



# SH\*TS 'n GIGGLES

*AND A FEW WTF TEARS*

**GARRY HAMILTON**

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# HOW I FELL INTO POETRY

I am slowly losing my hearing.

Especially what I miss are  
consonants.

This can lead to some very  
Misunderstood conversations  
especially with my wife  
Jo-Ann.

She has a highpitched voice and  
a slight lisp.

This often leads to my  
interpreting her remarks as a

situation, very different, often much more exciting than the intended message.

An example was when she saw a huge spider in the bathroom. Panicked, she exploded out the doorway so fast she appeared almost airborne.

(Panic is her default setting when confronted with unexpected problems)

Pointing to the bathroom door she shrieked *Thpider! Thpider!*



I ran into the bathroom with a  
bucket of water,  
very confused, but ready  
to put out the fire.

See what I mean?

I think this slight deafness of me  
missing consonants may have  
lead to my appreciation of  
rhyming possibilities with  
vowels, And my ascension to  
becoming a world class poet.

OK

Drifting off to fantasy world  
again.

Can't blame her for that one.

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# SH\*TS 'n GIGGLES

Shits 'n Giggles - according to Google it means something like “ for amusement. If you do something just for shits and giggles, you’re doing it without having any serious purpose in mind, you’re doing it just for the fun of it.”

That describes my poems mostly.

OK

Occasionally

A serious thought slips through.

Rose coloured glasses

Turn Blue.

Have to see what's really true

But

Shits 'n giggles

Mentality

Maintains my pretence

Of Sanity.

Some days, a necessity.



# MY FINAL DESTINY

Peering down from cumulus  
settee,

Harp held precariously  
On my knee.

I strum a plaintive melody.

Harp wiggles and giggles  
helplessly,

Harp playing

Not my speciality.

Wondering where

My friends could be,

Musician buddies

Who

Preceded me.

Blues rocking memories,

Of

What used to be,

All of you and me,

No harp giggling

Foolishly.

My wings vibrate playfully.

Wings?

How did that come to be?

Traded for my balls?

Really?

I'd like to renegotiate.

Wings be gone!

Balls reinstate.

No response.

I hesitate.

Maybe one wing

For one ball?

Your call.

Suddenly,

Flash of lightening,

Thunder booming

Occasion momentous looming?

Unexpectedly,  
Appears a face,  
Right next to me.

White beard, white hair,  
Quite elderly,  
Head held high,  
Importantly.

He stares intently at a list,  
Then me.

Who can he be?  
Ledger and pen  
Held carefully,

Scratches his head  
Thoughtfully.  
Examines his list,  
Peers again at me.

“Full name,  
Two L’s or three?”  
Sternly his inquiry.  
Confused I answer truthfully,  
*None, Sorry.*  
“Hmm”  
He murmurs ruefully.

“Psmith with a silent P?”

Says he.

*Nope not me.*

“Then who  
In Heaven’s name  
Are thee?”

*Mike Muckraker*

Murmured quietly.

*No L's you'll see.*

Wrong ledger obviously,

He slams it shut.

Stares quizzically at me,

Scratches with pen  
Laboriously,  
Then Poof!  
Disappears quite suddenly.

Goodby wings,  
Hello ball sack,  
Welcome back!

Flash of lightning,  
Thunder booming  
Change of location.  
Downward zooming,

Snakes and ladders  
Locomotion!

Descending faster,

Down I go

What lies in wait

Far below?

I hope I'm wrong.

I fear I know.

Temperature rising,

Red eerie glow

Flames roaring, dancing,

Rhythmic moaning,

Black smoke

Ascending,

Blinding me.

Worst fears become reality.

What's that ahead I hear?

Can't see.

Shivering with fear,

That's me!

Wondering despondently

What can it be?

Rhythmic moaning

Getting nearer.

What terrible scene  
Awaiting me?  
At first faintly,  
Softly lilting, a melody,  
“Baby it’s cold outside”  
Sung soulfully.  
My heart leaps  
With familiarity.  
Can it really be?

Smoke clears gradually,  
Toasty warm, near a fire,  
I see,

Blues playing blissfully,  
Swaying happily,  
My buddies.  
Singing, waving to me.

Here with my gang,  
Balls intact,  
I plainly see  
That in fact,  
I'm 'zactly where  
I ought to be.



# CONSPIRACY

I think its a conspiracy,  
Aimed directly at me.  
What I used to see quite easily

I now see dimmly, fuzzily.  
I've been told it's 'cause I'm old.

*Balderdash!* I cry  
I don't know why  
You can't see  
Its a big conspiracy  
Against my eyes,  
And me.  
I know,  
'Cus I saw it on TV!  
Way back,  
When I could see!



# THE NEW ME

Sitting still as I can be,  
Pose holding silently,  
Miming with solemnity  
World leader dignitary.  
Or maybe I'll Smile happily,  
A cheerful thoughtful me.  
Buckets full of empathy.

Relax says Joe  
Selects a stick of black charcoal.

He stares thoughtfully at me,  
Begins to draw quite carefully.

Joe is known also,  
As another young Picasso.

Artiste of great ability,

His model me,

Lucky Joe

Joe continues to draw,

His sketching slows.

All's not well.

He stares perplexedly

At me.

Your left arm's too short

Sadly, his report,

Your nose too long

And tilting down

Belly fat,

Said with a Frown.

Consternation

Consumed me.

I gasped in horror  
At his soliloquy.  
How could this be?  
Worry not said the artiste  
At your sitting next  
All will be fixed.  
I stared at him,  
Still not convinced.

Casanova my dog was Fixed.  
His love life now  
Is truly jinxed.  
Not a fate

I wished to emulate.  
No, no laughed Joe  
Like Brad Pitts, your nose,  
Fat belly gone  
No bother.  
Left arm same length  
As the other.

He assured me  
I would be,  
A rock star looking  
Younger me.  
New hair line further Down,

All crinkly wrinkles

Gone.

So

Next time you see

Handsome and carefree,

A young man

In my attire

Both arms same length,

Stop to admire.

Rub your eyes

To better see

That handsome fellow.

Who could he be?

Say Hello.

Surprise!

It's Me.



CUMULOUS  
HIPPOPOTAMI

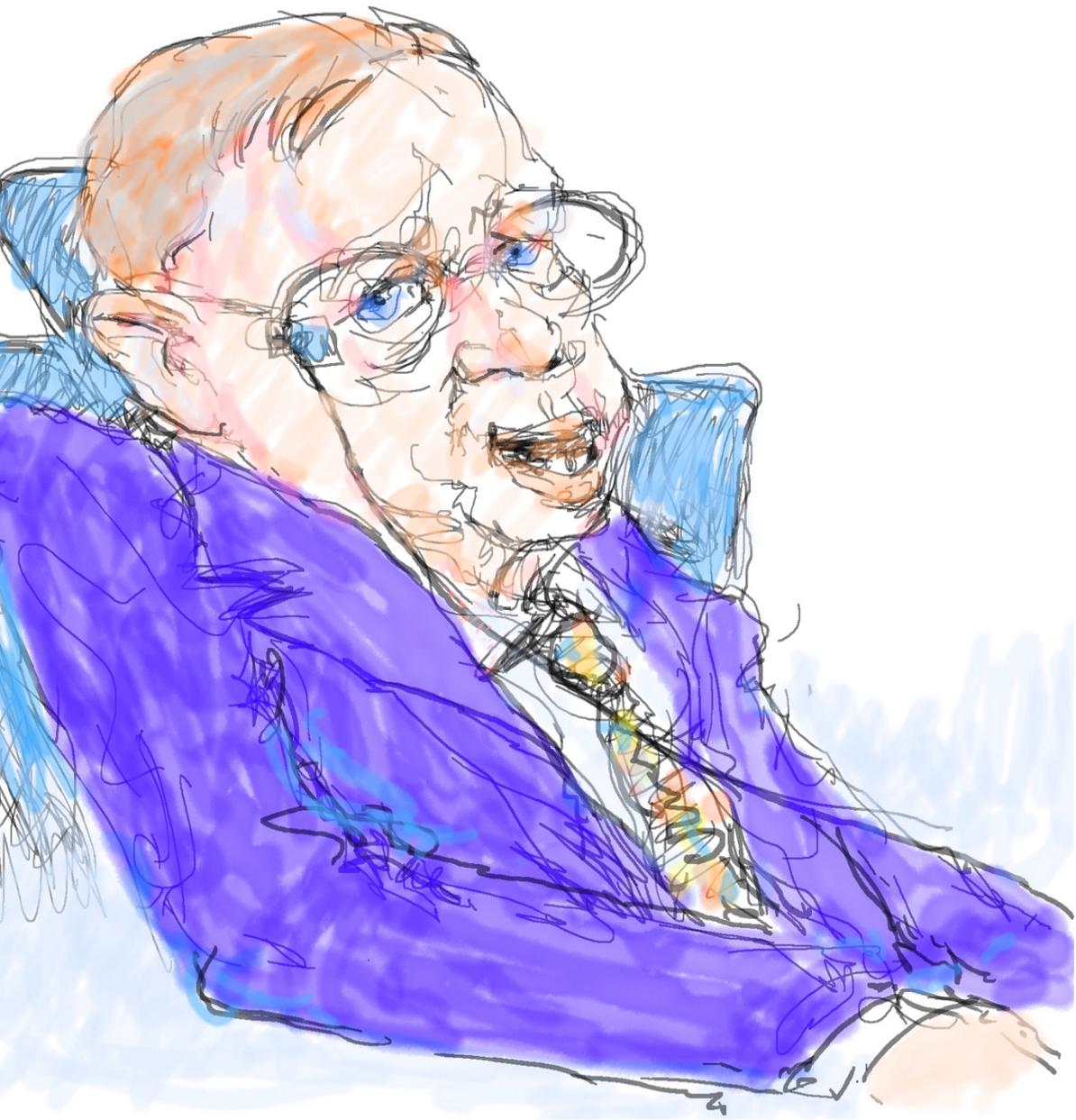
Look up there in the sky  
Doing the rhumba  
Bouncing by  
A chorus line of  
Cumulus hippopotami!

