

#Argumentsoftheheart

HERB DEE

In honour of the beleaguered
And the oppressed

Defence

Deign
Deflect
Deride
Dead

Destroy
Deface
Demean
Dead

Deplete
Decoy
Debt
Dead

Dean
Dense
Desks
Dead

Deeds
Deals
Demons
Dead

De
De
De
Dead

(*) Irish politicians salivating about NATO

Imagine

Imagine a world with no social media
How would people eat?
They'd probably have to think
They'd maybe have to use their feet

To walk to the shops
And talk to Mrs Byrne
About the goings on
Oh, the things you'd learn!

You probably wouldn't be cross
That people are getting shelter
Because you wouldn't see them
You wouldn't know any better

You'd probably buy music
And possibly a book or two
You might not own a telly
So you couldn't hear the news

You could help with the homework
Or try a new recipe
If you weren't getting angry
To some wasteful degree

It's not hard to imagine
As the fear of missing out
Is just addiction to the brain signals
That feed on fear and doubt

I'm not saying go all hippy
It just needs some weening
Find something more fun
Than a mournful life of keening

The Number One

If I was to be all mathematical
And I was asked to count up to infinity
The part of me that's logical
Relies on the concept of singular unity

Now I know that sounds all pompous
But what I'm effectively trying to say
There is only one of everything
The world, the night, the day

Like everything through the needle's eye
I know it's abstract physics
The infinite that lies beyond the sky
Is in the number one's limits

So now to our newly esteemed leader
Who we are to identify as the number one
Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent
What is it about this poem that's dumb

(*) We got a new Taoiseach the day I wrote this

PAC

PAC of dogs

PAC of bastards

PAC of liars

PAC of animals

PAC of crisps

PAC of cards

PAC of cigarettes

PAC of underpants

PAC o Roban

PAC of wolves

PAC of rizla

PAC of flour

PAC of noodles

PAC of accounts

PAC of public accounts

(*) Reflecting politician's expenses

A Sonnet to William Gates

Microsoft Word

Says there are 7 grammatical mistakes in this poem,

I find it really helpful

Thanks Mr Gates, I can condone

It's great that you can tell me

How I should write my word

In fact it's so great

I should rely on you for the blurb

But just as an aside

May I kindly ask

Is there anything you don't know about?

Any subject, any task?

Mr Gates, to end my sonnet,

Can I ask you put a lid on your comment

Success

Leaving Cert?

Promotion?

Stocks?

Sun tan?

Porsche?

Gucci?

Fillet mignon?

Ray ban?

Gardener?

Solicitor?

Butler?

Handy man?

Status?

Station?

Values?

Sham.

(*) What defines success

Echoes of Nazism

CONCERNED LOCAL RESIDENTS

CONCERNED LOCAL resin

CONCERNED Local re

CONCerned L

Concern

con

MILITARY AGED MALES

MILITARY AGED may

MILITARY age

MILITare

Mill

meh

UNVETTED AND UNDOCUMENTED

UNVETTED AND UNdocument

UNVETTED AND undoc

UNVETTED And

UNVET

un

WHAT ABOUT OUR HOMELESS

WHAT ABOUT Our hom

WHAT ABOut hour

WHAT about

WHat a

what

(*) A right wing politician took umbrage with the term “Echos of Nazism” in the parliament

Sell Out Performance

I would like to see Simon Harris
Headline at the three arena
Where he would give a rapturous speech
About never having such a good economy

To sixteen thousand people
Who didn't live in the box room of their parents
Or had company health insurance
And drove new BMWs

Just to hear him recant Heaney
And to know
That beyond the grave
Heaney hears him

And thinks
What a sell out

(*) I seem to be returning a lot to the theme of an unsuitable Taoiseach

Leadership

Google defines 'Leadership' as

The action of leading a group of people or an organisation

Or

The state or position of being a leader

Maybe it's ironic

That such a definition

AI and all that

Describes no qualities of 'Leadership'

Maybe it's not ironic

That most 'Leaders' nowadays

Bear no qualities of substance

Save for the skills of knives in the back

The conundrum though, is

That 'Leaders' phrase being 'Leaders'

As being some kind of saviour of the grubby masses

And that they are the only ones fit for such a purpose

We find now, that our 'Leader'

