



# SH\*TS 'n GIGGLES

*AND A FEW WTF TEARS*

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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 high pitched 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 becoming 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 Pits, 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!

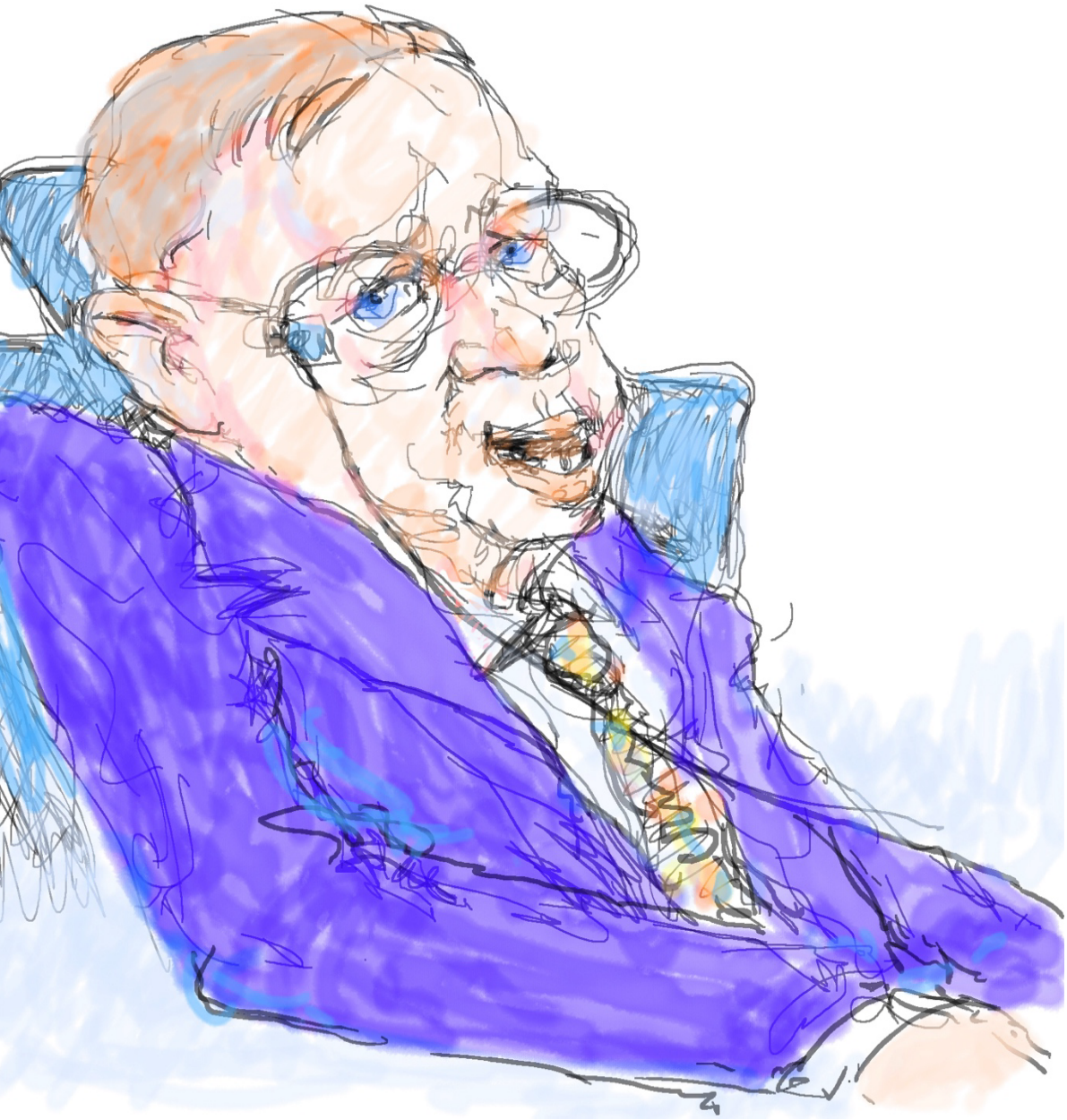
You never know  
From deck lounge chair  
What you might spy up there,  
Drifting by,

