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## Arts Ministries

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## Ken's Poems

In Private

### 1. Uncle Dick.

I am going to endeavour to recall the major events and travels of my life and interweave then with a few poems I have written. The first major upheaval in my life occurred when my father decided in 1949 to move from the suburbs of Sydney to an outlying suburb in Newcastle, a distance in those days of about a hundred miles or 150 clicks in modern speak. Mum was to make the big move in the train with my elder brother Bob and my sister Betty, and I accompanied Dad in the T model Ford Ute with all our belongings and our faithful dog Nigger in the back. I mean how much could you fit into the back of a T model that had a tray about as big as a butter box? Dad said the move was to benefit my health because I was a chronic asthma sufferer, but I think the old man might have had ulterior motives. I was attending at the time the Granville Central Technical School where I can boast that I was flogged with six cuts by nearly every teacher in the school. It was very easy to get flogged in those days.

The deputy head master had in his office a long cupboard hanging on the wall with a huge variety of canes that were arrayed like prized rifles, and would carefully choose the most appropriate cane of sufficient length and thickness to suit the offence committed. Talking in class usually attracted the most severe flogging.

Those sadistic educators of the day proved how adept they were in their fine physical attributes in being able to flog a kid with such force, yet not smash every bone in his hand. One of our worst demeanours was our mischievous attempts to send one particular rookie teacher insane by our tormenting antics. I suppose we deserved what we got for that. It was a pity to witness that poor teacher's inability to cope with life. I think his teaching career was destined to be

extremely brief.

The move north, proved to be an exciting though intimidating adventure.

The cost of the trip up in the old Ford was going to cost a small fortune, what with petrol hovering at 4 cents a litre. Where did that sort of money come from? Well the roads in those days were all gravel and severely corrugated. How the T model survived that excursion without falling apart, I will never know. Arriving at the little town of Morisset on the southern shores of Lake Macquarie was about as desolate a destination as what Bourke is today.

Dad worked in a mad house at Parramatta before the move north, so he made the obvious transfer to Morisset Psychiatric hospital, and that institution was to play a future major role in my life. The old man did it the hard way like most blokes his age having gone through a war and the major depression of the 1930's. His father brought a young family of six kids out from England in the early 1900's, but A.B., my grandfather could never make a life for himself after being damaged in a couple of early wars and losing an arm. He drifted from job to job in his new country but finally found it all too much and deserted his family and went back to England where his kids and wife never saw him again.

We quickly settled into our new environment at Morisset. There wasn't a tarred road for 50 square miles in those days. The mail was delivered by old Mrs Hampson in a horse and cart, and the main road into town was nothing more than a three meter wide dirt track that weaved and wound its way out to the lake estates and back into town through a tunnel of overhanging shrubs and trees.

There was no electricity in our new home. It was a dwelling that was little more than a crumbling down shack, and hurricane lamps were our only means of lighting. We thought all our Christmases had come at once the day that Dad brought home a second-hand mantle radio from Newcastle that was operated off a 12 volt car battery. A battery operated radio? What unmitigated extravagance!

I finished off my high schooling at Morisset. It was the year 1949, the second year after the inception of the high school that was then held in the local small Church hall in Bridge Street. There were just 28 students in combined first and second year. I hated high school but made several worthy contribution to that teaching facility. First of all, I called the young maths teacher who turned out to be a good bloke, a communist in class soon after I arrived at the school thus initiating him into the art of flogging kids with a cane; He did a wonderful job on me, and from then on became quite adept in the art. I also fell head over heels in love with a beautiful young shiela called Virginia the very first time I laid eyes on her. She wore a huge yellow ribbon in her hair and I considered it one of my greatest academic feats in pinching her off another bloke that later became a lifetime friend. Ahhhh, the wistful thrills of those puppy loves.

I have never known a man who could admit to me he never deserved the beltings he got as a kid at school, or at home by his parents, or by both parent and teacher for the same offence. We were belted for two simple reasons. Disobedience, or bad behaviour. We have come a long way in our modern march backwards in defying yet another clear Biblical principle of "sparing the rod and spoiling the child." We have produced masses of defiant, arrogant, and foul-mouthed hoodlums who spit in the face of anything to do with discipline, respect, or obedience. They are encouraged in their outrageous behaviour by many gutless donkeys who wear wigs and who openly display a peculiar Freudian eros toward criminals and law breakers, and who seem to inflict as much suffering on the families of victims as is humanly possible.

The first day I started at the school, I saved a blokes life. I can still see about a dozen class mates chasing him over the road across the crest of a hill and down into Mullard's saw mill as he was fleeing for his life. I am sure they were going to kill him, and I later found out that every one wanted to kill him. They shouldn't have allowed themselves to get so stirred up over the fellow because just after he left school, he rammed his motor cycle full speed into a brick wall accidentally and killed himself. The only thing I enjoyed at school was the essay writing contests, I usually won them all and took great delight not so much in having them read out in class each week, but looking at the long faces of the high brow students who did not enjoy getting beaten.

So I left school the day before I turned fifteen. Couldn't get out of the place quick enough. There was a carpenter waiting at my door a week or so later who wanted to give me a start as an apprentice. I gave it a go; after all, he paid real good money. He would call around on a Saturday morning to get me to work my guts out for four hours in the burning summer sun mixing concrete, and would reward me with a fifty cent piece. He was chasing sheilas all over the place and would rarely turn up on a Friday after noon to fork out my pay which was after all, a massive sum. Seven bucks a week. I later told him where to stick his chisels and the money he wouldn't pay me, and left for greener pastures.

In those early days at Morisset, neighbours were very scarce and boys simply had to make their own entertainment. We preferred in those days riding our push bikes hundreds of kilometres a week seeking out new spots of excitement and adventure. It seemed to have more benefits than what the kids do these days, although I suppose binge drinking and spewing your tonsils up and going schizoid on marijuana and ice might have some benefits. It seems to have, enough are doing it.

Just down the road from our house was a high crest in the road that dropped viciously down a long steep hill all the way to the waters edge. It opened up the huge panorama of Bonnells Bay. There were just half a dozen old houses in those days and a row of miner's weekend huts along the water front used by coal miners who would come down from the Cessnock and Kurri coal fields to spend their weekends on the foreshore of the lake.

On the brow of that hill to the left, stood an old bark hut that housed for many years an old Welshman by the name of Dick Madge. It's strange how you remember for a lifetime those kindly old characters who always tossed you a friendly smile and befriended you. Dick was one of those men. We called him 'Uncle Dick' at his request. There was always the offer of a bowl of hot meat and vegetable soup that simmered endlessly on an old wood stove at the roadside end of his humpy. He would seem to take delight in putting his earphones on our heads while he tickled the whisker on his crystal set, and we were amazed how the music and sound emanated from that simple and unsophisticated gadget. Air waves! Another one of life's simple mysteries that we take for granted just like the developing of photographs. We see a picture appearing magically as we slosh the negative back and forth in a solution of developer. Really, how do these things happen? We don't really know when it's all boiled down, we just take it for granted.

And of modern technology—where is it going to end?

Uncle

I met him on that morning, I was just a growing kid  
His old bark hut leant steeply, twenty-five degrees off straight  
It nestled on a hillside overlooking Bonnells Bay  
I met him there that morning-weathered old Welshman mate.

Of times at that old humpy [he would always ask me in]  
I'd see his earphones hanging on a hook just near his bed  
A crystal set he treasured, and his pot of boiling soup  
There was his barber's clippers, and a rusty leaning shed.

He also had a crosscut, and some wedges three or four  
And a fourteen-pounder hammer to the purpose, drive 'em in  
Along his fence all neatly stacked, a pile of seasoning wood  
And on his face he always wore a friendly toothy grin.

Across the road just nearby stood three enormous logs  
They jutted like the stony statues found on Easter Isle  
That's where he did his haircuts, where he shared a morning joke  
That's where you'd get to see it, his contagious friendly smile.

"Helloooooooo" he'd say unfailing, as each time we met, the first  
His happy greeting never changed the angle of his head  
He always carefully listened and he'd have a friendly chat  
He always showed an interest, to what other people said.

He taught me once some music on a piano that we had  
Mum would ask him up sometimes, occasionally for tea  
I asked him once to speak to me [in welsh,] then he took a breath  
"Poothglabooosh [I think he said] "Vee en de garidee."

The last bit meant 'I love you' he surmised in jesting voice

**I want you here to listen, let me say what should be said  
That kind old Welshman blessed me, in more than tacit terms  
And his friendly old bark humpy still leans inside my head.**

## **2. Value for money**

My father had at least one redeeming feature that changed the lives of his kids forever-and I mean forever and ever, and that also means into eternity. He was of the opinion though not being a religious man, that every kid should be forced to go to Sunday School in order to hear the 'other' side of life. Once having been taught the other side, they should be then free to make a balanced decision as to which direction their life should take.

How sad it is today to see the masses of pagan parents giving no thought whatsoever to the eternal destiny of their offspring, neither the God who bequeathed them those children to properly care for and nourish. A couple of 'old blokes'—must have been at least 18 years of age, rode up to our house on push bikes one day to ask Dad if they could take us to Sunday School each week doubled on their bikes, a distance of seven kilometres there, and seven more back.

Dad agreed, so Freddy and Dick Swan and Bobby Jones took it in turns to pick us up faithfully each week for several years.

We attended 4 services each Sunday, being, Christian Endeavour, early morning Church service, afternoon Sunday School, and the evening Church service, and we would spend the day in between at the Swan home where 'Mrs S' would make the most beautiful lunch out of cold baked potatoes, meat, and vegetables.

