but then who is that Colin
Who writes in my sleep? He's not this Colin
That much I know, but he can't be asleep.
It seems that my head must two Colins keep.
One writes by day and one writes in the night
This one is here and one's hidden from sight.
If that's not the way the brain builds a dream
We need a new theory so it would seem.
An unconscious mind can't do all those tasks
So how does it work this day Colin asks?

CHEMTRAILS

The sky was clear and the morning was bright
Till too many aircraft took off took flight
Some made contrails as they flew in the sky
No need to puzzle no need to ask why
Water condensing in the high cold air
Lasts a short time and is no cause for care:
Another phenomenon often seen
Makes one wonder what does this pattern mean?
At lower altitude a grid formation
Or anarchy sign with slow degradation
Spreads out to be fuzzy or make a cloud.
Are chemtrails something that should be allowed?
What anhydride what oxide or metal
Boils in that high atmospheric kettle?
Weather control or else blocking the sun
To slow global warming is why it's done.
The public looks up but due to being blind
Sees no puzzle and no threat to mankind.

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT AT A POLITICAL RALLY

I play in a band and I’m the bassist
She disagrees with me - she’s a racist
Now raise your happy hands and clap with me
That’s all you need to know to think to see

THE UNHERALDED BEAUTY OF THE DANDELION

A plant so plain and hidden in plain sight
Who would have thought if you can see it right
It’s yellow brings beauty to ditch and field
When seen with clear eyes that is nature’s yield.

GRANDKIDS THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX

I’m sitting outside Starbucks minding my own business:

The first one says, ‘Hi Grandpa Colin chicken!’
The second one says, ‘Hi Grandpa Colin rat!’
The first one says, ‘Hi Grandpa Colin fork!’

My work here is done.

PTARMIGAN DANCING

Hey hey hey ho ho hey hey ho
Ho ho hey hey ho ho
Hey hey hey hey hey
I see ptarmigan dancing
Hey hey hey hey hey hey
Ho ho hey hey
Hey hey hey ho ho
I see ptarmigan dancing
Hey ho ho ho ho ho
Hey hey ho ho
Hey hey hey ho ho
White coat on
Hey hey hey ho ho
Ho ho ho ho hey hey hey hey
I see ptarmigan dancing
Ho ho hey hey hey hey hey ho ho
White coat on
I see ptarmigan dancing
Hey hey hey hey hey
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Hey hey ho ho ho

LA LOON

La loon la loon I see it in the sky
La lune la lune it makes me question why
I see it there reflected on the lake
I see it swim – of this what do I make?
I hear it singing now la lune la lune.
I hope to solve this riddle fairly soon.

THE LOLITA EXPRESS

So why would he ride on the Lolita Express?
There’s only one reason so we don’t have to guess.

A PIZZAZ PIZZA ADVERTISEMENT

When Pizzaz Pizza guy meets a momma
His punctuation is not a comma
And that is how the carnal tale begins:
You know Pizzaz Pizza guy always wins.

THE TELEPATHIC POWER OF THE CUTTLEFISH

I want to advise you of just one fact -
Then what will I do for my second act?
This fact I learned at an aquarium
Not a school or a planetarium:
That cuttlefish telepathic power
Is strong and real, focused and high-power
A field that envelopes, seizes its prey.
On that topic that’s all I have to say.

LSOQC: LECTURE 4

The room came to order when my gavel
Struck and the principles of time travel
Took first place on the agenda we stole
From a member obsessed with a black hole
He had found in some quadrant out in space
The poor guy couldn't sit – he'd pace and pace
Stop pace more stop then stand then cough and stare
But no one flinched 'cause no one seemed to care
So I stood up presented my best case
And steeled myself to be called a disgrace
But lo! They agreed I had cut the knot
The Gordian logic loop was now not
Closed but open so no-one there could miss
The main point that time travel works like this:
The technique is not to go to the past
But to bring the past to us and at last
To grasp that such time travel is quite real
A kind of play it forward or so I feel
My proof was a snapping turtle I caught
On film - I had the river's rapids fought.
On a flat rock that ancient turtle sat
And my mind's new theory was thus begat
Strands of DNA travelled many years
To reach that still spot and to still my fears
That the knot would not be cut my thinking
Would not be strong for I had that sinking
Feeling one gets when no good solution
Is found till a tip from evolution
Opens the door and I know the big bang
That bell that no pre-existing God rang
Has left a trace within and we should look
Within the atom for it - we mistook
The direction not out but in not back
But forward should be our plan of attack
On the puzzle of time travel I say.
And gentlemen please do have a good day.

