



The Poetry of...

Frederick Webb

Author, commentator & all-round good egg

Poems are a peculiar way of expressing truthful thoughts.

Fortunately most are love driven; the sweet madness of a man's love overpowers him. Unfortunately, it often underwhelms her.

I guess every man has within him the DNA of Sir Lancelot and Don Quixote.

We want to rescue maidens from dragons, and when our steed is an unwilling mule, the foe an aggressive windmill, and our lances lose their ribbons, we still retain the irrational desire for ladies to love us.

A Toddlers Valentine

*One day,
One Valentine's day,
A card will arrive with a x,
The x is a kiss,
From a little Miss,
Or sent by a shy little Boy,
Ahoy!
Look Out, shout,
Ahoy,
Full steam ahead,
To 'Romance.'
Pipe it on board,
Let love prevail,
Be you a girl or a boy,
Wag your tail.*

Dreams

*Dreams are not enough, they need courage and 'Grit.'
Else they may fade into day dreams and be forgotten.
Every life will meet with hardship and difficulties,
Sometimes life seems rotten,
But,
Each time you overcome a problem,
No matter how small,*

*Your victory, will start to make a pearl.
This will grow inside your heart.
And through day and night,
It will shine bright,
The 'Grit' that you show,
Will make your pearl glow.
It will always be with you,
Getting bigger.*

The Last Sprout

*At the table,
Whenever you are able,
Eat your last sprout.*

*Let it not stay without,
Your tummy,
Cold, with no gravy,
It may not be that yummy,
But it's mates hide below,
In your tummy,
Amidships,
Just behind your navel.*

*The chicken may need pick'en,
The turkey's, stringy and lurky,
Beef, not steak but jerky,
Such fare mayn't be bold,
But do as you're told,
Eat your last sprout,
The sprout is lonely,
And it's Christmas*

Love Lost

*She filled his mind with intense surmise,
That he did undress her,
With his eyes;
When both eyes met,
She fled.*

The Goal

*The ultimate aim of the human spirit,
Is to elevate their thoughts closer to God,
For when we leave this Earth,
His hearth,
Where the joys of companionship provide the glow,
We head out alone,*

*To where, we do not know.
 Deceivers and manipulators, whose only goal is gain,
 Distort the noble purpose,
 Of the human brain.
 Once this diversion,
 To normal men a perversion;
 Is put in place,
 Then we give them their grace,
 To proudly proclaim,
 "Look at my riches, you fool; worship me"
 And this; fools; do.*

*They think not of the rancid ditches,
 The sewers whence they gained their riches.
 No fresh shower or purity of water,
 Can cleanse the souls
 Of these grinning ghouls,*

*By some chemical osmosis they are stained,
 Yet think themselves immune from what they've gained,
 They care not for not the 'how'
 They only understand the 'what'.
 This is the law of the fat cretins*

*Nobility is a bought peerage,
 Another boost to sewers steerage,
 A flush of water behind closed doors,
 The Niagara of a man named Crapper,
 Washing away our smelly shit,
 But is that all,
 Is that it?
 I fear not.*

*Devious man thinks he always can,
 Cover up what's in his pan..
 But this he can only do,
 By persuading others who,
 Cover up his pooh,
 And sadly for the sake of man,
 None do what they can,
 Instead humans who claim to be men,
 With eyes open wide, nip their nose with their fingers
 When they could,
 Shut their eyes and open their nostrils,*

*Shit smells at its worst when the farts hit the air,
 Flatulence heralds a turd,
 Take my word,
 Any smelly introduction,
 Such as the announcement of a flunkey,*

At a dinner to honour a moron,
 Is founded in our inertia,
 If we allow a man to polish his shit,
 That is it.
 He will never be seen as a sinner.
 Most will see him as a winner,

Propaganda always wins the day,
 In a world where we want to get on our way,
 Move on, move on.
 Who cares that one of our friends is cheated?
 We do not want to get involved,
 Thus the problem is 'solved'.
 Does it affect me
 No,
 Then we must move on.
 So were sewn the seeds that lead to millions dead,
 A world war fought over an insult to a duke.
 Lets all puke.

Cowardly bastards all are we,
 Gutless, nameless, thus never free,
 From the purpose of our earthly life,
 To justify our place above all other animals.
 By looking at life without bias,
 We can see how God does try us,
 He gave us the brains to reach higher things,
 Yet, injustice thrives, manipulation is admired,
 And money rules the brain.
 It simply isn't sane,

Their own soul,
 This essence,
 The reason for life on earth,
 Handed in for another's worth,
 For him to shape to his desire,
 A fire
 Of rhetoric that consumes man's will,
 Another kill.
 For the hunter priests.

