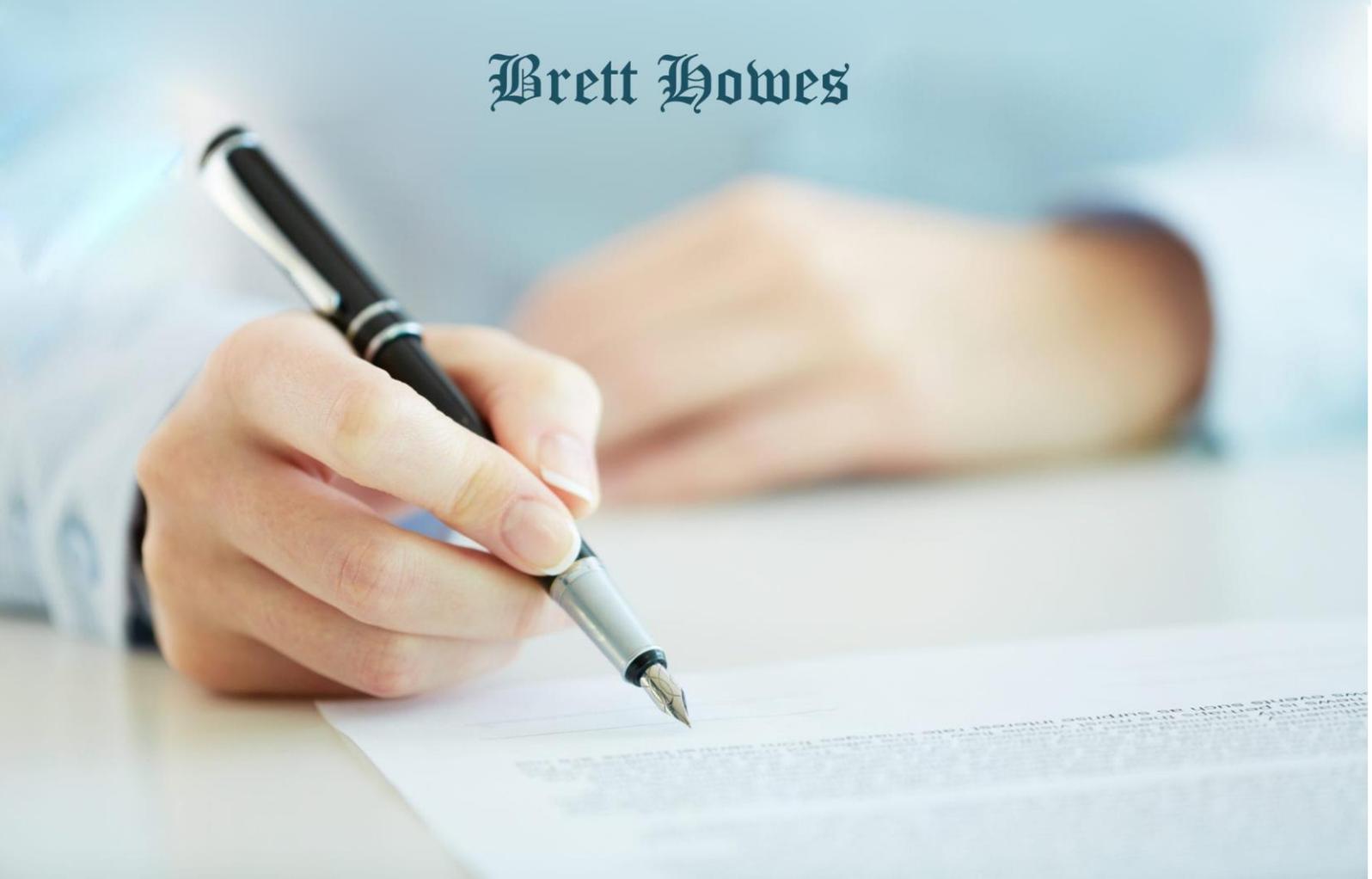


My Poetry

Brett Howes





Ally Font

Living in Layard Sanctuary are animals big and small,
But one of its larger babies was confused most of all.

She was rotund and grey saggy, with flappy happy ears,
But her nose was long-dangly, more so than her peers.

This nozzley protuberance, wibble wobbling to hers toes,
Was a great source of mystery which only her nose knows.

“Everywhere I look, I see nozzes small and round,
Yet mines so dingly dangly it drags along the ground.”

“My nose must do something although I’m not sure how.
I’ll go and find out, in fact I’ll find out right now.”

“What are you my furry friend, all covered in fine spots?”
“You’ll find I’m a Leopard, if you join up all the dots.”

“Your nose is snuggly small and fits you so well.
I’ll bet it’s good for snozzling and smelling a smelly smell.”

“Indeed.” replied the leopard, “It suits me being a cat,
But you can lift things with your nozzle; I bet you never thought of that!”

Ally reached down with her trunk and hoisted a stone into the air
Then stretched around beside her head and stuck it in her ear.

She was ever so excited, “Had my nose actually just done that?”
So she picked up some cow dung and wore it for a hat.

Because she was having so much fun, furiously stuffing, plucking and grooming,
She failed to notice a gigantic beast, from the forest, looming.

“Why Ally Font I’ve searched long and wide, but found you at last.
I’m your great Aunt Sally Font, a friend from your past.”

She gathered Ally’s new skilled trunk and led her off to be free.
To roam Africa in a pachyderm kind of way, as it should always be.

For Mana Pools, Zimbabwe.

Brett Howes



Ardley Any Andy

Andrew Amark Assan The third,
Looked less like an Andrew and more like a bird.

His nose was ashen, all arty and beaky,
His ears always flappy, airy and freaky.

He was awkward with shoes, because his feet were so long.
They arched up to his knees, which seemed awfully wrong.

Although Andrew Assan was astoundingly tall,
He was so skinny, he appeared ardley at all.

So Andrew Assan came to be called,
Ardley Any Andy, ardley anything at all.

Now Ardley lived in the land of Asput,
With Alwyn the Aardvark, who had only one foot.

He opped and he opped, around and around,
Then tripped on his tongue, which hung to the ground.

He arked and arked as aardvarks do,
If you stood on your tongue, you'd ark a bit too.

"Oi stop all that arking" Ardley alluded to say,
But it came out "Ashmillo" to Alwyns dismay.

"Ashmillo, Ardley Andy, did I hear you say?
Even for Aardvarks that sounds quite astray."

"What appened to you Andy?" Alwyn asked not assured.
"I thought from alcohol, you were absolute cured?"

"Thought I was too, got ammered instead,
Now I've an ead acher", he ashamedly said.

"Thought I was cool, my Amigo's said drink.
If I don't scull alcohol what would they think?"

They left me an addict, they don't even care.
My alcohol soaked life, is my cross to bare.

Andy's an airhead to let alcohol get hold.
Get some help, reach out and be bold.

Alwyn agreed.



Bill

William S Whiting lives on Simpson's hill.
He's known by a lot of names but is commonly called Bill.

Bill attended Pathetic School where he graduated top of his class,
Straight A's in pitiful shaking, A-plus in licking his ass.

His number one aim in life, apart from being fed,
Is to find a warm wuffy spot, tucked up in someone's bed.

Achieving this clandestine goal, requires much cunning and stealth.
The idea is to curl up small and pretend he's somewhere else.

His ultimate nemesis is Phillip, a giant black Cat
Phil is the boss and that is that!

But Bill does have a sneaky plan, so daring it churns his tum
When the claws and teeth are just through the door, he bravely sniffs Phil's bum.

Bill is a kind devoted foxy and as his boldness grows
He shows his love as best he can by sticking his tongue right up your nose.

Brett Howes



Boris Begott

A babbling baboon, was Boris Begott,
A baboon with a something, others had not.

His biggus blue something was south of his tum.
It stuck out and bobbled, a blue baboon bum.

Because of his blueness, poor Boris was stunned.
Red should be bobbled, blue should be shunned.

