

- [Home](#)
- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)
-

Arts Ministries

Australian artists sharing the good news

Feeds:

[Posts](#)

[Comments](#)

Verse in another vein

1. Old bitches

Some of those old female Charges, had waistlines and backsides like barges
They'd scream and they'd make you all shiver, because they had filth on the liver.

The rings on their faces were stages, like trees that told of their ages
And they often looked much more like witches, than frustrated ugly old bitches.

In a ward they called number two, one of those bitches planned something to do
She flew like a hawk from a tree, and started to persecute me.

"Get out there you lazy mug lair, and feed the old man in that chair
On a seat then my bum as I parked it, so help me the old bloke just carked it.

Yes, I swear from my head to my toes, Ridley's "Believe it or not," as it goes
The minute that old bloke was fed, was the minute he turned into dead.

I walked slowly back then inside, sat near the bitch and swallowed my pride
She saw me and started to bellow, "Why aren't you feeding that paralysed fellow?"

"He refuses to eat," I just said, not letting on then he was dead
Then the bitch started stamping her feet, I said again, "he refuses to eat."

The bitch gurgled in a foul mood, then I yelled, "He refuses his food."
"My orders you better had follow, [but how could a poor dead man swallow?]

It is true that the cranky old faggot, didn't know he was dead as a maggot
So then my rebellious persuasion, took advantage of that there occasion

She stormed from the office a-pace, and looked very white in the face

Those bitches were frustrated when, challenged or insulted by men.

“It’s up to the office for you, I’ll have your keys and your rotten job too
When I feed this old bloke I’ll be back, to guarantee you getting the sack.”

So I looked out the window and knew, what that bitch would probably do
She found with a little foresight, that cadavers have no appetite.

She stormed in like a heckled old singer, then I gave her the vertical finger
It was a wonderful victory for me, elevating that bitch’s B.P.

2. Boxhead learns some manners.

-
-
-
-
-

Boxhead Claudius Hewson was a Navy PTI
That’s a Physical trainer, and that’s aiming very high
Boxhead didn’t own a friend, I suppose for reason’s sake
His temperament was equal, to a dirty rattlesnake.

This barrel-chested nugget, self-opiniated mug
He was to really tell you, a pretty effective pug
He had a reputation, whenever a stoush was on
Centred in the trouble spot, you would find this wayward son.

Built like a big bulldozer, with a Chesty Bonded chin
Stuck out in the front of him, size of half a wheely bin
If he owned a single friend, would be the son of a rat
Exception was his mother, but you wouldn’t bet on that.

He was a fifteen-rounder, it’s the Navy’s longest fight
Had him matched against a bloke, on the monthly Friday night
Billed to fight a lanky bloke, who had shoulders that would sag
Poor bloke couldn’t go a round, with a wet brown paper bag.

When they stepped into the ring, really couldn’t look much worse
Like David and Goliath, only played back in reverse
They called the tall bloke ‘Stringbean,’ it was “Stringy” just for short
He should have been a light pole, instead of playing sport.

They touched the gloves and stepped back, spoken harshly to by Ref
But as far as any rules concerned Boxhead was as good as deaf
They came out tapping lightly Boxhead gave a forceful shove
Bugs and moths were swirling ‘round the bright lights up above.

Then Boxhead threw a wallop, was a vicious roundhouse swing
But Stringy was evasive and he slipped across the ring
Quick as a ballet dancer as he graced the canvas floor
Jabbed a left in Boxhead’s face and the crowd began to roar.

They clinched then in a flurry and the Boxhead did his scone
He swung a right cross rocket and he thought his foe was gone
But Stingbean was no monkey not his first time in a ring
When he poked a vicious left, Boxhead did a silly thing.

3. Treatment shock

-
-
-
-
-
-
-

They’ve tried a lot of treatments for fixing silly heads
They tried deep sleep in Chelmsford, that emptied several beds
Then they had a try with insulin, then syrup you were fed
They’d knock you out- bring you back, just before you’re dead.

Another radical treatment a brand new philosophy
‘Lectro-convulsive therapy, commonly known as E.C.T.
Twenty blokes were done at once, you’d need a lot of guards
A ward would very soon become, a flamin’ slaughtering yards.