THE PORPOISE OF LIFE

The porpoise of life is hid in the sea
Under the waves away from you and me
It's not a fish: it breathes, like us, the air
It speaks its own tongue and that is not fair
We can't translate high-pitched aquatic sounds
Into human talk can't catch in leaps and bounds
That quick spirit we can't make it sit still
Roll over only chase it in a boat
And that sticks in a craw and gets a goat
So we think thoughts of a spear or harpoon
To kill the porpoise of life so that soon
We will own that whale or shark or that fish
Which is the human hunter's final wish
Dominion over the sea and earth
Over death and life tragedy and birth
Comedy and sad songs sung by those who
Know what hunters like to come and to do
Control the rivers, lakes, oceans, that pond
Of which the ancestors once were so fond
But which now is polluted, full of dirt
No porpoise there only pain, death and hurt.

BILL BLAKE HIP HOP TAKE ONE

Yo sunflower what up man?
‘Splain this if you legit can
Why you be chasin’ the sun
Where some tourist trip be done?

You be lookin’ to score gold
At some ho hotel - I told
You, man, you gotta have cash
To score a trick an’ a stash.

EMERGENCY MEASURES

Here is the church and here is the steeple
Open the doors and see all the people
Here's the Prime Minister going up stairs
And here he is saying his payers.

Two kids in BC killed three white folks I read
The press has featured the names of the dead
And followed the hunt with print and TV.
Choppers, drones and the cops have tried to see
Where the two kids are hid out in the bush
In conditions far from pleasant or cush
Flies and mosquitoes swamp and bog their home
Wherever they run turn camp hide or roam.
The RCMP always gets their man
No matter how hard the criminals plan.
Emergency funds are needed for sure
For this crisis they'll deliver the cure
We care for our people we're tough on crime
Those boys will see justice done in good time.
Though native women vanish a lot
Their killers aren't chased and never are caught.

Here is the church and here is the steeple
Open the doors and see all the people
Here's the Prime Minister going up stairs
And here he is saying his payers.

THE COTTAGE

The mother ship is in interstellar flight
Hurtling through space during the day and night
At night one can see stars - the Milky Way
That illuminate the reasons one might stay
On earth: no need to leave to be in space
I already am in this cosmic calm place
Amid the stars connected to the sky
Here where creatures walk, talk, live, love and die
Dust once dust now returned to dust again
The fate of women, children and of men
Star dust indeed my atoms feel the force
Of gravity of earth and moon the source
Of weight and see the light that the sun shines
Four minutes to us in curved not straight lines
While a chipmunk hops on the granite rock
And a crow in a treetop caws its talk
Watch out! A human walks below I see
A threat even to a bird in a tree
Somehow but why I do not think or know
My footsteps compared to flight so so slow
Yet they circle the sun one time each year
While the universe expands so I hear
No vertigo afflicts my ear or brain
I do not feel fear and do not feel pain.
The mother ship is built to shield me well
While I watch on the lake the waves, the swell
And feel on my skin the wind from the west
And know of all places this is the best
Anchored in space on a hard granite rock
Ticking in time with God’s one cosmic clock.

WELL YES WELL NO

Well yes well no I would sure like to know
Does jelly get stuck in leg or belly
Where do those calories end up or go
That start so warm so sweet and so smelly
Why can’t they jump out and be on their own
Instead of parking on thigh, chin or lip
And why are they heavy like lead or stone?
I’d like to give all those sweet guys the slip.