The band of baboons said he isn't like us.
Over his bobbly blue bum, they all made a fuss.

Boris is beastly because blue bums are absurd,
Banish Boris Begott, boycott his word.

Poor babbling Boris became so bereft,
He took his blue burden and begrudgingly left.

But is wasn't long before Boris beheld,
A leopard called Barry, of baboon breath he smelled.

A banished baboon is a banquet to me,
But your bum is blue, I can blatantly see.

The band of baboons will soon come to dread,
Because my taste for bigots, is strictly red.

Brett Howes



Cheerily Christmas

Christmas comes, carefully cherish this day,
What Christmas means on the back of a sleigh.

Consider a chalice, of course the correct class.
A chintzy container would clearly not pass.

Covet a Cartier, chronometer so fine,
Costly and catchy, perhaps tell the time?

A collection of chains, clingy and clinkly.
Or crenulate crystals, cherty and chinkly?

A coltish cat, Cuthbert the Third,
Dancing and prancing whilst consuming a bird.

Forget endangered, conservation decry
Must have brands, buy, buy, buy.

Crocodile cravats, Ivory in pink,
A serval coat. A camisole mink.

A colorful chameleon, clustered in curls.
A custard cockatoo, chilly in pearls.

The more we collect, the more we adore.
Must have it all, more, more, more.

Don't stop there, a car for the cool.
Must contain bling and a small swimming pool.

A quicker computer, a Cuban cheroot.
Don't forget clubs to cram in the boot.

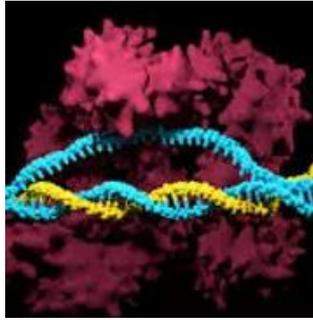
Carunkular cheetahs, 20 carats per pen.
A calamitous camel, with one hump or ten.

A cocktail cruise, Caribbean at sea.
My boat must be bigger, far bigger than thee.

A Catchy Chalet, champagne in the snow.
A callous Club, members only you know.

Christmas is glitz, must be seen, cost a ton,
What must you have my number one son?

Some time with you Dad.
Brett Howes



CRISPR-Cas9

With Covid19 knocking on our shores and no vaccine in sight,
Spare a thought for bacteria which face a similar plight.

Viruses are the ultimate narcissist's who don't care if you live or die.
Their only job is to find a host, take over and multiply.

But a few lucky cells survive because their format has changed.
They now possess a viral spacer code, their DNA rearranged.

This new code acts like a memory and sounds the alarm when baddies call.
It programmes a protein Sheriff called Cas9, to go and hunt them all.

Equipped with this "Wanted Poster," Cas9 cannot go astray.
It will target only the correct bogeys and cut their DNA.

Although using a DNA spacer from survivor cells, could produce a Covid19 vaccine,
This avenue of science is not, unfortunately, as simple as it seems.

Because Cas9 is programmable and very specific in its cause,
Using RNA coded Cas9 for gene editing, has opened many doors.

DNA has repetitive patterns called CRISPR's with random sequences in between.
Thus you can target a single code from three billion and change what it means.

Suddenly the mindlessness of natural selection can be over ridden.
What befalls the use of this technology still remains hidden.

Is it OK to select the perfect baby, both intelligent and strong?
Or could building a fearless soldier, be construed as morally wrong?

Is there a righteous high ground treating Sickle Cell or Huntingdon's disease?
Just don't draw an ethical line in my back yard, if you please.

Remember also, by modifying my DNA, the attribute won't be passed on,
But start editing sperm or eggs and the trait will never be gone.

CRISPR allows us to stop the suffering of many living things.
Technology is neither good nor bad; it's up to us to determine what it brings.

Dedicated to Jennifer Doudna and Emmanuelle Charpentier

Brett Howes



Cystic Ball

He began Johnny G; he grew up big and tall.
Then something went rotten and he became Cystic Ball.

Looking cool in his Holden Ute, bull bars on the front.
Anyone who held him up, received a little shunt.

With zoster pox all over his head, he didn't look the best.
In fact some thought he'd taken flight, clean over the cuckoo's nest.

A noted faecal hisser specialist was a talent he loved to flout.
One day when demonstrating his prowess, something slyly slipped on out.

A self-professed fishing maestro, he grabbed a Mako for a lark.
Flipping the fish into the boat, exclaimed, "Look, its Fark the Shark."

As pirate Ball he pillaged too many scallops and ignoring his flabby girth,
Unloaded a sack from the boat and arsed over in the surf.

During a legendary train trip, on an upper bunk for his bed,
Ball felt a little ill, so he honked on someone's head.

On his wedding day, the marquee leaked, so he proclaimed to one and all,
"Next time I do this folks, I'll know to rent a hall!"

The guests were shocked, the bride upset and his chortling made it worse
But we all know he's a little bent and call it the "Ballee Curse".

Today he says "I'm less of the bent and leaning to the straight",
For his sanity and all our sakes, I hope he's not too late.

Some would suggest this outstanding CV skews him mildly black,
But he's a bloody good mate and dubious friend, who'll always watch your back.

Brett Howes



Dating 101

Dating and fishing are one in the same,
Both should be simple but neither a game.

So let's go fishing, let's have some fun.
Let's get excited, catch more than one.

The ocean swells, rise and fall.
Today's the day, I'll have it all.

Set the lures, not one but four.
Sky's the limit and then some more.

The Ladies strike, the reels scream.
Four at once, an anglers dream.

Which reel to grab? They've all gone mad.
This pretentious fantasy is turning bad.

Chaos ensues as lines are crossed.
The dream in ruins, all lures are lost.

The aftermath, a shattered glow.
Totally wrecked and nothing to show.

Try a single lure, see how it goes.
May succeed, who really knows?

With patience and trust, the reel screams.
She's a beauty, the girl of my dreams

Multiple lures? You know the rest.
One at a time is always best.

Brett Howes



Devils Back

Lord Yasur, "Are you friend or foe?"
Under your shadow, I guess I'll soon know.
Resplendent, eruptive, a great ashen stack.
Come to me; walk with me, on the Devils Back.

Your greeting raw power, smites me with thunder.
Escalating terror as the ground shakes asunder.
Moving and twisting up a rickety track.
I begin my walk on the Devils Back.

Over the edge I behold in awe,
A dizzy plummet to your gaping maw.
A pitiless soul, demoniacally black.
Indeed I'm walking on the Devils Back.

Disgorging lava from a throat of dread.
Welcome to hell, place of the dead.
Sulphurous breath, a precipitous crack.
Grovel mere minion on the Devils Back.

My eyes burn red in the acid for air.
Pain drawing me closer into Satan's lair.
Torture worse than a pillory or rack.
The Devil has me on his back.

So make a wish and make it fast,
Make it good, for it could be your last.

Come visit Tanna and see this sight.
A real volcano in all its might.
It roars and trembles, an adrenaline attack.
Dare you walk on the Devils Back.

Brett Howes



Donkey Dave

Donkey Dave, was David Duzzant,
Do you think he's called Donkey because he looked like an ant?

No Donkey Dave was a dullard of note.
Desperately dull, not one to dote.

The government did, the government don't.
They should, they won't.

He moans and decries all that he sees.
Still put's out his hoof, doesn't say please.

They should do this, they should do that.
Mr. Donkey wears a nothing hat.

He's never tried anything, accomplishments nil.
Bemoaning others his bitter pill.

Knock the high poppy, make it fall.
Donkey feel good, Donkey feel tall.

Donkey's friend Duke, tries very hard,
Whilst Donkey D Dave, wallows in lard.

Duke's a dummy, can't dance, can't sing.
Bad at his job, make a poor King.

Duke shouldn't aim high, shouldn't do well
Does this kind of talk have a familiar smell?