Attending every service each Sunday 52 weeks of the year didn't make it too difficult to pick up every first prize at the annual Church anniversary presentation. The minister proclaimed one night whilst handing out the prizes [8 first prizes to my brother and I] "These Payne boys are giving all the other boys a pain." The Church in question was the Church of Christ in Merrylands, Sydney that was later sold to the Spanish Baptists, so I guess spiritually speaking, Bob and I were born and bread and died-in-the-wool 'Church of Christ Christians.' Please bear that point in mind as you head toward the next poem.

After I tossed in the job with my womanising carpenter boss several years later up at Morisset, I left the juggilo who left me doing the building whilst he chased the sheilas and went down to Sydney to live with an Aunt where I got a job in a factory. Six months later, I tossed that in when to my sheer delight, I was accepted into the Royal Australian Navy. My delight at getting in, was exceeded later only by my much stronger desire to get back out, but that's another long and tear-jerking saga that would overflow at least a dozen elephant-sized tomes.

There is a particular story that I must tell that leads to the next poem. After I had joined the Navy I was standing

opposite Flinders Street station in a tram zone watching the trams pull up and leave. I was on one of my first leaves since joining up and I was a very lonely young man in a big strange city and not a friend in the world. So I asked God to lead me to a girl who I could marry and jumped on the first tram that came along which said "Glen Iris" on the front. I'd never heard of Glen Iris let alone know where it was, and, as the war memorial went gliding past, I wondered what I was in for and where I would end up.

The tram swung, lurched, and clattered hard to the left, and went down High Street heading south. It came to a stop a few kilometres down the road and as it was stationery, I glanced out the window opposite and saw the words blazoned across an old gothic building that read "Church of Christ." I leapt up and jumped out of the tram as it was moving off not realizing then that God not only answers prayers but answers them in life-changing ways. I must admit God's choice for me that day has only lasted 50 years, and it has been a bit rough on the girl I met in that little Church, but we're getting there. We're working on it.

When my father made his mind up to make sure his kids took the opportunity to be taught spiritual principles, two things happened. The first is that his entire family came to know the Lord, and his three kids grew up to influence and change thousands of lives for the better. The oldest son Bob entered the ministry and has served the Lord faithfully for over 50 years. The second thing is, if you are looking for the right partner in life, ask God. He doesn't make mistakes and His services are free.

Value for money





A youthful lad in a Melbourne street got on a tram one day  
A tram, it was Glen Iris bound, where that was, he couldn't say  
He knew not where that tram was due or where his destiny  
A sailor young on a weekend leave, on a ride for a sixpence fee.

Well the tram went down St Kilda road; the sights were strange and new  
The War Memorial drifted by and the trees in the avenue  
It seemed to be a hundred miles till the tram came to a bend  
And a mile and a Church 'cross Chapel Street, brought the tram to its journey's end.

You see, that morning on the tram was a sort of a special ride  
That sailor had just asked his Lord to lead him to a bride  
The five cent odyssey that morn, a solution to his search  
Found him sitting on a crowded pew at the back of a little Church.

Churches in those days for sure, reputation friendly—free  
And a bright red-lipped young maiden, asked the sailor home for tea  
As he looked back over fifty years at his losses and his gains  
He never quite forgot that girl, how she heated up his veins.

In marital vows these days it seems, it's mostly shams and fakes  
But when it comes to picking wives, God doesn't make mistakes  
Over fifty years now give or take, he took that five cent ride  
And life was not all fairy floss I'd say, but then...beside,

That angry moody sailor man had troubles like us all  
But that gentle red-lipped maiden never let him slip or fall  
She was God's abundant blessing, given quick and given free  
And that lonely Melbourne sailor, he remembers... 'cause he's me.

“Let her body satisfy thee, let it make you feel alive.”  
Well that's what God is saying in Proverbs chapter five  
But the fires of youth expire, and our bodies we can't save  
But that maiden's Christian beauty will extend beyond the grave.

### 3. The reason why I'm different

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My father's only brother's name was John. Uncle John's "extreme conservatism" can be traced to its source by the truism, "People do things for their own reasons." [And not usually *without* reasons.] Uncle John, Dad, Ethel, Ruth, Flo and Jesse were a family of very young kids brought out to the new colony from England in the early 1900's by a neurotic war-damaged professional soldier who had left an arm behind in Africa, France, or some other such place.

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He was called "A.B." and was the patriarch of the present generation, Jesse being the only remaining child who is now in her nineties. In his new land, A.B. drifted from job to job but could never settle down after the war. Finally, in desperate frustration, he packed his bags, deserted his young family and went back to England to live. They never saw their father again and no doubt suffered the resultant trauma.

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The only possession I have of my father is an old boot knife that was purchased during the depression years for about five cents. When the handle finally wore out, Dad fashioned a new one out of wood and riveted it to the old blade. Nothing in those days was tossed out or wasted. I keep the useless thing down in the back shed as a memento. It's the only thing I have to remind me of the old man. Maybe this all explains the mentality of a generation that grew up with nothing and struggled without a pension to stay alive through two wars and the Great Depression. Maybe now the following poem about poor old Uncle John may lose a little of its humour?

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### The Reason Why I'm Different

[It's my uncle John]

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My old man was the reason well, his brother I suppose  
His name was Uncle Johnny who was "crazy as she goes"

He was an elec-trician who wired up the trains  
He wound electric motors to show he had the brains.

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But common sense ain't magic, you got it or you 'aint  
And when it comes to Uncle John, a picture I will paint  
You talk about Godiva, in the nude, without a robe  
Well Uncle John came in at least, a few watts short a globe.

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You'd think an electrician who knew about the power  
Would know exactly what it cost each kilowatt per hour  
But Uncle John he reasoned, [I think he topped his classes]  
You could get the cost of power down by wearing darkened glasses.

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He'd sit beside the telly with his specs and tennis hat  
And wear a great big over coat, shake his head at this and that  
Then he'd go to bed at seven - turn out the only light  
A lousy twenty watter, that struggled in the night.

-

An hour or so on later when I felt a little sadder  
I'd tiptoe down the passage to relieve my bloated bladder  
I'd reach and flick a switch on and give a nervous cough  
Then a hand would shoot from somewhere and turn the switch back off.

-

Now I've studied human nature and psychology and the like  
But to work out Uncle Johnny, you'd need a lucky strike  
Can you give an explanation, can you solve a lengthy riddle  
Why I had to run the gauntlet in the dark to take a piddle?

-

It wasn't just a one-off; don't take me for a dill  
It happened time and time again, no doubt would probably still  
We're all a little different and fortune changes scenes  
It did when Mother Nature gave me Uncle Johnny's genes.

-

Well come on now me hearties, count your lucky stars  
Thank the good Lord up above for your houses and your cars  
If life becomes a burden, and you're 'strolling in the park'  
At least today at midnight, you won't be groping in the dark.

-

Was an uncle sent to test me as he rationed out those amps?  
As he snuck around the household dousing all those sickly lamps?  
Was it justice and poetic, a greater mystery still?  
Bless old Uncle Johnny's heart; he left me in his will.

-

So if I act off-handed and my life has some queer hitches  
At least I don't sneak round at night turning off the switches  
It makes a better challenge in this life for you and me  
If we have a few 'bananas' hanging off the family tree.

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4. A rising from the dead.

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I am just going to meander amongst the poems of this book that you will note are in four sections pertaining to four different categories. As I wander through the various poems with the attached anecdotes, I am sure you will pick up the final weave of the fabric that turned out to be the cloth of my existence up until the present time.

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After I left the R.A.N. in 1960, I joined the service of the New South Wales Department of Public Health and trained to be a psychiatric nurse at Morisset hospital. In those days things were rather simple and it was often a word put in to the supervisor by a Dad on behalf of a son that got the son a job. Men and women of all ages were taken on as trainee nurses in those days, and were to pass a simple entrance exam of maths and English in order to get a job, then proceed with a three year training program with an exam at the end of each year, that is, first, second, and third year exams, followed six months later by a nurse's Registration exam, thus becoming State registered.

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It should be said here, though it should not need to be, that the finest, most conscientious and compassionate nurses

were produced from the ranks of ordinary and middle-aged men and women who had no formal training but were prepared to do lectures in their own time and gain their diplomas the hard way. It's a little different these days, we demand university degrees from would be trainees and our mental health care system now lies in tatters.

Once registered, a nurse would then begin the slow climb up the ladder of seniority. A male nurse would take at least 15 years to attain the rank of Charge nurse and at least another 5 years to attain the rank of Senior Charge nurse.

With the females, because of rapid staff turn over and pregnancies etc, promotion was much quicker, and most women earned much more money than their male counterparts. There was nothing in those days that even vaguely resembled sexual equality. The men always got the worst end of the professional stick. For instance, take the example of a young married couple working on the job. The wife would be promoted within six years to a senior position and would be taking home a Charge nurse wage combined with her husband's wage. Yet a poor battling bloke perhaps 50 years of age would be struggling to support a family and may have been on the job at least twice as long as the married woman, but taking home only a single nurse pay, which at the time was 35 bucks a week.

So the male was invariably forced on his days off to seek a job on the side to supplement his meagre income, and he would chase any work that he could find, and for slaving his guts out, would be paid the going rate of 7 dollars per day. Warren decided to chuck the hospital work in and went full time into a body-snatching business becoming a full time undertaker. He would often call on some of his hospital work mates to give him a hand when a bit of business came along. I dug a few graves for him. It would take us all day and two hand fulls of blisters to crow bar down through the shale and granite of the Morisset cemetery. It was pitiful and hard yakka but yielded a bountiful ten dollar note that made all the pain worth while. One day I got to dig a grave with the Spaniard and that cured me of grave digging for all time.