THE BIG BALL BOUNCES

The big ball bounces up and down up down
Down up up down then men on the bench frown
The stench of good shots long shots and passes
The fans can't see well without their glasses
So quick they are bring no smiles within miles
Of the hard bench 'cause those guys' b-ball wiles
Have got the team's knickers in a too tight knot
And coach is fuming – 'That the best you got?'
The starters seem like farters this bad night
The fight was lost before begun; they might
Give the bench a chance you'd think but no, no
Coach knows what he's doing don't you all know?
That's not the way this wayward game is played
Fans would've seen some shooting if they stayed
'Cause the bench got called the other team stalled
And boy those bench boys sure ran hard and balled
A fourth quarter resurrection ran fast
Shot straight and took the lead before the last
Buzzer buzzed loud and coach stomped off the court
Due to his hot temper being so short
The commentators said they'd never seen
A pick and roll like that that kind of screen
Or such dribbling and that the coach should chill
Or else his temper just might make him ill.
The locker room rang with shouts and curses
At the starters who soon would need the nurses
To bandage their egos to treat them well
To get them ready before the next bell.
Practice next week will sure be hell they thought
'Cause Coach will teach us what needs to be taught.

A PIRATE LANDSCAPING CONSULTANT

Argh, an aardvark it be is diggin' in
Ye dirt Africa I seen it I been
There sailin' the seven seas aye by gar
Close by and by the antipodes so far
Ye sees the Southern Cross an' I true have
But fer this garden beast I got the salve
A secret potion a wicked woman ma'am
Did give it me when I were on the lam
From a cruel court in a far way strange land
Where pythons slither and tales be too grand
For this country to tell and that be truth
I learned a sailin' in my wandrin' youth.
Sprinkle this here the beast will walk the plank
Argh it's this pirate ma'am ye'll have to thank.

LSOQC: LECTURE 5

Standard EKG equipment a rock
And me make the foundation of this talk.
I place leads on the far side for baseline
Having chosen a site that will do fine
Then approach from the near side of the rock
And next place hands head and heart on the rock.
The leads pick up my heartbeat through the rock
Proving that the signal is in the rock
Transmitted through it then out into space
A real phenomenon the human race
Once knew in old words lost now in the city
Old wisdom old roots – that is a pity.
A question: how long does that signal last
In the rock before it's lost in the past?
New instrumentation will be required
To get those data so techs have been hired.

TURKEYS' ACTIVITIES

Turkeys make a kind of cobbler
But turkeys call it a gobbler
Don't let the turkeys take your down
To make a pillow make you frown
Don't order turkey in a box
It may be closed and may be lox
And if you want to catch a chick
Be careful 'cause they're very quick
An older turkey goes more slow
And makes you cobbler as I know.

A PATHOLOGIST'S PARADISE

Dead men tell tales without laughter or smile
Don't ask questions and don't try to beguile
Despite your incision don't say a word
The best doctor gig of which I have heard
Is here in the morgue where no nurses come
Down here I can whistle here I can hum
Any time I want I can tell bad jokes
Can eat a sandwich or pull out some smokes
No family comes crying to see their loved one
Not while I'm working and not when I'm done
No patients have feelings when I'm at work
No one complains no one says I'm a jerk
But then I go home to deal with the wife
I wish she would end her circle of life
And the kids Goddamn don't get me started
One belched one spilled the other one farted
I pray to sleep at the morgue every night
You know I think that one day I just might
The dead are my friends they leave me alone
They will never cry or sniffle or moan
Who wouldn't be happy with good friends like that
They're tall or short and they're skinny or fat
None cause me hassle or ask for a hug
I can take a quick break, sip from my mug
And not one of my friends throws a big fit
No one says hey put it here in my mitt
It can't get better than my working day
It's just paradise 'least that's what I say.