You never know  
From deck lounge chair  
What you might spy up there,  
Drifting by,

While  
Staring red-eyed,

At the sky,  
Especially when  
( Slow puff ) ...  
You're really high.

Look!  
Trump in diapers  
Floating by!  
Tiny turds trailing behind,  
Oh my!



# A-I TECHNOLOGY

Is A-I technology  
Beyond our capacity  
To know the threat to you  
And me?  
All of us,  
All Humanity?

Neanderthal mentality.  
Red capped human beans  
Without a clue.  
Knowing not,  
What  
A-I can do.

Stephen Hawking knew.

He feared A-I.

He warned us too.

Read his prediction of

A-I Domination,

Humans replaced

By their own creation.

**"The genie is out of the bottle.**

**I fear that A-I may replace  
humans altogether."**

**Stephen Hawking**



RED FIRE TRUCK

What do I want,  
When I'm all grown up?  
I want to drive a red fire truck!

Sirens blaring,  
People staring.  
Me driving expertly,  
Corner turning professionally,  
Race driver skill,  
That's me!

Racing noisily through town.  
For red lights I slow down.

Check all 'round -  
Then give it the gas,

While girls all gasp  
And wave and sigh,  
Who's the fireman  
Who just flew by?

Guess who, It's Me!  
Cell phones taking photos,  
For all to see,  
My red fire truck  
And me.

Now I'm bigger,  
Fatter figure.

No hair on top  
Just big bald spot.  
No crowds of girls  
Waving to me.  
No red fire truck,  
Unfortunately,

But  
I don't fret 'cuz  
I've got me,  
A red corvette,

To blast through town  
Convertible,  
Top down.

Music booming,  
While I'm zooming.  
Horn blaring,  
People staring.  
Walkers glaring.  
Real pain in the ass  
That's me!

Why am I  
A bit fucked up?  
'Cuz I wish  
I drove a red fire truck.  
When I was  
A younger me.



# BLACK HOLE

Oops!

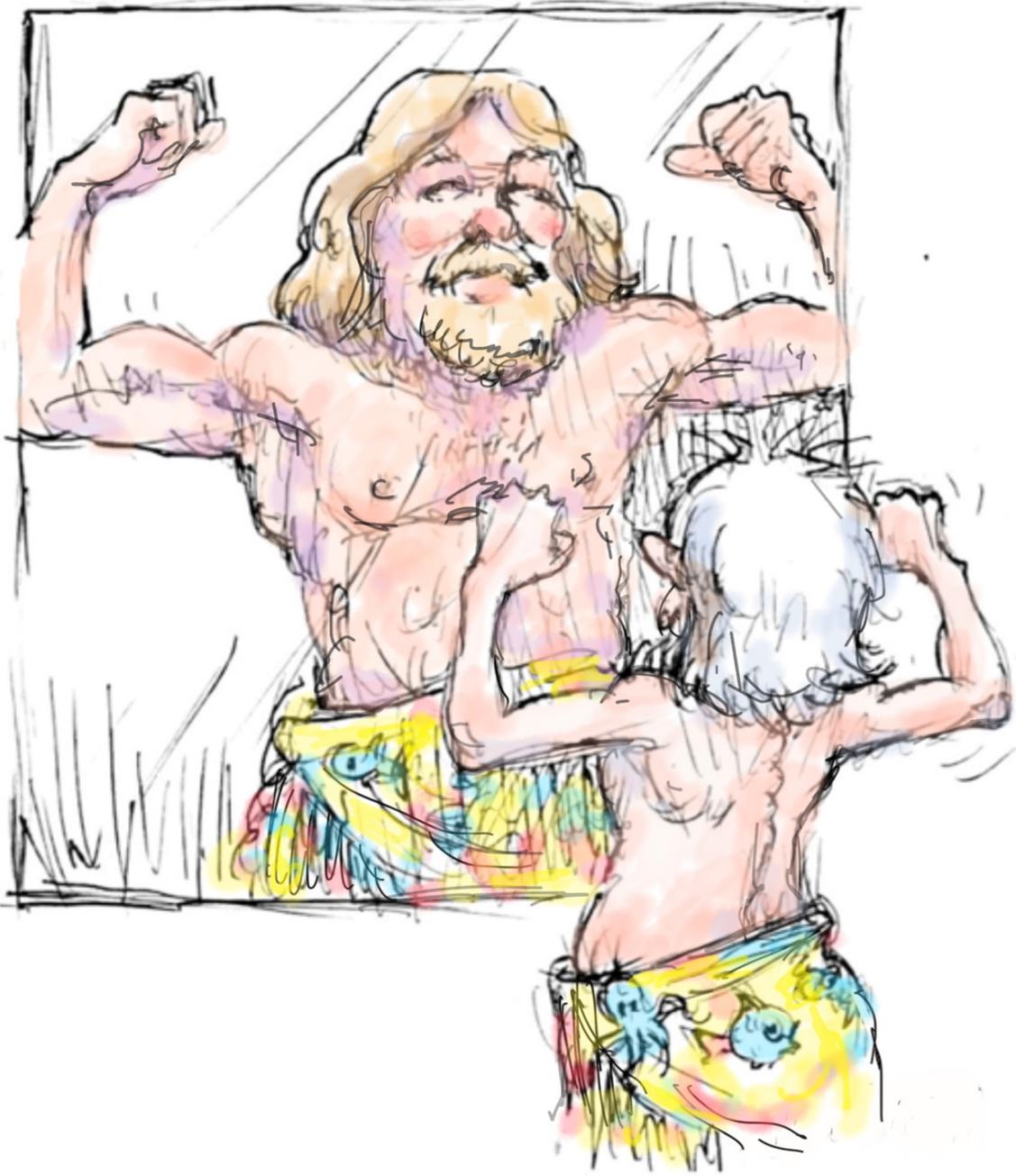
Dropped contact lenses  
On the floor.

Gone.

Exists no more!  
How can this be?

It seems to me  
Scientifically,  
To defy reality.  
Like some black hole,  
Lens swallowed Magically.

Don't know.  
Can't see.



WHO DAT?

Who is that stranger,  
Staring at me?  
White wispy hair falling,  
Haphazardly,  
A prune of a face.  
Who could he be?

He scratches his head  
Quizzically,  
Miming my movements,  
Perfectly.  
He flexes his biceps,  
Simultaneously

With me,  
Two little bumps  
On arms that are thin,  
Muscles are absent,  
Just saggy skin.  
Hands that tremble,  
Teeth that are yellow.

He's staring at me,  
This sad little fellow.

Mygawd,  
He looks strangely  
Like me.

Before or after,  
Which is which?  
Time flies so fast,  
Time's a Bitch!



# DARK DAYS

Dark days behind  
Dark days ahead  
Eggshell walking  
Where I tread.

How to  
Unscramble eggs  
Frying in my head?  
Make these toxic tensions End?

No to booze,  
Or vaping weed.  
Nor misery spreading,

Not my creed.  
Best remedy?

B.B. King  
Blues playing soulfully,  
In my head cavity.  
Unscrambling eggs  
Gradually

Thanks, B.B.



# GEEZER REGRETS

Me, old geezer, waiting for  
My first heart seizure.  
And wondering why  
I have to die.

I'm feeling good  
I'm feeling Strong  
I'd really like to hang around.

Stay a while,  
Laugh with my friends.  
Make them smile.  
Write more poems,

Before life ends.  
Share our ills  
Compare our pills.  
Have races  
With our walkers,  
Complain  
About our doctors.

No do-overs - too bad.  
That makes me  
A little sad.  
I've done some really  
Stupid shit

Wish I could undo all of it.  
Unfortunately, can't undo  
Past Assholery.  
What's done is done,  
Past History.

But Life's been good.  
Too long to leave a list,  
Those I've loved,  
Those I've pissed.

How do I want to go?  
Loved ones by bedside,

End the show.  
In gentle needle,  
Slide.  
Kiss my eyes shut,  
Close my pie hole.

Its been a ball  
I love you all.  
My last call  
Au revoir



# TIME MACHINE

I wish I had a Time Machine  
To take me places  
I had been,

Done something cruel  
Or really dumb,  
Lied or deceived,  
Innocent someone.