### A Rising From The Dead

For extra money making

We took on undertaking

Well, Warren kicked it off, and really took it on

He licenced in the State,

Often called upon a mate,

To dig the graves for those, poor souls now dead and gone.

Well, we helped him one by one.

T'was the 'Spaniard' got us done.

We dug a grave one day, and a big mob came ahead.

Now the boss who gave the pay,  
Said, "Please listen what I say,  
We have to show respect, and venerate the dead."

-

Well the Spaniard said "She's Jake."  
[Wasn't listening what was spake]  
Boss said, "When you lower, be careful of the straps.  
If you let them slip too fast  
Your hands will feel the blast,  
We'll all have red hot sparks, all landing in our laps."

-

Well the prayers had all been read.  
Dust to dust and so 'n' so said.  
Then the Spaniard like a bull let the straps go down real quick  
Then he screamed aloud and turned  
With both hands badly burned  
The coffin gave a thud, and the mob all looked real sick.

-

But the worst was yet to come.  
This was not the total sum.  
The Granny in the box, sat up with regal poise.  
The coffin smashed in three  
And set the women free,  
A gassy noise erupted, and it was a shocking noise.

-

Well ten of the mob turned black,  
Four men had a heart attack  
Warren looked to the sky with mournful heavy sobs.  
The Spaniard fled in pain,  
Never dug a grave again.  
The outcome of that funeral, got Warren three more jobs.

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## 5. Better Left spoken

Most of us blokes are fortunate enough to pick up a couple of real mates along life's pathway, mates that stick with us through thick and thin. I never thought Ralph would become my best mate when I was a young kid of 14 just having arrived in the town of Morisset. He was sixteen years my senior so we had nothing in common in those days and I guess he never even knew of my existence.

Ralph ran the corner milk bar, and was the focal point of the night life during dances and the Saturday flicks. He knew any body and every body in the town and his wife Heather owned the second car ever to find a garage in the town. The Mullard's were pioneers of the town and Ralph's father and uncle established saw mills for many years dragging logs way down from the Wattagan mountains to be sawn up in the two thriving mills at Morisset.

Ralph drove his Ford Customline ute down the Sydney stadium of a Friday night loaded with his mates to watch the fights.

It was late in our careers at the hospital when the era had arrived when all the wards were thrown open in the State's grab at the Federal government's new lucky dip. Canberra, in all its wisdom, decided to pay the state governments an invalid pension to all mental patients in open wards, so the States not to be considered too stupid, threw all the wards open with no thought whatsoever to the welfare of the patients.

Ward 19 was one ward that had to be kept closed for the troublemakers, the chronically psychotic, and the men being transferred over from the criminal section on a trial basis for assessment as to whether they would improve well enough to be finally released. It was a ward that carried a great deal of responsibility and personal risk, and needed to be run with an iron fist, many times in defiance of interfering authorities who thankfully had the brains most of the time to stay out of our way and let us run the ward as we saw fit.

The time came when Ralph, as Senior Charge nurse of ward 19, had the choice of any one of four men to work under and with him as his deputy, and he chose me. We worked for four years together and ran the ward like a well-oiled machine. Over 400 troublesome men from all over the state went through the ward in that time and our success rate was close to one hundred per cent.

It is 27 years since Ralph and I left the hospital but I don't think one Sunday has ever gone by without each one of us taking his turn to ring the other up. I guess that's what you call a friendship.

Better Left Spoken

There was movement at the rat house, the word had got around  
That another Crim had jumped the fence and 'went'  
But rat house meant 'asylum' for want of better phrase  
[Mental home I mean] is words far better spent.

Well we chased him in the bushes and knocked him to the ground  
We dragged him back and shoved him in a cell  
Me and Ralph were nurses – cared for 40 crazy men  
And Ralph's the bloke and story my intention here to tell.

He grew up on the coastal fringe a town called Morisset  
Named it from a Major it was said  
Ralph was lean and wiry and a hard life lay before  
Had a mean old man that had tried to work him dead.

Ralph built the local sawmill, the pits, and rigged the saws  
That heaved and thrust like piston up and down  
And then he built the benches and a roof to stop the rain  
The hot sun turned his back all cooked to ebony brown.

His brother dragged the logs, from the hills of the Wattagan  
Those giant logs were stacked and later milled  
A risky occupation this, of blistered, blackened palms  
Where many wary men were often maimed or killed.

But soon the mill days ended and a bitter past was gone  
Escape from a Dad who "forgot about the pays"  
And Ralph took on a corner shop and started baking pies  
Longer hours oh yes, but brighter, happier days.

Then he started at the rat house [oops there I go again]  
I meant the mental home, up there upon the hill  
This drastic new adventure had challenges unforeseen  
Was yet another stage my mate must soon fulfill.

He took to mental nursing like a duck takes to the drink  
Pardon that sick cliché, pardon it if you will  
But forsaking his old father and tossing in the pies



He found a niche that lasted, and I guess it always will.

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I'll recall a single incident, I could tell a hundred more

It speaks well here of a man's capacity

A knife one day went missing, two suspects whittled down

And I'll tell you here who either one could be

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The first, a sheepish little man, came from Cowra way

Forty nine the times it was, he'd stabbed a little kid

The other slew his first wife, and was threatening number two

Not a matter if he would, simply... when he did.

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The second man in question spent Sundays up the stairs

Enjoying number two in modest privacy

Administrative morons had ignored our constant fears

Such stupidity was incredible to see.

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Well the hospital boss deserted us, the onus fell on Ralph

He had to be the police, the judge, the sleuth

He grilled both of the killers, his actions made me proud

He dragged from the guilty party all the truth.

-

As I said before I will repeat, there's a hundred secrets more

I feel the light of another must be shed

Ralph saw a vicious killer with a hammer to my rear

And saved him, just, from smashing in my head.

-

There is movement at the station, but it gets much slower now

My station is a little farm in Vic.

Many years we've been retired now, and how those years have flown

There's one last truth, I'll make it very quick.

-

We ring up every Sunday now, and haven't missed a one

Words we feel that are often left unsaid

If you get a feeling for a mate and do what you should do

Its better that you do it, well before you're dead.

-

We probably set a record for work mates keeping touch

It could get into the Guinness I suppose

Not like many of today whose sentiments are less  
Than a breeze that puffs and wanes before it goes.

-

There's little movement at my station as life runs on its course  
Those aches and things have really slowed me down  
But I'll be not hypocritic, I'll weep on no man's grave  
What I feel about this mate, I've gone and written down.

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**6. Ruxton**

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**The stern-frowned countenance says it best to us all**

**His appearance is a force**

**Painted whitened eyebrows like murals on a wall**

**Best describes this old warhorse.**

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**Grumpy may describe him, this man of lesser words**

**Not quite so fast now on his knees**

**A score as yet unsettled with oriental turds**

**[Some] murderous Japanese.**

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**Forget about the suffering? Not total up the cost?**

**He's a man who speaks his mind**

**His ilk is almost gone—such men are almost lost**

**Greater Aussie you'll not find.**

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**Last time I saw this man, he was talking on T.V.**

**With appearance stiff as starch**

**Some weirdos tried him on, found his philosophy**

**“All those poofers will not march.”**

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**See his medals hanging? All bright and fairly won?**

**Life's more than that-beside,**

**The metal of a man, pride of a father's son**

All that counts-- a man can't hide.

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Swarthy man this Ruxton, a disappearing link

Finer vintage once by far

Showed us what our country was, how far we've had to sink

Not what we were, but what we are.

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The crudity in this next poem may be forgiven as it depicts the way we used to treat scum, punks, hoons, and trouble makers. Today we use a different approach, we slap them on the wrist and let them go to resume their lives of crime.

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### 7. Modern medical miracle

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I'll take a nomination, at least a Noble prize

For making a discovery, a cure of worthy size

I did my lab researching gained a thesis of A plus

I made my great discovery, on a crowded Greyhound bus

Please stick me in a journal, or that doctor's written stuff

I cured a dire disorder on the day I'd had enough.

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The bus was fully crowded with forty-four odd names

The bunch of thugs behind me, were playing smelly games

Were making rude loud noises and laughing out aloud

It was rather overwhelming in that very stuffy crowd

The nice old dear beside me caused my actions I suppose

"If you fart once more you mugs, I'll punch you in the nose."

-

We took another turn then, a long way off from Sydney

Another foul noise rent the air, and smelt like steak and kidney

I turned around and let one go, with precision and with grace

The comedian just behind me, copped four knuckles in the face

Air conditioning on the blink, the Greyhound not our pet

It's a trip that forty-four odd souls, never will forget

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There's potions and there's miracles, and claims the fakes all tout

But nothing stops unwanted gas, when it has to come on out

You can use a cork or mixtures, or other things for flatus

But nothing will deter that force that nature has begat us

What I gave that lad that morning, was it a miracle, was it what?

It brought an instant cure, to his anti-social rot

-

At least five hundred miles more, and when we stopped for lunch

Not a foul smell dared escaped that giggling funny bunch

Will someone nominate me for Australian of the year?

I'd grasp such presentation so very close and dear

My ambitions are all humble, my intentions are not crass

It's ME, and single-handed, who can stop unwanted gas.

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### 8. A touch forever lost.