Saw it done in "Cuckoos Nest," they done it pretty right
 It never was a party, and not a pretty sight
 All frothing from the mouth, and moaning like the dying
 Semi-conscious blokes around, and women would be crying.

Never knew what good it did, nor did they take the pains
 Find out what that current did to misbehaving brains
 I did see some were helped there, improvements by the hour
 But other cases seemed to be, a waste of electric power.

It wasn't always used there, just for the mentally sick
 Sometimes used illegally, a handy correcting stick
 Like the day in yonder Crim, when Raymond's time had come
 We had him in a headlock, and had twisted back his thumb.

"You'll never give that thing to me, you filthy rotten coots"
 Not so much the size of him, as his vicious hobnails boots
 He started then all kicking, and he fought to break out free
 One mate copped a broken snout, in the groin, I copped a knee.

Raymond was a truckie once, drove on drugs the law forbids
 Unlucky schizophrenic, who killed one of his kids
 He wasn't just a madman; now an all-in brawling show
 Fighting with a mad wild bull, bezerk in a rodeo.

"Hold that maniac still men, gonna' try to stun that son"
 But what the doctor ordered, much easier said than done
 We had these two electrodes, where they went we all well knew
 Stick them on a fighting man? Extremely hard to do.

Hoped to give this bloke just one, but probably get a triple
 We zapped him on a shoulder and also hit a nipple
 He bellowed and he staggered then he crashed down on the ground
 We zapped him once again then, a second time around.

We shut his door and bolted, quite lucky and we knew it
 Certainly was a callous game, but believe, we had to do it
 Well Raymond got the message, he became a friendly chum
 Greater shocks lay up ahead, and far worse was yet to come.

We got him well and fixed up, transferred to the other side
 Time to get another shock —a full-speed government ride
 The plot of gov'ment dickheads and professor-type dead beats
 Kicked the likes of Raymond out, to survive upon the streets.

He used to come and see me and I'd shout him to a feed
 He roamed around all filthy, he was dying, in great need
 This Nazi government tactic, it all froze me to the bone
 Raymond died out some place, all forgotten, all alone.

If ever I could find him, I'd buy a decent plaque
 He's lying out there somewhere, and he's rotting in the dark
 I'd give the man a head stone and let the whole world share
 "Here you murderous M.P.'s, lies your Community Care."

4. The quiet man

Don had gone grey very young, about forty five or so
 We didn't know his history, he just didn't say or tell
 He'd spend his days home digging, tilling with his rotary hoe
 He was in the Crim one day, it was just before he fell.

Never judge a man's prowess just by stature or by pose
 Don was one you couldn't pick, never cared to smile or frown
 We found a bit about him and we saw him on his toes
 The day mad Burnsey swung one, and knocked him to the ground.

Burnsey was a known ex pug, as mad as seven cut snakes
 Both his arms were twice as long, well, as what they should have been
 The day that Don got flattened, —one of Burnsey's big mistakes
 The fastest sweetest comeback, that us blokes had ever seen.

Don took up a classic pose, when he got up off the floor
 Prepared himself so calmly, real class was visible there
 Then a well-aimed crashing right, near shattered Burnsey's jaw
 One good punch was all it took, didn't seem to need no more.

Burnsey then was forced to rest, ponder on his big mistake
 Don walked slowly off right then, carried on his dutiful post
 All you punch drunk hoons out there, let me say for safety's sake
 Be careful of the quiet ones, they don't need to roar or boast.

5. The Navy Milling "Contest."

I was feeling rather nervous, when I joined the Senior Service
 Not knowing what was coming then, no not a solitary thing
 And I say it without foxing, they all made me do some boxing
 Wasn't long before they tossed me into a suicidal ring.

I was up against a bison, looked an awful lot like Tyson
 Being bitten on the ear hole was not the appropriate place
 That idiot Naval hoon—sick, had a glove tied on a broomstick
 Kept walking round the ringside, and kept punching us in the face

We were cheered and we were scolded, but they had us both blind folded
 We were stumbling round and swinging, like a windmill in the breeze
 That idiot with the broomstick dropped me with a poke that came quick
 It knocked me down like a hammer, had me buckling on my knees.

