

Autumnal

They go, the hours diminishing our lives
And with them tender visions fade away,
Yet each nostalgic moment that survives
Grows stronger in my heart each passing day;
The memory of that so dear, first, fond friend,
So lovely, yet I can't recall her name.
And others, too, like gossamer it seems:
From time to time I wonder what became
Of them. In my dream's eye I seem to lend
Each face a beauty, youthful, without end –
But do they ever see me in their dreams?

Eternal Love

When I first saw you, you won my heart,
Love everlasting, right from the start.
Now and forever, no vain endeavour,
I'll leave you never, never to part.
I love you only, my heart is true,
Now and forever, no-one but you.
Always together, no pain can sever,
I'm with you ever, ever, sweetheart.

Celeste

Men deemed her the fleet's very best vessel.
Her steel keel, her sheer stem, the level deck
Where met her sleekly-swept stern spelt speed –
Yet where sped she when she left the levee?

West she went, yet where next steered her helm?
Every swell's green crest the crew met deftly,
Heedless, they, the restless, sleepless deep.
Blessed she seemed, yet where went she?

She never knew Eve's Eden's eddy.
She knew Hell's wet depths when sent there!
When, then? When seven bells knelled her end.
Beseeched she help, yet help never sent;
Wrecked! when the reef's keen edge
Cleft her steel-strengthened belly.

Forward to the Past

Ever since Man's first arrival
He had to work for his survival.
His brawn was put to slave employment,
His brain to waste without enjoyment.

And so Man sought, by his invention,
Machines to do each manual action,
And named his labour-free solution
'The Industrial Revolution'.

Thus, with Man's work done in his absence
His office skills grew to importance,
And triplicates of clerks and papers
Flew desk to desk in ceaseless capers.

But when Man used his first computer
The Information Age took over
And, with Man's mind no longer needed,
Dismissing clerks quite soon proceeded.

These idle minds without a future
Need build their bodies close to Nature.
It's brawn, not brains, that's now demanded
So look for jobs that say "Hands Wanted."

Of countless streets that need a-sweeping
Just do your bit and cease your weeping
And you will see the prospect pleasant
To realise you're now a peasant.

Within the lifetime of many of us, work required boring, repetitious, manual labour with little demand on the mind once the routine was established.

It was bad that people used their hands rather than their minds!

Then, about the 1950s, automation began a rapid expansion of industrial output. Hordes of manual workers were no longer needed! This had little impact as they were absorbed by the vast expansion of office work.

It was good that people used their minds rather than their hands!

However, once computers became part of the office these hordes of office workers were no longer needed! Computers do Man's mental work and machines

do Man's physical work. Though work needs no people, people still need work. It is demanded! Find work or starve! And the solution is ever so simple. Just do mindless work using your hands – sweep up leaves – clean tall buildings – 'wipe' at the checkout – data-punch 60 wpm.

It is good that people use their hands rather than their minds!

Frost

Tonight, the frost lies on the lawn like snow,
So bright and white within the full moon's glow.

The frozen fountains still as statues stand
And not a leaf stirs o'er the ice-bound land.

The stars above shine from a cloudless sky,
Each twinkling brightly like a friendly eye.

The beauty of the scene entralls my sight;
My heart, indeed, is warmed this chilly night.

Little Papa

Puzzle:

Father has this beautiful black car that he drives to the pub.
He comes out of the pub to go to his car but he can't find it.
He phones me seeking advice but what advice can I offer him?

Answer:

Little Papa has lost his car
And can't tell where to find it.

*"Leave the pub bar and search for your car
And try to recall where you parked it."*

He's got a car-key but still he can't see
His car to unlock and to drive it.

It's in this car-park but it's ever so dark;
The night is as black as a coal pit!

*"Leave it alone and walk your way home,
Come daylight, you'll certainly find it."*

Titanic's distress messages

The Titanic is sometimes said to be the first ship to transmit an SOS Morse Code distress message but that is incorrect, she was not the first. Nevertheless, one of the distress messages sent out by Titanic was, in fact, an SOS. The original document, written by the officer of the watch ordering the radio operator to transmit an SOS, still exists.

From the moment Titanic set out on its voyage, its radio room transmitted and received thousands of messages on behalf of passengers. The messages to passengers were delivered as telegrams. You may recall, that in the old days, each sentence of a telegram used to end with the word "STOP".

After Titanic began to sink, its radio operators sent out distress signals, then listened to hear if any neighbouring ships answered their call. This proved extremely difficult because of the endless stream of messages still coming in for Titanic's passengers and flooding the airwaves.

The neighbouring ships, listening to their radio receivers, heard these messages to Titanic but virtually none for their own ships. Some found it pointless to keep listening and turned their receivers off and went to bed, thus missing Titanic's distress calls.