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Tragically, we only get one chance to raise a family. We wake up one morning and realise it's all too late, our kids have grown up and gone. The sands of the hour glass have drained and our chance to do what we should have done is gone also, and gone forever.

Let's get a bit psycho-analytical here. Do you suppose for a minute my father, being the second child born-a son, deserted by a father, had anything to do with me being the second born child-a son, being deserted by my father, and that being the case, do you think it coincidence that the character in this poem was my second child-also a son, grossly ignored by his Dad?

## Do solutions ever meet?

And what about those evil men  
Who may for wealth at will?  
Take down and dupe a fellow man  
And for profit almost kill  
My verse I'm told sometimes too long  
But this tale must here be told  
There are greater crimes than these here spoke  
Truths of shame, of purest gold.  
The greatest crime a man commits  
Has our society bled  
Mine happened forty years ago  
When I tucked my son in bed  
The fact that I am telling lies  
Is patently very thin  
I never ever, any time  
Ever really tucked him in.  
I never placed my hand upon  
His innocent snowy head  
I never acted like a Dad  
Better if his Dad were dead.  
You see, my hand upon that head  
Had power you'd never know  
"Twas the fertilizer best to help  
A forsaken child to grow.  
I withheld my hand for reasons that  
Never understood by me  
Caused a life to whither and to stunt  
Could a greater crime e'er be?  
Was the price my son just had to pay  
By a father, twisted, bent  
A warning from the God above?  
Dire warning timely sent?  
Can we learn to touch and learn to care?  
Is there time enough to learn?  
Can the crime of selfishness be stopped?  
Could our lives not take a turn?  
A turn for good and betterment  
I think I'm going to try  
To place my hands 'pon as many heads

As a gram of time will buy.  
You see, those sands of time are low  
We get but a single bite  
We only get one family chance  
And we'd better get it right  
We'd best to waken from our dearth  
We'd best to realise  
Those sands are gone before we know  
Old man time, he really flies.  
Is a hand on head too much to ask?  
Or a simple tuck in bed  
Can we not all use this principle?  
To a cause much better said?  
A cause to help our fellow man  
Can we go out of our way?  
If this were thus my last day here  
Would it be my proudest day?

#### 9. The Gippsland Hills

Well I've been to all the majors, cities from the north to south  
I've been to all the Capitals, and I've had my thrills and spills  
I've fought around the Far East, Singapore to Vietnam  
But there's nothing that I've seen so far, like the rolling Gippsland hills  
I've crossed the dusty Nullarbor, axed Queensland's mulga scrub  
I've flown 'cross Katadjuka where brilliant beauty fills  
I've caught my barramundi in the Wild Man River holes  
But something's captured special in those rolling Gippsland hills.  
I've been inside a prison, places where men all get hurt  
I've seen sadness and the war zone , and things what maims and kills  
I've seen the sadder things of life and I've drunk my bitter cups  
But its weighed the scales all even, in those rolling Gippsland hills.  
I'm not a born young local, nor a migrant to our shores  
I've lived most of my life elsewhere, as fate and fortune wills  
Not only did we settle here much later on in life  
My bride of fifty years was born, in those rolling Gippsland hills.  
My silver perch play in the dam and the yabbies shed their shells  
"It's far too quiet up here" you'll hear, from a few poor city dills  
Not quiet enough by a country mile, in fact its just reverse  
I listen as the zephyr sweeps, across the rolling Gippsland hills.  
McDonald ranges splendour and the plunging southern coast



The snow capped tips of Wellington and the wild flower wasteland thrills  
From the Kathryn gorge, the northern beach, and the inland boiling hot  
For peaceful magic beauty, it's the rolling Gippsland hills

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When my race is run and my time is up and they lay me in the sod  
It's true it's said, Holy written fact, as prophecy fulfills  
When the Master calls to take me home on that resurrection day  
He'll know that I am waiting, in those rolling Gippsland hills

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#### 10. Ink spots.

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A thousand stories could be written about the carryings-on and experiences that were amassed over a twenty year period working in a mad house.

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#### Ink spots

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Memories are like ink spots, from a carpet hard to move  
And memories of past workmates stain deep within my head  
Those ink spots are all sundry, from a loony bin all born  
For mates to make this poem, they have to be first dead.

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I regurgitate them regu'ly, in my mind they're ever etched

It's mates and enemies all, who stamp the way we live  
And as I think of days now gone, and a madhouse now defunct  
The stories of some mates I knew, to you I'll freely give

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The first to come to mind by far, was big Charge nurse Jack Holmes  
The men were all big, working there, as memory recalls  
It wasn't for the need a strength to be so over- built  
It was necessary way back then, to reach switches on the walls

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Big Jack he was a fearsome man, I think Italian stock  
He generated fear, respect, and sought to win the prize  
But age the saddest enemy, is merciless in its thrust  
It breaks the hardest of them all, and brings us down to size.

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I gained this great big man's respect and saw his softer side  
He was human after all I'd say, but Jack ran out of luck  
He died himself within those walls a victim of a stroke  
Not before he lost his son, cut in half by the paper truck.

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There was Daddy Claude a softer man, a bloke who ran the Crim  
When table tennis was the rage and you couldn't get a game  
But Daddy played a fair bit then, and he'd take his dentures out  
How could you beat a man that looked, a toothless gummy shame?

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How can I forget the man, the man they all called Candy?  
He once became my greatest mate when fishing was our game  
He had sworn us all to secrecy as he cheated on his wife  
But he only fooled himself because, you see, they're all the same.

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And Blackhead was a real wild man, who lived the hard fast life  
A woman's man who played the field, cannot tell you why  
But it caught up with him on the night, he hit that thick weir post  
They found him dead on the concrete spill, staring into sky.

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And Colin transferred up from south, to join our local staff  
A clever builder and a mate, and this I have to say  
He came to work with a few beers in, rain stopped his work that day.  
He died when he hit that same weir post, coming the other way.

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And little Ron a wiry bloke, like a jockey ringing wet  
Failed to come to work one night, I stepped in, that was fine  
He had fair reason not to work, his missus found him dead  
They laid him in the local morgue, at the age of thirty nine.

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And Dave they called the Admiral, a Naval comrade-ex  
He rang for Len a mate one day, lying in his bed  
Dave woke up on that morn in pain, sitting bolt upright  
When Len arrived it's sad to say, the Admiral was dead.

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Well, when it comes to ink spots, my mind's a blotting pad  
I could tell a thousand stories, clearly tell them one apart  
It's not how many stories, how important they may be  
It's knowing where to end, it's knowing where to start.

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You see those ink spots are to me, part of a distant past  
They shared my days of sorrow and of fun  
They came from different back grounds poles and poles apart  
But when trouble loomed and danger struck, we all became as one.

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We covered for each other as we stood all toe to toe  
Our occupation not to be, the want of gutless fools  
And in those days pre-tablet, when men were raving mad  
Our knuckles and our wits, were our only useful tools.

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And when I think of ink spots, the names race through my mind  
There's Trevor, and there's Spencer, there's Charlie and there's Ted  
Still living there is Dick, of course there's Cool Hand Luke  
There's Neil and there was Sandy, [some maniac stabbed him dead.]

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There was Dan a faithful warrior, at sixty he was gone  
And Col and George at sixty joined him there  
Many were the number never reached retirement age  
The story of the ink spots, at times seems so unfair.

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Many drank themselves to death, others used a gun  
There was Griff and Bondy and the Cat, [many failed the test]  
I trust one day God sees these men not as ink spots nor as stains  
But men who struggled doggedly, and did their very best.

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Those walls were very daunting and fear no stranger there

A man best kept his fears inside, many, a burnt out shell

Can we ever weigh their gumption? Can courage gauge on tape?

Do we understand 'nurse crisis,' or a man's own personal hell?

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I wonder where those ink spots went, now surely they must know

Is a burning hell awaiting us, or a heaven to rejoice?

It's a fearful horrible gamble, and we'd better sort it out

When we become an ink spot, best we make the proper choice.

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In Politics.

1. The Lawsons, the Patterson's and the 'Wrong fellows'

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I often wonder what makes politicians tick. Whatever it was before they were elected, they all seem to readjust their time pieces after attaining office. Why for instance would the likes of Malcolm Turnbull who could retire tomorrow with millions, not wisely retard the rapidly greying of his hair by getting out of the rat race whilst he is still alive to do so. What is the price worth paying for being under such pressure as being the king pin in the rise or fall of some a pulp mill that is going to poison all our fish, that will, before it's all over, bring himself and his government to its knees, and the rest of the country with it?

And what is John Howard going to have left of his life with his family when he finally pulls the pin? It is only the moment of their own importance that urges politicians on, and they appear totally to overlook the true practical perspective of what life is all about, as Bob Collins, John Gorton, Harold Holt, Mick Young, Al Grassby, and a hundred other "once were's" like them, have already shown us. Our self importance if we may delude ourselves to possess any, is only sustainable by the breath that comes out of our body on a day to day basis, and when we stop breathing, we are gone and forgotten, no matter who we think we are.

It is what we do whilst we have the power, that we will be remembered for. The public are not apt to put such facts aside. For instance, on two major TV surveys some years ago, no less than ninety per cent of the people in widely conducted surveys said that migration should be stopped or at least severely curtailed. Yet today, when our dams and rivers are almost dry, we are not flooding the country with much needed water, but with migrants and people from all over the world on working visas at a rate that will ensure that what water we have left will be gone, and it indicates to us that our politicians think that there is no tomorrow.