Has no third level qualifications

He has no experience of worldly difficulties

He has no record of solving problems

Maybe, as Google alludes

The modern day 'Leader'

Is truly a vassal of the wealthy

And nothing more

When the alien overlords

Arrive with their ray guns

And say, 'Take us to your leader'

I will happily take them to the Taoiseach's office

(*) I think that should be it for now

Candle

Lighting a candle
Is like a teams call
A one to one chat
In the spiritual hall

You can talk to anyone
In the past, present or future
You can even ask for magic
There's a soul in every creature

And when you hear a voice
Which you know is not your own
Just think of a candle
And the words of this poem

The Stillness

Even the quiet whirr of PC
Momentarily moving in space
Doesn't detract from the sea
I always imagine in the evening quiet

Turn the radio off
And turn off that feed
Imagine no breeze
Imagine the sea

While the fly comes into view
And disturbs the peace
More grating than a metal track
Or the rustle of trees

Open the window
Turn off the light
Give the fly release
Imagine the sea

The Unknown Poem

It was ever thus
Though I do remember in the eye of the war
That I don't remember any politicians
Or journalists
Nor business men, or priests or policemen
Pulling me from the wreckage
And asking me if I was OK?

No I climbed out of it all
Myself
While all the commentators bayed
For another response
Another opinion
Satan's advocates, the lot of them
Partisan to their own ignorance

And to all of you
Who may read this
And know this
We have no advice for each other
Some token solace to maybe brag to grandchildren
It won't give you back your heart
And it won't change the path of war others choose

Follow

What maketh of a person
Is it that you are
That you choose to walk in rain
Instead of drive the car?

What calibre of a human
Makes you want to go
To the left or to the right
Because a raindrop told you so?

Which kind of mad are you
When your dog, you walk
And you think not of those who listen
As to your dog, you talk?

Which God is that of yours
What scripture do you read
Do you live for magic
Or wait for death to fill that need?

Death Threat

I was aghast and horrified
To hear death threats sent to Jack Chambers
And the inference that was implied
It was because of Sinn Fein dangers

And of all the times for it to happen
When there's pedo mayors and dodgy planning
We need to invest in armoured mercs
As the evidence is damning

We need to protect the likes of Jack
Don't get me wrong, I'm not being facetious
We need to protect our democracy
From the wrongs by the poor that are egregious

I'm a pacifist, ultimately, to the end
I don't believe in taking life, Jack's or anyone
So when the referendum to be neutral comes around
I won't be voting to bring death threats on

(*) The perfect storm of distraction politics

Letters Of Confidence

C is quite a confident letter

O is more a letter of shock

R is a repeating letter

R as I say happens continually

U might as well give up trying to fix it

P is a letter which politely describes piss

T is a diuretic

I assume you can draw the correlati-ON

(*) Politicians writing letters to each other expressing confidence in their mates

Amhrán

C

Nil aon ghrá ó mo chroí

F **C**

Le haghaidh áit fuath

Am **Em Am**

Airgead is Dia

Dm **G**

Agus níl aon tí gó leir

C

Ár bhfilí ón am atá thart

F **C**

Cosúil le filí na linne seo

Em **Dm** **G**

Féach ar an chiall atá le do chúis

F **C**

Agus do easpa machnaimh

Em **Dm** **G** **G7**

Gan meas ar ghrá, chun báis nó saoil,

C **C7** **F** **E7**

Le gunna scréach faoi lámhach na bpiléar

F **C** **G** **C**

Seo libh canaig Amh-rán na bhfiann

There is no love in my heart

For a place of hate

Money is God

And there aren't houses for all

Our poets from the past

Like the poets of today

See the meaning of your reason

And your lack of thought

No respect for love, to death or life

With a gun screaming under the shooting of the bullets

Here is the song of the deer

(*) Rewriting the national anthem (last two lines unchanged from original)

Is it the end of the road?

Is it the end of the road
When you're too old to be wanted?
But not too old to pick up the pieces
Of the damage others created?

Is the cul de sac of life
Where you realise plus ça change?
And no one gives a shit
About your rock n roll band?

