



# 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 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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EAGLE EYE GETS LUCKY ERROR!

BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.

ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.

UNLIKELY RESCUESERROR! BOOKMARK  
NOT DEFINED.

# 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 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!

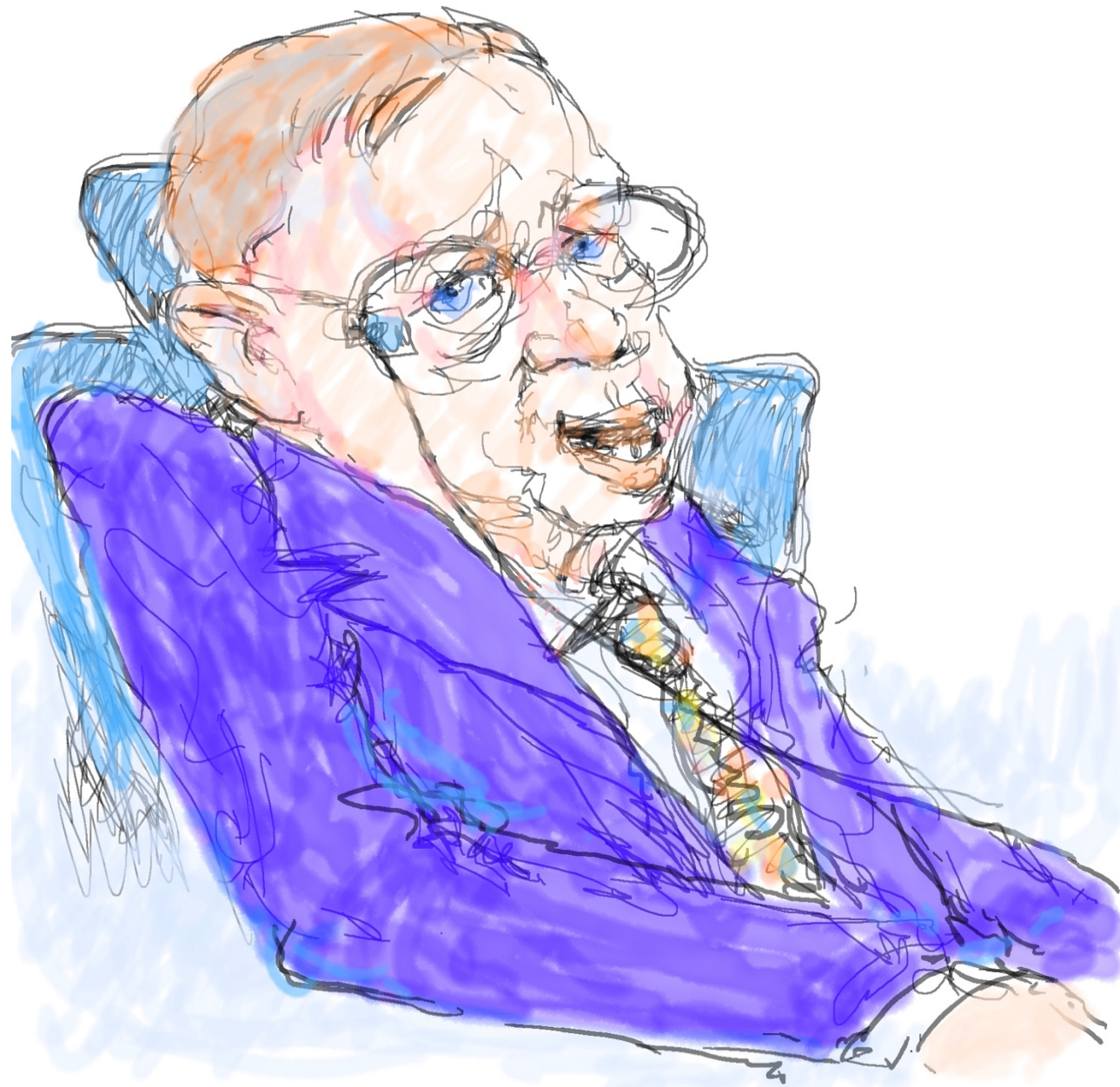
You never know  
From deck lounge chair  
What you might spy up there,  
Drifting by,

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.