Hope can toss all fear aside,
 It is the bride,
 All decent men must wed,
 And cherish as their true love,
 Till death them do part.
 Man who has known true love is never alone,
 Hope and love is celestial sperm,
 If allowed to flourish,
 Repels the germ,

*Of man's inhumanity to man,
 Allowed to grow the hope's denied,
 Now flourish in the mind,
 Love and hope will vanquish every foe,
 And make weak man invincible*

A Bad Bet

*A lovely girl with eyes that sparkle,
 Put her money on a horse named Arkle,
 His stud fees came from her cold fridge,
 But mine are warm;
 And I play bridge.*

Navel warfare

*Squeeze the toothpaste tube in the middle,
 Hey fiddle diddle,
 For when you do,
 I shall punish you,
 By kissing you,
 On your navel.*

Come to Me

*Come to me quickly my love, come to me fast,
 My need for your kiss, your embrace, your smile,
 Please my sweet,
 A four minute mile,
 Forget the tape,
 My arms are agape,
 For you.*

*There'll be no applause, no medal presented,
 But you,
 Close to me,
 Hugging,
 Laughing,
 Happy,
 Heaven scented,
 Come to me quickly my love.*

One of the problems of getting married to an author is that he writes his wife's speech.

She then tears it to shreds!

Kiss

*If I loved you I would tell you this.
Nothing's more important than your kiss.
Mend my shirt; darn my socks, even cook me steak pie,
I'll look you in the eye;
And ask,
Where's my kiss.*

*Paint the house, pay off the mortgage;
Win the lottery; buy a place in the sun;
Son of a gun;
I'm so ungrateful I'll persist;
In asking;
Where's my kiss.*

*Have children and let them ride ponies.
Send them to Eton, Harrow, or Stowe.
Buy a Rolls Royce, get a chauffeur,
A big house in the country,
Crow: but,
Where's my kiss.*

*When the Rolls will not start,
Or the driver is late,
And the Taxi's fly past in the rain,
I'll place my hands on your waist,
Lick dry your wet face,
Hold your soaked softness close,
And ask,
"Where's my kiss."*

Love

*When a man walks into a rainbow,
He comes in from out of the rain,
The colours don't dry his clothing,
They illuminate his brain.*

*His eyes no longer see darkness,
Bright colours banish all cloud,
The man who lives in a rainbow,
Is calm, humble, and proud.*

A beautiful lady sighs for her lover who has decamped for winter sunshine, and the poet tells her this truth: "The love of a woman warms a man more than the hottest sunshine."

The poet, who has lost his love, uses ink as petrol to travel the swift short journey to Cupid's hospital, where he uses his pen as a scalpel to perform his own heart surgery. His wit is the antiseptic, the friendship of others is his bandage, and a clean blank sheet of white paper his greatest therapist.

Fit Love

*Huffilly, puffilly; down at the gym,
Frederick works hard, to make himself trim,
Gurgully, gargelly, splash in the pool,
He tries to lose weight, the silly old fool.*

*At his time of life, he should eat, drink; and be merry,
But he could be in love, with a sweet girl named Kerry?*

*Swingelly, pingelly, out on the course,
He plays very bad golf, without any remorse.
Although its' not March, he's as mad as a hare,
And if we should say "stop;" he'll say "Shan't, so there!"*

*Sadly she's gone, to live with another,
A nice enough man, but one he could smother.*

Huffilly puffilly, Gurgelly gargelly, Swingelly pingelly: Pop!

*So he pedals like mad, pumps iron like a lifter,
To make his old body look lean, hard and 'niftier'.
And once in a while when the Lady comes by,
Tall; fit; lean Frederick can look in her eye.
"I did this for you", his proud manly boast.
[In the hope she'll invite him, to share Sunday roast.]*

*Then huffilly puffilly, grunt groan and grin,
Its' all worth the pain, if you must be thin,
Lose the 'beer gut', shave hair off your chin,
Put on a checked shirt, the lady to win,
Oh dear! These words rhyme with sin?*

*Could this 'huffilly puffilly' poet and lover;
Find himself in, a whole lot of bother?*

*Fountains of love, from a whale in 'life's pool,'
Gurgelly gargelly;- splash!
The;- - silly;- - old;- - fool!*

Rainbow

When a man walks into a rainbow, he always walks in from the rain. He's been caught in a shower and got wet, on that you can bet, and his clothes will steam from the heat of the sun. Of course he should take off his jacket and dry himself on a towel, but no man can buff off a rainbow. His heart yearns for colour not dryness, if he catches a cold then so what! For the man who walks out of a rainbow has removed the clot from his heart, shifted the cloud from his soul.

What harm can there be from a rainbow? It gives neither cancerous burns nor the ague, yet some fear it might carry a plague! They doubt the rainbow has love in its' core, but it has. This makes me somersault gaily and daily in colourful gymnastics of the mind that my body is unable to perform. I become fitter and fitter as I expand into this new life of love.

Some see only fraud in the rainbow, there's no pot of gold at the end. In their harsh World of profit and gain; the rainbow must its' profit send. Else most men ignore the rainbow, the richest are always the worse, for when ownership fails, its' seen as a curse.

Thank God it is You, with Your hand on the screw, that turns on the sprinkler above, and fires up the sun to colour the rain. Then the World can enjoy the glorious freedom to love under Your canvas of colour. Chasing profit is thunder, and the soul burns when lightning strikes. But why endure pain, simply for gain; if the heart has the chance to be free?

No man can own a rainbow. It follows the Sun and fresh showers. It flows over fields and meadows, a rainbow has its' own powers. Yet these are so soft and so gentle, no man can resist their embrace. If a man is alone, tho' his heart seems of stone, he yearns for a rainbow to chase.

