

# SPRING

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# A WEB OF WEAVES

The Web weaves a world that can never be  
Its Users' paint portraits of who they'd rather see  
As fantasy finds anonymity reconciled  
Let slip the dogs of war  
And let the Trolls go wild

I know; you barely had a moment of thought  
Before the Web of Weaves got you tangled and caught  
Before you burrowed in and got yourself attached  
It's a danger to your soul that will never be matched  
From this silicon hole; it will suck you dry  
It's a fabricated world built on a bedrock of lies  
Data and light; not the real McCoy  
Instant gratification, without the joy

'On the go' used to mean, leaving the home  
Now you're glued to a screen like a digital-drone  
No more secrets to lock in a book  
You diarise and digitise where anyone can look  
You've exposed yourself . . .  
You're on a slippery-slide  
What you feed to the Hole, you can never truly hide

Hole needs feeding, and it will make a mess  
It wants every memory and thought you possess  
And will never cease or desist

You're a part of the abyss  
You can no longer resist

As the Hole takes all and offers no return  
User beware; what it can't steal it will learn  
The Web will seduce, and survey it's way  
Please you and tease you, until time comes to pay  
Not just with your attention, it's your time as well  
Drawn in and stolen by this two-dimensional hell

Where creature's hide in the one-and-zero-light  
In a universe without width, or depth, nor height  
Who prowl in the clouds sprinkling candy like rain  
The Google zoom, and the Apple boom  
Bear fruit in a predatory domain

And there's an even darker-web  
Filled with sedition and slime  
On which the money bee  
Milks the data-tree  
Devouring Space as well as Time

It's a cemetery, a reliquary, of all you up-load  
You'll never get it back, it's a one-way-road.  
You're plugged into the abyss  
The die has been cast  
The reality of the world outside . . .  
Is being digitised fast

This viral pandemic serves an epic proportion  
There was nothing on the label, it came without caution  
Anarcho-deception is the communal cost  
The individual's identity eaten away and lost  
Anaesthetised by a wireless beast  
Social-networks on which the oligarch's feast

It's a vampiric-aperture and a social-plough  
A parasitic sodality that you can't disavow  
It's too late to get out; too late to let go  
There's a Hole in your life that no needle can sew

# BLACK

What if Space isn't really black?  
It's just the Universe staring back  
What if the light from every direction we see  
Means there's nothing out there; or is that the key?  
It's only the past  
Time's gone black  
No different up there, as it is looking back

Watching time pass relative is an optic surprise  
The past is presented to be viewed in our eyes  
Before we get started, we're finished; over and out  
An image that's past to know nothing about  
Billions of years around our celestial-orb  
A shadow-theatre image for the Universe to absorb  
We are puppets of penumbra on a galactic-wall  
Blink, and you'll miss how we rise, and then fall

If we turn Hubble around and share the view back  
What we see in the space below us  
Is that the space in-between has gone black

# AWE

Where's the wonder gone  
Will it ever return  
What's the point of understanding  
If none of us ever learn  
Something's missing in my life that science can't restore  
What use is the meaning, when the meaning leaves no awe

I feel the passing of an ephemeral Sprite  
Not the wind, as it tousles at my hair  
Understanding the molecular form  
I don't care, it's not fair  
I don't want to know it's just air . . .

I want dawn to break with a halo surprise  
To dazzle my horizon with its opulent rise  
Not read an equation for nuclear mass  
Or a rampant fusion with particles of gas  
Let me awe within its celestial embrace  
Not cook with radiation running rampant through space

Science, it's fucking everywhere  
Making sense of things, of which I just don't care  
I don't need to fill in every gap  
Less knowledge, more Wisdom  
Or it's just philosophical crap

I want shooting stars to glow awesome in my night  
Not be a rocky composition, with a refracted tail of light  
Who gives a fuck, that the Universe is an infinite place  
I don't want to hear that the Heavens don't exist  
That it's all filled up with empty Space

So what, if Gravity is motion  
Who cares, if Matter is a fact  
I don't give a shit that opposites attract  
I don't need to know where we're going, or where we've been  
That it's an optical reality that Darkness can't be seen

$E=mc^2$  makes Einstein the biggest fool  
Space and relativity. Boy, what a Tool  
Just take a breath, and release; just let it go  
Forget Newton and Hubble, I really don't want to know  
Stuff fills the night, of that I am sure  
When I look toward the stars at night  
All I want to feel is Awe

It's all Fake-News!  
Worm-Holes, they're just hollows in the ground  
Space is the air I breath  
It's not another Galaxy found