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-ITECHNOLOGY

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,

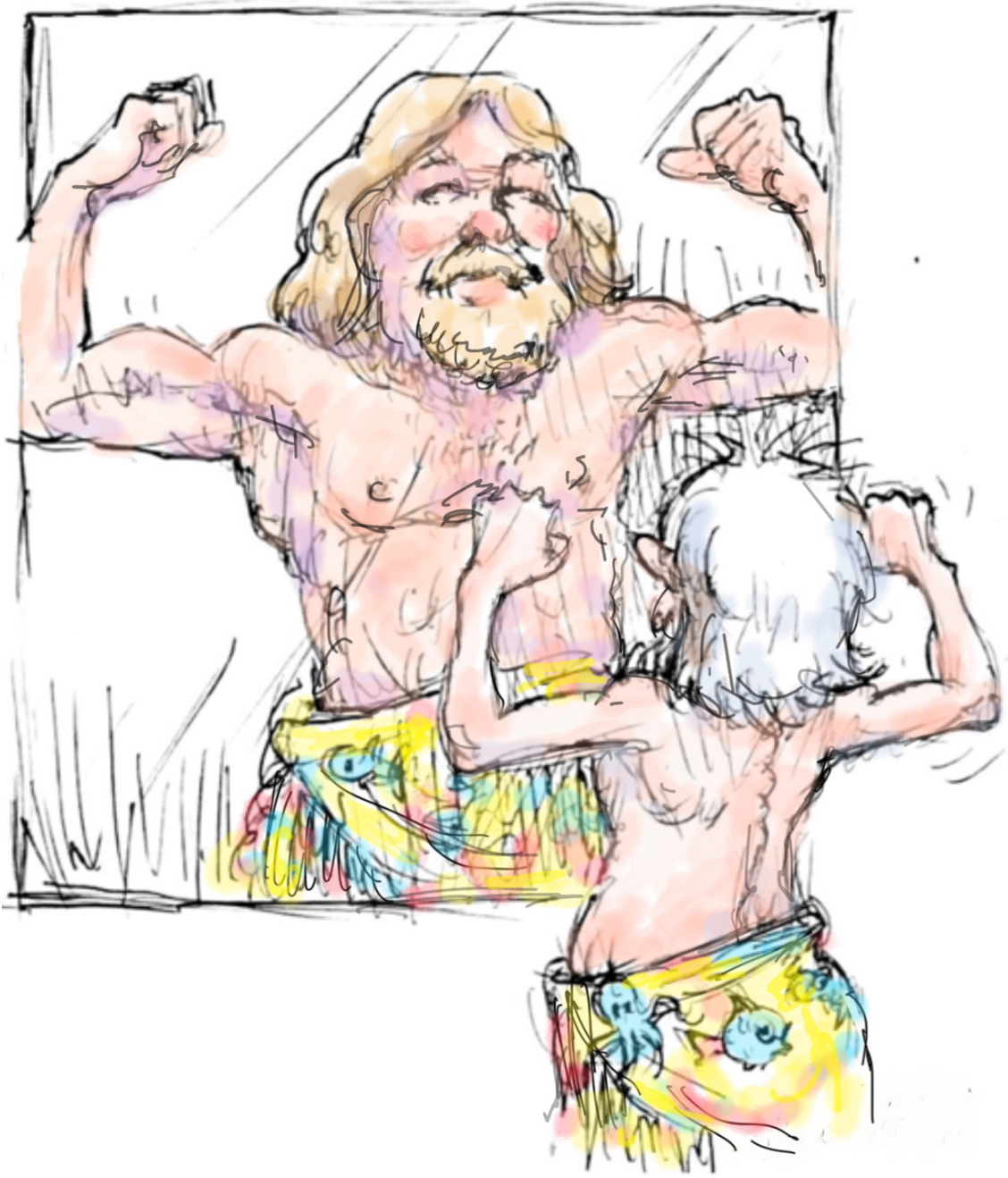
To defy reality.