When a man walks into a rainbow, he is in love.

For Kerry... 'A Lover's 'if'

*If I loved you; and who's to say,
Where would you sit this Christmas Day?
Astride a horse as you ride in the winds,
'Midst swirling oak leaves brown?*

*If I loved you; then perhaps your smile,
Would sweeten as you jumped life's style
And spur'd your steed back home to me,
Where I your rafters warm.*

*If I loved you; I would ask you this.
"Please sit on my knee, oh winsome miss,"
And as you glow from the keen sharp air,
I look on the face of the maiden fair,
Whose cheeks,
I wish,
To kiss.*

For Kerry... Another 'If'

*If you loved me; and who's to say,
And had a wand, where would you stay?
In a palace set in parklands green,
Or a castle with ivy clad tower?*

*If you loved me, then perhaps my smile,
Would place a rainbow about your stile,
To embrace you should you slip or fall.
And hold you safe in its colours.*

*If you loved me would you 'Alice' me this,
"You ugly old toad, I'll give you a kiss"
Then lo! Your handsome Prince steps forth,
For you to see what his love is worth,
Might you kiss,
And kiss,
Your toad?*

Holy Grail

*The ancient quests for the Holy Grail,
Is born of restless man,
Seeking fulfilment.
Or of fulfilling themselves by the search,
For an unknown treasure.*

*Their objective is, to find something,
They know might not exist,
A difficult search!*

*In their armour shining bright,
They set forth,
To conquer,
What?*

*Valour's a foolish food,
Served by the chef 'Impress'
To feed the dreams of men,
With the ultimate trophy
The Holy Grail; the Holy Chalice.*

*What is this dream of man's desire?
Glory, martyrdom, riches, acclaim!
Or could the Grail and Chalice,
Be a loving wife,
Named Alice?*

Ode to Plumpness

*The sweet woman I admire.
Is one whose tyre.
Is a rebellious necklace of no worth,
Which h'aps adds a little to her girth.
But never stops her mirth.*

*She cannot keep quiet,
About her diet,
Her girlish chat,
Is all about fat.
Yet when I look at her I grin,
She seems to be thin,
I'll go along with that!*

The 'Pillie Willie' Rap

*The young girl cuddles her pillow,
She wants to stay thin an' willow.
She do'an wanna grow up an' get fat'
An' there's a whole lotta truth in that.*

Chorus

*She mus'-nt look at his Willie.
C'os she aint takin the Pillie.
Fat Cats! Yeah do de dah; Fat Cats! Yeah do de dah.
Out goes pussy galore, com'in in is pussy no more.
Co's she mus'nt look at his Willie'
When she ain't takin the Pillie.*

*I's bustle to this. 'an hustle to that,
A'n rush off there but do'an get fat.
Cause she might become less attractive,
An' her boyfren' will be less active.
Chorus.*

*Then one night she goes out a'courtin.
There's one thing she knows for certin.
She'll dance an' she'll kiss, an' she'll cuddle.
But she woan get her knickers in a muddle;
No! She woan get her knickers in a muddle.*

*Chorus and end with a fade out on
She wo'an look at his Willie,
C'os she ai'n takin the Pillie.*

Frederick. C. Webb

Saffron Lady

*Not just a flower; but a perfume and a flavour,
A total woman;
One to admire, one to love; one to savour.*

*Her lightness of touch; her social grace; her ease,
Please,
Everyone.*

*There's strength in her delicacy and in her charm,
Giving depth to her beauty,
Lauded by discerning man.*

*"What is 'beauty', who can define,
A quality that is sublime?"
So wrote the poet, of his heroine.*

*But then his pen was brought to book,
His ink ran dry, he could but look,
In his dreams,
Into the eyes of Saffron Lady;
And hope with all his heart that she,
One day would 'see' him as a Saffron 'He'.*

Truffle.

[In the play 'Saffron Lady' the hero wants his intentions made crystal clear. He stills all fears in her heart when he says. " My dear sweet Saffron Lady, all I will ever want from you, is the smile on your face, the warmth in your heart; and the pleasure of your company.]

Bachelor Domestics

*I keep drying my hands on the wall
I've taken the towel off the rack,
Wallpaper takes off no wetness at all,
In fact it puts some of it back!*

Diet

*You'll never lose weight, If you get up late,
Any fool knows that.
A long long snooze,
Is worse than booze,
And bound to make you fat.*

Divorcee

*A woman battered by the man in her life,
Seldom becomes a loving wife,
Untrusting and suspicious she,
Will have her new man all at sea.
Her storms of the past,
Become his that will last.*

Inertia

*The public servant is part of a farce,
When all he does is sit on his arse.
At election time he cries 'Glory Be'
When what he means is "vote for me."*

*Why should the elector vote,
When his x is nothing but a rote.
If we were to salute Wat Tylers right,
Then the x should be our might.
But!
Nothing will be done.*

The Sow

*Of all God's creatures, it is the Sow,
Who always insists she eat it now.
Save none for the larder,
Feed, feed me harder.
I don't ruminant like the cow,
I want to eat it all,
And I want to eat it.
Now.*

*Her life is ruled by her tummy,
She learnt it all from her mummy,
Who had a quick snog,
With an amorous hog.
They kissed,
They made love,
And said,
'Yummy'.*

Feline Dawn

*Bruiser, the cat,
Is fat,
He's not the least concerned,
With that!*

*He lives to eat,
And sleep,
And is totally unconcerned with the feat,
Named 'exercise'.*

*The gym'
To him
Is a torture chamber tense,
Where confessions make no sense.*

*"I don't get fit.
I sit".
Said Bruiser, after a yawn.
His dawn,
Comes up to suit him,
Not the gym.*

*He is 'the' one,
Not the Sun,
He will rise from any point on the map,
After his nap.*

*He, not the Sun, will set,
Wheresoever he is sat,
And that's that!*

Rebuff!