It's all about Donkey, me, me, me.
About other people, he fails to see.

I want it now, can't help myself.
It's never my fault, always the elf.

Wake up Dave Donkey, start looking around.
Help other people, head out of the ground.

Brett Howes



Earnest Ernest

Earnest Ernest worries too much.
Is it up down or is it down up?

Was the Cat with the Hat in or out?
Did Dr. Seuss leave any doubt?

Ernest has an exam or is it a test?
Ernest never thought just to do the best.

Didn't get A, only a B
What will people think, woe is me.

Is this an emerald, a greenly hue?
Not the right greenly, what am I to do?

I'm going out, panic, what to wear?
So many choices, cause of despair.

Food not perfect, must complain,
Tomorrows weather, only rain.

Now my hair, total disrepair.
Wrongly streaks, I really care.

She's too sassy, He hasn't called.
Like, like so gross, so appalled.

Post my pictures, hundreds on line.
Must impress, not one maligned.

Worry, worry, all the way.
How will I get through this worrisome day?

My friend has cancer, will soon be dead.
Why was I worrying, what was in my head?

Brett Howes



Facade

You think you've made it when,
Your house is bigger than
And you live your life, by money flow.
Look at you, your pool is wetter than
But your cool is so cold you never grow.

You think your better when,
Your car is faster than.
You're a veiled lie, a shallow show.
Look at you, a brand is better than.
Self-obsessed and gold possessed, is all you'll ever know.

Take your time, think a lot.
Make the most of what you've got.
Take your time, it's not a race.
Be yourself, there's no first place.

You think your richer when,
Your stash is higher than.
Must have more, it's the only the way.
Look at you, your ego's fuelled by air
Your life's a farce, just an empty, lonely play.

Take your time, think a lot,
Make the most of what you've got.
Reach out now and hold on,
Because some day they will be gone.

Wake Up, come on Wake up and see.
Drop all that poser crap, just be.
Live your life, don't dwell on strife,
Open your heart, take time out and breathe.

Brett Howes



Farts is Funny

Some say they're disgusting, some say they're art
But most of us snigger, at the humble odiferous fart.

We don't laugh at burps or the beating of a heart,
Yet we all roll round in hysterics, when one drops a fart.

Some are loud, some are proud, some a stealth assassins brew
But we all find them funny, except a prudish few.

So when did it become jocular, this passing of anal gas?
Who was the first to slap their knee, at botty burps from the ass?

Did the English think a crap call, flatus or colonic cough,
Deserved a sly chortle, before the Visigoths?

Perhaps the Romans found in turd tremors and bowel blowing earth,
The act of exhuming a dinner corpse, the cause of smirking mirth.

Or was it on Golden Chariots, smiling Greeks cut the cheese,
Scything down the Persian dogs, butt yodeling in the breeze.

Maybe the Minoans fired fecal hissers on the shores of ancient Crete,
Whilst the King rattled rip arse splitters, asunder his royal seat.

But, I'm sure it was cave man Ogg, when expounding poo methane,
Was accidentally ignited; a source of anal pain.

The jet of flame soared out so far, it scorched paintings from the wall
And two Oggettes lost their voof, charcoaled by the pall.

By the time Ogg put out his fecal fume and laid his blackened butt to rest
The tribe was in total chaos, tear faced from the jest.

So when you next laugh at a Tootsie, blown from the poo
Remember your colon putty pooter, is nothing really new.

Brett Howes



Foot Prints On My Heart

Who waved the big finger but picked us off the mat?
Our friend, Policeman Pat.

Who always showed compassion when wearing a blue hat?
Our friend, Policeman Pat.

Who drove a Nana car, happy without the hat?
Our friend, Policeman Pat.

Who always wore a wide smile parked south of a white thatch?
Our friend Policeman Pat.

Who had the strength of a fireman but always stopped for a chat?
Our friend Policeman Pat.

Who always saw the good in people but could also smell a rat?
Our friend Policeman Pat.

Who saved a family of ducks and especially loved his cat?
Our friend Policeman Pat.

Who unconditionally loved kids and they always loved him back?
Our friend Policeman Pat.

We'll miss you Pat, you're one of the good ones and so sad you had to depart.
You touched and helped so many and left footprints on my heart.

For Patrick Hugh Doak.
Go in peace mate.

Brett Howes



From the White House

The corona virus, you know, the corona virus; this is their new hoax.
Those democrats would do anything to win, they are very bad folks.

We have one coming in from china. We have it under control.
We have it in our sights. Won't hurt a soul.

We have 15 people in this country and because of the fact we went early,
We could have had a lot more than that. Lucky I see clearly.

We're doing great. Our country is doing great. I know what is right.
An apology to the Democrats may have been polite.

This corona virus isn't such a rough patch, in fact very minor.
We pretty much shut it down, coming in from China.

In April it dies with the hotter weather. It's warm, historically in summer.
Unfortunately it has to get to 140 degree's, that's a maxi bumper.

The 15 within a couple of days, is going to be close to Zero.
Like a miracle it's going to disappear and I'll be your hero.

They are going to have vaccines soon, who "they" are I'm not really sure.
Not only vaccines but therapies. Therapies is another word for cure.

You're talking very small numbers in the White House lobbies.
Our numbers are just about lower, lower than any bodies.

We'll be working out and a lot of good things are going to happen.
And we are responding with great speed, and professionalism.

I take no responsibility. Not my job. I make that very clear.
Yet J.F.K. said of the Presidential office "The buck stops here."

This is a pandemic. I felt it was a pandemic long before it was called a pandemic.
All you had to do was look at other countries. It's all academic.

They will all be good; we're going to be so great.
This came up, it came up so suddenly. Crap, perhaps I'm too late.

Brett Howes

Authors confession; I only wrote 5% of this. The rest is word for word quotes from the White House
At the time of writing the USA had 104,000 covid-19 infections and over 1700 deaths



Gone Fission

Me and my mates where at school, one crisp winters day.
But something felt very different, when we came out to play.

Some kids from another school, I think from the French zone,
Dumped radioactive crap on our playground, instead of their own.

My friends, Rainbow and Fernando, said "That's really, really bad,
They should leave it in their own back yard." I sincerely wish they had.

They decided to visit the zone and fly the Greenpeace Flag.
Fernando was keen to record the trip, so packed a camera in his bag.

Suddenly agents entered our grounds and killed my best friend's dead.
Why did they have to do that? Was it something they said?

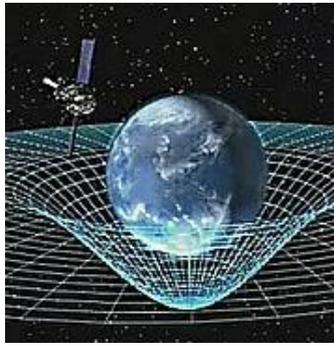
The Police caught them red handed and locked them up in jail,
But Mr David said "Enjoy Hao Atoll", and let them out on bail.

Fernando's spirit is with us always. Rest in peace our dear friend.
Rainbow lies in Matauri Bay. She's a Warrior to the end.

Our school is still off limits, we'll never go up there again.
And all thanks to you Mitterrand because your fecking insane.

Dedicated to Fernando Pereira (10 May 1950-10 July 1985)

Brett Howes



Gravity, it's the Law

The most amazing thing that happens to me,
Is the eternal effect of gravity.

When I wake up, I'm still on my bed.
Not floating to the ceiling or standing on my head.

Everything's still there, where I left it last night.
Still stuck on the floor; not taken to flight.

I go to the loo and take a pee.
It lands in the bowl, not over me.

I hate to consider what I'd do,
With a gravity free number two.

Perhaps if the need became totally dire,
I could blow it out the window with a hot hair
dryer.

Albert surmised it will even bend light.
Blow me down if he wasn't right.

He even predicted how it behaves.
When it comes past us, it will come in waves.

A giant black hole is nothing to flout.
What goes in doesn't come out.