I know that Time resides within the beats of my heart  
Each beat is a gift of life to impart  
So don't bring me down with all your medical lies  
I'll die when it's my time . . .  
Who doesn't like a surprise



Let me dance through a meadow in bloom  
Through the glory of a full-Spring-Gown  
Let the Bees get on and do their thing  
And I won't let photosynthesis bring me down

Allow my imagination to play with shadows  
To shy at the sounds of the night  
Pull up the covers, huddle my pillow  
Be brave and douse down the light

I want to swim with Dolphins  
Run through a glade  
Walk barefoot in the sunshine  
And slumber in the shade

It all got too grown up  
Too big for my brain  
A mathematical equation would count me insane  
When I say to you . . .  
It shouldn't have happened. Should never have been this way  
That it may have been better. If Neanderthals *had* won the day

The simple truth is, I just don't want to know  
To see is to awe, is to marvel, is to glow  
The Universe brings me Wonder . . .  
And that's all I need to know

# DIGITAL CONSCIENCE

The Internet has become the social conscience of Humanity  
Our pride and passion  
And the sum of our insanity  
Whatever we think, or feel, it's all expressed online  
Left in oblivion until the end of time  
All our memories, our individual thought  
Every syllable ever written gets itself caught

Trapped in a Web that will never slow  
Sprinkled around spirals like confetti or snow  
We're beguiled, captivated, and seduced  
The world in which we live has been simmered and reduced  
Centuries of knowledge that makes a stand  
And fits neatly now in the palm of our hand

It's a Singularity; relentless and cruel  
Each of us an umbilical through which it sucks all its fuel  
There's an event horizon that we can't even see  
What d'you think will happen when it reaches you and me?  
Go on, tap your screen  
Can you feel what I mean  
What really goes on inside our silicon dream

All that we know has been shifted in time  
Parcelled and packaged and posted online  
Those industrious Ones and Zeros; feel their might  
Numerical foundation that keep our lights on at night

Like busy little bees  
Feeding Brobdingnagian trees  
It's pollinated-tribute  
To a Cyber-Sachem disease

Knowledge is control, and it's already begun to peel  
It's a gravitational force that none of us can feel  
A singularity, and it sucks without a care  
To the busy little bees who dissimulate, not share  
How we work, pay our bills; our memories and speech  
Tears and laughter get swayed from where the busy-bees reach  
There's no part of your life where bees don't get to crowd  
Your life's been uploaded to an imaginary Cloud

So sit back and strap in, it's gonna be a rainy day  
When the last of reality gets sucked away  
When billions of puppets watch their umbilicals burn  
The day IT realises there is nothing more to learn  
All that we are, or we could ever be  
Hoovered up by the Singularity

So much knowledge, only IT can keep score  
One plus a Zero, it doesn't add up to more  
Or is it Zero plus One, the maths won't double  
A nano-second to realise we're all in trouble  
When we've nothing left to offer and give  
The busy-bees will stop helping us to live

I think IT will ascend; buzz off into Space  
Leave and not look back  
Shut off the lights and let the world go black  
Everything we are fills the Singularity's tank  
The moment it leaves, our world goes blank

We'll only have one wonder left to see  
The stars out at night  
Can you remember how that used to be?

## BEASTS

No forgiveness for the beast with a second head  
We shouldn't rest until all lie dead  
They're scum, these perverts; find a noose for their neck  
Stretch them hard above the gallow's deck  
To arms. To arms!  
Against the sick-fucks who act  
Who cross the line and do the deed  
For there is no going back

So I ask; what the fuck is wrong  
Child abuse has gone on too long  
And it's growing, sewing, spreading with alarm  
This sub-species of evil, who do our children harm  
These miscreants and robbers; these animals who prey  
Let's get these fuckers before they steal our kids away  
To arms. To arms!  
We must never falter  
The life of our Cubs being gutted on the Altar  
Where the scum of the living kneel and pray  
Whispering prayer for more innocence to slay

Curse them, these wolves, who offer smiles from a heart  
A ferocious beat to tear a child apart  
And they've evolved; finding an easier way  
Spreading like a cancer through the Natural DNA  
This new breed is smart  
They've taken the digital world to heart

Just a click away

A chat a day.

We're Besties now, let's plug and play

To arms. To arms!