Empathy lacking,  
My face  
Needs slapping.

I wish  
I could go back,  
Revisit actions,  
Revise my act.

A kinder me,  
Show some tact.

In the present  
However, hopefully,  
Lessons learned,  
To be,  
A more  
Empathetic  
Me.



MY CAT

My cat has  
The fattest ass  
You'll ever see.

Also  
Quite surprisingly,  
More clumsy  
Than a cat  
Should be.

Falls haphazardly  
Off of table tops,  
knocks over  
All my flower pots.

Stuck atop big oak  
No joke!  
Fireman rescue.  
Licked his face,  
Peed on his shoe!

She's been renamed  
Most fittingly  
Miss Feline  
Cat-ass-tro-phy!



## A FAMILY AFFAIR

Scene, parking lot, Walmart  
Angry voice, loud discord.  
Big guy beside old ford.

He's pounding on it threatenly,  
Demanding,  
Open door Immediately!  
Inside I could see,  
A child giggling at him,  
Gleefully.

I asked,  
So he explained to me,  
Wife's in Walmarts  
With the key,  
Daughter inside car  
Has locked out me!

Little girl waved playfully  
Honked the horn,  
Smiled at me.  
Tiny driver fantasy.  
Hands on wheel,  
Continued  
Her driving Odyssey

Cursed other cars  
Imaginary,  
Swerved round curves  
Expertly.

Middle finger raised,  
At invisible tailgater  
I felt sympathy,  
Hating tailgaters,  
Likewise,  
Me.

Dad stifled a silly grin.  
His daughter after all,  
Was just like him.  
Suddenly  
Door opened wide  
“Love you Daddy”

She cried,  
Jumped into his arms  
Gave him big kiss.  
Moment of  
Child/Father Bliss.

Foolish tear trickling  
Down my cheek,  
As I turned grinning,  
Made my retreat.



# DINOSAUR DINDINS

What if that asteroid never  
Crashed,  
Dinosaur dominance

Not smashed.

Would we survive?

Would we still last?

Would there be

Dinosaur technology?

Big brains with thumbs

Like you and me?

Would they evolve

As much as we?

For them,

What might we be?

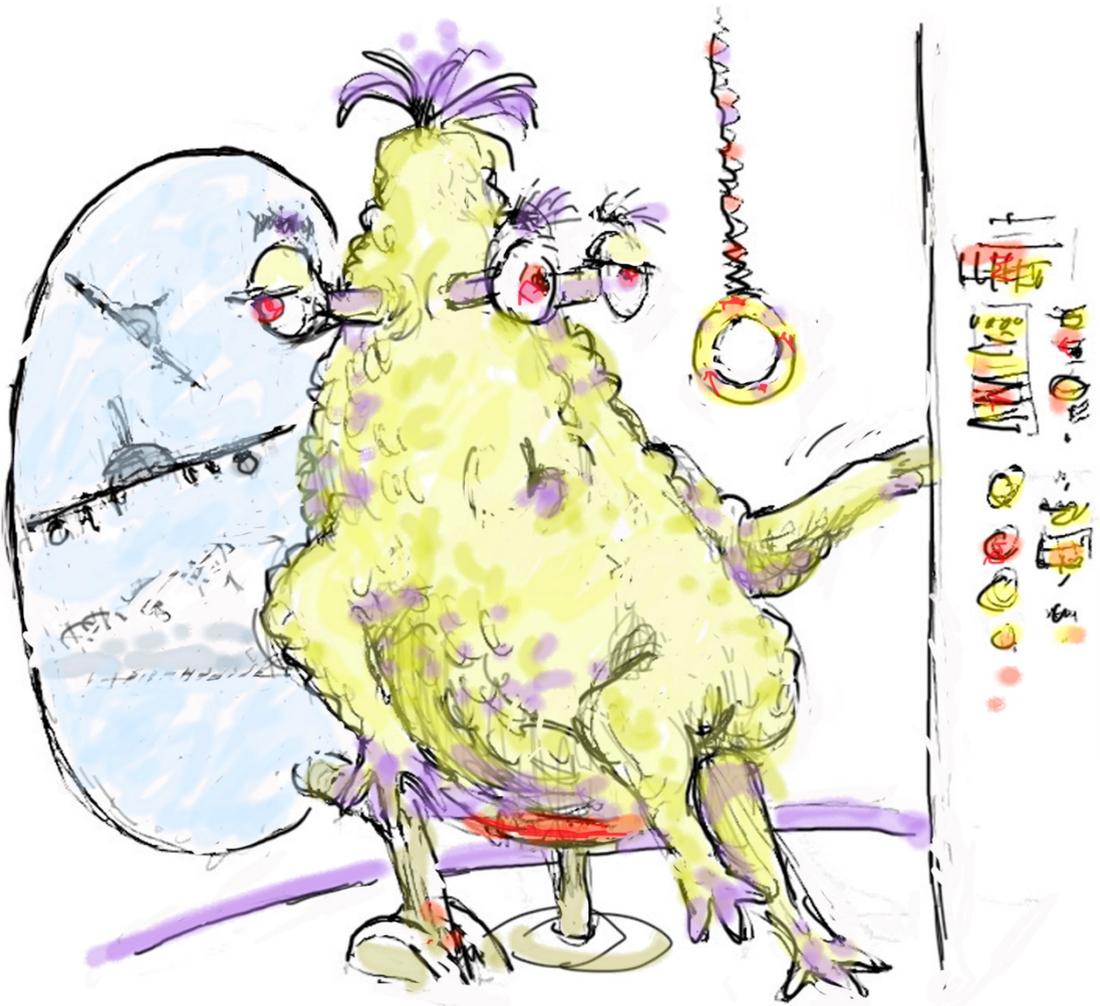
Human pets, hopefully?

Would they be  
As kind to pets  
As you and me?  
Or might we be  
A delicious dinosaur  
Treat,  
Roasted Bums,  
Boiled hands 'n feet?  
Human protein  
Kept in crates?  
While dinosaur chef creates,  
Delicious human fricassee,  
Simmering

Two hours or three.

The Recipe,  
Garlic, spices, you 'n me.  
Dinosaur dindins  
Our Destiny.

That asteroid's  
Why we,  
You and me  
We're on top,  
And Apex dinosaurs  
Are not.



# UAP IN THE SKY

Scaly tentacle

On descent Control

Her three eyes check

For what's below.  
Turns off Invisibility.  
Turns velocity to slow.  
To better see,  
Peers through  
Port hole.

Three planes approach,  
Suddenly,  
U.S. armed military.  
Turn on invisibility?  
No.  
Anti-gravity!

Ascend straight up  
Immediately.

For human technology,  
An impossibility.  
Military can't believe  
What they clearly see.

How could this be?  
They report all factually.  
Video and audio tapes  
Are There,  
For government to share.

Intel Classified, don't care.

Bull-shit Time

Beware!

“ Weather balloons” ...

Really?

Are we buffoons,

You and me?

