

Anthology of Solar Impulse_1912

Presented by

My poetic Side 



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Attercop - Part I - III

Part I

An Attercop sat on my bench
As if it'd always been there
It said: "I'm waiting for 'La Dench'
Always wanted to see her."
"What will you ask her", I replied
"Will it change the world as we know it?"
"As for the world," 'Cop blatantly lied
"Don't know much about it
I just tend to see and enjoy it."

Part II

Next morning Attercop sat in my pants
And wriggled his legs and toes
"What do you mean by these fits and throes
will they bedazzle me and enchant?"
"I don't think the will"
he said without sitting still
"can't you see I just like to dance?"

Part III

One evening, I'd come home quite late
I found Attercop by the stove on my plate
he was nibbling my peas, yes! my very own food
he seemed greatly relaxed and in a good mood
I was tired and angry and wanted my peace
I said: "Ma dear Attercop will you please
go elsewhere and boil you head?"
(Indeed in my excitement so I said)

He eyed my kindly with all eight eyes
and let ou a parental sigh

"Why so fiendish?" he said jiggering nigh
"You do know that anger isn't wise?"
I had picked up a pea and was ready to throw it
but swiftly he ducked with a generous smile
"Ay, ay my dear, It's no good and you know it
you're easily going to miss by a mile!"
I sat myself down by the stove in a haze
and deeply lamented: "Why me!"
he soothingly whispered: "Why now! Let it be!"
and retired with my last bit of maize

Attercop IV

Sat Attercop on my garden fence
He sat with a furrowed brow
He said to me: "Don't mean no offence
have to tell you something now."
It was lat October and a low red sun
was setting behind the hills
Mist was coming on from the ground
and I wonderingly bowed to his will
As I lent him my ears he confided me thus:
"I really miss my mum.
there's non on this earth that more I miss
and under the rising sun."
And sadly he added, folding his feet:
"It is an essential human need
to know where you're going and so on - but how!?
when there's nowt left of where you're from?"

Count Bolivars Garden

?Wherever you are!" cried Count Bolivar
Don't fuck up my plants, just give them a chance!
And he raged and howled and brandished a fist
And he angrily danced gainst the winter storm
The twigs and boughs slashed into his wrists
As he advanced in the sylvan darkness forlorn
?Why are you so cruel?!" he bellowed - the fool
The wind wouldn't hear his weak supply
It's blind force just made to multiply
?Don't destroy my plants, take me first, if you can!"
Instant Counts breath in the embroils was lost
he in a fierce gush of air was tossed
The indomitable proud old Bolivar
Bearded and grey, had taken to war
A war that he could but lose with pride
the elements had taken against his side

Count Bolivar was really dead
There was no doubt about it
In life's storm he'd lost his head
And couldn't go on without it
Why! Else he might well have returned
no bidding he'd have needed
the heavenly music he'd have spurned
And the angels advice not heeded
But now marooned in paradise
He had to be their guest
Was well behaved and jolly nice
He really did his best

Swansong for a Skoda Octavia

The cars' turning 14 this November
And it's mostly still shiny and red
So many miles, just try to remember!
And still running fine as yet
Some parts had had to go
The old breaks were rusty and thin
And really we didn't want to know
The exact amount of the bill
Now it's worth more than it should be
The point of no return long past
A bottomless pit, there's no end to see
We often wonder "How long will it last?"
But today on a grey autumn morning
I sit in the car to visit a friend
At the back of my head there sounds a warning
I cut the music and try to attend
The silly old engine is coughing and wailing
My sentimental heart is ready to shrink
But hark, there's more! It's definitely ailing
The right front has certainly started to clink
And who is it hammering inside the bonnet?
And when did the pistons start with this clank?
Doctor! My car is dying! Honest!
Please help me get ready for a trip to the bank!

My Handbag is a Rucksack / Elegance is an attitude

My handbag is a rucksack
It's made for wear and tear
It carries all the books back
When going without I cannot bear
I don't even always read them
My days on the road are full
I nevertheless seem to need them
Like a ship needs a treasure in its hull
They lend a sense of security
And a feeling of home from home
My rucksack carries them easily
Including some heavier tomes
My handbag is a rucksack
Of reliable German make
It gives me a touch of lumberjack
But it's certainly not a mistake
Just try to beat it's aptitude
For most of the situations in life
In Zürichs 47.3.. degrees latitude
It has proved an investment most worthy and wise

John Haddock the Hake

Hello my dear I'm so pleased to meet
It is seldom someone stops to greet
I'm a rogue and a rake, I'm John Haddock the Hake
It's a thousand years that I have been awake
I live down in the sea in the depths of the deep
And I graze the sea-bottom like a sheep
But when I get hungry, we'll make no mistake
Because I am a raider, I'm John Haddock the Hake
My teeth are plentiful, my mouth so big
I can sweep you up with one great swig
There is no lily-pussying on my shoal, oh no!
For I am king Haddock the Hake, just so
Don't you go soft and crying and all
Cause I am big and you are small
You think tears in water, no one can see
...except for one, John Haddock, that's me
I can sense your weakness from under the waves
And I get what I want as do all knaves
The big eats the small that's eternal law
And I am John Haddock the Hake, hee-haw!

Hare and Skunk / Old Friends

Would you care for another drink?
Asked the skunk of his old friend the hare
Who was flopped on the sofa with big sad eyes
And a worry he wouldn't share
It made poor skunk quite helpless
He didn't know what to think
So he waited silence and bustled about
With the bottle of whiskey and ice that clinked
Hare proffered his glass quite willingly
You could see he was down to the dregs
His ears were all droopy, his eyes quite moist
his whiskers were shaking and so were his legs

Shut off that phone

You're neither here nor there
Your mind is anywhere

Get your act together
Time is not forever

Get to the gist, to the bone
And really! Just shut off that phone!

The Gardener's here!

The old gardener's here
And his wife the matron
It's high time I fear
Just look at the hawthorn...
...The hazel, the apple and also the quince
It has been more than a whole year since!
They're all standing silently to attention
They kindly wish to be trimmed
And so do the roses, not to mention
The lavender, rosemary, sage, they're all in!
He does that you know, the old sod
you never know when it's to be
He either keeps turning up or not
Gardeners aren't like you and me
It is rather stormy today of all days
The winter has not yet gone
I thought I saw spring somewhere in the haze
But I reckon I'm being proved wrong
It might be quite long until we can breathe
I keep telling those snooty bulbs
They're not quite sure if they want to believe
What I say after all is just mulch
Well nevertheless, up the ladder goes
The old man, first is the quince
With a greying mustachio under his nose
And his wiry hair in the wind
Up there in the crown of the tree
he seems quite sturdy and leafy and small
You know as far as I can see
He's barely five feet tall
Waving magic with secateurs
He does look rather droll
Yes, he's certainly not an amateur

But sometimes I thinks he might be a troll

Where's the poetry my friend?

Where's the poetry my friend? Please!

Doom-scrolling and calculations about the impact of nuclear missiles won't bring peace.

Let's talk about spring and sex.

Let's feel the sun on our faces and forget the fling with the ex.

Will you help me flirt and smile?

Let us really feel. And not think.

Let's turn off our computers and resort to real ink.

My carrier pigeon wants to meet your carrier pigeon.

And while we're at it:

Do remember thy neighbours face when he's innocently singing.

Do remember that erotic wave of love in your innings.

And know he doesn't carry a weapon.