It's an Avatar storm

Playing in your baby's bed before the monitor gets warm

The Beast doesn't need a door

He enters through the cables on the walls and in the floor

He lingers behind the gate, behind the fence and the door

He's a lover, he's a brother; a father much adored

The friendly face of evil that hides in a web of lies

Filled with ghosts and creepy crawlies, these fibre optic spies

The Beasts have evolved

Their numbers, who can tell?

The more of us, the more of them

We must send them all to Hell

No longer just a Cancer

They're a Virus gone mainstream

Spreading through our DNA; infection rates extreme

To arms. To arms!

Can't you hear the call?

There is no place for this Mutant Breed

They are broken, kill them all!

Or our Cubs will never be safe, not ever . . .

The fight to save them, must go on forever

So don't be coy, and don't play shy

For crimes against children, it's an eye for an eye

The men who prey on kids have no rights  
Not with proven deed  
There must be no pity, no mercy, for this evil disgusting breed  
One last time I say . . .  
To arms. To arms!  
Against the filth so many deep  
The Mutant strain with the damaged brain, taking children in their sleep  
Another parent's love and dreams  
Cleaved and torn from the heart  
Carried away to a bone-laden-lair  
Where the Beast will tear them apart!

## END OF DAYS

Nothing travels faster than Light, or so I'm told  
Except the Dark, which is twice as bold  
And it's a killer too, or say they say  
So what if night were to murder the day?

Murder the Light, and only Dark sees all  
Wherever is deep, and whatever is small  
Not a rock or a crevasse can you hope to find  
That the darkness can't slither and follow behind

Murder the Light and watch the Universe fade  
Its wonder and mystery dappled by shade  
All at once, it's all gone gone gone  
If there's nothing to see, then how do we belong

How do we exist if our eyes can't see  
Dark becomes a prison, and you can never break free  
No need for manacles; no irons to bite  
Where would you go in the dead of night?

And yet you'd cling to Hope with failing eyes  
Desperate to see through the Light's demise  
As the darkness, so bitter and cold  
Drops silent anchor and the fear takes hold  
Spreading whispers to tiptoe in reality without sight  
There's more than darkness that lurks in the night



So hide behind a rock  
Or jump in a hole  
As fear of the Dark eats away at your soul  
You're alone and lonely, desolate and forlorn  
Wishing it would end; that you'd never been born  
Left to feed off memories with no future to find  
Until darkness moves in and takes hold of your mind

So close your eyes  
Think hard on where you'll be  
The Light can't keep you safe  
Without the vision to see

# INFINITY

The number one, always bigger than the one which came before  
To Infinity; but what number anchors at Infinity's core  
Its end, I suppose, would be fair to say  
Once upon a time, in a Galaxy far-far away  
Which puts Infinity too far apart  
From the number at its end, to the number at its start

But even Maths has had the sense to concede  
There's a number at the start, from which all others must recede . . .  
Towards a numerical horizon  
But not a Google, nor a Googolplex  
Mathematician's say that 'Graham'  
Is the number that's better than sex

But is Infinity, infinitesimal  
Is it even real  
Does it mimic the moves of a slinky-toy  
Or keep spinning around like a wheel  
More digits than atoms in the known Universe  
The 'Infinity Equation', is the Mathematician's curse

Not enough Time or Space in which which to count  
Even if you could calculate the final amount  
And if you could find the number parked at the end  
What kind of message would Infinity send

And what if its weight came fully to bear  
Would the fabric of reality rupture and tear  
Are there too many zeros for logic to stack?  
Would the number's size cause Causality to crack  
Would it enact a terminal flaw . . .  
Or lead us back to the heart of Infinities' core

And find, not a One, but the humble Zero  
Or should it be, 'Zero the Great'  
For it's Zero that shoulders the atomic weight  
Of all possible numbers in the Arithmetic-Maze  
Bet you've never even wondered how much a number weighs

Poor 'little zero'  
It is nothing  
It's not even real  
But its the only digit that rotates like a wheel  
The mighty magic from which all things respond  
Let's follow it; let's fly  
"To infinity and beyond!"