When we start selling our uranium to countries with a track record like China and Russia, it seems we are trading out brains for dollars. The tragedy of it all is that these security-threatening decisions are being made at a dictatorial level and are clearly not the wishes of clear-minded people.

Politicians can not only be fairly accused of sticking their noses in the trough of the public purse in a despicable, dictatorial and selfish manner, but also feathering their own filthy nests for the rainy days of endless retirement that lay before most of them. The gold passes and the freebies and the chauffer driven cars ad infinitum, are an insult to the working classes who

elected them into office, and it is that very damning form of class discrimination and selfishness that attracts the public hate and disgust they truly deserve.

I think politicians are worthy of much higher pay than what they are receiving, and that any man is truly worthy of his hire. The abominable amounts of the millions of dollars that failed corporate executives wander off with to their next grandiose failure, is a kick in the face to many investors who appear to be brain dead, and such salaries and bonuses paid out to unscrupulous crooks who lack a conscience, remind us in true and fair comparison, that our Prime Minister and his cabinet and other men in stressful positions of high responsibility are in fact, working for peanuts.

Proper and fair wages ought to be paid to M.P.'s, but the retirement handouts ought to be stopped in the hope that the great gulf of disrespect and resentment between constituents and their politicians, may be repaired and traversed.

When we make mistakes, we can get over them. When politicians make mistakes, it changes the course of our nation's history, and like doctors, their successors are totally incapable of admitting the faults of those who preceded them, nor of being willing to attempt to correct those faults and mistakes.

One of the biggest blunders in our nation's history, was the banning of fireworks. [see poem, "Where have all the crackers gone?"] Countless years of counselling and psycho therapy have done nothing to ease my pain and the suffering that was caused when they took my Tomb Thumbs and bangers off me.

Here then are a few of my reflections on politics and politicians.

### **The Lawsons, Pattersons and the 'Wrong' fellows.**

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Longfellow's pretty bellbirds  
And Miss Muffet's wheys and curds  
Are troubling shady thoughts I have, that I am trying not to find  
And of Lawson's loaded dog  
I'll bet London to a frog  
It nowhere fits the dire thoughts, that are circling in my mind.

In Finney's best survivals  
Billy Graham's best revivals  
That saved a world in better times, but is sinking now in slime  
And now we see the Churches  
All roosting on their perches  
Will they save us from our mess, will they do it just in time?

This government abortion  
Is all moral extortion  
They slaughter off our kids for laughs, and they pay to get it done  
They sell our souls to China  
Broke farmers seem much finer  
A curse is now upon us, it's one for all and all for one.

And what about those Churches  
Who roost upon their perches?  
Who jump on down quite often, just to taste the worldly 'shmoo'?  
They mix it with the groovies  
Enjoying filthy movies  
Most Christians are in neutral, but they're in trouble too.

And all those M.P. hypocrites  
Have us all in laughing fits

Who claim our great new Southland, legacy of God was founded  
 Mickey Mouse has got more sense  
 A.C.T. sits on its fence  
 You want to know the peril? My warning here now sounded.

Now M.P.'s cannot hide  
 Their love for the male backside  
 They legalise their filthy shame, then they teach it all in schools  
 Think of Henry Lawson  
 He'd now be just a poor-son  
 Victim of these godless men, — these legislating fools.

Now I'm not a Lawson poet  
 Unfortunately, I know it  
 He lived a different world back then, that's now rotten to the core  
 By Muffet arachnid  
 This is what the M.P.'s did  
 Opened up depravity— and spread a cancerous sore.

With our Mental Health care pains  
 M.P.'s lack the corporate brains  
 Our resources are all gone, they've blown the whole damn lot  
 And their optimism cast  
 Is all fake that cannot last  
 It's pseudo-psychological, not worth an ounce of snot

And of Banjo's epitaph  
 Quite enough to make us laugh  
 What about his River now? Bet he'd wished he wasn't born  
 To think about that river  
 Enough to make him shiver  
 He'd pen a brand-new poem now, called "Australia's had the prawn."

Revival is all able  
 Around the kitchen table  
 I prophesy to Canberra men, who've passed God's day of grace  
 Won't be the Church now roosted  
 Won't be the M.P.'s boosted  
 Stop SINNING all you heathens, you're spitting in God's face!!!!

# 1. Where have all the crackers gone?

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It's a good job the corporate intelligence of politicians summoned up enough power between the lot of them to ban fireworks. I was lying in bed this morning meandering down memory lane in the dark corners of my mind recalling what were the highlight days of the childhood of countless thousands of Australian kids— cracker night. Not only did the banning of this evil and dangerous practice prevent the annual catastrophe of one or two burnt fingers and the odd injured eye, it effectively destroyed any hope of up and coming generations from doing the unthinkable, enjoying themselves with a bit of innocent fun.

Our intrepid governments have rationalised their behaviour of destroying the memory of the Irish Mick, Guy Fawkes who

tried to blow up King Jimmy the first, and the British Parliament in 1605. The government substituted in the place of Fawke's memory, compensatory less-dangerous pursuits that have successfully ensured that our present generation of kids is happily on the road to destruction. The media have ensured that God has been replaced by Harry Potter in the lives of our kids that will inevitably result in the demon possession of countless thousands, and a new wave of teen suicides in the next decade.

As soon as they leave school these days we make sure that our kids have less dangerous toys than fireworks, we give them fast cars to wrap around trees and light poles. They can't spell when they leave school anymore, but what does that matter? They are up against it because the same political morons who banned fireworks are the same ones who banned the three R's in schools thirty years ago. The cops who book the kids in the fast cars are no better, they can't spell either, that's why we make people have licences these days, so the cops know how to spell by copying what's written on the licence.

We have invented things that are far safer than fireworks. The Web and Cyberspace. These devices totally destroy what's left of a child's ability to exercise and think straight. It gives them a hands-on sex education that their parents may be a bit reluctant to give them. Most of their parents would not be perturbed in the slightest or even blush at the porn their kids are feeding on.

And, Oh yes, we have wonderful new safer government-sponsored indulgences for our kids these days. We specialise in providing for them social gaiety and relaxation. Binge drinking and spewing is on top of the bill, and if that gets too stressful, there is always a ready supply of marijuana, cocaine, heroin, a pretty array of multi-coloured pills to pop [especially handy for the dads who drive semi trailers] and special watered down laws to protect the animals that distribute the stuff. We take it especially easy on the cops who are caught out trafficking in drugs.

If there happens to be a few neurones still working in the heads of our kids, we quickly remedy that by supplying an endless range of garbage from the news stands and the video shops that is readily available.

Just stop and think what the demon moguls from Hollywood have done to our kids.

AND THE CRETINS IN PARLIAMENT HOUSE TELL US THAT ROMAN CANDLES, TOM THUMBS AND CATHERINE WHEELS ARE DANGEROUS???

It really is a fine and just cause that all those arsonists of the early 50's who enjoyed lighting bonfires were put down and such practices outlawed. They should have brought back death by beheading to put a stop to all those revolutionaries who dared instigate the continuance of such evil and dangerous practices.

I wonder why the memory of bonfires and cracker nights conjures up a feeling of warmth and fond memories in the twisted minds of my geriatric peers who were responsible after all for giving Australia the freedom it enjoys today. Memories of a carefree and mischievous childhood that culminated each year in the very pinnacle of enjoyment that was prepared for months in advance—bonfire night. I suppose the younger generations of today will be able to look back on nostalgic moments of enjoyment all of their own. Special unique little moments you might say, although maybe not as simplistic as ours, but of equal importance. They will be able to recall with fondness:

How many of their friends choked to death in their own vomit.  
How many of them stuck their heads on a train line, or hung themselves.  
Who holds the record for the highest tally of mates who died from an over dose.  
How many of their P plate friends are lying in cemeteries.  
How many took their lives because they were taught in school it was normal to be queer.

It's a good job indeed the politicians did away with those dangerous chrysanthemum fountains, jumping jacks, flowerpots and sparklers. They are doing a much better job these days sending our grand kids down the river of no return on a raft of hopelessness, robbing them of the treasured memories that we possess of our childhood. No more memories of the snags cooking in the hot embers of the bonfire, the strong whiff of gun powder smoke that hung in the air for hours, and the distant boom of a bungler that heralded the dying throes of the most enjoyable night of our lives. The search in the early hours of the following morning for the fizzers that failed to explode the night before that would give us another taste of the excitement as we planned to let the fizzers off that night in a blissful last taste of the thrill of another annual treasured memory, cracker night.

"But what about the poor little puppies," the flea bag breeders cry. Well what about them? Cracker night was the only night of the year that dogs were put where they belong—off the streets!

I'll have you all know there was a very positive side to fireworks. The bungler I threw up my wife's dress in 1960 brought on the labour pains that brought our beautiful daughter into the world.

But I suppose it's a good job the people in power got rid of a generation of private pyromaniacs like me who went around on

a special night of the year sending cascades of beautiful sparks up into the black night air. Such vile behaviour filled the night sky with rapturous shouts of glee and screams of happiness. Who needs that anymore? Those dangerous crackers might have led to an out of control lunatic generation of mad bombers. Who knows? At least our kids are 'safer' now. [big laugh]

I can remember all the risks I ran as a kid with all those explosives hidden in a safe place. I would rush home eagerly from school each afternoon and drag the big old tin out from under my bed a month before the big night. It would be a daily ritual. I would carefully remove every cracker from the tin and line them up on the floor. Mum used to look at me, shake her head and walk away. She would say in disgust, "If you don't stop mauling those crackers every night, they won't go off."