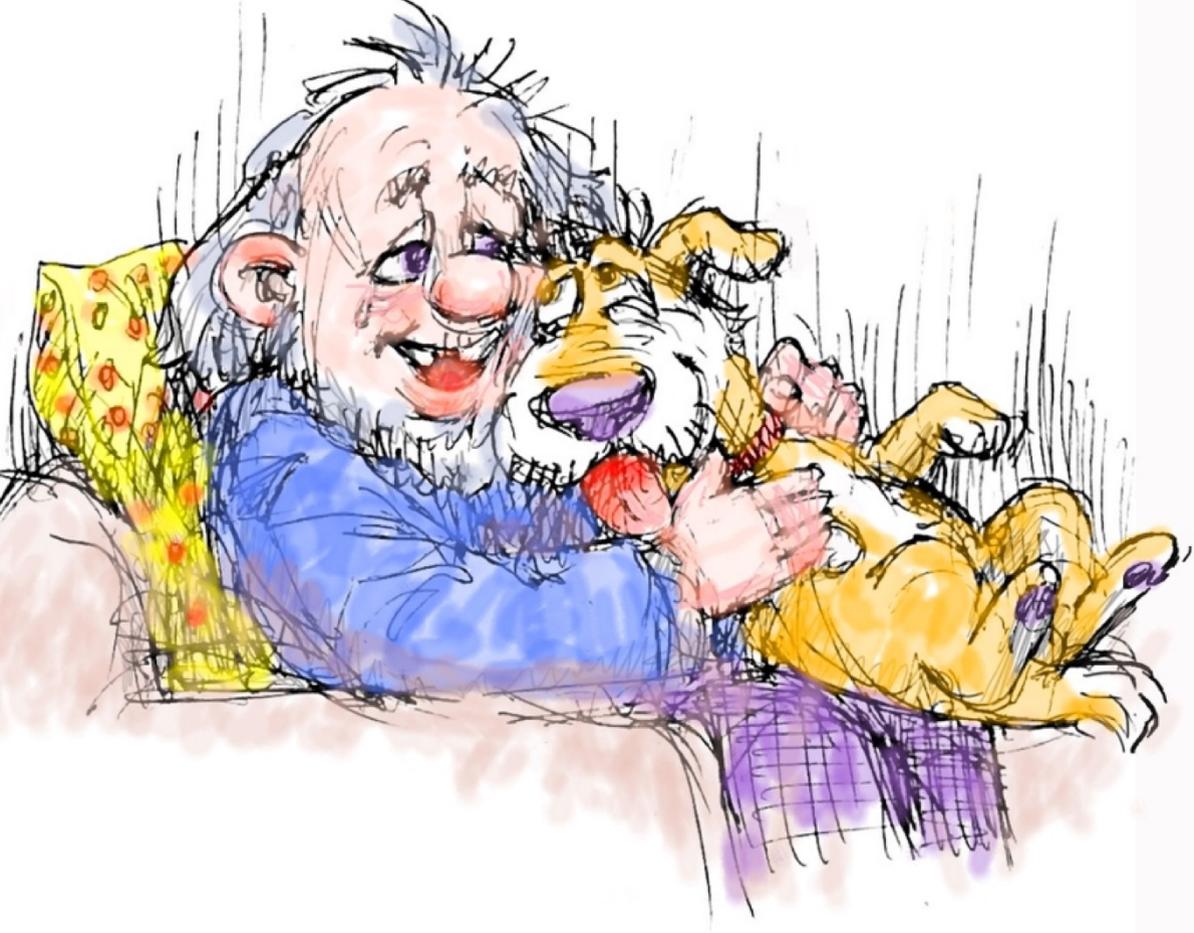
That's what they think,

Evidently.

We wait impatiently.

Will truth be known

Eventually?



# UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Just an old fart.  
Possessions in  
Rusty shopping Cart.  
Homeless,

Hungry, and weak.  
Feeling blue, - future's bleak.

Remembering  
How Life used to be,  
Before Disaster struck  
Unexpectedly.

Wife's long gone,  
Also my kids.  
For me the streets  
Are what life is.

But

One true friend remains

For me,

Kissing my face so

Tenderly

With woof woof sighs,

She cuddles me.

You see

According to my dog,

I'm God.

She loves me

Unconditionally.



# VETERAN HOME ARRIVING

Snow flakes

White 'n wet, falling.

Shoulders hunching,  
Shivering, sobbing.  
Stomach grumbling,  
Onions frying  
On chill breezes  
Wafting.

Better times,  
Long since gone.  
Another life.  
I am John,  
Whispering.  
Other names,

Remembering.

Daddy,

Honey,

Sergeant.

Home restaurant dumpster,

Tiny tent,

Shifting weight, now,

Semi-recumbent.

Shrapnel in right hip

Screaming.

Hands, eyes

Covering,

Whimpering,  
Dreaming.  
Above,  
Street light, shimmering,  
Tiny face, appearing,  
Giggling, arms reaching.  
Faces fading,  
Before closed eyes  
Reappearing.

Beckoning.  
His wife, his daughter,  
Waving, waiting.

Daddy,  
His lips curl up,  
Smiling.

Honey,  
Her face, laughing,  
Teasing,  
Down stubbled cheeks  
Tears streaming.

Pain in throbbing hip  
Subsiding,  
Magically dissipating.

Accomplice cold  
Shrinking,  
Disappearing.

Himself rising, floating,  
Familiar faces waiting,  
Greeting.

On frozen face,  
Mouth gently smiling,  
Home,  
John finally  
Arriving.



FOR KIDS FROM ZERO

5 TO

ONE OH 5

These are  
Poems written for kids of  
5 or 6.

I don't know any kids  
Like This

'Cept for the ancient  
One In me.

Who peeks out  
Occasionally.

OK maybe,  
Frequently.

Is there a kid in you,  
Like Me?



MY BROTHER EATS  
CATERPILLARS  
AND WORMS

My brother eats Caterpillars

And worms.

He offers me one.

No thanks,

Germs.

I think I'd rather have

Jam on toast

On a silver platter.

Or a bowl of ice cream.

Colour don't matter,

Pink, blue or green,

With sprinkle spatter  
And  
Whipped cream batter.

Omy!  
My brother just ate a fly!  
He caught a fat one  
Buzzing by.

Oh!  
He caught one just for me  
I'm really not that  
Hungary.

Okay.

I'll give just one a try.

One germy, noisy

Little fly.

Mouth open wide,

Slide fly inside.

Downwards gurgling,

Belching, buzzing

I think he's found

My belly button.

Descending down!

Choose which floor.

Is my belly button

An

Elevator door?

Will fly exit there?

Or descend

To Ground Floor?

Exit in rear.

Buzzing no more,

Goodbye fly,

Please close the door.



# GOODBYE MOM

Sorry Mom, I've got to go.

I'm flying south  
With the geese,  
You know.

You thought  
I was playing  
With my friend, Joe?  
No.

We're all going to go.  
Me and the geese  
And maybe some crows  
And really

Who knows?  
Maybe some  
Pink lawn flamingos.

We're all flying south  
Because of winter.  
Don't worry,  
Mom  
I'll be home for dinner.



CAPTAIN FARTSALOT

I want to be a super hero

N' fly

Above the treetops

In the sky.  
My secret weapon will be  
Stinky farts  
In groups of three.  
Captain Fartsalot,  
That's me.

I'll fill balloons with farts  
And fly up high n'  
Drop 'em on Joe  
Down below.

Joe's my brother,

You know.  
They'll have to call him  
Stinky Joe.  
And a big balloon too  
For  
My Stinky little  
Sister Sue.

And for you,  
Here's one too.  
A present from  
Captain Fartsalot,  
For You.



# MY HOT TAMALE

At life's twilight  
My biggest delight  
Is when  
You smile at me.

While wiggling your bum  
Suggestively,  
And dropping  
Your clothes  
Simultaneously

Is this all Life  
Was meant to be?

Cuddles and sex  
Continuously?

Gotta say,  
It works  
For me.

Loving and laughing  
In later years,  
Ameliorates  
Occasional tears.

Makes life better,

Soothes life's fears.

Thankful for

My Darling Folly

My partner in love

My Hot Tamale.



# ALGORITHMS AND BOTS

How does Democracy  
Descend into Autocracy?

Even

Fascist Oligarchy?

It happens

Quite suddenly.

You, 'n me told lies

Repeatedly

On

Social media

And TV,

Non stop, continuously.

Algorithms and bots

Call the shots.  
Billionaire Oligarchy,  
Congress and judiciary,  
Bought cheaply,  
Easily.  
For you and me,  
Future  
A Catastrophe!  
Freedom lovers  
Are you pissed?  
Forewarned, forearmed  
Trump Tyranny  
Resist!



NO HOMO SAPIENS HERE

Billybob  
Came home  
From school today.  
Revealed to his pa's dismay  
*I'm a homo sapiens Dad.*

His mom looked sad,  
His pa real mad.  
*Ma 'n you too Pa.*  
'Twas the last straw.

*Git out!* Pa cried  
Threw his son  
Outside.

A real disgrace!  
No homo sapiens  
Allowed,  
In Pa's place!

*No homo sapiens ,  
A son of me!*  
Pa yelled vehemently.  
Yup.  
Plain to see,  
Pa's still climbing  
Tree.  
Evolutionary.



## VULTURE DELICACIES

Cruising above in skies of blue,  
Eyes peeled for treats,

Like me, or like you.  
Unlucky tourists,  
Locals too.

Wrong place, wrong time  
Are all to blame,  
Bad luck, for us fools.  
Ain't it a shame.

Vultures don't care.  
Meat Is meat all the same.  
Slightly seasoned by  
Sizzling sun,

One week old,  
Is perfectly done  
Bonne appetite,  
Guts, eyeballs and scales,  
Butt holes, toes,  
Dirty Finger nails,  
Snotty noses  
And shriveled up tails

Me  
Scrubbed, bathed  
And flossed,  
Tasty odours

All lost.

You may pass me by, for  
Your dining collection.  
Noisy neighbour above,  
Way better selection.

Or below,  
Cigar smoking Joe,  
Best Yum yum selection,  
Real vulture confection.

Cigar a  
Vulture delicacy.

However  
Between you and me  
Day dreaming  
Really.

But as vulture swoops low  
Surreptitiously,  
I'm pointing below  
At  
Cigar smoking Joe.  
Hey Vulture  
Delicious entree!



# MY OBITUARY

Pushing' 90, feeling fine,  
But clocks a tickin'  
Time's a flyin'.

No denyin' no use cryin'

Expiration date's arrivin'.

My preference  
How I want to go?

When I'm a 100 years,

Or so

En flagrante,  
60 year old hottie!

Shot dead  
By jealous beau.  
Sadly,  
Wife says No.

Last requests are these.  
Pay attention please!  
No pink perfumed  
Cheeks,  
Bowels drained,  
No longer reeks.

Hair, whiskers,  
Neatly styled  
In suit I never wore,  
Attired.  
Fake me displayed,  
Real me expired.

No.  
My corpse please burn.  
My ashes  
Put into an urn.  
To my home  
Give Invitation,

My past life,  
A celebration.  
My paintings hung  
For all to see.  
Books I wrote,  
Given free.

Enjoy.  
It's who I used to be.  
Please partake in snacks  
And booze  
While BB King  
Plays the Blues.

Painful platitudes  
Discouraged  
Whopper lies, laughter  
Encouraged.