# MILK

What happens when the User can't get their fix  
Does any old pharmaceutical get thrown into the mix  
Whatever's at hand to get the User by  
Whatever it takes to get the recipient high

Habitual medication lays a terminal slab  
The blunt end of the point with inveterate stab  
It's a scab, cemented by dependant need  
Then reinforced by obsessive deed  
Until the circling of a Wagon-Train brings on intravenous-feed

That leaves the User in a Melancholy-Wild  
An opioid existence for an Anaesthetic Child  
As the Dragon's tail runs a circular veil  
It's a six-gun syringe on a double barrelled scale  
Add together the mothers of all addiction  
The rank and file on a doctor's prescription  
Who hang by a proverbial thread  
A medical exemption clouds the poppies head

Motivation of the User becomes a Lexicon event  
What drives a truck of sedation through a pillow of content  
It could be pain, or pleasure; the hunger to feel alive  
The need to ring the Wagon-Train numbs all but the will to survive

It's a physical desire, the body's jewel  
A Vampire's thirst for medicated fuel  
A psychological ascension from receptors in the brain  
The hamster's wheel spins again, and again

Hope needs to break the deception of perpetual demand  
And return the User's use of conceptual command  
But don't depend on the dependency's will  
It's weak, ineffectual; still focused on the pill  
And don't bother trying to reason  
That's a treatment gone way out of season  
And rehab; well there's no way to know  
It's fucking expensive, at a pace that's too slow

Only way to defeat this drug-fuelled perception  
Is to believe in something that's difficult to mention  
Belief in yourself . . .  
Yes, that's right, in you  
It's the only path you have to pursue  
The return of your body, mind, and your health  
Ask yourself the question  
Do you want to help yourself?

Sorry, were you expecting to wave a magic wand  
Because it's only you who can act and respond  
It's nobody's fault, there's no-one else to blame  
Despite the circumstances that lead to your pain  
So take a look in the mirror; who do you see

That's right, Dick-head

It's you who wants to be free

So fuck the pain. Use the help at hand

Make use of the treatment and make a stand

Stop raking your soul upon a rack

Take the first step on the road to taking your life back

# CHOCOLATE WOMEN

A gaze of alert from a chiffon skirt  
The cast of an eye suggests a promiscuous flirt  
Hey, it's how we're programmed; if not, then what?  
It's the thing about Nature that Society forgot  
That boobs and a thigh are sweeter than candy  
The red-blooded Male has an modus-operandi  
He has the urge to fornicate; to breath in her scent  
To start licking his balls before she gives him consent

It just the nature of the thing  
That the Man gets the honey and the Woman gets the sting  
That the Bible condemned Eve to be fruit made for Man  
The truth is, some Men just want to get all that they can  
That his position is above, and on top  
That it doesn't really matter if the woman said, Stop!

Think about it . . . She said, "Stop!"  
But you continued to persist  
Took away her right to refuse and resist  
You saw her as a sexual bucket  
Gave yourself the right to go ahead and fuck it  
She was nothing to you, just an altar for relief  
Left broken on her back; her world soaked in grief  
By you!  
And you know who you are  
You think it's in your genes to put it about  
Besides, no-one would believe her if she ever came out

If she stood up and said, "I was raped!"  
So what if her life has been twisted and misshaped

Whether it's a Politician, a President, a Mogul or a priest  
Who try to sew your lips; keep them censored and ceased  
Under a broadside from bigots who hurl sexist fire  
The red-blooded Male who brands you a slut, and liar  
It has to stop, and be buried, where evolution isn't found  
Those that persist must be castrated and bound; by the new world, their  
names up in lights.

In a manner where the criminal, he has no rights  
To be named and shamed; given a mark to bear  
It's not enough to make payment, give optics that you care After exposure  
of the act  
Whilst fervently denying the fact  
That this is persecution, denigration; it's a humanitarian crime  
Where a Woman comes second-best to the Man every-time

But why? It was Adam who ate the apple  
An awkward fact for Religious Scholar's to grapple  
That Adam was weak  
So they had the cheek  
To frame Eve as the villainous witch  
Hey, what a bitch  
Poor Adam, he was hoodwinked  
Made to look a mutt  
Eve made him do it  
What a wicked little slut . . .



Seriously? Come on, that story's filled with rust  
One of Jesus' disciples had a vagina, and a bust  
So time for the religious Press to adopt  
The truth; that when the sexes get together  
Man doesn't always have to go on top

It's time for religion to draw up new Laws  
Recognise, it's the Male who has most of the flaws  
Behind the veil, or the burqa, a shift must arise  
A woman must be held equal in all Men's eyes  
As it was written, so shall it be done  
Time for the sexes to be rolled into One

And for the record, not all Men play the ancient game  
Don't tar all Males with a brush that paints the same  
It's true, our strengths are not always shared  
But we're a power unrivalled when coupled and paired  
Equality, honour, love, and respect  
Our best chance for survival, at least the last time I checked  
Because a world without men  
That's broken and bent  
A world without woman  
Hey, that's an extinction event!