Spent an awful long time swinging, my opponent's head was ringing
 When I fluked a blinding round-house, it was a crushing swinging blow
 Of proboscis now here spoken, two were bleeding, one was broken
 How we lasted all the distance—probably never know.

And that poking broomstick blow there, just kept coming out of nowhere
 You'd swing at anything that hurt, or what seemed to matter most
 I'll have you here reminded, that both us blokes were blinded
 And I broke four of my fingers, knocking out the corner post.

The fiasco finally slackened, my opponent's eyes were blackened
 We resumed our Naval tours then, carried on with insurgencies
 And I'll say it without chuckles, I retired both of my knuckles
 Except I suppose occasionally, for the odd emergencies.

6. The Coming and the going of the Mobile era

For the past two decades come and gone, it's visible year by year
 Every drongo of every kind, has a mobile in 'its' ear
 They warn of cancers of the brain, not of which you ought to joke
 But warning those with mobiles, is like warning those who smoke
 So I've fought this curse this modern trend and stood my solid ground
 No dude would sell a phone to me, because I'm mentally sound.

I laugh at all those guardians. Guardians of who you say?
 Of all those kids with mobile phones who have no dough to pay
 They say that stupid parents who procreate just suxs
 Who breed those kids that cost them dear, who cost them tons of bucks.
 Yes we laugh at all those parents, who have no real excuse
 Except that they are crazy, and as whacky as a goose.

So I made my stand right from the start, whether digital or what
 For mobile phones and analogues, couldn't care for so much rot
 I didn't care for P.I.N. for password or for bug
 They'd never, ever, ever, get a phone stuck in my lug

Phones for taking pictures? Emails? Will it ever bend?
Crossing men with Teddy bears, is that the inevitable end?

But alas, 'twas only yesterday I betrayed a life-long oath
When a Harvey Norman liar told two lies-he told them both
Just take it home and plug 'er in, and charge her up, he hexed
And some Sheila from the Telecom will tell you what comes next
I had to do a crash course, and do it at all cost
I was driving up to Sydney, didn't want to get me lost.

It was abomination, I'm ashamed right to the bone
Forsook my basic principles and bought a mobile phone
I learnt to charge the battery, I had little time to learn
Learning all those new strange words, really made me burn
S.I.M.'s and G.S.M.'s and passwords were a start
But what about my conversations, with that dopey tart?

I got the battery all fired up and turned the damn phone on
I'm running out of time you see, even panic time is gone
I'm on the road today a must, it's Sydney town or bust
And learning how to use that phone in just one hour, a must
So I ring my own home number, now that's seems very strange
I'm standing just two feet away, but told "I'm out of range."

Well I get some lights, and then some tunes, that come up on the dial
But when I tried to dial a mate, it didn't bring a smile
I have a pre paid phone you see, it was Harvey Norman theft
Each time I dialed a number, I'm told what money's left
So I take my chance and head right off, not even with a crust
My survival hangs upon that phone, to use it now a must.

As well I had expected, took freeway number five
I was lost and very nearly, lucky to be alive
I am desperate hot and testy, and try to phone my mate
If that stinking mobile doesn't work, I have sealed my rotten fate
So I dial his home and press a key, distressed and totally bereft
And that dopey tart comes on to say, "You have seven dollars left."

I'm livid, savage, knew full well all along the coast
That rotten phone would let me down, so I thumped it on a post
I swore at it, threatened it, with a hundred burning hells
I'm pressing buttons frantically and out comes "Jingle Bells"
I dial the number when calmed down, trying to gain control
"You have five dollars left now sir," said that whore, that tart, that moll.

I drove on then into the night 'twas sixteen hours of hell
I pulled up to a servo then, thought I'd give the wife a bell
She must be very worried now it's late and I'm alone
So I give the car a decent drink, go looking for a phone
There's two upon a wall inside, yep, suppose you easily guess
Both are deadlier than a corpse, both are totally U.S.

Then I grab the mobile off the seat, it's now a do or die
And as I'm punching in the keys, I think I start to cry
You see I'm super careful now, my life hangs on that phone
So I dial it all correctly then listen for the tone
I'm sorry now that I was born, and sorry I'm alive
That filthy sheila's voice comes back, "You have a dollar, five."