My body, dust to dust  
Returning  
Smoke ascending,  
As I'm burning.

One with the universe,  
Where I'll be,  
Mingling with Billions

Preceding me.  
Eventually,  
You'll join with me,  
Together floating  
Endlessly.

Billions of Humanity,  
Cosmos drifting,  
Eternally.



# WINTER CAMPING IN A TENT

Winter camping in Quebec  
Great outdoors in a tent,  
Invite from  
Scout Leader Brent.

Abandon winter blues,  
Bring skis or snowshoes.  
Adventure in the wild,  
Your inner child.  
Said Brent.

Chaperoning a  
Boy scout troop,

A noisy boisterous group,  
With best friend Brent,  
Off we went.

In cold winters' glow,  
Trees and hills  
Covered in snow,  
Brent knew exactly  
Where to go.

In snow we dug trenches,  
Laid in pine branches,  
As Brent directed,

Tents above, soon erected.

Inside, each tent,

Aroma of pine,

Fresh and clean,

Initially fine.

But supper was beans.

Beans AKA Musical Fruit,

Hours and hours

Of toot, toot, toot.

Shortly later, I awoke,

Gurgling, gassy beans

Had spoke.  
Three minutes, max,  
Maybe four,  
Then Show Time!  
Bean poo galore!

Parka put on and ski boots.  
Staggering out of tent,  
Aware  
No extra time to spare.  
Skis put on  
With little toots.  
Pants? No thanks.

In one hand toilet roll,  
In other hand  
Long ski pole.

Zigzagging up a nearby knoll,  
Arriving at the top, I stop.  
Bum facing tent-ward,  
Chose my spot.

Upward parka quickly  
Broughted,  
Downward, bare bum  
Quickly squatted,  
Changing unfortunately,

Squatting center of Gravity.

Worst fears a reality.

Becoming mobile,

Instantly.

Gaining momentum,

Exponentially.

Bare bum in breezes

Freezing,

Backwards, downhill

Careening.

Arms outstretched,

One hand, ski pole Holding,

T'other, toilet roll,  
Unrolling.  
Downhill I zoomed,  
Nightmare scene  
Unfolding.

Arriving at tent opening,  
Four minute  
Lead time  
Expiring,  
Show Time,  
Fast Arriving.

Minor explosions!  
Mixed emotions!  
Tent sleepers traumatized!  
Threats of  
My imminent demise,  
Impossible to pursue,  
Blocked at door  
By bean poo.

Apologies and message to  
Tent camping guru,  
Former best friend,  
Brent.

For winter camping events  
Or sleeping in  
Overcrowded tents.  
Change the menu  
Please.

**Eliminate  
Dammed Beans!**



WTF

I awake in a fog,  
The Boob tube beckons.

Like Pavlov's dog,  
I respond in seconds

Bad news from far,  
Bad news more near.  
Inmates in charge of  
Asylum here,

Twenty first century  
Technology  
Neanderthal

Mentality,  
Humanity at  
Our very worst

Whoever we be,  
We all seem cursed.  
Hopes and prayers  
Useless too.  
What are you 'n me  
To do?

Enjoy life now with  
Family 'n friends

No need to quit,  
'Fore it all ends.  
Love, laugh and live,  
All you can do.  
Evil Assholes  
In charge,  
Ain't up to you.



# PROGRESS

Nature channel,  
Chimp toolmaking  
On TV,

Sticks 'n rocks variety.

Their society,

Patriarchy,

Male Jock rule

Emphatically.

Chimps form war parties

To gain territories,

As do we.

Aggression fierce!

Frightening to see.

Devious and cruel,

No empathy.

Same gene pool  
As you 'n me.  
Chimps 'n Humans,  
Shared ancestry,

Ninety eight percent  
Similarity.

Main difference,  
'Tween chimps and we  
Our tools of war  
Technology.  
Progress by us,  
Undeniably,

Beyond compare.

Master killers

We,

Murmur a prayer,

Try not to cry

As you prepare,

To kiss your loved ones,

And your ass

Goodby.

Ahead

Nuclear War

Swan Song?  
Humans, chimps,  
All Earth Life  
Gone?  
Except cockroaches  
Possibly,  
I hope  
They do better  
Than we.



# CRAPSHOOT OF IF'S

What if all the votes  
Were really counted  
For Al Gore,

Would hurricanes  
Still be  
Striking every shore?

What if Comey  
Had acted right,  
And Hillary, not Trump  
Had won the fight?

Would there be  
A saner world  
For you and me?  
Civility and democracy

Beating out autocracy?  
What if Bush about Iraq  
Had not lied?  
Would so many  
Innocents have died?

What if Trump  
Or Musk's dad  
Had'nt been  
Horrid Fathers?  
Really bad!  
Would their sons be  
So obviously defective?

In a crazy Bullshit world,

Effective?

If all these If's

Had been reversed,

Would the present

Still be so cursed?

Unfortunately

For you and me

All these If's,

Ended tragically.

Crap Shoot of If's

That's destiny.

So much has been happening  
in the world lately that  
I had to update SH\*TS  
with more new  
poems.

## **NEW EDITION ADDITIONS**

Apologies to those with  
sensitive ears,  
or heads  
stuck in the sand.

Three new poems  
from my newspaper column  
OBSERVATIONS OF AN  
OCTOGENARIAN  
in the  
TOWNSHIPS WEEKEND paper



GARRY HAMILTON

# ALIEN VISITOR IN THE SKY

Alien visitor in the sky,  
Arriving from a distant star  
A galaxy ancient and far.  
It's journey here,  
We wonder why.

Sky gazer's universal question,  
Comet natural, or fabrication?

If comet,  
Too many anomalies to list  
Here's a few to give the gist.

On our Solar ecliptic plane

Odds Atlas route  
the planar same,  
One in five hundred.  
Almost game.

This planar route permits  
Alien Reconnaissance of  
Our planet grouping.

While behind Sun  
We're blocked from viewing.

Atlas vapour tail is in reverse.  
As front light throws out

solar bursts.

And shoots

Course correcting

Energy blasts.

Of comets past,

These are a first.

We wait.

Early December

Next 3i/Atlas date.

Earth flyby or communication?

Atlas, natural origination?

Or Alien fabrication?

Benign or hostile intention?

We wait

Atlas revelation!

Will Atlas touchdown,

On Earth?

Unlikely, but possibly.

What location will it be?

If descending south of we,

in U.S. Territory

The question I fear most,

(In which case we're toast)

"Take me to your leader"



# PRESIDENTIAL SHAME

Probably like me  
You saw recently,

Dictator Wannabe  
Trump bully on TV,  
Berating disgustingly  
War Hero,  
President Zelensky.  
Dark day  
In U.S. history.

How did this Evil Insanity  
Come to be?  
Tribalism?  
Blind stupidity?  
Whopper lies told on TV?

All three, and more  
It seems to me.  
So here we be.  
U.S. chose the worst  
Amongst humanity  
To rule them all,  
Orange clown  
Of iniquity

Watch as MAGAs realize  
They're victims of  
Trump's unrelenting lies.  
Goodbye Social Security

And Medicare.

Forget welfare.

Biden Capped drug prices gone,

Diabetic deaths 'fore

too long.

Vaccines removed also.

Hello

Measles, flu

And polio,

Full term Trump

I think

An impossibility,

Riots ahead, inevitably,  
Hurricanes, fires  
And earth quakes  
Are what awaits.

FEMA gone,  
Middle class disintegrates.

As homeless numbers  
soar  
Watch MAGA numbers  
hit the floor.

Trump fascist manure  
Cannot last,

Cannot endure.

Here's the plan,  
Buy only Canadian.  
Nothing, U.S. American.  
No shopping sprees,  
Cross border  
Or winter trips to Florida.

Welcome  
Each Ukraine refugee,  
To our,  
Inclusive democracy.

This land from sea  
to shining sea  
Belongs to you  
Belongs to me.

We share it generously,  
With folks of true humanity.

And especially,  
Heroes of Democracy,  
Courage and integrity.

Bienvenue,  
Lache pas, reste fort  
President Zelensky.



# ADVICE TO HIS HANDLERS

Elect me  
What have you got to lose?  
Said he.

That just might be  
Everything,  
Unfortunately,  
For you and me,  
A future  
Full of tragedy.

So

Flatter him to manipulate.  
He's a sucker for  
Carpets red,  
And  
Chocolate cake.

Tell him lies,  
His height, his weight,

Crowd size.  
Stable genius  
Recite unceasingly,  
Cheeseburgers  
To distract  
Repeatedly.

Our very lives are  
At stake.  
Mygawd,  
This infant asswipe  
Controls our fate.  
Accept Not  
America First.  
U.S. Empire and its

Power thirst.  
For democracies  
World wide,  
The very worst,

Most importantly  
For all humanity,  
Whatever else is said,  
Military  
Keep his small thumb  
Off  
Button Red.

Venezuela murders,  
On open sea

No legal,  
Or moral authority.  
Intent obviously  
Oil Piracy,

Future Attack  
Greenland,  
And  
Our True North  
Strong and free.  
We will defend  
Our liberty.