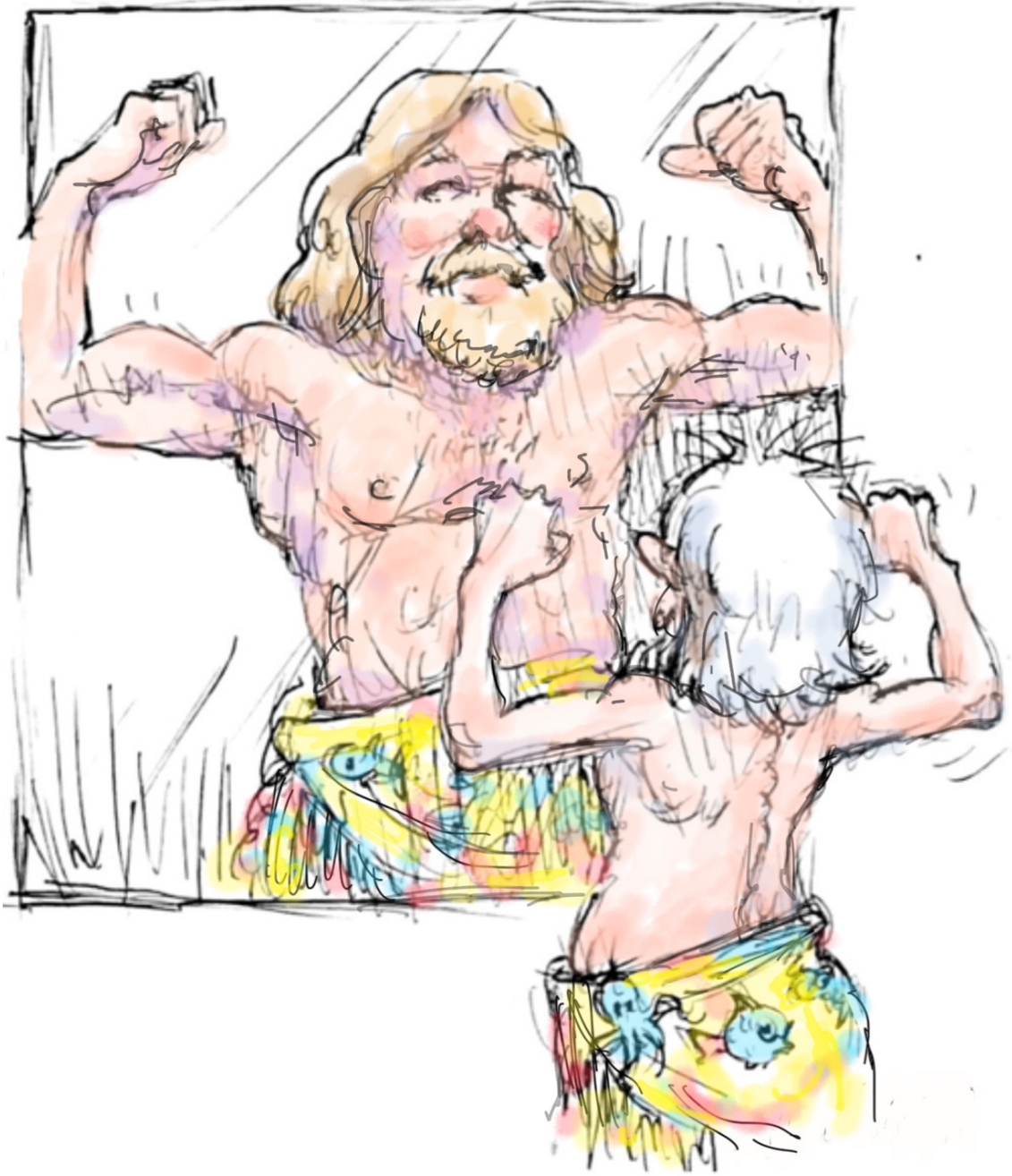
Gone.