AMERICA'S PASTIME

Take me out to the war game it's lock stock
And barrel my man hear the ticking clock
Tick tock tick tock I hear that defense stock
Is a good buy 'cause this war's real not mock
Venezuela's up on deck to bat
Our pitcher throws real fast now fancy that
From far up in the sky on his safe mound
He drops a bomb to decimate the ground
On which the enemy stands bat in hand
The war on terror is righteous and grand
What oil greases the palm that throws that ball
I do not know because that's not my call
I'm not the catcher just a plain old fan
Catching a hot dog and drink when I can
It's time to hit the ball out of the park
Next time at bat we've got riots to spark
And a humanitarian crisis
To invent like the one due to ISIS
Take me out to the war game maybe I'll die
And maybe I won't but God bless the lie.

RITUAL ABUSE ON ORGY ISLAND

The Temple is Set the party is planned
The boats and copter are ready and manned
So bring on the girls ‘cause good Moloch waits
He likes the young ones they make the best dates
If stones are required a mason is hired
To build the temple the help can be fired
Or bribed or snuffed or if not compromised
It’s the best devil party ever devised.

SILLY MILLIE

Silly Millie up a hilly
Took a tumble took a spilly
Willy nilly next came Billy
She got chilly took a pilly
Then the kicker that young filly
Got a jacket not a Jilly
To keep her warm plus the pilly
Billy broke his crown so silly
Was that Billy with his quilly
He wrote a poem willy nilly
A fish out of water gilly
Gasping sums up Silly Millie
And her tumbling tale no frilly
Figures just wrong words like Millie.

THE HELIOCENTRIC HERESY OF GALILEO 1633

That guy Galileo looked at the moon
Through his scope but thank God we caught him soon
And stopped his heresy for all to see
The year of our Lord 1633
We toyed with change in 1992
But then we changed nothing and that is true
We did not say sorry did not break bread
For that soul of genius now long dead
Why apologize when God's here on our side?
We've never listened when angels have cried.

MAKING SENSE IN ROTTERDAM

Damn that rotter from Rotterdam
He makes no cents on his web cam
To score a buck and be a dear
That could make a payment appear.

BRAIN VISUAL PIXELS

It took two sangria to set my brain
So that I'd know I was as right as rain
In my head because as I drove my car
I saw a phenomenon close yet afar
I looked up and saw pixels assemble
Into a whole field saw it resemble
What I usually know and can see
A unified field like my mind and like me.

CRITIQUE OF A PSYCHIATRIC CASE REPORT

His case report's stereotypical
But at least it's not monotypical
It is a bit too metaphysical
I've pledged not to be hypercritical
And without being hypocritical
But like most men his thought is typical
Of our dark age that's made an icicle
Freezing the cortex in a cyclical
Climactic pattern that's not Biblical.

A BRITISH INNUENDO

I’m British so make no innuendo
I would never stick it in ur endo
Which proves therefore reaction formation
Is the main foundation of our nation
We subjugate the Paks the Wogs and Chinks
And then we serve them biscuits tea and winks
We love diversity we’ll let you in
But then my friends you’ll take it on the chin
England just isn’t what it used to be
But why you hate us is real hard to see
We love the Queen her palace jewels
And pomp - y’er not one of us that’s our rules.

THE PROFESSIONAL SKEPTICS

Skeptic has a mind built like a steel trap
You can't open it to clean out the crap
It holds so a verbal diarrhea
And yellow onomatopeea
Dribble through poor Skeptic's decayed brown teeth
His mind is made up by tautology
That rules his cortical biology
Reaching conclusion before he begins
No debating opponent ever wins
His game. He proves that only he is right
Because his four friends applaud his fine fight
And spit their chew on those who disagree
With them due to the doctoral degree
They earned at School of Dogma the top school
For every jester clown and closed-minded fool
In the literature - I've read them all
And now am glad to see them trip and fall
From grace now no one under ninety cares
About the stink they've raised or the cheap wares
They have sold in that forlorn marketplace
That in the end brings them karmic disgrace.