You're just a bigger fool
For giving to a beggar
Is the sense of community
You won't change for the better

So for us and me and they
Is it the end of the road?
Maybe I've reached an impasse
Maybe after 45, you are too old

Nobody Told Me

Nobody told me
That writing poetry
Would be so rewarding
On my psyche
I had to find that out for myself

Nobody told me
That being homeless
Would be so cruel
I must confess
I had to find that out for myself

Nobody told me
The workplace kills your soul
Leaves you with nothing
When you grow old
I had to find that out for myself

Nobody told me
You're not allowed to dream
So stupidly I continued
To scheme and to scheme
I had to find that out for myself

Nobody told me
You can have all you want
They kept it for themselves
While they flaunt and they taunt
I had to find that out for myself

Nobody told me
How to be me
I learned for myself
How to swim in the sea

I had to find that out for myself

The Radio Request

The harmonica lilt
In a summer evening air
It's the end of the week
I've no energy left to care

The Decemberists in June
Surely hypocrisy on show
I'm left a ruin by red tape
But the hymn softens the blow

I know there's many of us
Out over the airwaves
Who return to the music
From the safety of our enclaves

And I know music cures
Ailments of the mind
So while the world is cruel
A great song is kind

A Dog May Chase A Car

A dog may chase a car
But what then when it's caught
Will he take the wheel
And drive it down the lot

Will he stop at the lights
And collect the kids from school
Or will he shit on the passenger seat
And continue to be a fool

Does he pay the VRT
And fill it full of gas
Or go and chase something else
Cos he thinks it's all a laugh

A dog may chase a car
But he'll probably end up squashed

The Doors Of Perception

"purely aesthetic" to "sacramental vision"

W.A.S.W.I.T.M.

We are so woke in the military
Those poncey poets don't know how to fight
We would all be getting along if they had their way
What next? An end to hunger?

My great great granpappy didn't run
A plantation with them uns for no reason
With them Lead bellies stirring up all sorts
With their woke poetry

I tell you what I'm gone do
I'm gone write me a protest placard for the hill
And it's gone say....
"Y'all ain't a poet, an I sure as hell know it"

(*) American Twitter is a sick place

Saint

There is a pigeon dying in the garden
He (or she) is stuck there sitting on the ground
I watch for a while, thinking at their death bed
But he (or she) asks for peace

I suppose he (or she) has lived a life
I suppose the city has been cruel
It doesn't look like he (or she) is in pain
I won't let the dog out all the same

Maybe he (or she) is looking in the window
And thinking in the next life, "I'd like to be a human"
Assessing if it will be a better prospect
Than returning again as a pigeon

I'm in no hurry to be rid of him (or her)
Nature always has a course set out
And pigeons can be angels too
Which only a true faith can canonise.

Cliché

Cliché

Everything in modern day public discourse is a cliché
Down to everything that is said in politics
Everything that is said in the arts
Down to everything on the internet people say

Cliché

Where an imbecile thinks that they are witty
Where a simpleton feels they are poetic
I tend to fall in the trap myself
When the office convenes another committee

Cliché

Hymn sheets, ducks and a blue sky
The heartless turning of phrase
From voices who have no empathy
As they dismiss the daily numbers that die

Cliché

For those who have no words of their own
Just frivolities of self indulgence
And conviction of their right
Yet no metaphor of iota is shown

I Hate The World Today

I hate the world today
There's nothing I can do
There's nothing I can say
The evil won't go away

It's the media
It's the politics
It's the greedy bastards
Giving me the shits

Hypocrisy ain't a slur
Tis a status symbol
Don't dare care about it
The metric is derision

Eight billion people
In this microwave
A conscience is a sickness
A depression be your maid

The Debate Rages On

The debate rages on
Everyone is in the wrong
Someone put it in a song
No one listened, it was too long

The anger won't subside
Very few haven't lied
The need to scalp a hide
Is greater than being tried

The hunger for retribution
By way of execution
In the course of an ablution
Is the mob's solution

But hey, it's now A.I.
Millions hinge on a penny lie
And suck the nipple they say they defy
Till all that's left is to cry....

Night Night

Night night
Dog shite
Ripped off
Fuck yer plight

Sleep tight
Get a fright
Now yer broke
Dya see the light?

Workplace fight
Fucked if your right
They turn the screw
It gives them delight

Fly a kite
They call you trite
The politics
Reach dizzy heights

The last rite
Is your soul white?
Mingle with wolves
They're gonna bite.