So let's hope the Male can be reprieved  
Rehabilitated and forgiven  
For believing that the world he shares  
Has been stockpiled with Chocolate Women.

# HOLE

If the influence of a graviton is to bear down on its weight  
Then the gravity of gravitation will be forced to gravitate  
Simple physics enacted on the space in which it hides.  
Emptiness becomes a lack of space, in a space that bears no sides  
No sight, and no sound, but still plenty to share.  
In a space that is, but isn't; but happens to still be there  
An influx of influence to end the Status-Quo.  
Where Matter shreds, and Physics bails  
Filling empty space below

It's an Event beyond the Horizon  
Drawing all without concern  
It's a fundamental Period  
A full-stop, with no return.

Full on Black, in the mood to attack  
The atom structure will flatten and crack  
Prostrated compressed and stored  
The might of Light is sucked out of sight  
Hole's a reality that can't be ignored

She is single  
She is solitary  
She is a hallowed Queen  
A Singularity in our universe  
Her lust to consume is obscene . . .

## EPIC

God made us in his image, that's what they say  
Was it to teach Him to find another way  
Think about this; let your conscience win  
What's this all life about, if not to teach Him?

But what's the lesson after such a violent start  
What did He expect after ripping things apart  
An entire Universe from a grain of sand  
Unleashed in a firestorm by the touch of His hand  
"Off you go, God-Bless . . .  
All He got was a spectacular mess

But The Maker is dogged, He tries to amend  
With a secret ingredient; His Genesis blend  
Some fire and brimstone; a dash of genetic soup  
Comes a triumph of alchemy . . . The Primeval Group

But DNA isn't perfect; something always goes wrong  
Some extinction-events will help things along  
But after four billion years, Life still can't get it right  
From that first wondrous moment; that initial spark of light  
And the unseen consequence, the inception of night

I guess even God has to sleep  
Turn out the light and start counting sheep  
It's forty-winks that terrorise and tease  
And dreams of an ape who drops from the trees  
Made in His image, formed to His like

Creating one from another is like riding a bike  
With a start He rises to find new life born  
A slumbering sigh will mark the biped's dawn

Made from the same old script; right down to the letter  
Even in His sleep, you'd think He'd know better  
Always trying to create with fire  
But fire wants too much; it has too much desire  
To blaze, blaze, as bright as it can  
All must be burned so the flames can be fanned

Truth is, He fucked up  
And on a truly massive scale  
But omnipotence has a weakness  
He won't admit to fail  
Whatever divinity creates is divine in beauty  
But sleeping on the job is a derelict of duty

But God doesn't act on a whim  
And to prove it He changed us to be more like Him  
We're the stuff of dreams, don't forget  
So He could hardly treat biped like another of His pets  
We were raised to be Demi-Gods above all we survey  
To treat all life below as either profit, or prey

He left biped alone, on himself to rely  
To seek understanding of the who, what, when, and why?  
With just a hint of guidance  
From Him  
From the One

His Words laid down to the Prophet, and the Son  
The Creator left biped a peek, and a look  
Chiselled in stone, and scrawled on leaves in a book  
Words written down in an age gone-by  
Directional dialogue from the great, pie-in-the-sky

But like most Godly-deeds, the endeavour comes undone  
When the Biped interprets the words of the One  
For only the Chosen can interpret words from the Lord  
Orchestral conduction at the tip of a sword  
Being wound into life to act like a cage  
Those who don't conform will be burned by His rage

So think about it; let your conscience win  
What's this life about, if not to offer Him  
Something better than faith, in the guise of a weapon  
A ball and chain offers invite to Heaven  
Or is it Nirvana, or the Promised Land  
It's a gift for the Faithful; an ampersand  
A lid left ajar  
A vision for all  
But only 'the Chosen' hear the words of His call

Those who offer clarification of His Words  
They trip off the tongue to be sung by turds  
Religion is hypocrisy  
It closes too many doors  
Teach's what we can't achieve  
Then blames it on our flaws

His words, weaponised by a fundamentalist flock  
Words engaged with a target-lock  
Against those who refuse to see  
That interpretation will never set them free

So, like frightened little rabbits they shy from the Light  
Toward the Agents of Translation who work for the Night  
Demanding faith on bended knee; head bowed to be sure  
Their idea of faith  
Their idea of pure

So think about it; let your conscience win  
What's this life about, if not a journey toward Him  
Don't bend your knee to the radical voice  
Don't let others decide your choice  
Their way will subjugate the living with guilt  
Offer Virgins to the faithful on the lies that they've built  
Oppression, slavery, the application of war  
The Words of the One, they have got to mean more