THE ROOF REPAIR

Quite the humorist was that contractor
Should have been a comedic actor
I topped his joke and said I’m not gutless
Only it seems a little gutterless
By text he unleashed a barrage a pun
Per second a kind of contractor fun
I couldn’t take anymore as I told
That guy trying to be not lame but bold
As he continued the work on my roof
He concluded his customer’s a goof.

PATOU LARDILLIER: IN MEMORIAM

On film I caught her beauty in the sixties
A dapple dawn drawn falcon she pities
Of priests will not bring her back nor prayers
For her not one clergyman really cares
Or cared or saved her soul that was long lost
While she a hallucinogenic cost
Did pay and now she soars in the sky high
On a wing where souls and flowers sing sigh
And shed a tear for her who lives no more
But lives in words that rhyme and underscore
The loss all felt who knelt at that French shrine
Called Patou whose lost soul was never mine
But is free now how high she flies now now
Dives and now soars to heights where angels bow
Ma belle copine est morte et je suis triste
While o'er this land now slouches the brute beast
Who took her soul but she escaped from it
And came to rest where only angels sit.

MOTHERS OF THE DISAPPEARED

U2’s sad song sung by Bono bravo
Midnight, our sons and daughters lost and so
Not heard again cut down taken from us
A crime no politician will discuss
Hear their heartbeat we hear their heartbeat in
The wind we hear their laughter but the sin
Of those who took them stains still the vestments
Of those who pray while on the church casements
Two ravens sit and bear witness to crime
To lust and to incest for a long time
Now not told for lo these many years now
Lost like leaves that fell no fellows ask how
In that good guild of priests all gone to Hell
Long years ago this much I know know well
In the wind we hear their laughter no priest
Can hear nor the sun rising in the east
Its song sung by countless winged cherubi
Our sons and daughters singing in the sky.

LSOQC: LECTURE 6

Many minds the Large Hadron Collider
Houses while fast bullets fly inside her
Searching for the Higgs boson then the next
And the next but in there nothing connects
The four fundamental forces now five
Six seven a series of integers
Of infinite length when what registers
In my mind is the missing link the clue
The universal undiscovered glue
Is mind for which we moderns must account
Before we that high mountain climb and mount
Before theory explains the elements
The stars dark matter and things man invents
To solve his equations while in the stream
Of mind flows water or so it would seem
That could cleanse minds that toil so hard at CERN
That still have basic things to think and learn.

DEVILED EGGS

She split her eggs she with the quite large cup
Which answered her hard question, ‘Hey, what’s up?’
Double trouble she intended to milk
Both sides both eggs between the silk and silk.

A POLITICAL TRAGEDY

Candidate Baloney hated the billionaire
Class and knew that is what we all should scorn and share
Those bucks without which his campaign would never work
And when he lost the race did he quit like a jerk?
No no he endorsed an old white woman whose wealth
Above one hundred mill was earned by work by stealth
In the dark dungeons underneath evil Wall Street
Where fortunes are made under the working class feet
That tread on concrete and yet who will vote for him
Companion of the angels and seraphim
Who can do no wrong in the eyes of voting blind
Supporters and that is the current state of human kind.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

Hey diddle diddle the cat and fiddle
Could not agree to meet in the middle
The cow therefore jumped right over the moon
Causing the dish to abscond with the spoon
The little dog laughed to see such fine sport
They will be judged in a popular court
To see if they live or die in our books
I think they'll make it, or that's how it looks.

SLEEP TIME

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
He'll keep it in a room up high
Somewhere in his holy sky
I'll sit with him and watch the Earth
From there we'll see the living birth
Of He who walked on waters deep
Collecting souls that he could keep
From Satan's grip and Satan's fire
And make them members of his choir
My dreams will be of life and death
All dreamt by one who's sleeping breath
Is proof of my eternal life
In a place that knows no strife
I'm with Him now and with Him then
When I am dead but born again.