I want to give out

I want to give out
Because I'm very cross
The penalty was denied
And I'm completely at a loss

I feel I need to vent
To person persons unknown
In my head for rent
Am I alone or not alone?

I feel I'm apoplectic
I'm beyond decent composure
Some footballers were luckier than other footballers
And everyone's world must be over

3 Wishes

Coming home from the pub, late one night
I met a genie by the ditch, I got a fright
He said to me, its three wishes you have
He must have seen me and thought me sad.

Fair enough I said, thinking of all the world's money
He took a jump and said, that one's a bit funny
For if you were possessed of all the world's gold
You'd be robbed, maimed and murdered before the night's old

Fair enough I said, thinking of living forever
He said hold your horses, I don't think that's clever
For after a few million years or so
You'll be the only human left on this earthly globe

Fair enough I said, thinking of all being happy
He said that's impossible and I'm not being crappy
For to be happy, half the world does insist
That the other half's unhappy and living in shit

Coming home from the pub, late one night
I met a genie by the ditch, I got a fright
I said to him, have you lost your lamp
He said to me, no, just enjoying the damp

Just Thinking About This Now

May you always be busy, he said
That's the Chinese curse, he continued
And to me that just sounded like he felt
He was higher up some social ladder
Because he was in a position to just stop
whenever he felt like it

An empty mind is lonely and vegetable
Maybe that's not what he meant
Perhaps he was saying being busy
Doesn't allow you to think higher thought
And that great philosophy doesn't come from duty
And wisdom does not come from toil

It could be that he was commenting
On all the different ventures I get embroiled in
And that the curse was a form of nervous exhaustion
Though he wasn't volunteering for any volunteering
That he could share on a mutual theme
May you always be busy, he said

Teams

I wonder if and I wonder when
My boss accesses teams now and then
To see what I've said in confidence
About his corruption and lack of sense

I suppose and I surmise
My boss knows I know that he's full of lies
So when he sees my light go yellow
He pings me up like as if we're fellows

I know where, the bodies are buried
And I know the excuses are wide and varied
He types in teams as though its productive
Endless reams, nothing constructive

I should imagine the teams admin
Has no scruples about listening in
As the hr department compiles the dossier
For when my boss tells them I didn't obey

The First Day Of Summer

The sun is there for us today
Light and warmth at the height of the day
The robin is digging for worms in the weeds
The christians are churching with their good deeds

Himself is strumming gently on his guitar
The echos of the sun in his repertoire
The peace of the noon hangs on the air
Herself is reading books, without a care

The bread is baked and sits on the rack
The radio is off, there's no angst, there's no flack
I find now that I've put this mood into words
That I feel I'm as free as the garden's birds

The first day of summer has come to arrive
Long may it last, long may it thrive

I Must Say

I must say
My heart goes out
To all the people
That have to shout

Ireland is full
And help us first
And don't believe
We have a blood lust

Because they socialise
In a mirror
And they demonise
Who they think a sinner

Because of neglect
Of love and nurture
And they believe it's their role
To administer torture

Hate Speech

I hate guns

I hate racism

I hate homophobia

I hate sexism

I hate rape

I hate nepotism

I hate nimbyism

I hate corruption

I hate greed

I hate poverty

I hate bigotry

I hate nationalism

I hate unionism

I hate lies

I hate addiction

I hate war

I hate propaganda

I hate been taken for a fool

I hate the stock market

I hate capitalism

I hate hunger

I hate sickness

I hate people being framed

I hate children being picked on because they want to feel different

I hate being regarded as the hard left for having these views

I hate that politics pretends that it can address these things

I hate hatred

Trope

I see what he did there
He talked of immigrants
In his newspaper
On his radio programmes
On his TV channels
Over his social media
In his parliaments

But you
Can I ask you
As he quietly skims the profits of your toils
Did you listen to him?