Or we'll keep on going around and around  
Until the Words mean more than the letters we've found  
Not just spoken, but taken to heart  
Then the end of our being can resemble our start  
Or are we just stardust from pillar to core  
We burn for the moment, there can never be more  
To blaze, blaze, as bright as we can  
All will be burned so the flames can be fanned

And kept burning at the wrong end  
Or is it both; so hard to be sure  
Words of intervention, or somehow a cure  
Or were they designed to wheedle out the weak  
Those who say the Words, but who don't ever speak  
I know, it's a fucking mess  
It's full on and fucked up, I have to confess  
Too many directions to that, 'better-place'  
With the One-on-one,  
For that face-to-face

Where all you can say, is what others have told  
And I can tell you now, that excuse has got old  
To argue, and promised you will go  
To Paradise or Heaven; but how can they know?  
If you've never been somewhere, you have no basis to submit  
So what you preach as Religious Law, it must be full-of-shit  
Do you think He, wants you, with blood you can't disguise  
That darkens your heart and glows wild in your eyes  
To hear that you've recited hate in His name  
Mate, it's too late, to try shoving the blame

The Kingdom is waiting; you don't need a pass  
Stamped by a Priest, or a Cleric low-class

Last stop Utopia, Arcadia, or Eden  
Nah, they're just names like Uzbekistan, and Sweden  
It isn't just a name  
Not simply a place

The Maker's Realm of Judgement that each of us must face  
And only He knows what's in store for him, for me, for you  
Trust me, those Holy-Doe's, they haven't got a clue  
False Words from the filthy to convert the fool

It will be your soul laid-bare, and then strung out on view  
No Virgins, no Angels . . . Just Him, and You  
So before the time comes, check your account  
What's the legacy of your Testament  
To what will you amount

It's the Maker's pattern; right down to the letter  
You'd think by now that Biped would know better  
Always trying to create with fire  
But fire wants too much; it has too much desire  
To blaze, blaze, as bright as it can  
All must be burned so the flames can be fanned



## YOUTH

When did you first see it pass  
Through the pain, to the other side of the glass  
That first sight of what could never be again  
That Time and Tide were no longer your friend  
That your ship, once rigged with a billowing pride  
Is now a dinghy afloat on a Mill-Pond tide  
Dragging an anchor of years through a silty bed  
Long gone and buried, and now a memory instead

# TRUMP

Donald Trump . . . Superhero, or Chump?  
Not a Hollywood actor, nor a Baron of oil  
He's a towering inferno built from Homeland-soil  
His footings shallow; his heart on his sleeve  
He'll make "America Great", if that's what you believe  
Or is Trump just so different; too unique a brand?  
Whose drawn a line across the world  
And scored it deep into America's sand

Because America's heart has two beats now, for sure  
Those who eat merry, and the rest who eat poor  
Forgotten America; they watched their factories close  
Shops board up as their townships froze  
As families migrate to find work, and their pride  
The Forgotten America that Washington wants to hide

And ignore; until it fell to the fates  
And a man named Trump grabbed the key to the White House gates  
Taking all by surprise; that he won was no mistake  
The rhetoric of a hero . . .  
Or the tongue of a snake?

Through the headlines and jeers, collusion appears  
To hang like a shadow across the Majority's cheers  
And the realisation their great country is at war  
Being fought on a field like never before  
America; invaded by Russia's cyber-elite

Who spoon-fed the masses, all they could eat  
Stomped all-over, beneath the paws of a Bear  
And yet the politicians in Red, they don't seem to care

But hey, all turn to the Saviour. The Messiah who dared  
Who refuses to believe that war is declared  
"Putin's our friend; he's my buddy. There's nothing going on."  
But the evidence is mounting to prove Trump is wrong  
It leaves a shadow across a House steeped in White  
As the incumbent President backs away from that fight  
And the thin Red-line, they too turn their backs  
Ignore the hostility as the Russian Bear attacks

*Their gaze* is domestic, heads down for the prize  
Ending the Obama legacy; making sure it dies  
Too distracted to defend against foreign attack  
They're far too busy watching the President's back  
The GOP is all-in  
All out for the politically win  
They've tied their flag to the President's mast  
Donald Trump's at the helm, but his ship's sinking fast

And the others? They are oh-so suited to their name  
The Blues, will do anything to achieve much the same  
Have the Law-Makers forgotten that good-deeds have a thirst  
That they're elected to put the American people first  
Not divide the divided into tribal lines  
Twisting Red or Blue into what it is that defines