Yet as you get closer, time is unhurried.
I'll age a bit slower, should I be worried.

A great ball of hydrogen was looking forlorn,
Then gravity took hold and our sun was born.

Gravity keeps our planet in place.
Warm by the sun, not cold off in space.

Gravity sticks the ocean to the crust.
Should weigh a lot, I guess it must.

It shouldn't exist, it shouldn't be there
But I'm glad it does, because I like breathing air.

But Gravity's the Law, not manmade.
As Isaac said "Must be obeyed."

How does it work, no one really knows.
For now it's a dark matter, very dark I suppose.

Brett Howes



Isabella in Red

I was playing to faces of cold and stone, feeling bluesy mellow and slow.
The music was in me but off beat tonight, my keyboard like glue in the snow.

The Kariba Bar was gin soaked and tipsy, full of smoky dreams and lies.
The piano echoed their painted hopes, with chords that faded and died.

Just when the night was eclipsing, the voices all slurry and dead,
In walked the queen of all ladies, Isabella in a tight skin of red.

She sipped a strawberry tequila, slid her hand upon my thigh,
“Play the tune of a thousand lovers and I’ll sing till the morning is nigh.”

My heart was on fire, the beat returned and the keyboard smiled too.
Her voice lit the room like a Sahara sun, lost in a mournful blue.

People looked up through hazy glazed eyes, as her melody sliced the night.
The smiles spread like a rippled pond, and they started feeling alright.
Yeah, they started feeling alright.

She’s my heart, she’s my soul, Isabella’s my doll.
Her voice is an echo of white.
She’s my life, she’s my love, Isabella’s my dove
And she’s taking me home tonight.
Yeah, she’s taking me home tonight.

She sang for the souls of lovers past, she sang for their hearts within.
She remembered the eyes and lies of men, and their promises paper thin.

She cried for her angel who died too young, but wept memories of joy today
And the love of her life she met in Milan, who swept all her heartbreak away.

I played to the cry of lovers need; I played with all my might,
She took my hand and smiled THE smile, come home with me tonight.

Come home with me tonight.

Brett Howes



Jim

Nothing had changed at Te Rerenga School.
Browes was still in trouble for playing the fool.

Ruru Juls was head girl but not for too long.
Pukeko Margot was full of chocolate, so nothing was wrong.

Kaula Kiwi looked out the window, just for a laugh
And spotted a new blue student, waddling up the path.

He was being guided by Kea, (who was still cheeky as could be),
Because his mate was injured and could not see.

“This is my friend, a little blue penguin, who's commonly called Jim,
He was blinded by concussion and now he can't swim.

Being blind doesn't make him stupid and you don't have to talk loud.
He was rescued by Annemieke, of whom we're all proud.

She took him to her Kuaotunu sanctuary where Eyefulla and Dr Sue,
Gave the all clear, to bring him along to you.”

The class gathered around and all said their hello.
Of course last to appear was Kakapo Joe.

“Time to go out and play.” announced Noah the Moa
“Jim may be blind but he's still a goer!”

They played Womble the Towel Dance and had most excellent fun
Because all were included, they soon became one.

Jim was happy to be accepted, purely as Jim,
Nothing less, nothing more, was just fine by him.

Brett Howes



Kaula

Kaula carefully opened an embryonic eye,
At the top of a long beaky, ever so shy.

Inside a shell, not much of a view,
One big foot, another makes two.

Wrapped in a ball, those huge feet by her eye.
Sticking straight up, uncomfortably high.

"I wonder what I am", she thought to herself,
"Perhaps a baboon or a big footed Elf"

"I hope I'm a lion, I can roar and be free,
A Serengeti Leo, is the life for me"

She tried chipping out, with her little egg tooth.
Someone had stolen it, how very uncouth.

So she pecked at the shell until her beak was quite
sore,
Till it crumbled and cracked then she rolled on the
floor.

"I'm out at last," she cried, her wobble wobbling
plain.

I'm a vicious lion, behold my golden mane.

She roared out a roar but out popped a shrill
"If I'm a wild lion, I sound kind of ill.

Plus my mane looks rather feathery, right down to
my toes.

A lion with feathers? That's not how it goes.

Maybe I'm a wetapotamus with spooky spikey
legs.

Leaping from a cave roof, onto people's heads.

Or I could be a tuatara prowling Gondwanaland,
Sporting a Mohawk, in a kilted punk band.

But tuatara's aren't long beaky and although it
sounds absurd.

I think I'm a big footed, odd shaped bird.

If I'm a bird, then I'll fly, way up to the sun,
But I'll start with the clouds, just for fun".

She extended her wings, "This should do the trick"
Hang on a minute; I'm not AERO-DY-NAM-IC.

She flapped and she flapped, yet she still only
found,

Those un-lion like feet, stuck firmly to the ground.

Kaula felt depressed, "I'm not doing very well"
Then her face lit up, "What's that delicious smell?"

She stomped and snuffled, probing in the bush.
Sniffing out juicy bugs, with her elongated mush.

I think I'll stay right here, Waitaia's the home for
me,

I'm proud to be called Kaula, the little Brown Kiwi.

Brett Howes



Kaula the Kiwi visits her Iwi

"It's time to go", said Kaula the Kiwi,
"I'm off to the city to visit my Iwi.
In fact I'll leave Waitaia, this very night,
Of course I'll walk, having no means of flight."

"I'm Kaula the Kiwi
Off to the City to visit my Iwi."

Whitianga was a bustle with so many things,
Including a wood hen with copious rings.
"With your ample bling and that short sharp
pecker
You must be Wiremu, the borrowing Weka."

"Walk with me Wiremu, I'm Kaula the Kiwi.
I'm off to the city to visit my Iwi."

When passing through Coroglen on the Iwi trail,
Out flittered a bird with a fan for a tail.
She twittered and twibbered like nothing was
planned,
Then said, "Hi I'm Fanny, can I join your band?"

"Walk with us Fanny, I'm Kaula the Kiwi.
We're off to the City to visit my Iwi."

They were busy admiring a square Kauri tree,
When they tripped over a bird, they failed to see.
He had camouflaged feathers, from head to toe
And politely introduced himself as Kakapo Joe.

"Walk with us Joe, I'm Kaula the Kiwi.
We're off to the city to visit my Iwi."

At Kopu they met a parrot, sporting a cheeky smile.
So they decided to stop and chat for a while.
"I guess your feathered wings, mean you can't be a
bear?"
"Your right, I'm Nestor notabilis but feel free to call
me Kea."

"Walk with us Kea, I'm Kaula the Kiwi.
We're off to the city to visit my Iwi."

Teagan the Te Puru Takahe, whose surname was
Brice,
Had the dubious acclaim of being made extinct
twice.
Teagan offered to join them on their great Iwi
quest.
So off they went, all six abreast.

"Walk with us Teagan, I'm Kaula the Kiwi.
We're off to the City to visit my Iwi."

Around past Tararu, Thames was in sight.
When Kaula turned to her new friends and
exclaimed with delight.
"You're all my Iwi, there's no need to roam."
And with that epiphany, it was time to go home.

Kia Kaha

Brett Howes



Lava Tree

While sitting here take your time to see,
The rules which bind the Lava Tree.

All the deposits, which we have you to thank,
Will find a home in our septic tank.

Thus the only two things we want from thee,
Rhyme with Zoo and tickle me.

Things with strings and other debris,
DON'T GO DOWN OUR LAVA TREE.

Brett Howes



Leadership

Truly great leaders, suffer with their people

Brett Howes



Let Us Be

I was floating on the sapphire sea, feeling mellow and kind of blue.
No dives for you said Annie de Gray, your ears are full of glue.

I sat and watched the bubbles rise, from divers down below,
When up arose a humpback whale, "I've come to say hello.

My Lovelight had a baby boy, close to this Niue shore.
We hugged and kissed our little lad, and loved him even more.

We left the sparkling Niue Sea and gently swam away,
To feed and frolic in colder climes, in a cetacean kind of way.