Then I let it all hang out, I begin to shout and shiver
And that dirty stinking rotten phone lands in the Hunter River
I got a lot of stares that night, more than what I should
But my way out mad behaviour made me feel so very good
If that dopey dame from Telecom again treads on my corns
She'll never talk to me again, she'll be gurgling to the prawns.

I'm not real sure into the night, where that mobile actually went
But the money that it cost me was money nigh well spent
The instructions that it came with, the size of a World Book tome
Beyond my generation 'when home was once sweet home'
My number then was 71U quite simple then to save
What have they done to Mr. Bell? He'd be turning in his grave.

9. Over the wall

The siren ripped the silence and it panicked one and all
 Our very worst offender had leapt the huge brick wall
 Good Lord, it's thirteen meters can a human really fly?
 Slithering up a length of pipe is how and when and why.

All over in a moment John had looked the other way
 It happened without warning, it's enough that I should say
 This well-built piece of madness tore a leg from off his bed
 Mate wouldn't light his smoke so, he bashed him, left him dead.

Now muscles was a young man about twenty one or more
 His actual measurements were, the size of an average door
 We let him punch a bag in there, up in the northern wing
 Fit enough to kill again, [seemed a very stupid thing.]

I'm writing this here poem for all the fairies sakes
 They seem to give awards these days, like fancy birthday cakes
 You nowadays get a medal or a paper if you please
 To avert a national crisis, like a snuffle or a sneeze.

By now the cops were scattering, with guns and yapping dogs
 Hunting muscles in the scrub, behind trees and under logs
 Searching cars out on the roads, many blockades there and here
 And the local town of Morisset, spent an afternoon in fear.

Way down along the scrub land, was about five miles away
 Dan was searching on his own... and, off duty without pay
 He took a personal interest, with that killer had a date
 He knew a run-down humpy, and he headed for the gate

Mind, and let me tell you, there were coppers by the score
 The countryside and bushland, yapping dogs and staff galore
 There must have been a hundred, the dogs had all gone balmy
 Sufficient men were there then, to start a working army.

Next time you see a headline of some hero killing mice
 Spare a thought for my dead mate, try to swallow my advice
 All them coppers and their dogs, wasn't worth a dried out bone
 Dan went in, dragged muscles out, and he did it all alone.

They took him back and jailed him, Dan just dusted of his pants
 He died a few months after. Heart attack, he had no chance
 If you should get a medal, give it back and let 'em chew it
 Remember them old rugged days, and if you see a need, just do it

Shoot out at the Big Ram.

We'd traveled north to south a hundred times and more
 And let no claims I make to you be sham
 From south to north we'd also trekked as many times galore
 We'd sleep at night just near the Goulburn Ram.
 A year or so not long before these written things occurred
 I'd set out walking with my trusty sticks
 I gave my wife some time to pack and I staggered on absurd
 I wasn't in the mood for dogs or tricks.

But a mongrel on a lawn near by just spotted me and came

Wagged its tail and sniffed around my fork
 I tried to kill it with my sticks, but missed, it was a shame
 It was interfering with my morning walk.
 It must be said at this here point, I hate dogs one and all
 It's not so much their stink or ugly face
 Its defaecating on my lawn and piddling on my walls
 And laying eggs and worms all round the place.

Why God created all these dogs it's heaven only knows
 I rue the day that any dog was born
 Were they made to be offensive to the delicat-ed nose?
 Or bark or make a mess upon your lawn?
 Were they made to run out on the street to cause a fatal crash?
 Or to urinate on every car and post
 Or to lick some tart across the mouth on TV for the cash
 That's what really makes me vomit most.

Back to the Cocker Spaniel who was running through my legs
 It was puppy love-he loved me from the start
 All my frantic screaming emanating from my mouth
 Was coming from a very angry heart
 The mongrel thing just wagged its tail and tossed me all those grins
 Neighbours were emerging from their hides
 Both my sticks were swinging now like helicopter fins
 I was screaming, "Kill the cur" and "Dogocide."

I now had reached the end of town must have been about two k's
 My canine friend kept sniffing 'tween my legs
 On McDonald's lawn it found a turd and lots of urine sprays
 My turn of luck for explanation begs.
 I was free, at last forsaken for a smelly heap of turd
 I grabbed the opportunity to be free
 I headed for the freeway, stood admiring sky and bird
 Saw a paddy wagon heading straight for me.