LSOQC: LECTURE 7

Back to the Big Bang for just one short sec
Hey guys, be still - I'm saying, 'What the heck?'
You claim the universe came from a zero
And not from a cosmic godly high Hero
Your appeal to authority – yourselves -
Makes me think of Santa and all his elves
A myth like yours that is not true or real
At least that's how it seems to me I feel
Before the bang there was no life or death
You say - there was nothing - then the next breath
You say, a dark quantum fluctuation
Took place and that caused a big explosion
In nothing but in my skeptical mind
Nothing can't fluctuate and so I find
Your myth is broken a singular flaw
In it just gets stuck in my narrow craw
And won't go down so I vomit it up
Into this my intellectual cup
You atheists keep on Hawking your ware
But I'm not buying it till you play fair
I reject your trip built out of power
And your dark intellectual flower
I think that you're smart but are bullies too
I'm not taken in by the tricks you do.

PRIESTLY CUNNING LINGUISTICS

Our God's great Catholic Inquisition
Had good rules I read in a translation
Of a book writ in 1485 -
'The Witch's Hammer.' Women burned alive
Were selected by guidelines in that book
Which is why I opened it took a look
And learned the rules written by holy men
A holy writ indeed. But then again
They were our God's great written words, not men's,
As we learn at church again and again.
If witches cast spells they went to the stake
But priests could pray for good winds and could make
Them come true a double standard for sure
Much like a current psychiatric cure:
Hallucinogens making a comeback
For God. Now I sure would never attack
My good colleagues who say you're an addict
If you trip on your own, not an addict
If the trip is prescribed. God's ketamine
Adjusts an imbalance in glutamine
And can cure a deep and dark depression
Without a need to go to confession
But pop at a rave you're mentally ill
While you're a good patient if it's a pill
Prescribed by a doctor not by a priest
Whose cunning tongue is really the Great Beast.

AN INDUSTRIALIST PRESS RELEASE

We wage a disavowed war on Mother Earth.
We're sorry that Greta's mother gave birth.
We like to frac and inject when we can.
A woman got pregnant – that's when we ran.

*Greta = Greta Thunberg, climate change activist

ON HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS

The world whirls once on its axis each day
And rotates the sun each year so they say
Yet time stands still in the clock in my head
I’m not here I’m back there back then instead
All the guys are at school the girls are too
We’d all like to know them that much is true
The hormones are kicking like horses can
Who knows if each guy is a boy or man?
Here now in the present I need to ask -
It’s a kind of a cosmic mental task
To figure it out - are we men or boys
Here surrounded by memories and noise
Made by grandchildren playing with their toys
As life cycles on with all of its joys?
With life can come cancer divorce and death
But the boys are still living, still have breath.

IN A PEACH I MEANT

Boy that politico's in a pickle -
Caught him red-handed holding a sickle
To chop our elections off at the head
And make sure democracy's doomed or dead
Not in a pickle but with your assent
Caught in a peach that's what I think I meant.

CASTING THE FIRST STONE

Forty-five years ago this man farted
Now his head and his neck must be parted
He’s one of those evil men on the right
We’re righteous and we will soon win the fight
We scour through the records looking for sin
Trying to ensure that our team will win
Elections are coming and so our fears
Are growing and growing and growing ears
To listen for juice we can use in our war
Against the far right to even the score.

A REVIEW OF THE GENETICS OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

The book is built of brick, mortar and stone
So rock solid that it can stand alone
Against the slings and arrows and the lies
Of creatures crawling on a corpse the flies
That feed on psychiatry and that form
The leaders of the field a coming storm
Will swallow if the author has his way
And a strong sun will rise upon that day.

LSOQC: LECTURE 8

Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions by Edwin Abbott, was published in 1884.

That grand Flatland cannot stand on real legs
Its question is not answered but it begs
For one and like all Big Cosmic Questions
It hinges on the count of dimensions.
I will continue now in English prose
A good language for the question I pose:

0 Dimensions

If there was nothing before the Big Bang there must have been no dimensions and no singularity. All singularity theories of what existed before the Big Bang postulate the existence of something, no matter how small and no matter what the laws of physics inside it. Similarly, theories about branes colliding or other universes leaking all assume the existence of something before the Big Bang. The idea that before the Big Bang there was nothing is inconsistent with all theories in physics.