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?

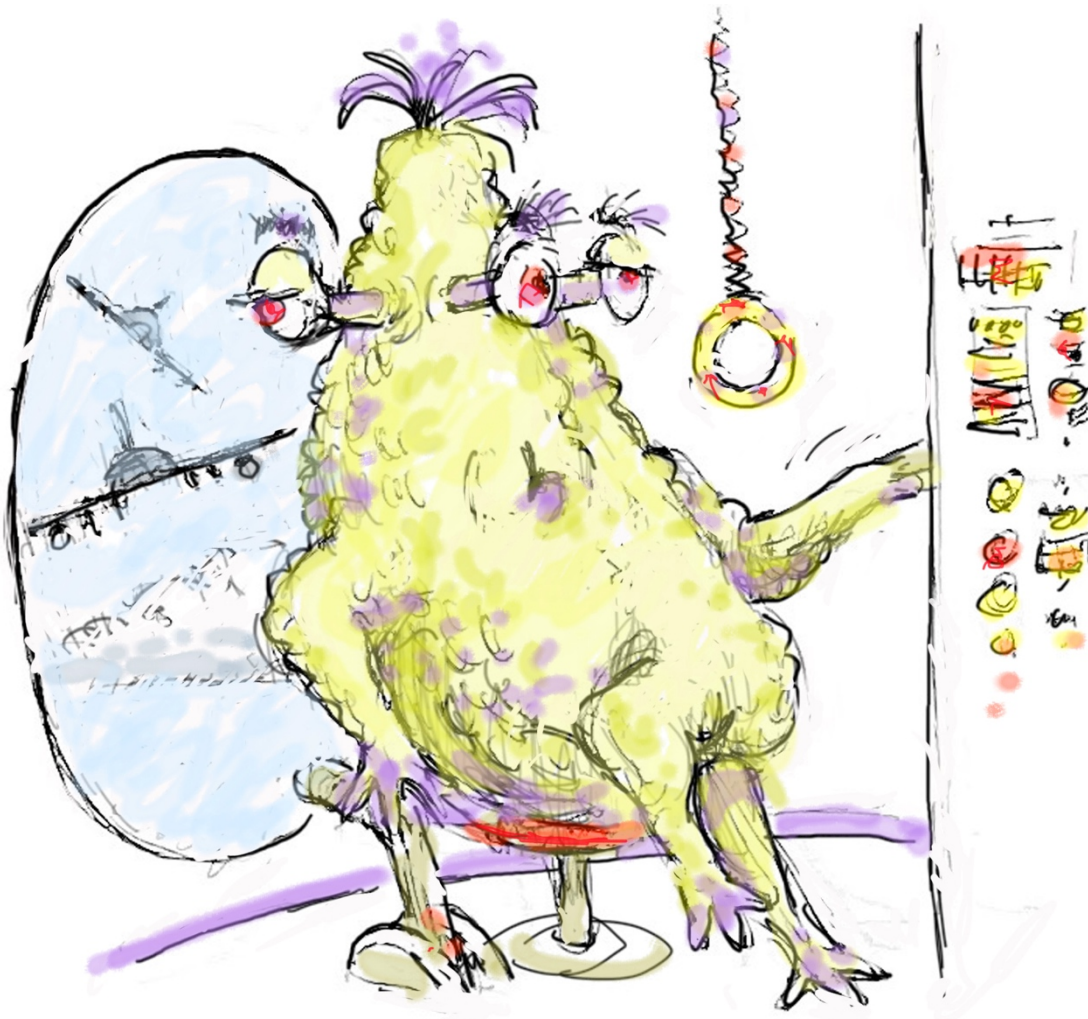
For them,  
What might we be?  
Human pets, hopefully?  
Would they be  
As kind to pets  
As you and me?  
Or might we be  
A delicious dinosaur  
Treat,  
Roasted Buttocks,  
Boiled hands 'n feet?  
Human protein  
Kept in crates?



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,



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.



# 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



# 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.