I'm not real sure if my carryings on with the dog up Goulburn road
 Had somehow got me dobbed into the cops
 To get me in that wagon though, they began to push and goad
 To defy them I was pulling out all stops
 They did not seem too worried that my wife was ill, and due
 They had to take me back to that motel
 Protocol-procedure, had to follow every clue
 Policing madness at its worst, No more I need to tell.

Those sleuths found out I'd told the truth, then dumped me on the kerb
 Waiting there five hours to suit their plan
 My wife was missing all this time, me, lost for ample verb
 [I later traced her down in Queanbeyan]
 Another copper comes along, I wave him down-I'm mad
 I'm screaming nasty things, like "Nasty mongrel son"
 This copper turns out like the rest, treats crazies.... like... it's sad,
 He takes two paces back and pulls his gun.

I called him Quick McGraw this cop and it really should be said
 [Like all the cops at the Tumut sacrifice]
 This mug in fancy overalls, damn near shot me dead
 Like the day they put Jimmy Hallinan on ice.
 Can these coppers tell the difference 'tween the bad and what is mad?
 Can a cranium shrinker help them all to see
 If common sense became a germ we'd all be very glad
 If it spread like mad in the police Academy.

You could ask the Big Merino if it had a tongue and brain.
 He saw it happen-was a witness in the sun
 Loonies shot all round the place, and that's the way cops train
 And I was on that day, almost another one
 The Commissioner got a letter and the Minister, and the like
 "Your cops need psychiatric care"
 And should you travel on that road and take the Goulburn pike
 My friends and countrymen, you'd best beware

14. Wizzer

Wizzer was a nuggetty kid aggressive and hard-nosed
 He'd walk around the play ground, with fists all tightly closed
 If you stared at him he'd knock you flat, this rambunctious little toff
 But you couldn't hit him back you see, it'd cut your whole arm off

He had this thing about his teeth and rightly with the luck-it,
 Could be said they could be used, for a D10 'dozer bucket
 Fifteen broken noses once, at school it wasn't funny
 To stare at Wizzer's big buckteeth, was attracting bees to honey.

He'd stomp around and belt the kids, it wasn't very nice
 But to stare too long at Wizzer's teeth, you'd end up cold as ice
 Chad Morgan was the man who, had a great gargantuan bight
 But compared to Wizzer's choppers, Morgan was a tragic sight.

I swear ten times on Wizzer, compared to Morgan's tats
 S'like comparing fangs of dinosaurs, to those of half-grown rats
 I saw the Wizzer recently, new dentures in his face
 For me and too, for all mankind, the world's a safer place.

15. Hush...Puppies

It would not be right to end this night
 Without a word to yuppies
 I here suppose naughts up my nose
 Like filthy yapping puppies
 In the light of day "How dare" you say,
 You cur with lying tongue
 You flaunt the law with blokes next door
 When you refuse to scoop up dung.

It makes me weep when I lose my sleep
 When dogs poop on my lawn
 Do you possess a pooper-scooper?
 Mongrel dogs should not be born
 Do I torment thee, like dogs do me?
 That bark from north to south
 If I did to you, you'd probably sue
 Or punch me in the mouth.

Of a 'law' that's spoke, it's a sickening joke
 Dogs roam around the towns
 The Ranger swore, "It's against the law"
 [The law's a bunch of clowns.]
 And let me talk, dogs sniff your fork
 And dribble, stink and bite
 Old ladies heads are torn to shreds
 [Dog owners have a right]

Here's a riddle free will you tell to me
 Whether Aussie, Turk or Wogs
 Could I fight a war, pay a ransom score
 For a place where there's no dogs?
 Is it just a joke for the city folk?
 Equal rights for you and me?
 Then I take my stand in this flea-ridden land
 Where from dogs can I be free?

16. Eureka On The High seas

The Anzac took a battering as she ploughed across the Bight
 The waves were huge and pounding, all as big as rugged peaks
 And when the seas had flattened and the sun was shining bright

The ship was sorely damaged, full of rust and cabin leaks.

So they gave the crew hard labour, worked the men all half to death
That ship became a hell hole, it was torment on the sea
The topical heat burned down, not a wisp of air for breath
And the stage was being set, for a Naval mutiny.