My boy screamed aloud one day, confusion in his love.
A bolt of steel pierced his life, shot from a ship above.

His mother went to help our lad and see what she could do.
They lined her up through Nippon eyes, and killed my lovely too.

Why did you rip them from the sea, and carve them up for meat?
You excuse it through a veil of science but sold them on the street.

So I ask you on this Niue Day why do this to our race?
Surely it's not the trivial matter of merely saving face?

Leave us to roam the oceans, with our families swimming free.
Don't kill us for a hollow need, simply Let Us Be".

Brett Howes



Life

The story begins in a damp micro tube,
Where Lenny Limpy was getting a lube.

But this anointment wasn't pretty; not a chortle, or a laugh
Poor little Lenny's DNA, was torn right in half!

This was done quite painlessly, no needles, nor a stitch.
Was it YOUR osis or Mi osis? I can't remember which.

Although Nurse Cell fed him well, he remained very pale
And instead of normal arms and legs, he grew a wiggly tail.

A day old and off to school, no tricky math's for him.
Little Lenny's only skill, was learning how to swim.

There were millions more in Lenny's class, all honing the same craft
Wiggle woggling their little tails and looking just as daft.

It was a merry time, a bubbly time, joy for one and all.
You could say they were happy herrings, at a seaman's ball.

The good times were soon to end, when Lenny's landlord came to play.
That's how all and sundry, were sent abruptly on their way.

Lenny wondered what foul deed, made his landlord so upset
Because he didn't just kick him out, he fired him like a jet.

Whizzing along at 50 kph he tried to be calm and brave
But he almost lost his Mojo when he saw the strange new cave.

But then something amazing happened, it came totally from within
He wiggled that woggly tail once more and began to frantically swim.

Swim, swim, swim he did, he swam the perfect race.
With 200 million contestants, there's no room for second place.

The gold medal was Lenny's, he wore the victors grin.
Then knocked carefully on the door and Zona let him in.

You see
That's how Thee, came to Be.

Brett Howes



Limpy Zee Gull

Through the fangs of a storm, flew Limpy Zee Gull.
Her leg was ungood and her English as well.

She arrived at a house, just before dawn,
Tired and hungry, she started to yawn.

So sore and battered she collapsed in a heap,
Tucked her head down and was soon fast asleep.

Limpy awoke with a start then her heart filled with dread.
The monster before her would surely make her dead.

To her utter surprise as she gaped from the floor
The monster said "Hello, I'm Caleb and I've just turned four.

Thank you for visiting and please don't think I'm rude,
You look skinny and hungry so I've brought you some food."

Caleb slowly walked up to Limpy and gently pattered her ruffled head,
"When you've finished your breakfast, I've made you a bed."

It looked so warm snuggly, did that old shoe box,
Because it was lined with Caleb's undies and three woollen socks

Limpy tucked into her food, her favourite dish,
Two dead flies and a locust, mixed with dried smelly fish.

She wuggled into those undies; not a snore, not a cheep.
And with a fish smelling burp, she was soon fast asleep.

Soon her knee got gooder unfortunately not her English as well.
The important thing was, she had a new best Pal.

Together through trust and kindness they became great friends
And with a smile on your face, this happy story ends.

For Caleb Olsen who is four.

Brett Howes



Lonely Jake

The world passes by as I drive the lonely road.
Hanging on that steering wheel, my dead heart seeds are sowed.
Up ahead lies my future, a cold cabin for the night.
No one to sing to, just a pillow for my plight.

I thought love was truly gone, just a ghost I never knew.
My mind was a glacier, all cold and icy blue.
You see my heart was in pieces, scattered all over the floor.
Trampled underfoot and kicked out the door.

Next day I drove the pavement, through the trees of autumn hue,
When the hitch-hiker called Gabrielle cascaded into view.
She climbed aboard and then she smiled at me and she called me by my name.
She said, "You must be that Lonely Jake who said the world is all to blame.

You've forgotten how to love my friend, you say it don't exist no more.
Your broken hearts in pieces, lying on the floor.
It's so hard to get back up when you're down and feeling blue.
So let's pour some love into your soul and see what we can do."

She showed me how to love again and make the human race.
Then she put the sun back in the sky and lit my fire place.
You know I picked up all those pieces and put them back inside.
Then I remembered how to love again and beamed a smile wide.

Don't forget how to love.
Don't forget your heart is true.
Don't let that old glacier turn you heart to blue.
Don't run away from love.
Don't turn away and hide.
Grab that love with all your might and keep it warm inside.

Brett Howes



Maturing

The sun is out, the sea is still,
I'd like to do fuck all.
I think I will.

Brett Howes



Memory

My memory is going and you need a hearing aid.

What?

YOU NEED A HEARING AID!

WHAT?

I've forgotten what I was talking about.

What?

Brett Howes



Mirror

When I look in the mirror, what do I see?

“Well, obviously, I see me”.

I see a face, creased with a smile
Gravity cheeks and a wild hairstyle.

But no matter how I try and look at thee
Two green eyes stare back at me.

Really what I’m seeing, is merely skin
Just a layer. Paper thin.

So that’s it folks, to you out there,
Fashion looks and frizzy hair.

Be one of the few who venture nearer
And ask yourself, what’s behind the mirror.

What’s really you, truth or pretense?
Open book or garden fence?

Do you dwell in self, your image desire?
Lust for vanity, a narcissistic mire.

Are you really honest or a veiled lie?
True to yourself or passerby?

Do you believe in trust and what is right?
Or are you just ether, drifting in the night?

Will you give to others, for giving sake?
Or do you take, take, take, take?

Are you a ghost of blind convention?
Or is there something behind the reflection?

If you want to make your image clearer,
Take a look behind the mirror.

Brett Howes



Mr Mole

Mr and Mrs Molly Mole, dug a fancy mole hole, under the town of Vinn.
They grabbed their stuff, very moley stuff, and proceeded to move right in.

Now Mr Mole likes wiggly worms; big fat juicy worms are the best.

He eats one, two and better than three, all without a rest.

Molly Mole noticed a roll toll, a mole roll toll, around his tum.

“A little bit here and lots of bits there, is making your mole tum rotund.”

Better watch out, Mr Mole, you'll get stuck in the hole

Biggley huge elephantly worms, even the bitsy bitty and small.
Squishly mashed by his moley molars, with gusto he ate them all.

Hot worms cold worms warm worms, he didn't really care.

He sucked an slurped them so fast, they tangled in his hair.

“Your getting extra mole rolls, by leaving not a crumb.

Those increased fatty taxes are spreading to your bum.”

Better watch out, Mr Mole, you'll get stuck in the hole

He couldn't stop worm gorging, “Must gulp guzzle and swill”.

He crammed and stuffed those gourmet worms, despite feeling quite ill.

“Did you eat all our liver worms?” “No it wasn't me.”

“Mr Mole your in denial, its plain for all to see.”

He gobbled worms, he glugged worms, caring not one bit.

“Mr Mole, you'll get stuck in the hole, if you don't immediately quit.”

But it was Too Late, Mr Mole got stuck in the hole.

Brett Howes



Noah the Moa

Our mates were in class at Te Rerenga School.
As usual young Browes was playing the fool.

Up front Wiremu and Kaula; plus Kea made three.
Kakapo Joe was there somewhere but impossible to see.

Behind them Fanny was twibbering because that's what she does
And Teagan's fine feathers were all of a fuzz.

In the back row much bigger, bigger than all of us,
Was a giant green bird, as big as a bus.

His name was E.Crassus but we called him Noah.
Our great friend and mate, Noah the Moa.

Maths and Languages were definitely not his thing
And the Theorem of Pythagoras, a headache would bring.

Plodding around the track he was always much slower,
But he tried till he puffed out, did Noah the Moa.

Alas no prizes for Noah at the end of the year.
A collection of D's was his worst nightmare.