But I would stroke them again and smell them and then give them a kiss. What a strange dangerous pervert I was as a kid. It's a good job the politicians put a stop to this outrageous and obscene behaviour.

I could always extricate a few more pennies out of Mum's starving purse to buy an extra few bungers to add to my collection. I would beg and harass her continually for more funds to reinforce my precious arsenal. I'd line up the strings of tom thumbs, the tom thumb brothers, the mighty penny bungers that came in bundles of ten, the pom- pom canons, the flower pots, catherine wheels, jumping jacks, sky rockets, sparklers, and if the budget could afford it on a special year, a prized aerial bomb.

And Oh, that beautiful whiff on my fingers as I would breath in the ecstatic aroma of cheap Chinese wrapping paper...that unique exquisite blend of gunpowder that only a firecracker could produce.

I look back often on the highlight of my young days, cracker night. It has been stolen from the younger generations by mismanaging nincompoops who think a bit of innocent fun and the odd inevitable annual injury was worth doing away with. Who have substituted it by acts of incomprehensible stupidity in their total removal of morality in all walks of life, and by the blithe and insidious abrogation of their censorship responsibilities. They have given the kids of today something a little safer than combustibles and pleasant smelling gunpowder smoke, and the hot comforting and pleasurable sensations of the dying hot embers of a bonfire. They can rush home from school now and destroy what is left of their brains with Nintendo, see how many thousands of people they can murder on video games before tea time, and feast their tormented and wretched souls on a thousand tons of demonic spew dished up from the pits of hell.

Well, no clowns in parliament have what it takes to extract from the memories of my generation the unspeakable innocence and clean harmless fun that was enjoyed by countless thousands annually around the bonfire of bygone years.

Of course, there is still no shortage of crackers these days if you care to open your eyes to look for them, and you don't have to look far. Men and women who have gone crackers are running our country. They are to be found in all echelons of administration, in the mental health care system, in the courts, in the armed forces, and anywhere that one human being maintains control and usurps authority over others.

Many world leaders past and present are also crackers. The lunacy raging in Iraq is a clear example.

At least Iraq is in the right place. It's next door to where they are going to hold the next big bonfire and fireworks display. Even the most radical political opponents to cracker night will be forced to attend that one.

According to Biblical prophecy, it's just around the corner. It's called the Battle of Armageddon. It's the bonfire we had to have.

There will be no anti-climax after this one. No more looking for fizzers the morning after. There will be no morning after.

### **Where have all the crackers gone?**

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Now I want to tell the story of the rat bags and the jerks



Who got their inspiration to ban all fireworks  
 It's very simple logic, and some dire compari-suns  
 We've got to pick the dills out... all those real erratic ones.

Really real big deals  
 Banning Catherine wheels?

It's not a simple forte, simply lifting off the lids  
 It's what they did to history, generations of our kids  
 Bonfires were the catalyst, the biggest night of all  
 I'll bet a million dollars, my comparisons appal.

Wrapping cars round trees  
 Killing off you and me's?

You see their brilliant theories, was the odd burnt blistered hand  
 About three annual mishaps, now I've got to make this stand  
 This present group of youngsters are robbed of emotional quids  
 Never had the happy past, that befell us mob of kids.

Much more efficient tools  
 Are donkeys leaving schools?

We'd race home quickly daily from our school with eager grins  
 Race inside and raid each night, all our precious cracker tins  
 Don't know where the money came, though it never was enough  
 We'd get it off our mothers, by bribery and by bluff.

Are leader's brains all fat?  
 What put the end to that?

Let's look into their logic, work it out by strict decree  
 Little common sense is apt, such commodity is free  
 They took away our crackers, now they've bred a different race  
 Let's analyse the present, and let's see what took its place.

Are kids all better off?  
 [Oh please excuse my cough!]

We give 'em suped-up cars now, to wrap 'round trees besides  
 It's probably more convenient, about half are suicides  
 They knackered education, well I should not mention that  
 It's really all hilarious, when our policemen can't spell 'cat.'

You should not feel so glum  
 Much worse is yet to come.

Thirty thousand porno sites, on the website might be why  
 So many 'happy' children, simply want to go and die  
 There's funny grass, and heroin, and that ecstasy is sad  
 They said, "Tom Thumbs were dangerous," **were the stupid fools all mad?**

Now please don't let me stop  
 Go try the video shop.

We pulverised their brains then, with the trash from Hollywood  
 Imbeciles would know the truth, but **our leaders never could**  
 Dangerous-catastrophic, to light a catherine wheel?  
 Well this is what I'm thinking, and I'm thinking how I feel.

Its best to make it said  
About the marriage bed.

Our leaders are quite worried, of the safety of our youth  
That's why they banned the crackers, but examine please the truth  
A race of single parents, seems to be the O.K. fad  
"Hey Mum is your new boyfriend, my seventh de facto Dad?"

This very common curse  
Is getting worse and worse

They sanction same-sex mothers, warming up the marriage bed  
To have two poofster fathers, a child may be better dead  
That's why our kids keep hanging, why they jump beneath the trains  
Primarily politicians, **pinched our crackers for their brains.**

Now here's this one last laugh  
Our noble epitaph.

It's good for clever people, who closed those 'dangerous doors'  
Let's pretend ten million kids, weren't all killed in recent wars  
Let's blame those penny bungers and the sparklers on past shelves  
This governmental madness, is blameable on ourselves.

Now all governments bent  
On a rat bag's errand sent.

### 3. A Schizophrenic letter.

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When I ran as an Independent candidate for the Victorian seat of Dromana, and later the Federal seat of Flinders won by Peter Reith, I began to discover the filthy side of Australian Politics. It is a dirty and ruthless game where a clean conscience is a poor asset and not welcomed. It was only in the Pauline Hanson affair I really saw first hand the ruthless filth of politics. I sent Pauline a copy of my poem "Fish and Chips for Sinking Ships" quite recently. She responded by telling me she was proud to have read it.

I have the utmost respect for both Howard and Beazley, both seasoned and capable troubadours in the political arena. When Beazley was Minister for Defense many years ago, I fully expected him to be a future Prime Minister. I was proven wrong only by a hair's breadth. Both men debated professionally and knew the inside-outs of the system like few others ever did.

However when Pauline Hanson came along, things changed for the worst. Howard and Beazley jumped into bed together and set about to destroy an unseasoned though honest threat to the Australian bi-party system that was to be upheld at all cost, but that God knows, desperately needed changing. Hanson spoke a few truths the people wanted to hear but our politicians had long since past the post "of the people, by the people, and for the people" rot that we were taught at schools. Politicians have become substantiated liars and are interested only in their personal ambitions and doing only what suits them. Howard's decision to sell our uranium to our potential and ultimate enemies without consent from a single soul is a typical example. It is an example of extremely dangerous individualism that is not a far toss from dictatorship. Howard and Beazley were joined in their feverish attack on Hanson by a bigoted and lying one-eyed press and mobs of rent-a-crowd idiots who not only got rid of her, but proved how low politics can really stoop by putting her in the slammer.

. I believe we are still in the lucky country and I thank God every day for the job politicians do, and who would ever want their thankless task notwithstanding the fact that their nests are well feathered before they get asked to seek employment elsewhere?

I was staggered by the public response I got from the poem, "A schizophrenic letter."

A woman in Sydney, who was the victim of a crime committed by her son, was racing all over the place showing the poem to all and sundry. I received a response from the National spokesperson from the Psychiatric Association. Another from a woman heading up a political movement in Sydney, who passed the poem on to Alan Jones. I received a letter from a Sydney radio station that had put the poem to air and published the poem in their magazine. Many others commented on it very favourably, and it was read out loud on a recorded Andrew Denton program that may or may not go to air in December next.

I regret and feel a little ashamed of the crudities used, but I wrote the poem from the victim's point of view fully understanding their feelings and their sufferings over what has happened to the mental health system. The only response I got to that particular matter, was that I did not use language strong enough.

I did my best to do so in my book called "When The Walls Came Down," on which occasion I named names, and pointed the finger of blame at every person responsible for one of the most atrocious and unconscionable acts since Federation, the indiscriminate emptying of mental hospitals.

The game of duck shoving still goes on and will continue to go on between the State and Federal governments as to who is responsible for the current abominable mess of mental health care, and nothing will change until the public decides enough is enough. By then I have predicted our mental health system will be beyond repair.

### A Schizophrenic Letter

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Dear Mr. Premier,

I am a schizophrenic I have voices in my head,  
I am Jesse James at certain times, at others Peg Leg Ned  
I am writing Mr. Premier to see if you can show  
Me anything that I can do, or anywhere to go  
There are no apt facilities or doctors with the brains  
The best of help for the likes of me is jumping under trains.

With all your power and glory here's a question just for you  
Have you got the slightest insight what my mother's going through?  
Why did you close those places and kick us on the street?  
I have black sores all down my back, and blisters on my feet  
The bed and room they promised me a score of years ago  
Was a mirage in the sunset—a deceptive undertow.

My eyes are quickly fading, one eye is full of pus  
This is no lucky country, not to the likes of us  
Do you know the actual feeling of a lost dog in the street?  
Do you know our cup of suffering as politicians meet?  
I am a schizophrenic sir, and don't you really know?  
I argue with the voices, that compel me where to go.

My voices say that dying is my only sign of hope  
Should I use a broken bottle, or a nine-foot piece of rope?  
When you lie in bed at night, will you spare a little pain?  
I'll be lying on a bench somewhere in the freezing pouring rain  
Why did you close those places, I often wonder why?  
The only hope it brought to us, was the hope that we might die.