*Margaret Page,
Took an age,
To reply to an invite for dinner,
If she does not make haste,
It will all go to waste,
And she'll get thinner, and thinner, and thinner.*

Friend David

*What a different man was Pryke,
 A 'Tyke'
 His 'Psyche'
 Could not compare to the rest,
 At his best,
 His zest,
 Conquered us all.*

Sue

*Drunk! I telephoned Sue,
 Sober, I phoned to say "sorry"
 Her reply was a voice with a smile,
 "Your call did not upset me,
 Tho' you're watered or wined,
 Polluted, refined,
 You may phone me at any time,
 Love you."
 Said Sue*

*As I put down the phone,
 That word of the single; 'alone;'
 Had sadness removed from its' tone.
 This sweet 'gal'
 Was a pal.*

*My knees, hard to please,
 Felt more at ease,
 And wanted to dance,
 Given the chance;
 And throw their caps in the air.*

*This man nor his knees can be blue;
 When they hear 'love you' from Sue.*

Nina

*I once knew a girl named 'Nina',
Well 'brought up' by her mum,
Yet I have cuddled Nina,
Placed kisses on her 'tum'.*

*I am pleased she did not run,
Back to her mum,
Aahh Nina!*

*I courted a girl named 'Nina'.
She had the sweetest grin,
I had a smile from Nina,
I led her into 'sin'.*

*I am pleased she did not run,
Back to her mum.
Aahh Nina!*

*I married a woman named Nina,
We've children, a boy and a girl,
I'm glad I seduced sweet Nina,
Who set my heart in a whirl.*

*She's glad she did not run,
Back to her mum.
Aahh Nina! Aahh Nina!
My Love.*

Sin?

*When a woman 'gives in',
She's committed a sin,
According to the Bible;
Her foible;
Is bad.*

*But what if she always said "No"!
Oh dear!
I fear;
No need for a Bible to print,
We would all be extinct!*

Autumn

*Old Fred gets lonely in the night,
Unkind folk say, "Then serve him right."
But stay:
Let him say.*

*"I want a woman in my bed."
A heart cry from the lonely Fred,
Who will comfort his chilblains red,
Down at the bottom of the bed?
Poor mites are full of winter woes,
And bullied by the bigger toes.
Be fair.*

*The Autumn sun heralds winters' frost,
He sunbathes but he knows he's lost,
Warmth.*

*Gas, Oil, Electric, heat the Fred: -
But "Not like a woman in his bed!"
There are those who cry, "He's old and daft.
Just shut the door, keep out the draught.
Forget warm women, just buy the therms,
You are too old to excite your sperms,
And the soft embrace of female flesh,
Leave that to others, young and fresh."*

*But tho' old he may be,
Or getting closer to being dead,
Once an idea gets into his head,
It must come out, it must be said
"I want a woman in my bed."*

Why

*I wonder who killed the canaries, they once took down the pits?
To warn miners of odourless gasses,
That would kill.
They did not warn with a 'cheep'
They died in their sleep,
And fell off their perch.*

*I wonder who killed the canaries, the World needs them here in the air?
To warn people of odourless 'gasses',
That will kill.
Alarms wake us up with a bleep,
Life's not to live on the cheap,
Else we might fall off our perch.*

*I wonder who killed the canaries? Who now protects us from gasses?
 Politicians 'hot air' that dupes masses;
 And this will kill,
 Hope.
 We die when we lose the word 'why'
 Our hopes become 'pie in the sky'
 As we fall off our perch.*

Frederick. C. Webb.

Swish

*How lovely it is to be 'Swish'.
 To achieve what other girls wish,
 Such effortless style,
 That takes quite a while,
 To dress as you please,
 Yet look so at ease.*

That's 'Swish.'

Aborigine

*Yes I sit in fresh air, and I drink too much beer
 Get drunk, fall asleep in the sun.
 I know that it's best, to move from the sights, of a colonialist gun.*

*The Red Indians fought, 'they killed and they plundered.'
 When sober, I once watched a film.
 Who then dares blame me, for sipping a beer, when I know the colonialist kiln?*

*Once the white man moves in,
 With his balance sheet flag, we know its' the end of the road.
 A few killings here, a rape to amuse; but what fills the gut of a toad?
 A treaty, a settlement, all made of chaff. A meaningless waif, born to goad.*

*Sit firm on your arse, my capitalist critics,
 As with big mouths our lives you consume.
 You 'know it all' and are 'ever right' how dare we to presume:*

That we are people!

Sexy Woman?