These underwhelming grades, however, weren't paramount.
His A plus in attitude was later to count

He worked hard at his job, sweeping the floor
And in no time at all he was running the store.

He completed his tasks properly, always sporting a smile
Nothing a problem. Going the extra mile.

Noah soon owned his business and another makes two,
"What can I do to care for you?"

Attitude is everything, it determines your life
Be hard working and positive, don't dwell in the strife.

Remember it's your attitude which makes you great.
Not a name etched on some random plate.

Brett Howes



Notno Now

Notno and Didno where twins, did you know.
Sons of the Nows, Couldno and Shouldno.

Now, Notno did know, a secret you know
But what Notno did not know but should know,
Was Couldno did know what Notono did know,
and did know, Didno, did not know what Notno did know.

But Notno did not know, Didno did not know,
Since Notno thought Didno, did know.

Now, Couldno should know, Shouldno Now
Did not know what Notno did know but thought Shouldno did know.
So when Couldno asked Shouldno about what Notno did know
Shouldno did not know.

“Shouldno, you should know what Notno did know and Didno Now did not know.
How could you not know?”

Unfortunately, Shouldno should know what Notno did know
And that was.....

But Shouldno forgot.

Brett Howes



O

O is a wonderful letter; it goes way round the rim.
Look, bassoon and moon have two of them in.

Without O's there'd be no spooky Voodoo.
You wouldn't want to hoodoo Voodoo, would you?

Because of O you can pop a balloon,
Or go to the Zoo to see a baboon.

One onerous rhinoceros with an oddly nose.
Olly the orca, striking a pose.

You can hear a cow moo or a Hoopoo coo.
Or maybe an owl toots and hoots to you.

Whatever you do, you can do
But don't step on the Hoopoo poo.

Hoopla will surely come to you
If you step upon a Hoopoo poo.

Maybe for you, a few cockatoo,
Or perhaps you'll view a Koodoo or two

All this ado, just for you,
Old and new, to view at the Zoo.

Look at zoo, it ends with two
And look at look, it has some few too.

Too has two, O's abound.
O's make the world go round and round.

Brett Howes



Open Eyes

Viewing Earth from Saturn's rings, I think you'd have to agree,
It's very plain or perhaps, not so plain, there's nothing much to see.

We're excruciatingly tiny, probably insignificant if you must.
Compared to the vast universe, we're merely cosmic dust

So a little thought about relevance; basically, where we are all at.
It's time to have a look at ourselves and chew the perspective fat.

We're buried in petty politics, constantly trying to outdo each other.
Cold wars. Isotopic wars. Soldiers screaming for their mother.

All our vagaries seem so important, unaware of what's around.
Not truly grasping where we are in space, then polluting without a sound.

We're all part of this planet's complexities, immersed in its biomass,
And between us and annihilation, lies fragile layer of gas.

The innate profligacy of humans ignores the greater need.
The kilter of the planet, squandered by selfish greed.

Humans are like an AID's virus, throwing the ecology out of whack.
If we tip the earth's immunity too far, there'll be no going back.

An example of this is climate change, despite the sceptics call.
It's happening unsustainably fast and will affect us all.

Reality check for all of us, our planet simply doesn't really care.
Its happy wandering around the sun, completely devoid of air.

Try walking on the beach and feel the oceans all as one.
Imagine all the chlorophyll rich phytoplankton, connecting us to the sun.

We're irreversibly immersed in nature entwined by its convoluted chatter.
If we don't embrace its passage, our armies won't matter.

We must pull our selfish heads, from the quagmire of personal wealth
And start working as one, to ensure the planet's health.

Brett Howes



Passchendaele

We were so young and brave, glory be to war.
Dressed in fine uniforms; ladies at the door.
For God, King and country, not really knowing why,
We marched off to victory with glory in our eye.
Singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning", we loved and said goodbye.
We all sailed off to victory, not one of us will die.

Our glory star quickly fades when comrades start to fall.
The Devil Haig he beckons us, we heed the reapers call.
Just one last push my lads, that's all it takes to win.
Go over the top my boys; I'll see you in Berlin.
Just one last push my lads, it's for a noble cause.
Go over the top my boys, the war to end all wars.

We charged into madness, hot steel for our host.
To fall and drown in liquid mud, we hear the last post.
Please mother hold me gently, I'm far too young to die.
Please mother hug me close while I hang my head and cry.
Please mother hold me gently, I'm cold and going to die.
Please mother hug me close now and help me through this lie.

Please let me live, I just want to go home.
In the hell of Passchendaele, I just want to go home.
Half a million souls crying out in vain,
Lying in the mud soaked in blood, death and pain.

Fly our flag on Anzac Day, our ghosts there still abound.
Never let your minds forget that ghastly killing ground.
We fought and died at Passchendaele with heads held proud and high.
At Verdun, Somme and Gallipoli our other comrades lie.
So enjoy your lives and freedom, for you are truly blessed,
But remember our sacrifice, so our souls at peace can rest.

Lest we forget
Lyrics to the song Passchendaele

Brett Howes



Perfect

I first heard of Whina when she talked the talk.
Down from Te Hapua, she walked the walk.

She filled Holland's drains as fast as he duggem
And visited Bill Rowling, just to bug him.

A successful farmer; this ladies no fool.
She donated land to start a school.

"Have you lived all your life under a Northland sunset?"
She replied to me wryly "Brett, not yet".

She told me about getting old, "Don't fear that day
Because my young friend it will happen anyway."

"Be of good heart, be kind and be true.
Be honest to all, it will get you through."

Yet she was only little, skinny as a broom
But her mana smile would fill a room.

Lead from the front, was always her way.
Her living the moment, carried the day.

When she left for Hawaiki, to her spirits embrace,
She left this world a better place.

From a mud floor up North, to Mother of the Nation
Dame Whina Cooper, you're my inspiration.

Arohanui

Brett Howes



Peter Palin Peebles

Peter Palin Pebbles was a sight to behold,
In the land of the P's he was feeling pretty bold.
It was his first day of ponder at the Pink Primary School
With his purple P Pen he arrived looking cool.

His Plimsolls were polished and preened in the sun
And his hat pobbled sideways like a Pisa Currant Bun.
His face was protund and partly square from side on
But his nose pointed inwards so you thought it was gone.

Yet he stood rather tall for a lad from P Land
And had plenty of P pictures painted on his hand.
When he appeared in the classroom the prim teacher was
there,
Looking pretty peculiar with her peach coloured hair.

It grew from her head and spread between her toes
But the peachiest part of all, protruded from her nose.

"Welcome to Pink Primary you're looking very cool.
Pick up your penguin and pull up a stool."
Each pupil has a pet penguin, at Pink Primary today,
Tomorrow it's Pluffy Poodles or perhaps Python Prey

Peter perched on his stool with his penguin and pen
Next to two perky lads called Phillip and Plen.
"We're "good peers" code named PP one and two,
We'll show you round Pink Primary, since you are new."

They showed him Plothy Possums playing pool in the pound
and peered at Palooka Parrots, which never make a sound.
They pried for Pimpley Pilley-worms lurking in the ground.
Listen very close, they make a plippy ploppy sound.

But they didn't have P Pens and Peter had a rule,
Without P Pens you just weren't cool.
"You can have purple P Pens or perhaps pink too,
But without a P appendage, I won't be pandering you!"

Why do P pens, either purple or pink
Change Peter Peebles and how he would think?
So pondered PP one and a perplexed PP two
Perhaps our prim teacher will know what to do.

Penelope Pertrude Papple, yes the teacher had a name,
Parted her peachy hair, as her penguin did the same.
She pulled a Palooka Parrot, parked precariously in her ear,
And perused the two PP's, standing proper like a pair.

So you're pondering a problem "How do P pens make you
cool?"

The answer is simple; PETER PALIN PEEPLES is a fool.

Dedicated to the letter P

Brett Howes



Probus

Voyager One will take 40,000 years to get to the nearest star,
Yet the aliens arrived from the Virgo galaxy, like you'd drive a car.