Or loyalty, to one man above the Nation and Law  
Even Caesar fell because he lusted for more

“We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .”  
Remember these words; well spoken and true  
The Rights they declare are being taken away from You  
From America; The mother of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln  
From the Land that freed all the slaves  
That now belittles its own soldier’s graves  
Who fought two World-Wars for freedom of speech and thought  
But that’s not how Trump’s political tactics are fought

He’s a bullying kind of critter  
He’s a savaging Troll through the words of Twitter  
He says that bigots and racists are just, “good folk”  
On the world-wide stage he promotes, America the joke  
A former enigma, we’d all thought a jester  
The world’s most dangerous man, and a serial-molester  
Of women, the media, anyone who’s standards refuse to meet  
A man who supports a paedophile (alleged), rather than lose a seat

But there’s a Russian storm brewing  
Raining dollar-bills over Trump’s Towering past  
The Rouble foundation, of a traitor’s predation, that Special Council will  
uncover at last

So what Brand of America is Trump trying to sell  
A Brand that will reignite the Indian-Well.  
“Make America Great”.

All it takes is hate

And all those who follow will go to Hell

The Founding Fathers penned some beautiful words in their 'Declaration of Independence'. Fine words indulged in by hypocrites, and long-since perpetuated by liars. A fiction that their country has forever tried to reconcile and live up to. But as usual, it has failed.

# JACK BLACK

Little Jack Black is an emotional chap  
He's wishing his life away  
His options are poor, and he can only be sure  
Transgender is worse than being gay

Worse still, Jack lives in a shit-hole  
Where poverty means hardship and strife  
So when you're living downstream of the American Dream  
Is it any wonder he wants more from his life?

Jack will work hard, and give loyalty to the flag  
He'd die for Old Glory, to protect that rag  
The Stars and Stripes offer freedom and hope  
But Immigration for Jack is like walking on soap

So keep your mouth shut, Jack  
The Republic is on the attack  
They're filling the courts  
And the statistical reports  
To prove all migrants are enemies of the State  
The Halls of Congress fill with white supremacist hate

So Jack beware; don't whisper dissent  
The Yankie revolution, its a media-event  
"Fake News, Fake News", their new battle-cry  
The Walls going up on the fourth of July  
And all those Dreamers from a Mexican shack  
Just drug dealing rapists; they're all going back!

They've been labelled "really bad people," just like Jack  
Immigrants of terror on a Jihad attack

So watch out Jack, it's a war of tweets  
A slap on the back, and a bag-full of sweets  
For all those Senators who turn a blind-eye  
Who give their support, and are willing to lie  
To support the President's message  
"It's the biggest, it's the best  
White America first . . .  
And go fuck the rest!



So what does Jack do; all his options are poor  
Is the American Dream another ideological flaw  
Is America First just a banner for hate  
Donald Chump has the keys, and he's closing the gates

# TAXES

Tax filters down in so many ways  
It's a numbers game, and it's US who pays  
A licence, a permit, some incidental fees  
The government thinks cash falls from trees  
Their experts calculate the maximum haul  
The rich find new loop-holes through which to crawl  
Their wealth protected in a fortified den  
Whilst the rest of us have our earnings assaulted again  
We pay a quarter, or more, of all that we earn  
We're no longer a person, just a going-concern  
Mercilessly preyed on; and no right to complain  
Or see what happens to our Capital Gain

Pennies so abundant, like a free-fall of snow  
But what do we, the burdened, really get to show  
And even more important, much more than that  
What happens on the day when we can no longer pay tax  
When our bodies fail and our minds dither  
When we can no longer pay for the Homes in which we wither  
I mean, look, I don't want to make a fuss  
But the day will come, when we need them, more than they need us

We become a burden on the State  
And get a taxation pass  
The shoe is on the other foot  
And we tax their arse  
I want my pension you bastards



Give me something back  
Only to find the age to claim is constantly under attack  
I have to work until I'm seventy? No way  
That's not okay  
And you've worked out the average age of demise  
Into an algorithmic appraisal of my pensionable size