Do you really know what crazy is, do you even give a damn?  
Your public protocol dear sir, is a dirty see-through sham  
If you were schizophrenic, you'd be taken down....no fuss  
It'd make a lot of difference, if you suffered just like us  
It's only by the grace of God, when Parliament next meets

Just think about us crazy fools you tossed out on the streets

Your lower House debating and your boozing in the Halls  
And your grandiose importance has got you by the balls  
You adulate your comrades, extol the upper caste  
And we mad fools its thanks to you, run the race dead last  
You hob knob with the world elite, shake hands with all those men  
You visit all those worldly spots and come home now and then

What comes around dear Minister, I've heard comes round again  
What comes around to every man, is death and that is plain  
We'll stand before the Bar us lot, the mover and the shaker  
And you'll tremble as you give account before our mighty Maker  
If we give a cup of kindness, and we give it in His name  
He will bless us but the cup you gave, overflows with shame

I am a schizophrenic sir. My life has been a curse  
And you and all your colleagues have made it much, much worse  
So if you read my letter I advise you read it well  
The way you treat us people may pave your way to hell  
Is this the better life for us, your governments implied?  
A confidence trick, a dirty con, you groveling bastards lied!

PS

Emptying institutions, was a very fateful day  
When society all goes nuts in time, by God, you're going to pay.

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#### 4 A simple Georgian philosophy

George Newman was a mad man, his qualities were all there  
 Stubble beard all wiry stiff, and steel wool frizzy hair  
 Twisted metatarsals, gnarled hands like taloned claws  
 A dribbly snotty nose too, and the usually patchy sores  
 He never spoke to a single soul, his bulging eyes would show  
 What madness really signified, what distance it could go  
 He'd stand against a wall all day, then scream out with a frown  
 "We're all a nation of idiots," [It'd nearly knock you down.]

We'd laugh at poor old Georgie, and if humour ever kills  
 Today's comedians would be dead, these tragic humourless dills  
 Was his crazy declarations, just gems of precious kind?  
 What he screamed back there in days of old, is playing on my mind  
 Did he say "A nation of idiots?" [Who cook in boiling chairs]  
 Who sacrifice small fortunes for sporting millionaires?  
 Our sport preoccupation, dreaded blight that's awful sad  
 They locked poor George up forty years, and they reckoned **HE** was mad?

If you want to view some idiots you don't have to really try  
 Just travel to the Capital where our shameful flag flies high  
 I wonder now if Georgie knew, that bunch of sacred cows  
 Would violate our Christian land, and wreck our marriage vows  
 Who'd drown us in depravity, turn sanctimonious eye  
 Who'd grovel for the pottage vote to quell the poofter cry  
 Who'd get our fair young maidens all walking 'round on heat  
 To earn Costello's thousands, by hawking on the streets.

And all his dirty dollars will not bear nor hide the pain  
 That ended up all pumping round, those single mother's veins  
 A nation now of idiots? What about the way we've grown?  
 They've flogged off everything we had, and everything we own  
 George, what about our mental health, what about the blokes like you?  
 [This is now my specialty,] the truth that I am coming to  
 If you want to see some idiots, Parliament's just the spot  
 We should round 'em up like rabbits, and incarcerate the lot

They've squandered all our assets and speak their filthy lies  
 They couldn't run a moneybox, not with twenty thousand tries  
 And what our health care—the saviour of the sick  
 It's just a mournful noise to me, high time they got the flick  
 A nation we of idiots? No George, it's political ghouls  
 They think that we are bunnies, they take us all for fools

They're crazy by their own health laws, and it seems with what we've got  
**Declare the Parliament mad house, then barb wire fence the lot.**

## 5. My [Our] country????

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She loved her sunburnt country, the land of sweeping plains  
 Of rugged mountain ranges, of droughts and flooding plains  
 She loved her far horizons and she loved her jewelled sea  
 The beauty and the terrors, "Was the wide brown land for me."

Mackellar died in '68 and I think her poem was great  
 But I'd like to fix it up a bit, make it modern, put it straight  
 Her far horizons have now gone, and it's pretty clear to see  
 This is how her poem should sound, to many just like me.

"I'd shove this sin-burned country, this land of sleeping brains  
 Of bugged foreign strangers, and youth with genetic strains  
 I'd shoot those with their eyes on, what belongs to you and me  
 Blatant brazen gall is here, Mosques and Temples, and it's free.

Our idiot's paradise you see, is disappearing fast  
 Our sacred heritage is shot, and it all will soon be past  
 Two hundred twenty million, are Muslims in one lot  
 Staring down from just next door, all envying what *we've* got.

You think it's all so funny, you think its trumped up fears?  
 Janes, the world authority said, war'll be here in fifteen years  
 A decade gone, that war they said, and if ya' brain still fails ya'  
 The head of the Golka Party said, "***We will attack Australia.***"

In the meantime folks I'd say, words of wisdom let me wield  
 Our God remains a bladder, kicked around a football field  
 And our land of sweeping plains, now a million punctured veins  
 Have we got the will to evaluate, our losses and our gains?

Every night on TV programs, this endless rubbish fed  
 Cheating thieving housewives, who'd pinch dentures from the dead  
 And judges wigged and overweight, stroking rapist on the hair  
 And crooked coppers jumping in, all grabbing their fair share.

And getting back to racists, I'm proud there's many left  
 Many keep it to themselves, why they do, leaves me bereft  
 I'm a racist and a proud one, but I'd alter, change, you'd find  
 When those foreign racist imports, begin to change *their* mind.

If we copied all *their* nonsense, and things were the other way  
 And we were standing on their land, I barely need to say  
 If we talked about the Christ we knew—***you Australian nanny goats***  
 They'd cut our hands off, stone us, and slit our bloodied throats.

I see these foreign fanatics, who comprise the anti Christ

And I tend to curse our leaders who performed this Christian heist  
 When I see some tea towels coming off, and Muslims burning black [clothing]  
 It may be worthy then to think, Dorothea's country's back.

Australia's wide brown land now, is an idiot's dream believed  
 If we keep on keeping mouths shut, our country will be thieved  
 So cook your barbed shrimps you dills, and get on with your sport  
 C'mon you dopey Aussies... C'mon...your time is short.

Johnny took your guns away, well he didn't get the lot  
 He left us military naked, with anti constitutional plot  
 You'll need to learn to fly real soon, after Johnny gets the boot  
 We're now a sitting target, for a Muslim turkey shoot.

R.I.P.

You see, well now you 'oughta, you can't mix oil with water  
 The Muslim youth sonority is a lunatic majority  
 And what our country matters, we've handed them on platters  
 Our kind hand that extended, will get our folly ended.

## **6. Republicanism**

String our new flag high up boys, high for all to see  
 Fly it from that famous house in Canberra A.C.T.  
 Hang it with a national shame, let it burn out in the sun  
 Hang it for the world to see the atrocity that was done.

The flag that I am speaking of, is black and 'writ' on white  
 The black cross German Swastika, with all its evil might  
 When Hitler killed his masses in history etched yet still  
 We've done the same in real terms, to all our mentally ill.

More cunning though than Hitler, are the M.P.'s of our day  
 They kill far more humanely in a sophisticated way  
 The victims are not chosen for religion or by sect  
 But they are killed off legally—killed by gross neglect.

Three mental institutions, all populations lost  
 Was the cost by suicide, last year, is what it cost  
 And thirty years of blundering and tossing out our beds  
 We just can't make the truth sink in, to politician's heads.

So they 'counterfeit' more millions on homicidal spree  
 They will not admit their error, nor will they care to see  
 They'll continue with the slaughter from their comfy little nests  
 By well-conceived attrition, they'll get rid of mental pests.

So hoist the emblem way up high, haul it to the truck

As far as mental illness goes, we'll need much more than luck  
 Humpty Dumpty's got more sense as far as I can guess  
 It's beyond the likes of Canberra, this mental sickness mess.

## 7. Fish and Chips for Sinking Ships

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I'll tell a filthy ditty-you'd better shut your ears  
 It's the filthiest yarn you'll ever hear in all your life-long years  
 It's about two dirty Fed. MP's who snuggled up in bed  
 They politically copulated over a girl who wore hair red.

Copulate? Is that too strong? Should I go that far?  
 Two politicians making love-opposite sides-bizarre?  
 They cooked a scheme for a Queensland girl, a plan to act upon  
 One of the culprit's names was Kim, the other's name was John.

This pair of well-trained hypocrites hurl insults in the House  
 But lack the guts between them, to taxiderm a mouse  
 They called a truce of pretence to give us all the pips  
 To destroy a novice MP who peddled fish and chips.

What did such arrogant shysters, really have to fear?  
 The truth, and nothing but the truth, Australians want to hear  
 With a Castro-style performance that was there for all to see  
 This blatant act, this political stunt, to destroy democracy.

There's more, far more, behind this lot than plucking out a thorn  
 The Hanson crime the greatest, since Federation born  
 The rent-a-crowd, the filthy press, the threatened big MP's  
 United in a one-man stand, 'gainst a woman if you please.

Xenophobia- oh disgrace, she did not understand  
 With this grotty bit of nonsense, the press played out its hand  
 She spoke of blacks and told the facts of unfixed swinging doors  
 And complained about some certain scum, landing on our shores.

They stuck her in the slammer, in Beattie's hallowed spread  
 But allow me to expound a truth, the facts will not lie dead  
 I saw her just the other night appearing on TV  
 The Cronulla brawl had spelt it out- end of the land of the free.