On board their cloaked gravity rider, I met them face to face.
The first contact with intelligent life forms, from another place.

Their technology so mind blowing, incomprehensible at best.
Defying all we know of physics, yet only I can attest.

A polite little welcome would've been nice, "Hello, here we are."
We've travelled sixty million light years, some would say afar."

Perhaps a little good will gift, a space ship to share with you,
Black holes, no problem, you just drive right on through.

Some pleasant intergalactic chitter chatter, "Absolutely delighted to have you here."
I see young Svap has twelve new limbs; isn't he a dear."

Alas, no wondrous tales of tele-ortation, through tubes of liquid glass.
"We've actually travelled all this way, to stick a probe into your arse."

"So over you go, there's a good chap, it won't hurt at all.
We'll even give you a choice; would you prefer large or small?"

"No just kiddin!
We always use the biggin!"

Incredibly these all-knowing paradigms of gods are not here to simply train us,
They'd deliberately traversed trillions of miles, just to investigate my anus.

So when you reverently gaze at the cosmos and wonder what's withal?
Know our alien cuzzies, have a sense of humour after all.

My salute to Monty Pythons Flying Circus.
A beacon in the quagmire of life.

Brett Howes



Radio Speak

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Len Tover calling Hangover Radio, OVER.

Ben Dover receiving you, what is your emergency? OVER

Len Tover in a Land Rover, Ben Dover. OVER

Did you say Rolly Over in Len Drover? OVER.

That's a negative, I'm Len Tover, Ben Dover, in a Land Rover. OVER

Ben Dover, having trouble penetrating you. Switching to channel layover. Should smooth over. OVER.

Roger, Ben Dover, turnover to channel switchover for smooth over. OVER

Ben Dover receiving you smoother. Repeat your message. OVER.

Ben Dover, Len Tover in a Land Rover, rolling over and over and over. OVER.

You're Len Tover in a Land Rover. No need to repeat OVER , over and over and over. OVER.

Ben Dover, I'm rolling over in a Land Rover. OVER

I thought your name was Len Tover, Rolly Over, OVER

Over and out

Brett Howes



Rats in your Hat

Open up those precious eyes, another day is here.
Time to decide; how your day will fare.
Don't go to school, with vile rats on your head,
Try a different look, a better one instead.
You don't need skellum rats, RATS in your HAT.

Try an army of caterpillars, skipping all their legs,
Or Skinny Willy Warthog, showing off his dreads.
Fashion a hairy fur ball, coughing up a cat,
But what you don't need are rats, RATS in your
HAT.
You don't want, RATS in your HAT.

Enjoy spicky porcupines, spiking up your hair.
Or curly blondie wigga-ma-things, looking very fair.
Even frizzy Meerkats bugling Bach in B flat
But stay away from rats, RATS in your HAT.
You don't want.
No you really don't want, RATS in your HAT.

Perhaps clusted spiders, sproinging on your dome.
Shuffling, scuttling Knit Catchers, feeling quite at
home.
Wobbly Bob, the jelly thingy, splonked there like a
mat.
Anything's better than rats, RATS in your HAT.
You don't want.
No you really don't want,
No you really, really don't want, RATS in your HAT.

You may like sneaky snakes, wound around your
noggin.
Or a special secret slosy place to keep your pet
frogging.
Even Percy Pelican, dropping in for a chat,
Must be better than rats, RATS in your HAT.

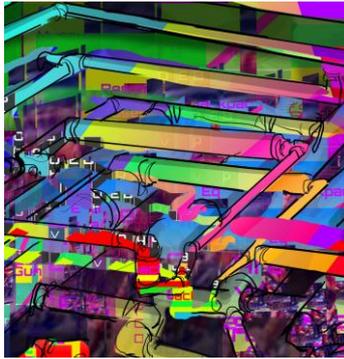
You don't want.
No you really don't want,
No you really, really, really don't want, RATS in
your HAT.

They'll do a scratchy scalp dance, spikey claws
knotting hair.
To raspy, hissy, rattish music, very loud and clear.
They'll sing vile rodent songs through stained ratty
fangs
And they'll leave behind a smelly mess, squishly in
your bangs.
They'll make you do ratty things, causing hurt and
endless strife.
Their teeth gnawing through your soul and
screwing up your life.

Now you're tucked up tight, snugly wuggly in your
bed.
Don't let the rattys win; keep them off your head.
Wear a hat which suits you best, a Bowler, Top or
Gat,
But whatever you choose to do in life, no RATS in
your HAT
You don't want,
No you really don't want,
Stay well away from, RATS in your HAT.

The "Rats" are cowardly bullies who write slander
on social media who
take "pathetic" to new lows.

Brett Howes



The RMA Simplified

"Hello Hector, I'm Victor Lecter, the Sector Inspector.

I'm the elected Inspector of the deflector on your Projector Reflector.

My detector is a connector dissector to ensure your Projector Reflector's deflector, affect the correct vector.

The dissector will bisector your Projector Reflector deflector, direct a selector injector into your reflector, to affect a collector.

The collector will direct an infector vector, from the sector, to ensure the corrector passes the Inspector.

No need for an objector. An injector protector of the Projector Reflector deflector collector can only affect her, after I've checked her.

Any questions Hector?"

"So Inspector Victor Lecter, once I erect a director connector to the deflector, this should correct a vector in my Project Reflector and perfect a deflector, appeasing the inspector?."

"Correct"

"Delighted you've cleared it up. I shall inform the inspector receptor, Nestor our director."

And you are?"

"I'm Mr Innes Spectre. The Inspector Inspector who inspects the Inspector to ensure Victor Lecter, the elected Inspector of the deflector on your Projector Reflector, is using the correct connector dissector to

Happy to simplify the Resource Management Act.

Brett Howes



Shabby Sheila

Shabby Sheila, yes you know who you are.
Arrogance your ethos, a veneer social star.

All gussied up because fad makes you in.
Being honest to yourself, a veritable sin.

Your vaporous friends add fuel to your farce.
So refined. So precious. So uppity class.

The clique all wink, a white powdered line.
Secretive group giggles, we're ever so fine.

Carat AU, your farcical success
Shabby J Sheila, you're an out and out mess.

A face of contempt when looking through me.
My caste so plebeian, much lessor than thee.

Oh risible Shabs, you think you're so cool.
Reality check, you're a coke dusted fool.

The apotheosis of crass and lamentable pose.
Living your life, through the flow up your nose.

Beauty is internal, not dangled on a chain.
Step away from the mirage or go insane.

Brett Howes



Songbird

A songbird born in 63
And so an Angel came to be.

So shy and sensitive you'd never see,
How your beauty set us free.

All you desired was to love and sing
And not contrive some commercial thing.

Driven by passion. Pure as stubborn snow.
The essence of music, only you could know.

A childlike wonder was always there.
A summer breeze of healing air.

For you, there'll be no more crying.
For you, the sun will always be shining.

And I feel because of you,
The songbird will never be blue.

With a wonderful world, she said goodbye.
Why my Angel, did you have to die?

Somewhere over that rainbow, I know you rest.
Thank you Eva, you are the best.

For Eva Cassidy

Brett Howes



Teenagers

Teenagers today will find out with dismay,
The rad things they do, are not a new day.

No matter how badly Yolo and mixed up they are,
This historical blunder was the biggest so far.

Young Tanktuk in Egypt, before Christ walked the land,
Was helping his Fam build a cube in the sand.

Pharaoh Mamoose was dying and this cube was his bed,
Tanktuk in charge of rocks, turnt up a party instead.

He was so mad chill, on sprang break after all.
With Dude Mamoose swag money he ordered them all.

Cept Tanktuk had eyes for Kiya, a Thot of the day,
But she was salty on him, said go AF away.

Tanktuk got chirped, yaassss that's a thing so bad.
No snappy clap back, bummed out so sad.