1 Dimension

A one-dimensional universe cannot exist in physical reality – no matter how small the universe, it must have a width >0 or it would not exist, therefore it is actually two-dimensional. A one-dimensional universe is a mathematical concept but cannot be a physical reality.

2 Dimensions

Similarly, a two-dimensional universe with only width and length could not exist in physical reality because it would have no height or thickness. It is only a mathematical concept.

3 Dimensions

The minimum number of dimensions in a physical universe is

therefore three.

In the two-dimensional world of Flatland, an observer watching a sphere move through his world would see only a point appear, expand into a circle, shrink back to a point and disappear. This cannot actually happen because if there are only two dimensions then the circle has no height and is invisible.

4 Dimensions

An observer in a three-dimensional universe would see a four-dimensional object moving through his world appear as a point, increase in size to a maximum (say a sphere), then shrink and disappear. This has never been observed but is logically possible. Therefore either there is no fourth dimension or four-dimensional objects are very rare and rarely pass through our world. So, how many dimensions do you postulate?

THE WISHING WELL

I wish I wish I wish I might have the
Wish I wish tonight then I think well duh
Wake up ‘cause no one listens to your wish
Although over the moon there jumps a dish
Who has run away with his love a spoon
Those two will be married and very soon.
If that’s true then I wish I wish I might
Have the faith to run, jump to soar tonight
To be seen in the water of this well
And to be safe in Heaven not in Hell.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL

Mirror mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all it must be one I call Old Col cause Col is clever as a fox despite his curly golden locks he tricks the reader who has paid a farthing for the eggs he laid of gold upon the written page that do not fit well in this age so let his wings of thought take flight and land beyond the edge of night so high so low he's got two poles the shrinks will say 'cause creativity is a curse leading to a blackened hearse but then the poet gets his due in death if not in life no here obscurity is his wife but he feels fine cause on his wall is the image that we call Narcissus from the Greek the one original self-reflecting geek who walks the street who has no home oh well a wise old reader saw his plight and published him despite the fashion of the age and the rage of poems well writ that have no form and are not read except within a club that's small whose membership has banned poor Col who sings upon a fence at night and gets the boot upon his head that's thrown by humans not in bed but raging at their windows or in their Windows where their Word types out the musings he has heard.

JOHNNY BACK SONG

That Johnny Back was quite a dude -
I'm trying hard not to be rude.
This song I dedicate to him
It is a kind of written hymn
A song here sung in a cover
Taking wing like gull or plover
To sail sad seas and o'er the graves
Of ancient poets and the waves
That wash away the years and grief
Of those who seek for some relief
From life and death and in a note
Hear the tolling that one man wrote
Of a bell that rings and rings sings
To peasants princes and to kings
As his great mathematical
Odes so solemn yet lyrical
Can do do still and still will do
What no one can but him that's true.

FOR THREE NOW GONE

One took shrapnel in his shoulder and bled
One was thrice missing and was presumed dead
Three times but lived - one in a jet crash died
And left a widow who then sank and cried.
Father, uncle and cousin all were men
I knew but will not see or hear again
Yet in my veins their blood still pulses flows
And that is where the river’s current goes
From one generation to the next so
Forget them not wherever those men go
Into death they still are here breathing life
Combatants with the gun, aircraft and knife
Robin, Robert and William are our loss
Yet still all three live on in County Ross.

WELL YES WELL NO

Well yes well no how is it go
Ing? River rowing while it’s snow
Ing can lead to bad things ice form
Ing and then when winter is storm
Ing fingers that felt frost are warm
Ing in front of the fire I’m inform
Ing you that that ’s where it’s at sitt
Ing where words run out and I quit.

CROWNING CORONA QUEEN

I crown you Corona the living Queen
All hail the hysteria I have seen
God praise the megabucks the makers make
Of vaccines saving us for heaven's sake
From nothing like the bird and the swine flu
Previous epidemics we all knew
And feared and we lined up for a sure shot
At salvation from what we would have caught
Meanwhile far more die from regular flu
That we don't quarantine what else is new?