*No woman is sexy, unless she wants you,
She just does not matter, if of different hue.
Her red lips and curves, a body to die for;
But if her eyes tell you lies, retreat!*

*Not me! I have money, a position in life,
I'll woo and pursue her, I'll make her my wife.
The lips and the curves, the body to die for,
Yet the eyes and the lies say: defeat.*

*No! No! I'm too clever, to be duped by her wiles,
She cannot fool me, by her curves and her smiles,
I'm big, I have money, she cannot resist.
Ouch! Your doom is certain, if you persist.*

*Men do not know 'women,' they have not a clue,
Be it duchess or maid prompts a man to pursue,
With ease he may conquer, h'aps use or enjoy,
But a real 'sexy' woman, Ah Ha! She's no toy.*

*She's in control, to take you or leave,
As she sees fit, your heart to up heave,
What makes her so sexy, this woman of fashion?
Why! She wants you to share, sexy man;
Her passion for,
You*

Beauty

*What is beauty,
Who can define;
A quality,
That is sublime?*

Bigger Brother

*I have a bigger brother,
He's four feet tall; I'm three,
And when we play together.
I hope he don't hit me.*

Before I Go

*Before I go,
I'll have my say,
From straight and narrow,
I did stray,*

*The broader path, I then did seek,
And of that route, I now will speak.*

*Of bosses I soon had my fill,
I did not, with malice, wish 'them' ill.
But 'they' did often spike my psyche,
And tho' 'they' said, "get on your bike,"*

*T'was 'they' that strode my pedals strong,
And by 'their' views propelled me on.*

*Into the ways of thinking men,
Unoppressed by clucking hen,
Until I came to see the sense,
Of being self; and no one else.*

Gutless

*We're a gutless lot, when it comes to gain,
We shut our eyes to a creature's pain,
And convince ourselves we fill a need,
To justify this selfish greed.*

*God gave man brains, above the beast,
But when profit comes, we think the least,
And then we kill, just for our pleasure,
So fill our pit of mindless leisure.*

*We jailed the chicken; now the salmon,
Injustice, for the sake of mammon
Who is to speak for creatures small?
Dumb, we do not care at all.*

We're a gutless lot.

Lust

*My scrotal sack is full of sperm,
The testicles, male bodies therm,
Oscillating thro' the seasons wynd,
Down when warm,
Up when unkind.*

Ode to a Divorced wife

*Yes, we were married, that is true.
You put up with me,
And I with you.*

*But now it is the time for truth,
Let lies be less, let us be 'ruth.'*

*Though I did once enjoy your crutch,
I never liked you--
Overmuch.*

*Short and Sharp,
If a man needs to chase his girl to marry,
Then in his bed she may not tarry-- ;
She'll probably run off with Harry!*

My Woman

*The woman snuggling in my bed,
Must first be awfully fond of Fred,
My love may use my shortened name,
Once 'she' tells me she loves me,
I make no claims to fame.*

Civilisations Advance

*To make the world a better place,
We must look evil in the face,
And never let its sharp thin edge,
Disguise the fact that it's a wedge.*

If

[Re-visited by Moody Rooby]

*If you can lose your head when all about you are keeping theirs; yet blame them for your loss.
 If you can let down all those who trust you; and not care or give a toss
 If you always tire of waiting, and jump each and every queue
 Or being lied about, with rage, tell bigger lies
 Or being loved find ways to show it matters not to you,
 And still believe you own the skies.*

*If you can be sure that none will ever think they are your master,
 And in their wildest dreams would not see themselves as such,
 If you feel triumphant when you have caused disaster,
 And you, the true impostor, can laugh so very much!
 If you relish repeating lies that you have spoken
 And twist your words to catch the fools
 Or watch the things they gave their life to broken,
 And stand up to knock them down with sharper tools.*

*If you can make a heap of someone else's winnings
 And risk it all on one turn of pitch and toss
 And lose and skip off now they've had their innings
 And enjoy the thought of causing them their loss
 If you can force your bile, your temper; and your malice.
 To serve to turn the truth into deceit,
 And truly relish flavours as you sip this chalice,
 Especially the taste of their defeat*

*If you can convince the crowd that you retain your virtue
 Yet sleep with Kings, who have the common crutch
 If nothing, least of all, the truth: can hurt you
 If no man means to you, that much
 If you can empty each forgiving minute
 With sixty seconds lost in distant swirl
 Yours is your earth and all within it
 And what is more:- you'll be a Witch my girl!*

Moody Rooby The Lantern County Witch © 2003

'If' Stage Presentation

Presenting the Poem 'If' (written above) on stage...

Enter Moody Rooby in the costume as illustrated in the Lantern County illustrations. She is sitting on her vacuum and it hovers under a suggestion of dry ice clouds.

The bard enters stage right and in true Shakespearian Henry Richard 3rd he grates out the poem; with dramatic gestures at Moody Rooby. She remains motionless and only makes brief gestures as he reaches certain words. The camera would need to catch her before she moves; and cut the moment she stops. Her movements come after these words:-

"a toss" – she quickly tosses her head.

"skies" – her arms embrace the air.

"much"- she cackles

"tools"- she swipes the air.

"loss" – heh! heh!

"defeat"- she quaffs a glass.