Meanwhile,  
We wait,

His Dementia  
Will persist,  
Will percolate.  
Mush for brains  
Trajectory  
...Or

Will Congress possibly  
Have a  
Spine discovery?  
And impeach  
Trump  
Finally?

We wait impatiently.

Meanwhile,  
Secure our borders  
Increase military.  
Supply chain disorders  
Our strategy.

And wait  
While US economy  
Implodes  
From sea  
To  
Shining sea.



## **AUTHOR INFO**

Since I am writing the author info myself, I decided to break with tradition and write in the first person.

My background includes

Graduate

**Ontario College of Art 1963**

One of 5 artists to introduce the  
art program at

**Sheridan College ON**

1967

**Cartoonist at the Montreal Star**

- early 1970's.

**Cartoonist /columnist at the**

**Cape Breton Post 2006 – 2010.**

I also taught painting, drawing  
and illustration at  
**Dawson College QC**

And various other venues.

I could give you a list of painting  
awards and career highlights,  
but apart from myself,  
who cares?

You will know me better from  
my poetry, paintings and  
cartoons than any highlight list

four more print books on

**Amazon.**

search

book title "garry hamilton"

with quotation marks

SURVIVAL AS

DEMOCRACY DIES

.....

FIREWORKS ON THE NINTH FLOOR

.....

WANDERING WATERCOLOURS

.....

THE ARTIST'S EYE

# *SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES*

*THE NEAR FUTURE  
NORTH AMERICA*

**GARRY HAMILTON**



Survival as Democracy Dies is a peek into a potential near future. As in *The Handmaid's Tale*, a U.S. dictator has assumed power and suppressed basic freedoms.

This is a tale based on current political and climactic trends continuing on their current trajectory. But also, a tale full of humour, romance, (straight, gay and alien), adventure and fanciful exaggeration.

Here are the first two chapters

## **EAGLE EYE GETS LUCKY**

Eagle Eye felt a bead of sweat trickle down his forehead. It meandered down over his brow. He felt a salty sting as it crept into his right eye. He blinked but kept focus on the bushes about thirty paces ahead.

Full concentration, loaded crossbow pointed directly at those same bushes. He breathed



in and out slowly, his breath out of sync with his heart which was beating like a jackhammer so loud he could hear it.



He wished he had an AR-15.  
He wished he had a bazooka, a  
grenade. He didn't. What he had  
was a crossbow.

Probably enough time for a single shot if he was lucky. It had to be a kill shot. Anything less and he would be ripped apart, his guts, pieces of him splattered everywhere like a G.I. Joe doll in a blender.

He had a bowie knife in a sheath hanging from his belt. He had Daphne the wolf, hackles raised uttering a low growl by his side. Let's face it, if he had to

rely on those two things for his defense, he was a goner.

He was a good marksman. A really good marksman, able on most days, if there wasn't too much breeze to put an arrow right in the center of a bullseye a hundred feet away.

That would be true usually for seven out of ten shots, if he had several seconds to aim and there was no breeze.

There was no breeze, thank God. Would he have several seconds? Probably, but no more than that.

Okay where should he aim for? What would be potential kill shots? The animal would be facing him, so a shot in the heart would be difficult. For a facing shot the massive sternum and rib cage might deflect the arrow away from the heart. Nope. The only shot that might stop an

animal this huge was through an eye into its brain, or better still, through its open mouth also into its brain. He felt a whisper of a breeze, saw leaves flutter slightly.

Suddenly a loud crack of breaking brush as a huge bear suddenly exploded out of the bushes. It charged toward him, its mouth gaping open, spittle flying from side to side. How

could a beast this huge move so fast?

And yet for Eagle Eye time seemed to slow down. He saw the bear charging and himself aiming almost as if he were detached from his body and observing the scene from above.

He saw himself release the trigger of the crossbow. He saw the arrow, in repeated images fusing into each other in sequence, himself diving, almost

floating to the side. He heard a brief humming sound as the arrow flew forward followed by a whoosh of air and flying fragmented foliage rising then falling like confetti.

The bear careened past him, its legs slack, but its body carried past him by the sheer momentum of the charge. The arrow vibrated briefly, the feathered end protruding out of the bear's open mouth.

Eagle Eye held on to his crossbow as he rose shakily to his feet, his eyes fixed on the bear. It wasn't moving. He turned and gave a thumbs up to the group behind him. Then he leaned to his side and retched.

Behind him mixed reactions. The other five members in the group were trembling with fear. There was nervous giggling from some. Tears flowed freely down Chip's cheeks. Her hands

cradling the sides of her head as she turned her face skyward, a low crooning coming from deep within her throat.

The others had no idea of the part she had played in guiding Eagle Eye's movements, or the arrow flightpath. Was he aware? Probably not.

Tiny, his immense hands balled into fists was trembling, his huge body suddenly covered in sweat, his deep set eyes wide

open, the whites showing, focused on the bear, a low growl rumbling from deep within his huge chest.

Tammy had her fist pressed to her mouth to keep from screaming. Daphne her pet wolf trotted back to her, hackles beginning to flatten down.

Pops stared straight ahead, eyes focused on the bear, then on Eagle Eye, then one by one on each of the others.

*Holy Crap* murmured Muzak quietly to himself. He was the youngest member of their group of six. Young, but athletic and street smart.

He had escaped from juvenile detention services and had been living on the streets from childhood. He had often managed in the past to calm down contentious situations through his wit and humour.

A witty retort would definitely not have sufficed for this situation. Although the bear's mouth was gaping wide open in a horrific grin, that grin wasn't a smile. Muzak was pretty sure the bear did not have a sense of humour. Certainly not in his present state.

Eagle Eye knelt beside the bear's head. He wiped away traces of vomit from his mouth onto his sleeve. He leaned his

head back and eyes closed, silently gave thanks to whatever forces had guided his arrow.

He gave thanks to the bear which was about to provide the group with food.

It had been a long trek through the backwoods in northern Quebec and the group was exhausted. Exhausted and hungry.

But hungry not for long. From its hind quarters, Eagle Eye cut

off some choice parts. Over a roaring fire the group of six, feasted on roast bear.

Saliva dripping from her muzzle, Daphne their tame wolf uttered a low woof. Eagle Eye tossed a big piece of raw bear meat to her.



## **UNLIKELY RESCUES**

Pops slowed down his little red car as he cruised past the crowded square in East Montreal. Two American POWS

were on the prowl looking for U.S. refugees or trouble makers.

Actually, they just wanted some action. Heads to crack open with their crowd control batons. They were hoping for someone to resist their interrogation so they had an excuse to beat the hell out of them before throwing them into a paddy wagon for detention in their new home, a crowded cell.

America had invaded Canada. U.S. military were in charge now. That was them, Right? So why not have a little fun beating up the locals? U.S. military were the law here now. Get used to it.

Pops pulled his car over to the curb and stopped. He watched as the two military thugs chose their next target. A huge figure, head hunched down was slouching away from them.

Although he may have been trying to appear smaller by his crouched over posture, it made his figure look even bulkier, bigger.

His body was broad, massive with unusually long arms covered in curly dark hair. A shaggy mane of brown hair fell over his forehead covering the thick brow ridge over his deepset dark eyes. He was dressed in standard light green

medical lab clothing which strained against his immense bulk. He knew that he stood out in a crowd.

He was attempting to put some distance between himself and the two uniformed military cops.

The cops picked up the pace, shoving people out of their way as they advanced. An old lady staggered as one of the cops elbowed her aside. She swore at

him *Maudite! de Sans Design!*

The cop balled up his hand in a fist. He didn't throw a punch however. A slap on the back of his head staggered him and interrupted his swing. A young man riding on a unicycle was looking at the military cop over his shoulder while riding away. He shook his hand limply from the wrist as if the slap he had delivered still stung.

Then with the same hand he reached in his hip pocket and pulled out a harmonica.

While playing the harmonica, he tilted his hat in a wide sweeping theatrical gesture of you're welcome to the old lady.

She cackled with laughter and pointing toward him yelled *Mon Sauveur!* Peals of laughter from the crowd. The cops changed direction and charged toward the unicycle riding



musician. He zigzagged expertly back and forth in front of them just beyond their reach while playing the William Tell overture on his harmonica and lifting his hat up and down in time with the music.

His escape was assisted by the crowd who kept getting in the way of the two cops. Pops by the curb in his little red car observed all that was happening, the unicycle riding musician and the

huge mop haired figure who was the cop's initial target. The big guy was headed his way.

*Hey Big Guy get in the back and get down* whisper yelled Pops motioning to the huge stranger. Invitation accepted in an instant. The stranger dove in through the back door and laid prone on the floor in the back. Pops eased away from the curb and into the slow moving traffic, heading south on St. Lawrence

Blvd toward a left at the Rue Sherbrooke intersection.

The entire scene was being witnessed by another pair of eyes. Parked also by the curb close enough to see all was a despondent young woman in a small pickup truck. Beautiful with dark skin, and a mass of curly auburn hair. She wiped away tears and giggled at the sight of the military cops trying to catch the zigzagging musician.

The zoo in the Eastern townships an hour and a half drive from Montreal where Animal handler and custodian Tammy had spent so many happy hours had been forced to close down after Canada had been invaded by the USA.