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?

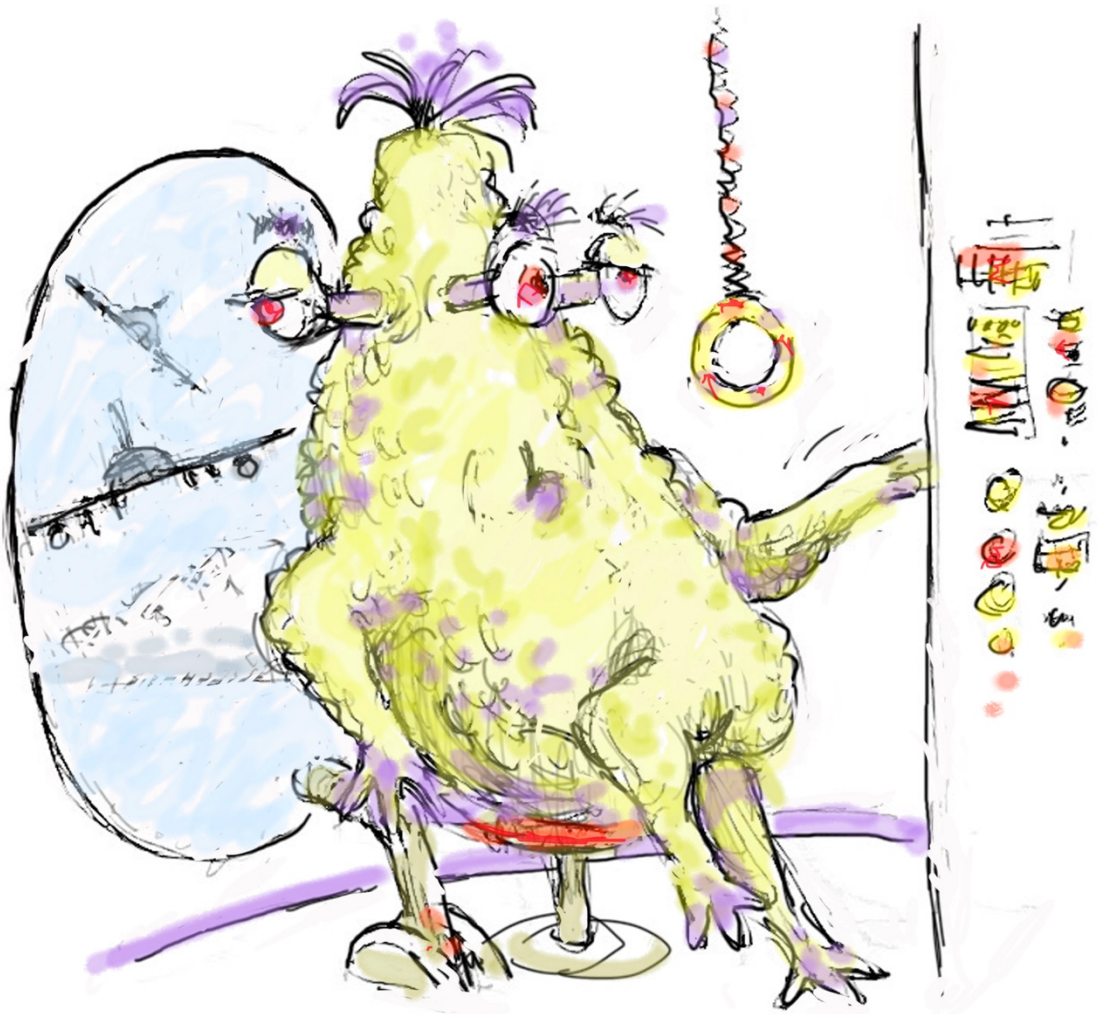
For them,  
What might we be?  
Human pets, hopefully?  
Would they be  
As kind to pets

As you and me?  
Or might we be  
A delicious dinosaur  
Treat,  
Roasted Buttocks,  
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 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  
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,

Germ.

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.