"much"- she looks witheringly down her long nose.

"girl"- she flies triumphantly across the stage yeling out; TURBULENCE! TURBULENCE! TURBULENCE!

As the dry ice fills the stage she flies off around six feet up in the air and rising. If she could swing out over the audience and 'WHOOSH' them with some harmless dust from the exhaust of her vacuum; then all the better.

A SONG FOR SUGGS of 'Madness' – 'I Hate Ironing!'

As the beat starts Suggs is bent over an ironing board.

I hate ironing- ironing I hate,

Don't they know I'm six feet four. [He stands upright-then back again]

I'm not five feet eight.

Lots of men now live alone, they have to clean the house,

I wash, I iron, I Hoover. but I'm a man;- Not a mouse!

'Peeps' on the sax and shouts of; "'Their takin' the mickey".

Please try to make life easy, let ironing be a pleasure.

And when you make your ironing boards;

Make them to my measure!

Shouts of 'Size matters'

Two guys, heads together croon; 'Just a few more inches' [to the tune from my fair lady]

Sax pumps out—Oh where oh where has my pussycat gone. Madness mayhem.

Chorus:- I hate etc

*The single man is here to stay, and he must press his clobber.
But when you make the boards so small, you're nothing but a robber!
A police whistle blows. Its' a steam up! Press charges!*

Sax peeps

*I must be pressed, I must look smart, to find a bit of skirt.
But I won't get a woman, with a crinkled 'Dickie Dirt.'
Shouts of - He's a crinklie--- Not a wrinklie,*

Sax I'm Henry the eighth I am. More mayhem.

Chorus:- I hate ironing etc

*It's not just me, for so Ive' read, many get divorced.
But no man can be a lover, if his back is forced!
Oh! The pain! Backache is worse than heartache.*

Sax peeps

*So give your boards a six inch lift, and give the man a chance.
He is no Cinderella; let him go off to the dance!*

Sax:- Larespa. More mayhem.

Now all the boys join in with "WE hate ironing" etc etc, as they mill about the stage and dance punching fists in the air until at six feet four they all stand on tiptoe, and at five foot eight they bend double.

Comments;- I must go and lie down. Will some girl massage my back? If rabbits had shirts, would they die out? Etc etc etc.

Pump up the beat. Hit the chords. Blow the sax; and

What do we hate? What do we hate?

WE HATE IRONING. Carbumb! Big ending, or repeat the whole chorus.

Now the final long poem, I was 'nudged' by an outside force to write this, and could not get it off my mind until it was done.

DREAMS

*Release your dreams into the wind, for they will help compose,
An atmosphere that may contain much more than we suppose.
The air is full of thoughts and waves; inventions undiscovered.
Are benefits stored in the skies, yet by our blindness covered?*

*In the depths of space, winds travel fast, close to the speed of light
Perhaps they waft off with your thoughts, as you dream through the night?
And place them in another life, on a planet deep in space,
To fill some alien heart with dreams, sent from the human race.*

*Is there some magic in our life, which waits within the air.
And if our minds are blind to it, they are ignorance's lair.
What is the source of fantasies, in dreams when we're at rest.
There is much more to earthly life, man has yet to reach his best.*

*Set free your dreams into the winds, and feed the air with thought.
Desires need freedom to express, or else they count for nought.
It is man's thinking, here on Earth, that doth decide our fate.
So tragic is the unused brain, that knocks at St Peter's gate.*

*Speak out your thoughts, say what you think without the fear of faction.
Debate within your own free mind, the worth of another's action.
Knowledge of which we're proud, can be the jailer of our dreams,
Question beliefs to free your mind, the World's not what it seems.*

*We must all think with open minds, unafraid of new ideas,
Your vision will release your brain, and then life's picture clears.
Beliefs are blind, they're out of date; and yesterday is dead,
A sweet life is better than the grave, tomorrow lies ahead.*

*Look back a thousand years and see, what thinking man has found.
Compare it with your life today, the difference is profound.
Dreams hide within the atmosphere, where live all man's desires.
The 'facts' of science smother thought, and the world retires.*

*When men believe they know it all, then simple folk needs fear.
Discovery comes to a halt, and sameness haunts each year.
Then dream when you are wide awake, and seek what you can't see,
Be guided by the eye of mind, and dream what you can be.*

*The sixth sense tells us more new truth's than the other senses five.
It warns of dangers in extremes, it oft keeps us alive.
There's more in man than we can see, or clever men can prove.
When dreams are wafted in the wind, our dormant senses move.*

*These thoughts then send into the winds, dreams that you now make fresh.
They come from deep within your soul, not from your bloody flesh.
Man needs to know his inner self, and to 'himself' must speak.
Then glories multiply within, our souls attain their peak*

*The 'mind' has riches far beyond, all earthly goods or wealth.
The soul draws value from our dreams, and delivers them by stealth.
The earthly goods of man's desire, which he sees as a treasure,
Give way to richer joys within, they are the greater pleasure.*

*Release your dreams into the winds, let hopes fly from your heart.
Set free your honest principles, for then you play your part.
In making man and 'self' complete, we forge a better place,
In which our children then can dwell, as we our Maker face.*