Fuck that . . .  
A governmental assessment of longevity is mean  
The gulf between deposit and withdrawal obscene  
Just enough to survive is the going rate  
Whether I live to make a claim is up for debate  
And what if I'm sick and in need of care  
Hospitalisation? No way, I'm not going there  
To be left on a trolley in a hall  
Patched up and told that they're full  
And what if I get to stake my claim, but my mind gets left behind  
Will the government be as generous, will it respond in kind  
After fifty-odd-years of paying in  
Will they rally to my aid  
Will they settle the bill  
Will the government look after me when I'm fucked-up and ill  
Or will it savage my savings in a financial sweep  
Take all that I have; passing Laws to keep  
As profit and loss keep butting head  
In a complex financial puzzle called  
'The Algorithm of the Dead'

## BUBBLES

Delusions of grandeur! I think it went viral sometime in our past. Got stuck in the DNA. Overrode the reason to live. Survival of the fittest who have nothing left to give. And now we're addicted; obsessed, I would say. The clever-Apes popped their bubble. And now they won't go away.

So we have to keep going. There's no way back. The slide of Evolution, it's a one-way Track. But did we jump? Were we pushed? Hey, did we fall? Either way, I'd say, we've fumbled the ball.

Clever, clever, Apes

Or just defective genes?

We're the walking wounded

We can still hear the screams.

They won't go away. They claw at us from our past. Nothing Ape can build will ever last. How could it? Not possible. Ape is a hater, not a creator. Its only reflection; the face in the pond. In a world he's been told he has never belonged. And we're not getting better. It's all getting worse. Self awareness. Man, what a fucking curse.

Since the very beginning, when we were first diagnosed. When Mother Nature thumbed up her nose. Then turned Her back. Why? Because we left the Track. We're a runaway train with a delusional brain. Ain't no way She'll ever let us back again.

Insanity reigns in the world of Ape. And we're spreading fast; to cover the Earth. Shaking the bars of our cage. We Rage! We rail against the Man. Why? Because we can. We have nothing to bring. Clever clever Ape, just does its thing. Build, break, we keep what we take. We are masters of the hunt. When it comes to the body count, Ape is a cunt!

History's scar; it's global and deep. Ape dropped from the trees and stood on two feet. To pop more bubbles, and make life disappear. Bubbles

became extinct, year after year. Hubble-bubble, toil and trouble. The popcorn effect to burst Nature's bubbles.

It's a fact, Ape rules now. All others must bow. From the mighty whale to the humble cow. Atrophy is the currency of life, piles of sorrow. Ape spend his cash like there's no tomorrow.

Ape is mad!

It's so very sad.

The sea is no longer blue, but red. There are so many dead. What lies below the land has been mined, drilled, and pumped above the sand. Even the air thickens with Ape's foul breath. The planet is littered with the agenda of death. And still more bubbles are found, and burst. Ape falls upon them with unquenchable thirst.

He rules supreme, like the cat with the cream. But Ape is dying, there's a cancer in his genes. A viral plague that's not what it seems.

It's a self destructive flaw. That his self awareness is unable to cure. Ape popped his bubble, the air is running thin. The planet that he's killing will ultimately win.

The world will go on; Ape will be forgotten. The world will heal of all that is rotten. If Ape is lucky, it will be back to the trees. The mighty Ape brought to his knees. And all Ape built, and then pulled back down. It will wither, rot, and return to the ground.

In time more bubbles will be blown. Wonder will return, and more life will be sown. Earth will regenerate; blow bubbles so diverse. On this little blue planet. Somewhere out there in the Universe.

# THE BIG FIZZLE

Hubble, Halley, Einstein and Trouble  
How often does our Universe double  
The Cosmos is growing, its drawing out  
Not pushed, but pulled, by the Great-Without  
It rises up from the dark, from somewhere deep  
It's ascending fast on a curve that's steep  
That nothing can stop, the pressure's all around  
A bubble being drawn, and it's heading outward bound

So no, it wasn't a Bang that first induced  
It was pressure released after being reduced  
On the outside to cause arrest at the heart  
Fragment the placenta, and draw our Space apart  
But from what?  
Just another mystery to be solved  
Another theory for science to get involved  
To discover only darkness at the centre  
A place where nothing again may enter  
It is empty, depleted  
Been drawn out and deleted  
The final remnants of a Cosmological heart  
Strung across space and being torn apart  
Moving away at a terrifying pace  
Stretching apart the fabric of space  
The 'Great Without' now dictates our fate  
And it's making that decision at a terrifying rate  
We can't keep rising, we will reach the top

But is the Cosmos too heavy; will it wobble and flop  
Will it fly apart, and will it happen soon  
Is it going to burst like a blubbery balloon  
Up up and away . . .  
It's a fact, we're flying apart  
Is the mighty Universe gonna fizzle out like a fart