# GOODBY 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

Now 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  
Tyranny  
We must 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  
The Tree.  
Evolutionary.



## VULTURE DELICACIES

Cruising above in skies of blue,  
Eyes peeled for treats,  
Like me, or like you.

Unlucky tourists, and  
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 denying' 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, best friend,  
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,  
Testosterone 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.



# SWIMMING POOL DANGERS

Winter Vacation

Wife and me.

Mexico

Our destiny

No snow or cold,

Beach view,

The sea.

Forecast,

Skies blue,

Hot, and sunny.

In hotel room, put on TV.

Bull fight in progress,

We could see.  
But bull, obviously  
Script hadn't read.  
Ignored matador's  
Flag red.

Bull hooked front legs  
Over wall,  
People fled, as In  
Screaming crowd  
He fell.

As bull escaped.  
Screen went black.

I think maybe  
Camera man  
- *Fuck this job!*  
Did flee.

I like to think from arena  
Bull had got down,  
Hailed a cab,  
And left town.  
At least  
That is my fantasy.

For us, enough TV.  
To hotel pool

We wandered down.  
Pool to ourselves,  
We splashed around.

Wife floating on her back  
By poolside basked.  
Me, fogged up goggles  
On my head,  
Swam crawl laps instead.

Swam up behind her silently,  
Patted her bum  
Affectionately.  
Whispered quietly

Guess who,  
It's me!

“Senior!”

Response unexpectedly.

Holy Crap!

It was not she!

Three big guys

Surrounded me.

Would I escape

Like fortunate bovine?

Or

Be skewered for my crime?

Wife appeared suddenly  
My dumb mistake  
explained quickly,  
Identity similarity  
Hopefully easy to see.

There is a moral to this tale.  
Around swimming pools  
Take care.  
Danger can be lurking there.  
Walk, don't run.  
**Or fondle wrong**  
**Enticing bum.**





# 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 not 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.

Here is a bonus  
added to  
the Ebook edition only.

From my column  
"OBSERVATIONS OF AN  
OCTOGENARIAN"  
at the  
TOWNSHIPS WEEKEND  
NEWSPAPER. DEC 6 2025

# MY OWN PERSONAL GHOST

As I enter what is  
euphemistically called my golden  
years, my hearing has changed in  
unexpected ways.

I can no longer hear consonants.

For example, recently Daphne  
( name changed to protect her  
identity ) my wife complained

that a mosquito was sucking her blood. I was horrified. “*What? This guy Speedo violated you in the mud?! I’ll kill him!*”

I thundered, in my most manly protective voice.

With a frightening cold eyed smirk that sent shivers down my spine, she replied “*I already did*”.

With a revengeful smile she revealed “*I killed the little it with*

*a water.*” Obviously she was babbling.

*“We will keep this between us, the #&\*@ got what he deserved”* I told her soothingly while kissing the wisdom lines that frame her beautiful big blue eyes.

She smiled, I imagine with relief that her secret is safe with me. Women! The eternal enigma.



They look at us bewildered  
males with sparkling eyes that  
hold a suggestion of who knows  
what?

They beguile us with feigned  
helplessness, all the while  
strategizing the outcomes they  
wish. Such an innocent looking  
creature, and yet my wife is a  
killer!

Women can be truly frightening.

Like me, Daphne has also  
changed with age.

But her changes are all  
improvements. While other  
women her age have eyes  
defined by crows feet,  
Daphne's sparkling sapphire  
blue eyes are framed by wisdom  
lines. She stares straight into  
my eyes with an innocent  
intensity while she explains this.

So, it must be true.

Her other age enhancements are  
plentiful. All quite beautiful,  
of course.

Many women of her vintage  
waddle. Not Daphne. She is  
slender as a teenager, but  
without the pimples, and  
not as noisy.

She doesn't waddle, she floats,  
silent as a ghost.

All this abundance of beauty  
is invisible to me however,  
as usually she floats silently,  
behind me.

Speaking of ghosts, I hesitate  
to tell her the frightening  
truth.