#GE24

They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace
Is there such a thing as a politician without malice?
We will have a vote on the colour of the curtains
But we won't dare consider the plight of the urchins

Here we have soup runs, there it's food banks
The factory up the road is assembling tanks
But we don't hear this or any of that
Because we are being fed news of a politician's cat

And up north we have to listen to appalling debate
Based on some fallacy that Henry the 8th was great
While our leaders decide to let the dollar be the rules
While the dollar is busy sending guns into schools

Today is the day a capitalist conservative resigned
He didn't want the scrutiny of his policies maligned
But the circus around which all this is built
Will keep the curtains finely stitched with an edging of gold

Immigration

I'm going to emigrate
I can't take it any more
Society has broken down
Donnybrook fair has started a price war

There's no where to run
You just can't escape
Over in Terenure
They are drowning in a wine lake

There isn't enough air
For all of us to breathe
And there's not enough rain
To soak into our feet

All the political men
Know just the squeeze
Renting to the foreigners
With a rack rent lease

We should do this
We should do that
Say all the experts
Who give nothing back

I'm going to emigrate
I can't take it at any cost
I absolutely must give out
If the racists don't fuck off

The Faith Poem

Faith

Have faith in us

Have faith in yourself

Have faith in me

Have faith in the fact that good people do exist

Have faith in knowing that we all have angels

Have faith in the knowledge that many don't do good for others

Have faith with the thought that pain can't last forever

Have faith that religion, politics and economics are not faith

Have faith that the truth is not necessarily the good

Have faith that your mother brought you into this world

Have faith that myth and fable are things shallow people rely on

Have faith that there is no nourishment in gossip

Have faith that no one has all the answers

Have faith that you can make the world better

Have faith that faith is deep

Have faith that humanity will have evolved into another species before the sun goes out

Have faith that you have to avoid and ignore people who want harm and excessive wealth

Have faith that love is not a science

Have faith in yourself

Have faith in us

Faith

Addiction

Addiction is a woeful curse
On your mind, your body, your spirit and your purse
You plug the plug in
So you don't fall out of your universe

They don't mind if it's smokes or booze
Celebs like to party, the bums just use
Have a flutter on a donkey
Cos what's in your veins is a fucking noose

Wrong side of town, it's jail for you
If you're in pain, you'll just have to stew
It's heaven in the movies
But if you're not rich, life is only cruel

Darragh, Darragh

Darragh, Darragh can you explain
Why it is, people sleep in the rain?

Darragh, Darragh can you tell
Why people have to go through hell?

Darragh, Darragh, as you stop twitter spamming
Can I ask is it because of the department of planning?

Darragh, Darragh, in your threadbare blue suit
What part of your management do you think is cute?

(*) The Minister for Housing in what is a fifteen year old housing crisis

Down

It's interesting that they say
If you have a sadness then it's of your doing
And that really you are being self indulgent
And you should just grow up

Now when all you get is challenge
In everything you think, see or do
And you are ground down to a ghost
And they decide what you have to be told

And your manager has decided
You sold your soul to him
And so too has your phone
So too has the whole world

The emotional filter of psychiatry
A chain blocker for missing love
Somehow the beatings never stop, though no longer physical
It's interesting they say you are down

Noise

The noise
From a screaming infant
Will greatly upset
An O.A.P.

The lack of noise
From an O.A.P.
Will greatly upset
An infant

A sleeping infant
Or a sleeping
O.A.P.
Is not upset

A hungry O.A.P.
Or a hungry
Infant
Is upset

A bloated infant
Or a bloated
O.A.P.
Is upset

Or if they are sick
Or if they are tired
Or if they are dirty
They are upset

But if they
Are looked after
By parents or children
They are happy

My Grade 8 Boss

I'm a grade 6 in the civil service
I'm made deserve an average salary
My boss is a grade 8
He talks to the female staff inappropriately

I have thirty years of technical experience
That's not basic spreadsheets you know
But I have no access to job protection
While the grade 8 is in the jacks on blow

My work has benefited thousands
That makes me feel a little better
He writes thousand word emails, such that
He thinks people think, that he's clever

He declared council tenants should have no rights
On one of the days when he got irate
On another day he lamented
Having two houses wasn't all that great

I wonder how he'd be viewed in the workplace commission
My word against his corruption and lies
The civil service would likely have his back
Nothing is done and very few tries

Character

(poem for a guy in my office)

Do you judge someone before you've heard them speak
In case they might say something that makes you appear weak?
Because you've asserted a presumption of a lead
And you believe you are infallible in word and in deed?

Are you open to inquiring as to the root cause
The nature of a defect in something that you applaud?
Or should there somehow be an example
Will you shun it for no reward and take the gamble?

Have you ever uttered the immortal words,
"I'm sorry, I stand corrected"
Or is it that you know you will fall on swords,
Should your bluster be deflected?