The Jimmy was a tyrant, egotistic and a nark
Possessed a fond intention, he'd use cutlass, stealth or sword
Abused his faithful seamen, made 'em slave till after dark
He had this foul ambition, prestigious Naval award

An uprising is not planned, it's a sequence of events
It always has its reasons-incompetence at the top
Takes a megalomaniac with a lack of common sense
Does not know his men, and whose madness will not stop.

The grumbling of the crew, was fobbed off and ignored
The warning signs not heeded and the tension grew and grew
With atmosphere explosive, conflagration now on board
Then the skipper would not issue the daily bottle of brew.

You'd think those academics who had gold on sleeves and caps
Those Arch Lord Naval leaders whose tradition stands so dear
Those men who conquer oceans, who can master stars and maps
Should know their loyal men would, die for a bottle of beer.

Traditions yet intransigent, since the days of Captain Bligh
The principles stay static, we can trust they will not last
To trade their inner values, men would rather swing up high
And sixty-two young sailors, almost swung from Anzac's mast.

But the Navy's face was blushing, rebel leaders must be found
A Board of an enquiry caught, the Jimmy out red hand
There's a lesson here to learn, none will ever seem more sound
Anzac's motto said it all, it's "United that we stand."

17. Old Dolly

Now Dolly was a quiet one, or so my minister sprouted
Quite as a lamb and safe as a bank, that I not for a minute doubted
This man like a second father, and God's men can't be crossed
Neither can you doubt their word, well, not until they get you tossed.

So I climbed up on that quiet nag and a fright was on my face
It didn't seem to be the time, and it weren't the proper place
As soon as the saddle felt my pants, [it wasn't a real late soon]
Me and my strides shot skywards, and were headed for the moon

As for my second father, his promises did not wear
He had me deeply thinking, as I was flying through the air
Is consorting with a nag, and tricks with a burnt-out hack
Ways to test a young man's faith, that he'll never quite get back?

As far as all them jockeys go, brave as Aces in the sky
I don't know where their courage comes, even less do I care why
My future with the horses? Sure as fish are built with fins
I'd ride one on a merry-go-round, or I'd eat one out of tins.

We had a lot of medical officers passed through our hospital. Most were genuine, doing their Diploma of Psychiatric Medicine course that lasted three years. Other doctors drifted in and out for short periods of time and many acted let's say, a little 'differently'. Like the German 'Karloff' type with the big mo who took the brains taken from post mortems home in a bucket. We thought there might have been something wrong with him. Maybe this poem is the answer? If it is not, it remains the suspicions of many.

18. A 'Sensible' Diet


We had to do Post Mortems, must be done the Coroner said
 I think it was to discover, if the dead were definitely dead
 There seemed no other reason, but a problem had us fearing
 The brains from the cadavers, all started disappearing.

We hear those scandalous lies, from Japanese that we've followed
 Thousands of slaughtered whales, all taken home and swallowed
 When it comes to culinaries, the truth you should not poach
 We had a German doctor, had a much more honest approach.

We caught him once red-handed, our demand could need some luck-it
 "Hey, bring that corpse's brain back." [He was carrying in a bucket]
 Stone the crows and strike me pink, could his answer be mistaken?
 "My family loves to eat these things, with Sauerkraut and bacon."

[1 Comment »](#)

One Response

1. on [June 27, 2008 at 2:37 am](#)  *Todd Ehlers*

Very amused by "Old Bitches." A lot of fun.

[Comments RSS](#)

Leave a Reply

Name (required)

Mail (will not be published) (required)

Website

☐ Notify me of follow-up comments via email.

• Pages

- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)

- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

• Meta

- [Log in](#)
- [Entries RSS](#)
- [Comments RSS](#)
- [WordPress.com](#)

• Recent Comments

- [Liza](#) on [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Jemmy Jack](#) on [Abortion](#)

• Blogroll

- [Family Foundations International](#)
- [The realities of the bastard curse](#)

• Archives

- [February 2009](#)
- [January 2009](#)
- [December 2008](#)
- [February 2008](#)

[Blog at WordPress.com.](#)

Theme: Mistylook by [Sadish](#).

☺