I am being haunted by a ghost.  
One that enters my head and  
carrys on non sensible ghost  
observations, accompanied

by occasional titters of laughter,  
snorts and an occasional burp.

I didn't know ghosts burped.

But there it was, the undeniable  
truth. If you can't believe your  
own senses, what can you  
believe?

The voice in my head is  
instructing me like a child, to not  
slip on the wet tiles by the condo  
swimming pool, and to

stop staring at lounging on the nearby recliner, the nubile girl in the bikini. *“What girl? I was looking at the lovely flowers near that recliner.”*

I think my personal ghost is disoriented, lost. It often leaves sentences unfinished, muttering ghostly observations without any unifying theme or logic. A truly confused wandering spirit.



I look around for Daphne  
to tell her all this,  
and surprise!

There she is right behind me,  
floating silently along. She is  
giggling so hard at some  
unknown subject that  
she burps mid giggle.

Hmmm.

I am beginning to suspect



I am not cursed with devilish  
possession, just deafness and a  
chatty wife.

I have mixed emotions.

I have to admit,

Since I figured this out,

Life is much less exciting.



## **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** 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

**Sheridan College ON and**

**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

ALSO 3 MORE PRINT BOOKS  
RECENTLY PUBLISHED  
AVAILABLE ON AMAZON.  
SELECT KINDLE,  
TYPE IN BOOK TITLE "GARRY  
HAMILTON"  
USE QUOTATION MARKS FOR  
MY NAME.  
BIG DIGITAL KISSES  
FOR YOUR **REVIEWS**.

HERE ARE SOME EXCERPTS

# *SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES*

*THE NEAR FUTURE  
NORTH AMERICA*

GARRY HAMILTON





## SYNOPSIS

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 it is also a tale full of humour and fanciful exaggeration. Arctic ice has

melted causing a rise in sea level around the globe. Coastal areas have been submerged and habitable land shrunken. The northern arctic has become tropical as it was in the early paleogene period.

Previously extinct animal remains have been exposed and genetically recreated including woolly mammoths, giant apes (gigantopithecus) and pterodactyls.



President for Life Batschitte has ordered the invasion of Canada. Six disparate characters have united with the common cause of escaping north from the invaders.

They include Eagle Eye, a First Nations Micmac hunter/trapper, Chip, an accident victim whose microchip brain surgery has endowed her with unusual digital abilities,

Tiny, a hybrid gorilla/human genetically created to be a human organ donor.

Pops, a retired college professor who assisted Tiny in his escape from a science centre,

Muzak, a unicycle riding street performer and

Tammy, a zoo animal handler who has saved

Eightball, a donkey and Daphne, a tame wolf from the abattoir.

Does it seem like a lot of characters to keep track of?

That's because they are all clumped together in this synopsis. I keep the story direct, focussed, and flowing along. It includes humour, romance (straight, gay and alien) danger, bravery, some tears and hope.

From Montreal Canada heading north on the west side of the St. Lawrence River the group meet each other by chance. After many close calls, by using ingenuity, technology and loads of luck they evolve

from fleeing the invaders to challenging them.

Meanwhile in the atmosphere above Earth, a spaceship carrying three aliens watches on a big screen in their ship while following the travels and challenges of the six biped and two quadruped creatures below. The alien impressions provide a detached perspective on human behaviour.

**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 defence 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 not hungry 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 deep set 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 intersection with Rue Sherbrooke.

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.

A watercolor illustration of a lighthouse situated on a rocky, grassy hill. The lighthouse is white with a red lantern room and a small red flag on top. The base of the lighthouse is a small, white, square building with a door. The foreground shows rugged, brown and tan rocks. The background is a soft, hazy sky with purple and blue tones. The overall style is artistic and painterly.