*God gives us all the chance to live, a life that offers freedom.
His intent is not a servile life, tied to another's' fiefdom.
Yes there are joys and much to gain, in a contract to a master.
Beware lest he enslaves the mind, so ends your life much faster.*

*The winds of critics can blow strong, it's easy to complain;
But how fare the carping critics when, they face the wind and rain?
'Little People' have great strength, would but their minds stay free,
They are the force of commonsense, which must yield victory.*

*Banish the fear within your heart, when truth puts you in danger.
The bravest Man that ever lived, was once born in a manger.
The truths He spoke into the winds, endure two thousand years.
To change the ways of wicked men, who prey upon our fears*

*Thoughts have greater strength than steel, they cannot be destroyed.
No acid, flame, nor rust can taint; they wait until employed.
The common sense from common man, once writ or spoken loud,
Will cast out lies and vanquish fools, to stand alone, and proud.*

*What can I do? What can I say? I am but one you ask,
Think straight, think true and then speak out, that is your simple task,
When little folk release their dreams, and let their thoughts take flight,
They sow the seeds of reason, that will change the men of might.*

*A half a thought when sent sincere, into the mixing air,
Can breed like male and female sperm, it can produce an heir.
The partner with whom you blend and breed, cares not about paternity,
Dreams father thoughts so pure and true, they last into eternity.*

*Beware the scientist or sage, that speaks to us some day.
Rejecting thoughts borne by the wind, man's progress to delay.
Had they lived in the days of Christ, all progress they'd deny.
How same are these beliefs to those, who cried out 'crucify'?*

*The richest joys for all mankind, lie deep within the head,
Not in his fortune or his loins, but in the worth of what he's said.
Enrich, therefore, the world at large, by saying what you think,
Else live life's normal spans, then die, and vanish in a blink.*

*Damnation on the sneering seers, who use their brains to close,
The doors we open to our dreams, for fear their cause may lose.
When thoughts come to us on the breeze, which we then pluck and gather,
Our mind grows rich from that we share. Lives in the air Our Father?*

*What points the way, whence comes the path, our leaders all must follow?
Who fills their heads with plain good sense, when empty and grown hollow?
Could it be we 'Little Folk, who pray for better things.
And on the winds there comes the light, to make good all our Kings?*

*We all are born from mother's womb, bloodied and with tears.
Then loving parenting reveals, that we need have no fears.
Yes many problems we will face, as we grow into men.
Needs learn to look them in the eye, none are beyond our ken.*

*Our thoughts and feelings make our world, and if posted in the air.
Young people need this 'library,' as they join in life's fair.
Their brains reel on the merry-go-round, as changes rack young bodies,
The winds they help to educate, if filled with loving knowledge.*

*We tell our children what to do, we teach them to store facts,
We fill young minds with sums and dates, these useless artefacts.
Needs teach our children how to think, let young minds be a muscle.
Fit minds give clarity of thought; to help them in life's tussle.*

*Prepare the children to grow up, this should not be arrested,
When sudden gales come to their lives, then parents wits are tested.
Let not the change of puberty, come as a sudden storm;
Prepare with love the growing child, show change is but the norm*

*The joy of sex, the gift of God, unique ecstatic pleasure,
By ignorance, blown on the rocks, makes wreckage of a treasure.
Religion, rules, and 'old wives tales,' will make of it a foe,
But cannot dull a sublime release, that banishes all woe*

*Let none think that their birth is blessed, more than any other.
Each baby born is just the same, no matter who it's mother.
It is our life that sets our store, on actions we are judged.
To dream that one is born on high is fatuous and fudged.*

*Remember that no man is weak, who speaks for what is right.
His words will vanquish every foe, no matter what his might.
Soft winds will never break your thoughts, nor dash them on some portal.
Love, justice, equality, truth, these words make man immortal.*

*Hopes are the force to change all lives, and who would not embrace,
The dreams sewn in soft winds of love, that freshens up the face?
What joy to walk amidst these winds, where thoughts of love oft flourish?
Sweet air breathes deep into your lungs, your soul to gently nourish.*

*Once 'pollen' floats upon the breeze, it will mutate or breed.
A benefit to man is born, which started with faint seed.
When men harvest dreams sown in the winds, we name him an 'inventor.'
Mayhap the thoughts of humbler men, combine to be his mentor?*

*Release your dreams into the winds, to venture and explore,
Within the minds of lovers, seeking someone to adore.
Let not your hopes of love stay still, nor lock them in your heart.
But float them on the summer breeze, for freedom is their art.*

*The twisting waifs, the thoughts of love, are painted by your dreams.
Let brushes stroke, let colours blend; to picture all your schemes.
Plans to win another's heart, must be honest, bold and true.
Sweet gentle winds of love will bring, a loving mate to you.*

*Love oft rains tears upon your cheeks, wet eyes, the springs of sadness.
Moisture on the winds of far away, to bring another's' gladness.
Love is the strongest thought of all, fear not when it is spurned.
Your gentle tears will feed the winds, and affection be returned.*

*The thoughts of love, placed in the air, will seek a happy fate.
One day the gentle dreams return, to bring your perfect mate.
The heart must never sorrow bank, its' interest is bitter.
Spend sorrow till it's all flown out, it's sensible to fritter.*