CHARACTER CARICATURE

Three times the same hatchet job has been done
On me but the first war is one I won
The False Memory War where it was said
That trauma never hides inside the head
And I a recovered memory therapist
Was sowing false seeds and was on a list
Of targets for lawsuits to shut me down
But now I laugh at the death of a clown
Self-called a skeptic but really a dunce
Who got his fifteen seconds of fame once.
Anti-vaxxer if I speak a few facts
In this play that's played in many fine acts
Eg, don't ever tell the world's fine folk
The flu vaccine works 9% - no joke –
Of the time for the main flu strain this year
So why one should get it is not real clear.
The third is the war waged on the eye
That emits an eyebeam quack quack they cry.

*see www.rossenergysystems.com

ANGELS AND PINHEADS

How many dance on the head of a pin?
A question not asked by those free of sin.
Now ridiculed and cast out of the court
Those old theologians now are the sport
Of professors at colleges and can
Be ridiculed by a woman or man
A boy or girl a dog or cat yet lo
I say unto thee it's really not so
The question is real if well understood
Which we mortals would if mere mortals could.
Does a thing with no momentum or mass
Occupy space? Answer that one now class.

LASCIVIOUS LOUIE

Lascivious Louie went out for lunch
Hoping to score because he had a hunch
There he met Jenny who has a nice butt
Didn’t get much but at least filled his gut.

LSOQC: LECTURE 9

“UFO Nut is rumored to have said
Aliens are here both living and dead
We here know that they’re not we know for sure
For fallacies, folks, science is the cure.”
So said a colleague whose mind is quite closed
An alternate truth is what I proposed:
Our science illuminates our cave
But is anyone here strong, true and brave
To take up the torch to venture outside
To look into things from which thinkers hide
Who think only thoughts the crowd has approved
Who shift no paradigm till it is proved
But before such a shift thinkers must think
Thoughts not found on screens in blogs or in ink.
Are saucers real, not real, let’s start a fight
The one who hurls the most insults is right
Or no, no maybe not if craft can turn
At right angles at high speed and can burn
Through the atmosphere so so very fast
They must see us as relics from the past
So gentlemen sharpen your pencils and start
Your engines the goal here now is to chart
The heavens and create an equation
Bend gravity and acceleration
And then build a craft that can do just that
If you do to you I’ll sure tip my hat.

EEYORE BEFORE YOUR EYES

If Eeyore was here before you what test
Would you order and which one would be best
To work up his depression then make him right
This creature stuck in the dark and the night
Is his cortisol low and if so why
Why do those tears flow out from of his eye
Why is his mood blue so down and so dark?
In this wood no tree its leaf or its bark
Has yielded a cure for Eeyore's disease
So I ask you students here on my knees
Of life, biology, brain and of heart
Can you concoct with your most modern art
A potion that counters the spell the curse
That leads down to despair then down to worse
It seems you cannot - a placebo pill
Matches your efforts with those who are ill.

QUESTIONS ABOUT CONSPIRACY THEORIES

The theories suffer from only one flaw
Having tried to decide I'd say it's a draw:
Are those guys really that clever that smart?
Were they incompetent souls from the start?
To what category do they belong?
Maybe they've bumbled along all along.

XXX

Triple X we all know is the greatest
It's got all the effects all the latest:
Trafficked women in stockings and in thongs
And dudes with the world's biggest doggone dongs.
What more could you want from your little screen?
Only the wonders you still haven't seen
And so the porn pathway then escalates
Up to paradise and its pearly gates
But where do you go from there but back down
Limp and exhausted and wearing a frown?
No worries my man cause you'll get back up
Back in the saddle and say giddy up
You'll ride that pony for all that she's worth
If she can handle your world record girth.

OK THAT'S IT THEN

I'm wankered, mate, that's it for today.
Come back tomorrow if you want to play.