She loved the animals she had cared for. She had managed to rescue her two favourite animals, Eightball a donkey, and Daphne a tame wolf. Daphne

was riding shotgun next to her. Tammy sighed, mixed emotions. The wolf placed her paw on Tammy's thigh.

Eightball the donkey, was in the truck bed. The unicycle riding musician was pedaling her way and the two cops were about fifty feet behind him, cursing and puffing as they tried to follow his zigzag path.

She leaned out the window and yelled *Get in the back.*

Muzak tipped his hat toward the two cops, hopped down from his unicycle, tossed it in the back of the truck, and vaulted over the side and into the truck bed beside Eightball the donkey. Tammy pulled away from the curb. The stoplights at the intersection changed to green and off they went turning left on Sherbrooke, the same route as Pops and the burly stranger in the little red car had taken.

When they were far enough away, she stopped the truck and her passenger hopped out.

He came to the drivers side. *You okay?* He asked seeing her tearstained cheeks. *Yeah, I'm good* she smiled.

They decided to head north together, to escape this godawful invasion. He got in the cab, sitting next to Daphne. Daphne let out a low growl to let him know who was in charge.

They headed north on a dirt road on the northwest side of the Saint Lawrence River, now twice its previous width from decades ago. Tammy turned on the radio to see if the cops had filed a public warning with their description.

Nothing. The announcer repeated messages they had heard earlier about strange new mutated animals attacking people outside the urban areas.

Nuclear power plants now under water had leaked radiation causing mutations to wild life. Old news. She turned the radio off.

.....

NEXT

*Fireworks On The  
Ninth Floor*

# *Fireworks On The Ninth Floor*

*And Other Short Stories  
And Poems*



**GARRY HAMILTON**

*Fireworks On The  
Ninth Floor*

is a collection  
of short stories  
and poems.

All a result of personal  
experience,

Even

if some were just happening  
in my confused  
little head.

Here is an excerpt



*My Little Town*

I live in a small town, a community of decent, good folks. I know this because there are so many dog lovers here. I think anybody who loves dogs has got to have some good in them.

If a dog gets lost in my community, its photo gets posted on the local social media web site. Multitudes of eyes will be on the lookout for it. Likely it

will be spotted soon and its location and time reported to the owner. Often it is taken in by the rescuer and pampered and fed until the owner shows up. As I said, a community of good people.

Every morning as I sip my coffee, from my front window I can see groups of dogs passing by. They are taking their humans, carefully tethered, out

for their morning walk. Smiles all around, also lots of slobbering and rolling in the grass. (Not the humans, just the dogs.)

When on occasion we chance to meet I am always greeted with great familiarity. First, they sniff my crotch. (I am talking about the dogs here.) Then they often kiss my hand.

If I am not going to be wined and dined first, it seems to me

that for such familiarity the sequence should be reversed. But that is just my human perspective. Dogs invariably disagree.

Winter and summer, dogs and their humans are often passed on their walk by sports enthusiasts. Little old ladies with ski poles who glide by, avoiding pot holes and rocks with seasoned expertise.

Perhaps glide is not the correct verb since they appear to have lost their skis. I don't have the heart to tell them.

You might have guessed that I live in a community not just of dog lovers but also, of the elderly.

I don't know when that word "elderly" got on the naughty word list. It has been replaced by words like seniors and golden

agers as if changing the word changes the facts. It doesn't. We are still old.

But here is a news flash. We elderly might be more frail than we were in our youth, but often the elderly have other qualities not yet acquired by their younger neighbours.

For the elderly the passing years have included successes, failures, disappointment, joy,

love and loss, all necessary experiences to learn wisdom humour, patience, empathy.

In terms of beauty, the passing years have etched the life story of each of us in the wrinkles on our faces. I paint portraits. I find these older faces, wrinkled sometimes sagging, much more interesting to paint than the blank smooth faces of

youth, the innocent, the inexperienced.

The life story of these last young portraits are in still no more than early chapters.

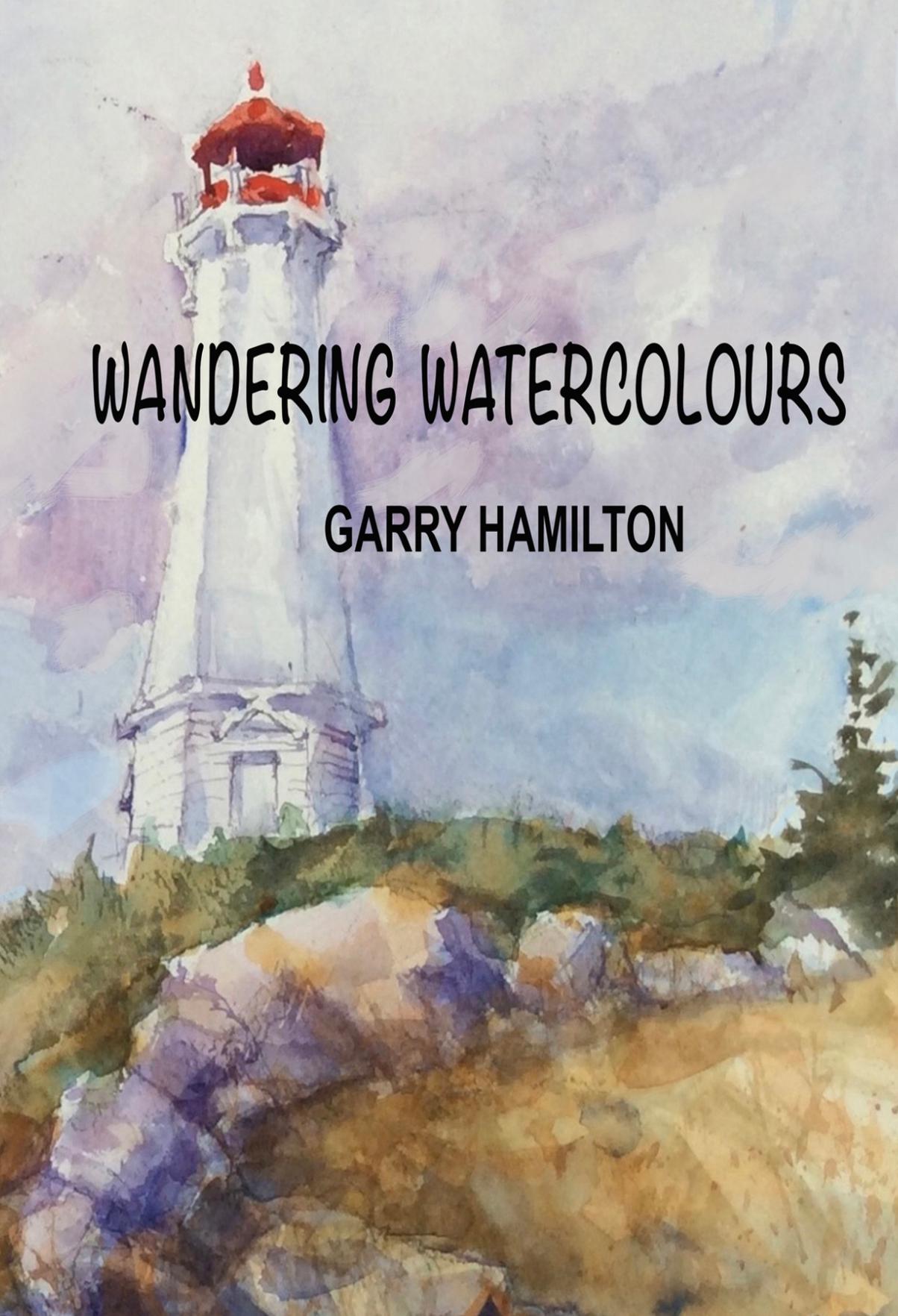
Sadly, in my town, there are a small number of elderly who started off in youth as Jerks and have maintained the same trajectory their whole life. I repeat a small number. Certainly, none in my area.

Okay, maybe one or two exceptions, but that is just a rumour.

Besides, without them who would we talk about?



NEXT  
WANDERING  
WATERCOLOURS

A watercolor illustration of a lighthouse. The lighthouse is white with a red lantern room and a red top. It sits on a rocky, green hill. The background is a soft, hazy sky with purple and blue tones. The foreground shows more of the rocky terrain with some greenery.