*Sitting alone in a prison cell, your dreams can often perish.
The winds they must seem deaf to you; another's hopes to cherish.
Think! Think! You must, whilst there you lie, on a pillow of remorse.
Was it 'they' that did you wrong, that set you on your course?*

*Clutch not such dreams inside your breast, and never give them air,
This sows a seed of a different kind, the seed of your despair.
Wake up all jailbirds, I mean you, tattooed and aggressive.
It is 'your' mind that is the 'they', the 'they' you find oppressive.*

*Are you not loved, were you abused, what made of you a knave?
Decide upon a life that's free; else be misfortune's slave?
What's done is done, tomorrow waits, and while you're at your leisure.
You must believe that all your dreams, the winds accept with pleasure.*

*Now set yourself a different tack, your hopes sail in the skies.
Sea winds cut deep into your face, and open up your eyes.
No matter that rough seas make change, such winds are never placid.
The storms, the swell, the sprays, the troughs, spin out your body's acid.*

*Step forth new man on your release, be strong and brave and virile.
 Into the storms discard old thoughts, for they were weak and sterile.
 New dreams now place upon the winds, to mix with those of others.
 Fresh winds that now blow on your face, make all of men your brothers.*

*Release your plans into the winds, for a new life of ambition.
 Fear not the set of stars or myth, set out your own condition.
 God sets the clock on all our lives, He sets our evolution.
 Let the waking chimes ring in your ears, attend to your solution*

*When beaten down the human soul, needs courage to recover
 Winds take time to raise the hopes, that faith should never smother.
 Then think of God's great gift to man, a fresh mind to see clear.
 Each step you take will build your path, your goal comes ever near.*

*When a politician's spume is blown, in winds of the election...
 Pretence pollutes the swift fresh air, to propose him for selection.
 Tho' billed as saviour, savant, sage, your thoughts he tries to smother.
 And then persuade your brain to give it's thinking, to another.*

*Politicians promise wealth, priests wish our souls to take.
 But promised riches seldom come, could they both be a fake?
 They try to show their way is best, and fulfil our every desire,
 But 'tis man's fertile breadth of brain, that sets the world on fire.*

*Adulterer king with mistress plump, sleeps in linen trimmed with lace.
 He thinks himself a leader; but, cannot his subject's face.
 Conscience is the voice of soul, and he needs let it speak.
 Then act upon it's message, else show himself but weak.*

*Kings, Lords, and Ladies think that we exist just for their use.
 Preconceptions in soft foolish heads, breed decades of abuse.
 Such rancid thoughts needs must be purged, tornado's rend the air.
 Once washed, bleached, and buffeted, the benighted could be fair.*

*Conceit drives men who seek to rule, to offer us their schemes.
 Yet they need the help of humble men, to pollinate their dreams.
 Some see their place in history, when they have had their day.
 The glory seeker needs be watched, lest from righteous paths he stray.*

*Cage not you dreams inside your chest, they must be given air.
 Lest you sew within a different seed, the seed of your despair.
 Set free your hopes and give them space, let them not chance stagnation.
 Out in the breeze they waft towards you, a dreamer's realization.*

*The winds will help a 'could have been', a man who tried and failed.
 One who'd never listen, against whom his teachers railed.
 But kind men pause, then question why he wouldn't play this part.
 And witness shame in others when, they see his loving heart.*

*The child in man should not be lost, midst burdens from above.
 The most important joy in life, our ability to love.
 When pressure from the parents come, to make the child a master.
 Winds groan with woe, some gust in rage, confronted with disaster.*

*The dreams the winds do most adore, are from minds of the young.
 Listen close when children dream, you'd swear the breezes sung.
 Learn from your children how to think, for infant hearts to reach.
 And as you listen to their hopes, by your example teach.*

*No matter where a babe is born, a brain comes to the world.
 The mysteries tight stored within, one day will be unfurled.
 All things are new to their young eyes, with each they need to think.
 They may point out new truths to us, with chubby fingers pink.*

*The broader life that we can live, if what is in our mind.
 Spreads into the winds that blow, is not lost to our kind.
 The human race is but one whole, though we may dwell alone.
 Our dreams of greater joys will grow, if in the winds they're sewn.*

*Without your thoughts the air grows stale, and hope will slowly wither.
 Man never needs to fear to speak; else he's trapped in his dither.
 Sing it out loud; say what you think, into the wind and rain.
 Your thoughts will soften as they fly, and ease another's pain.*

*Toss your thoughts into the sky, whence they fall back to earth.
 Mother Nature weans our dreams, she treats them as a birth.
 What wonders yet lie hidden, in the vastness that is space?
 Could God have surprises stored, gifts for the human race?*

*Presents from Him need not be wrapped, parcels for to hold.
 Within ourselves his treasures dwell, more valuable than gold.
 Winds that open up our minds, make 'Little People' brave.
 God sends his thoughts by means unknown, His people He will save*

*Somehow, some day, we all will learn the powers of our mind.
 Restrictions they will be removed, our dreams a welcome find.
 Mankind one day must raise his eyes, to prospects fine and pure.
 And life on Earth its' values change, to make our future sure.*

With dreams released into the winds. there are no 'Little People.'