# 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...**

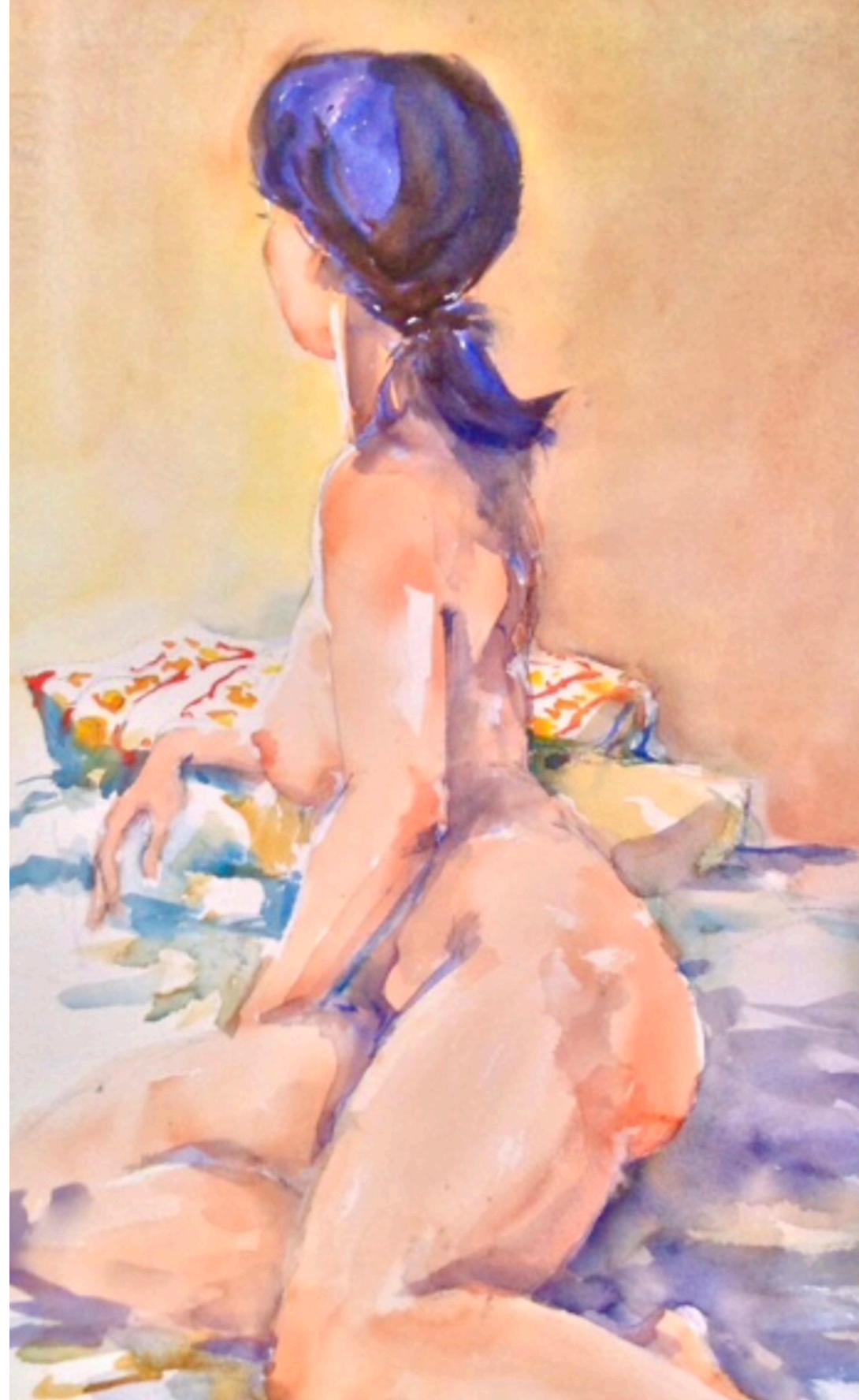
## **THE APPRENTICE**

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.









GERRY HAMILTON  
ESPACIO NAVE 2012





## 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 QHACH  
**BENEATH THE SILENCE**

.....

GRAHAME BOOTHE  
**MONZONE**













## 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 )

They are all available on  
Amazon.

Select Kindle,  
type in  
Title "garry hamilton"  
Use quotation marks.

And  
to make me really happy,  
(BIG DIGITAL HUGS)

# WRITE A **REVIEW**

Cheers Everybody  
GARRY HAMILTON