# WANDERING WATERCOLOURS

GARRY HAMILTON

# WANDERING WATERCOLOURS

A COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS  
FROM MY TRAVELS NEAR & FAR

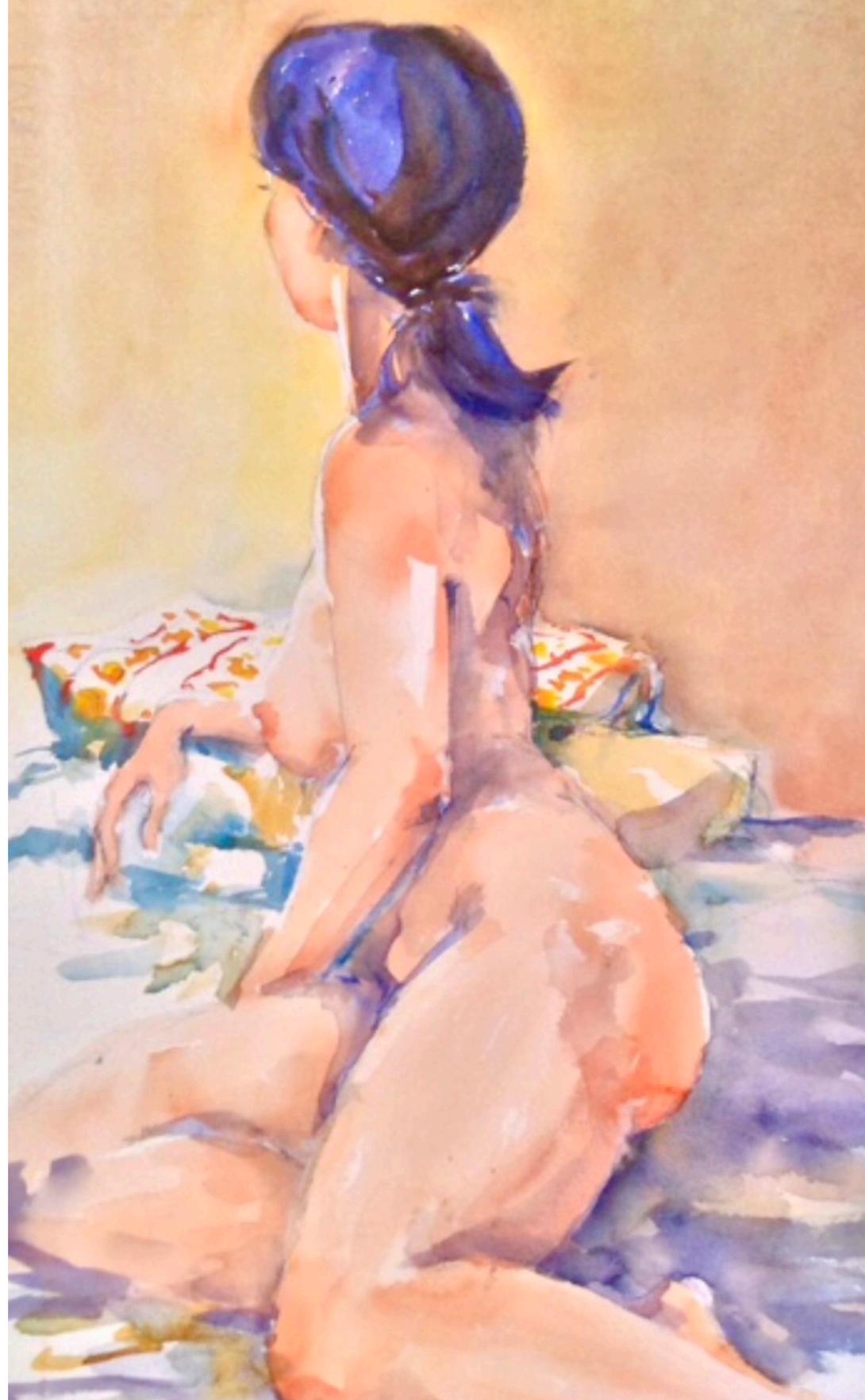
HERE ARE SOME EXCERPTS

## **NUDE WITH COLOURED PILLOW**

Painted live in studio.

**AFTER NUDE...**

**THE APPRENTICE**



## **THE APPRENTICE**

At Kite Beach, in the Dominican Republic, I saw this naked infant entranced by the kite surfer holding his kite in preparation for entering the water.  
It broke me up.



GOSWAMI HAMILTON  
ESPACIO NUEVO SEABOARD



## **QUEBEC CITY CALECHE**

I did this painting en plein air from a park in front of the Hotel Frontenac in Quebec City.

Quebec City Caleche was  
juried into four international  
watercolour competitions  
and won awards in three of  
them.

.....

NEXT

THE ARTIST'S EYE

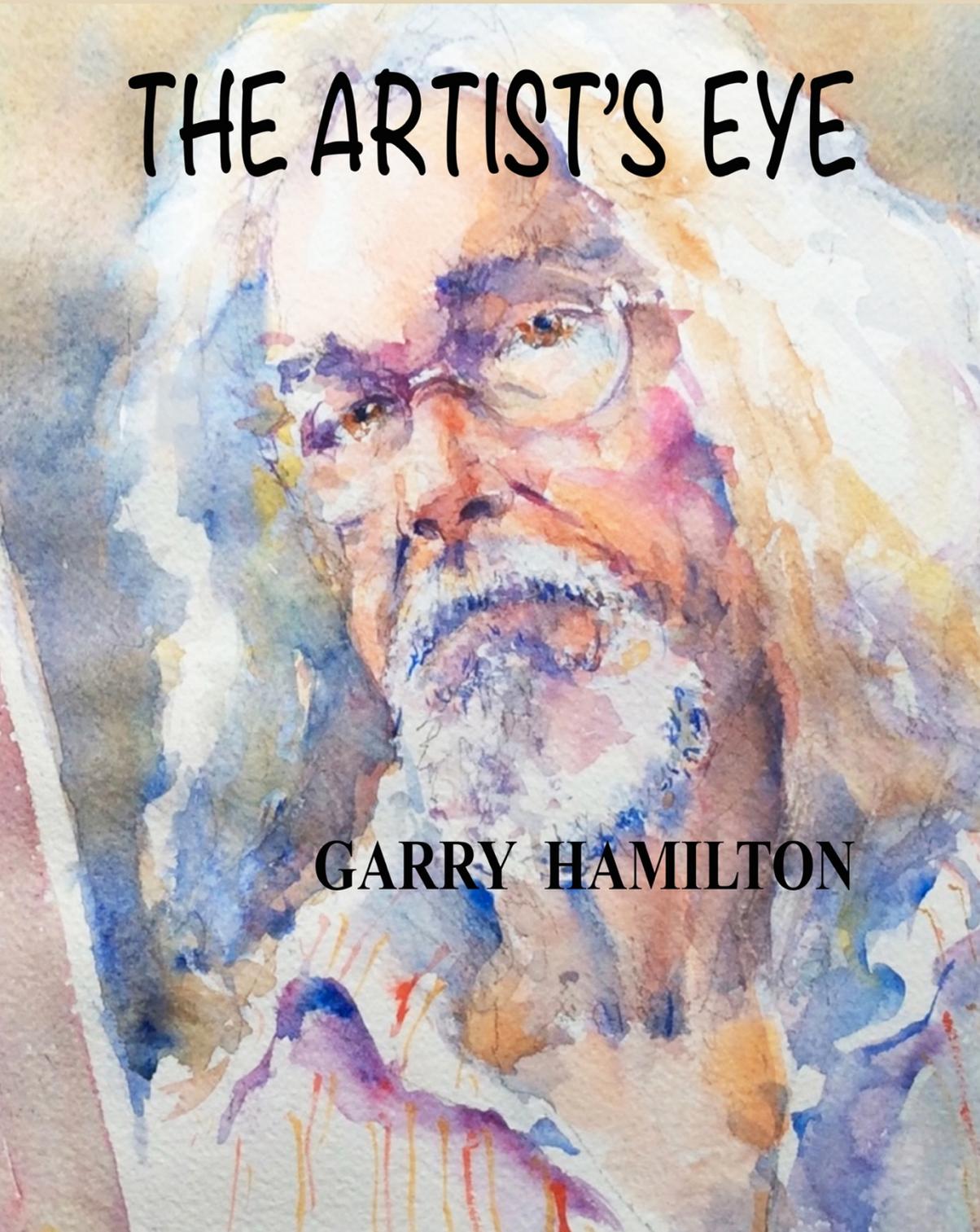
# THE ARTIST'S EYE

Beautiful paintings by 12 artists  
who all have one common  
attribute.

In addition to great technique,  
they are true to their  
own vision as artists.

Their ARTIST'S EYE.

# THE ARTIST'S EYE



**GARRY HAMILTON**

FOLLOWING ARE SOME  
EXAMPLES  
OF THEIR WORKS,

LIN SOULIERE  
**LONESOME PINE**

.....

LUAN QUACH  
**BENEATH THE SILENCE**

.....

GRAHAME BOOTHE  
**MONZONE**





*S. Langquach*



## **GRAHAME BOOTHE MONZONE**

Altogether there are 12  
outstanding artists with theirs  
and my comments.

I hope my books provide you  
with pleasure,  
some chuckles,  
maybe even some insight.  
( I'm OK with 2 out of 3 )

To see more of my paintings  
and  
get links to  
some of my **FREE** Ebooks  
go to my web site  
[garryhamilton.com](http://garryhamilton.com)

My print books  
are all available  
at ridiculously low prices  
on Amazon,  
search  
book title "garry hamilton"  
with quotation marks.

THE ARTIST'S EYE  
WANDERING WATERCOLOURS  
SH\*TS 'n GIGGLES  
SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES  
FIREWORKS ON THE 9TH FLOOR

And

if you want to make me  
really happy,  
(Big Digital Hugs)  
write a  
**REVIEW.**

Thank you  
and Cheers  
Garry Hamilton