What about on Titanic, itself? How could the radio operators stop these continual interruptions to their distress calls? The only way to clear the airways was to get rid of the calls but the only way to stop them was to answer them. So, in the midst of this tragedy, the radio operators had to respond repeatedly with some mundane chatter. Obviously, they had to think up some kind of a quick answer, but what would be a suitable response?

Also, some of the messages coming in may, themselves, have been distress messages, though not of ships sinking but simply of people with their personal problems.

With no hope of rescue and Titanic's band playing the hymn "Abide with Me", the radio operators were still answering meaningless messages as the ship went down.

SOS

Distress message to Titanic:
Your voice I hear but you're not here Stop
Why is it so, I need to know? Stop
Why do I long for your touch so much? Stop
And why am I afraid to lose you,
When you were never mine? Stop
Oh, rescue me to abide with thee Stop

Morse message from Titanic:
Return to sender Stop Stop Stop

Nothing

A harmless thing seems nothing,
But then I think of something;
 Would it be rude
 If all were nude
And only I wore clothing?

That thought could induce loathing,
And some may think it shocking;
 Though I'm no prude
 Would it be crude
If only I wore nothing?

A Limerickish Poem

Marge is dead in her casket,
She really looks fantastic.
 Her hair is done
 In a neat little bun
Tied back with yellow plastic.

Liz, too, is in her casket,
She also looks fantastic.
 Although she's dead
 Her lips are red,
Her mouth chock-full of mastic.

Jack and Jill

Puzzle:

Jack and Jill are found dead in a puddle of water. Broken glass is strewn about.

Answer:

Jack and Jill came down the hill,
Fetching a pail of water;
Jack fell down and tripped up Jill,
His darling little daughter.

Up Jack got and then to wail,
"I've broke my crown glass glasses."
And Jill, in anger, kicked the pail,
Then fell dead in its splashes.

Jack's mind now was in a muddle;
He took the pail to kick it,
Then fell down lifeless in the puddle;
He, too, had kicked the bucket.

Polling Day

In ones and twos they came and went
and numbered three or four.
And some were here, yet absent,
but were added to the score.

From eight to six they trickled in,
the total grew and grew.
Each placed his ticket in the bin
then quietly withdrew.

The time then came to count the votes,
each pollie craved a quota;
The sheep to follow party goats
though some will lose their sinker.

Yet he who's first may not have won,
you'd need a crystal ball.
Hare-Clark could see him overrun
and it's all too close to call.

Two Ps, or not Two Ps?

"Two peas in a pod" so the saying goes,
Yet isn't it odd only one P shows
When writing the Word 'pod'? And who can tell
If it's one P or two unless you spell?
But I, when I speak, sneak two Ps in ppod;
One silently said singing psalms to GGod.

Haiku

sunlit shower drops
a trillion-spectra rainbow
bridge to Valhalla

today dawns perfect,
no clouds up there in the calm;
weather forecast: – rain!

Long distance phone call:
Love uncommunicated.
Brrrp, brrrp, busy line!

I'm an odd poet:
whenever I write haiku
one and one make three.

A weak haiku:
Mon-day Tu-es-day
Wed-nes-day Thurs-day Fri-day
Sat-ur-day Sun-day.

What killed the cat?
Why do I want to know that?
Curiosity.

*Is the third line my answer to
the second or yours to the first?*

winter winds have waned
and winsome Spring wildly blows
weeds in abundance

the weather varies,
the weather forecasts, never:
sunny with showers

Respond to this post:
something to stroke my ego;
a message massage.

sometimes I just sits
and sometimes I sits and thinks
and sometimes I don't.

An antique Roman falls on his sword
Death before dishonour
Is such a pain in the butt —
Fall frontwards next time.

To be, or not to ...?
Why can't I recall what's next?
That is the question.

*Does the third line refer to
the first question or the second?*

The Last Stand of Black Pete

A hush falls o'er the gamblers as the swinging doors swing in,
For Ranger Joe has come to town to rid the place of sin.
There's hustling in the corner where Black Pete, the outlaw, stands,
And Ranger Joe turns round and sees the outlaw's gun-filled hands.

"The game is up," says Ranger Joe. "Put down those forty-fours,
For if you don't I know that I shall square some dead men's scores."
"You won't get me," replies Black Pete, in voice so hard and coarse.
"Coz after I have shot you dead I'm on my rangy horse."

Black Pete then thumbs the hammers back and aims his guns at Joe,
When in a flash Joe draws and shoots his coward outlaw foe.
Then toasts are drunk to Ranger Joe and cowboys drink their fill,
While Ranger Joe rides on his way Pete's buried in Boot Hill.

Springtime

The musical score for 'Springtime' is written on six staves in 2/4 time. The melody is simple and cheerful, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'I'm so hap-py in the spring-time, it's the best time of the year, when the birds are in the tree-tops and I hear them whis - tle. Now the days are grow-ing long - er and the sun is shin-ing bright and the air is warm and balm - y and the stars shine bright all night. With the com - ing of the spring-time, you will hear me whis - tle.' The score ends with a double bar line.

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