This is not about a red head, it's far more sinister still  
 It's about our National Governments, drowning in a swill  
 The apathy of the masses should cause us all to fear  
 I want your rapt attention, I want you all to hear.

Hanson rocked the boat you see and spoke a little nous  
 Could our Federation stand it? No, it shook the Parliament house  
 Truth and justice, common sense, went out like corned spaghetti  
 And the stunts they pull in the A.C.T., is exactly what we get.

Let's call democracy a spade, 'cause ours is fit for goats  
 We hand out foreign aid to those, who'd gladly slit our throats  
 Our pompous self-deception may exact a staggering price



It may cost our habitation, our idiot's paradise.

But ne'er forget the Hanson days, it never should be so  
 The politicians showed us just, how low a snake can go  
 They quenched the Anzac spirit, destroyed our day of grace  
 And ushered in an era, of political disgrace.

## 8. Multiculturalism

[written falling on my sword]

The plotters and the schemers and legislative folk  
 Are the ones we ought to really analyse  
 Are they really qualified at all, have they nous or yet IQ?  
 Let us run some simple facts before our eyes.  
 In the House they yell out dirty names like scum bag, dog and spiv  
 They argue spit and swear a lot and act like damaged kids  
 These are genders of the Crown who shape our destiny  
 But they're heading us for trouble, on that I'll bet you quids.

They major on the technique of slaughtering in the womb  
 They pay the quacks to rip our kids apart  
 Then compromise with IVF and squander all our dough  
 To give some barren wombs a better start  
 They formulate a wholesome plan, they pay to fornicate  
 Though against the laws of God, much worse was yet to come  
 We pair off poofs and dykes, to keep our self respect  
 We say that we are Christian, then suck our National thumb.

They finance then a holy plan, put condoms into schools  
 Shack ups... single mothers is the go, and all is well  
 Morality and wholesomeness, now the goals of simple fools  
 We're a wholesome Christian nation, don't you know and can't you tell?  
 So we pity poofy Mardi Gras's, after all our God is love

And M.P.'s keep on wrecking family  
 They mix vomit in the movies, and put sewerage in the box  
 Now it's great to know our wide brown land is free.

These mighty men in Canberra and there's all the women too  
 Keep running up our debts and woes, despite the GST  
 They've robbed us of our assets and destroyed our precious wealth  
 The inevitable is very clear, it's clear for all to see  
 The "lucky country?" don't be fooled; it's running out of luck  
 Behind it all a very sinister plot  
 The "Aussie way" is dead, a figment nothing more  
 Australia now is simmering, in a great big melting pot.

Those hypocrites in politics who plan migration trends  
 Make our founding fathers somersault in graves  
 They paved the way, they fought the wars, for which our nation stands  
 They did it all on faith alone, the faith that Jesus saves  
 So they bring into our country those who spit upon our faith  
 Outraged by ham and Christmas. Ladies bathe with men?  
 Don't those idiots down in Canberra ever listen to the polls?  
 Cronulla—just the starting point, I claim with this here pen.

#### 9. Wrong rights?

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Well was this native claim?  
 A stupid Whitlam game  
 All just about ill fame?  
 More a national shame?

Appears they want the lot  
 Then is it theirs or not?  
 It's cast a filthy blot  
 Is it mad? Is it what?

The cause of white man pains  
 These greedy 'sacred' gains  
 It waxes and it wanes  
 Still lonely on the plains.

Then will it be enough?  
 All seems a wee bit rough  
 Are blacks all weak as fluff?  
 If life gets really tough.

It's good for one and all  
 Don't matter if you're tall  
 And neither if you're small  
 You have to play the ball.

Will black men take the cue?  
 You want my back yard too?  
 Well that's not something new  
 I'll give you just a clue.

It's called the cargo cult

It's like a catapult  
Of fairness an assault  
Not real and not adult.

A greedy native curse?  
More money in their purse?  
It's getting even worse?  
Please read this coming verse?

Is all this native land  
A 'freeby' in the hand?  
A pass the buck grand stand  
A heap of sinking sand?

We really help them out?  
Let's not too loudly shout  
Applies to thin and stout  
What greed is all about.

If free land claims are true  
For blacks and whites, the blue  
Equality now all due?  
Then where's my free land too?

Is this all discontent?  
Madness specially sent?  
Unstable government?  
On lunacy hell bent?

What's good for all the blacks  
Rare common sense now lacks  
Some political hacks  
Stabbed white men in the backs.

Do land claims get the nod?  
About the lazy sod?  
A 'freeby' in a wad?  
Then take it up with God.

Hard times ahead for saints  
A darker picture paints  
A wise man best acquaints  
Human "*RIGHTS*" –God's against.

Is first in then best dressed?  
Is this the acid test?  
Creation theory best?  
Toss native claims out West

#### 10. The Menstrual Cloth of Government Sloth

A woman's menstrual cycle is a thing they have to wear  
 It's not a pretty sight or that, but it helps a child to bear  
 It's not easy on the woman and it really 'aint quite fair  
 If it wasn't for that cycle, you'd not be here, I'd not be there.

But the government menstrual cycle is of another kind  
 It's a trait of imbecility, a losing of the mind  
 I wrote the Honorable Morris, new leader of a kind  
 He must have thought me stupid, or rabid, or just blind.

He fobbed me to a northern tart who wasn't too well read  
 "Hunter and New England Health" was on the letterhead  
 As far as common sense concerned, she may as well been dead  
 She didn't know the west from south, or so her letter said.

Well lemme you miscarried, you are led by fools of men  
 I'll give your State about five years, but I'd never give it ten  
 Your lousy State will bleed to death, you'll learn not even then  
 Mental health will bring you down, not a matter if but when.

See, I sent this note to Morris, just how politicking goes  
 They fob you to another fool, or stuff it up your nose  
 I had a proposition, presumptuous I suppose  
 It was how to fix his 'mental health,' and how to end his woes.

You see we've had this thirty years, menstrual cycle if you please  
 When all the world's gone bonkers, doesn't know its chalk from cheese  
 Deinstitutionalisation, as a moron clearly sees  
 Has busted our society and brought us to our knees.

But I get this note via Morris says, "The hospital to the west"  
 [It's really not, it's to the south] but the government knows what's best  
 "Your plans are not contemporary, they lack 'mental practice' zest"  
 The Premier state has laid for good, Institutions down to rest.

## 12. The 1.8 million placebo

The recent allocation of 1.8 billion dollars to prop up a disaster better known as a collapsed community mental health care system, was in fact an expensive little pill formulated in the laboratory of Parliament house by political chemists. This little pill is actually a placebo. That's a medication of deception, but even placebos can have side affects. The government's tricky little pill of tossing billions of dollars at a failed health system not only rubber stamps their pig headedness and incompetence, it spells disaster for the community that took the medication without question.

### **The 1.8 million Placebo**

There was movement in the Gov'ment, and the State department heads  
 I think you ought to really try to follow  
 They produced a little tablet to get rid of surplus beds  
 It was easy for the public all to swallow  
 This placebo was invented, for a public not well read  
 And institution walls are falling still  
 This foul small Nazi tablet, that we've all been forceful fed  
 Is the 1.8 placebo Health Care Pill.

They called a great Enquiry, in the Senate we all heard  
 Five hundred people sent submissions in  
 All the Members acted normally, didn't listen to a word  
 And those submissions ended in the bin  
 A placebo is a cruel trick, pulls the wool right over eyes  
 It's a con that makes you think that you're not ill  
 It's a Government toe digging, deception's treasured prize  
 It's their 1.8 Placebo Health Care Pill.

Now the outcasts still all wander, still in search for food and beds  
 At home remains that schizophrenic son  
 How can our politicians walk, with those rocks inside their heads?  
 So they think the mental struggle has been won?  
 Now that 1.8 is billions, all spent in the next few years  
 Enough to build ten hospitals high on hills  
 But doctors will all drown in troughs, and the staff reduced to tears  
 Bitter taste will be these fake placebo pills.

Our jails will stay all packed in, with psychiatric cases  
 They'll stay right where they are the whole damn lot  
 Police will act still by the book, confronting tortured faces  
 And crazy poor mad fools will still be shot  
 If politicians had the brains, in place of super egos  
 They'd be capable of sorting out the dills  
 With Mental Health a sinking ship, "All steady as she goes"  
 They'll stuff our throats with more placebo pills.

Dangerous men these loony types, manufacturers of pain  
 They're a mongrel lot achieving odd great feats  
 And 'mongrel' is a mixed lot, who all pull against the chain  
 Portfolio game of ever changing seats  
 They are playing with explosives dicing with the mentally ill

Here's the purpose that I'm trying to fulfil  
If they don't pay heed to reason and fix it very quick  
They'll choke on their pretentious dummy pill.

What word may be appropriate, is it rat bag, is it fools?  
These dopey politicians have the nous of year-old stools [poop]  
Is it nincompoop or imbecile can I use any other tools?  
They're going to flog a failed dead horse, like a pack of stupid mules

What is it with these Premiers, must they all be thick-skulled rams?  
Bracksey in the southern state says we don't need no more dams  
He wants to bring more migrants in, they, in his state he crams  
There won't be enough muddy water left, to save a dozen clams

I'd like to close this requiem with not a little fuss  
Our real psychotic dangers are in those who are leading us  
They fail to learn from gross mistakes, their brains must be of pus  
They fiddle with our mental health—a loaded blunderbuss

Iemma's stand on hoodlums at Cronulla sounded tough  
It will never work with mental health, it will never be enough  
His super-human actions, well-acted brazen bluff  
But mental health will bring him down, he 'aint the proper stuff.

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