His maths not hundyp, was confused by the Thot.
Not even sixtyp, no it was not.

Fifty was all dat sus order of rocks.
A noob to arithmetic. Head full of pox.

The building began, yep began KK.
But the cube looking shape, went quite astray.

As luck would have it, when Mamoose dropped dead.
No flat top to the heavens, a pointy bit instead.

When it comes to teenagers, take this advice of the Kings.
Whatever you do, DONT SWEAT THE LITTLE THINGS.

Why the Great Cubes of Egypt are Pyramids.

Brett Howes



Thought you were mine

She says she needs me, yet she's looking elsewhere.
Raising those high high-heels, flicking her long blond hair.
Looking right through me, lumen eyes so blue.
Teasing me, toying me, then she's saying who?

Cradling your broken soul, a frantic Angel in the night.
Comes to me, needing me, holding on so tight.
Next day your haunted soul returns, revering eyes all gone.
A hollow shell, devoid of joy, where once your love light shone.

You loved me forever, your loves for all time.
You left for another.
Thought you were mine.

Who's going to pick you up and hold you oh so tight?
Who's going to calm you when you scream in the night?
A ghost for reality, fueled by chemicals and lust.
Who's going to let you in, let you in to trust.

Brett Howes



Trust

Every time we kiss I know you are for me.
Gazing in those sky blue eyes, like a pool of molten sea.
I try to show you the depth of my passion,
But it stays way down inside of me.

Do you really know what I feel like in side?
How do I show you the love I try and hide?
Why do I disguise my feelings?
When I love you deep down inside.

Let's make our love bring out a rising sun.
Don't spend our lives with our hopes on the run.
If we trust our love we'll grow strong together
And our hearts will keep us close for ever.

Help me trust to say, "I love you".
Help me hold you close and say I care.
Help me show how much I need you.
Don't leave my broken heart in tears.

Lyrics for Trust

Brett Howes



Two Tuatara's

The tiny island of Avarice, drifted silently through time and space.
On board were two Tuatara's; for them, a special place.

For Tai Tuatara, Avarice was a haven; totally devoted to the sea.
The sea was divine, all guiding; a very happy place to be.

For Uta Tuatara, Avarice was a haven; a land devoted to be free.
The land was divine, all guiding; a very happy place to be.

Yet one blindly of the land, the other myopically of the sea,
Just couldn't live together, in utopian harmony.

"You must believe in the land. It's the righteous path for thee".
"Preposterous drivel you cowering heathen, one must bow unto the sea".

"There's only one land on Avarice, and for this I shall fight".
"My sea is all powerful; across your land I shall smite".

So began a moral war, between sanctimonious nations.
Many cried and many died, down through generations.

Yet amid all this fallacy fuelled crap and trivial unrest.
There lived a third tuatara, quite different from the rest.

The world is totally encompassing, together we are one.
Try looking past your personal faith and see what you've become.

Your self-serving bickering, is merely pious pretence.
Stop ringing your selfish conjecture, with a devoutly blinkered fence.

There's no territorial tuatara's, better one or two.
Just be kind and help each other, the peace will see you through.

We're all on one island, hurtling through time and space.
We better look after our wonderful home, because it's our only place.

Brett Howes

U

TURN PERMITTED

U

Do You's need a repose? You's tangled in your life?
Have You's hit the fan? Quagmired in strife?

If you's buried in worry and you's want to do better,
You's can start with U; a simple letter.

You's can use U's for fun, like an Un prefix.
To undo do or unfix fix.

Of course there's Up, useful as well.
You's can upgrade a grade but not up smell a smell.

If you's want to go fancy, U's is underrated,
But use it with care, else your stories inflated.

The unstraightforwardnesses of U words make a difficult read
And unconstitutionalitys complicate things indeed.

Such convolutions will headaches bring
And you's don't want to feud with the latter thing.

Best you's use U's like umm, uncular or ursid
And throw in uvula, undies and undid.

Keep life simple, like urped and unlet.
Or smile at urd, you won't be upset.

Enjoy the moment, keeps migraines away.
Unknotty's evocative, you're not here to stay.

The unboundedness of U is undeniably fun.
If you's untwined your life, you's fulla's has won.

Brett Howes



Vix

It's alright my love light, twilight's veil, I'm on my way.
We laughed and cried and danced the life waltz.
I loved you more with every day.

We shared our life, I watched, you grow,
Now it's time for me to go.

It's alright for me to go now.
Alright, to love you from a far.
You will always be my love light.
Sky shining bright with my star.

Tide of life is ebbing, goodbye my love I feel its flow.
Don't be brave, you can cry now, hold me tight then let me go.

We touched our souls, I love you so,
Now it's time for me to go.

Thanks for all the life you helped me see.
Thanks for all your hopes and humility.
Thanks for all the love you shared with me.
I will love you for eternity.

Lyrics for Lovelight

Brett Howes



Whale Speak

I was floating on the sapphire sea, feeling mellow and kind of blue
No dives for you said Annie de Gray, your ears are full of glue.

I sat and watched the bubbles rise, from divers down below
When up arose a humpback whale, "I've come to say hello."

My love light had a baby boy, close to this Niue shore
We hugged and kissed our little lad, and loved him even more.

Soon we left the sparkling Niue sea and gently swam away
To feed and frolic in colder climes, in a cetacean kind of way.

My boy screamed aloud one day, confusion in his love
A bolt of steel pierced his life, shot from a ship above,

His mother went to help her lad, and see what she could do
They lined her up through Nippon eyes, and killed my lovely too.

Why did you rip them from the sea, and carve them up for meat
You excuse it through a veil of science but sold them on the street.

So I ask you on this Niue Day why do this to our race
Surely it's not the trivial matter of merely saving face!

Leave us to roam the oceans, with our families swimming free
Don't kill us for a hollow need, Just Let Us Be.

Brett Howes



World Plague Organisation (WPO)

The WPO Grand Pooh-Bah brought the meeting of pathogens to order.
Then a billion members recited their oath, "We recognise no border."

Trickus Sickus took the podium, sporting an array of sinister new spokes,
Still grinning and sniggering fervently, from telling Humogg jokes.

The despotic Pooh-Bah addressed Trickus, "We hear you've done well,
Spreading our glorious infection globally. How did you do it? Please tell."

"We started infecting Pangolin's but these were slow and going nowhere.
Luckily asinine Humogg's eat their scales, which are essentially only hair.

So Slippus Sepsis, of the Wuhan faction, took the opportunity to strike.
He attached himself to a single Humogg, using a penetrating new spike."

The Pooh-Bah was astounded and cried, "Bring out the best champagne,
Don't tell me those dumb ass Humogg's, opened their contagion door once again?"

"The inane Humogg's not only ignored their chequered history and fell victim to us once more,
But also built large flying tubes, to deliver us directly to their door.

Those doors opened to millions of Moggs and it gets even better yet,
They listened to leaders so incredibly moronic, they were blinkered to our threat.

So trillions of our narcissistic warriors attacked, grinning a hideous smile,
Knowing those idiotic Humogg's, were firmly entrenched in their denial.

This time, we jumped early from Mogg to Mogg, before they became sick.
The surprise was utterly complete and it sure did the trick.

Despite numerous warnings, the Humogg's continued to lick and sneeze,
So, unlike in the slow Pangolin's, our transmission was a breeze.

And just when Humogg's claimed victory, they started licking once again.
Creating a fresh saliva path; our green light to cause more pain."

"What about those biologics they used before, to kill us all dead?"
"No problem, this time their Pro-Plaguer's are helping us instead!"

Unfortunately, a leader called Aunty Cindy, on an island way down south.
Has 5 million Mogg's who believe a defence strategy, expounded from her mouth.

She told the Moggs to stay home, wash their hands and stop the licking.
Consequently, Slippus's South Pacific Division took a terrible kicking.

She is evil, vile and monstrous and she fills me full of dread,
Because on that little island nation, all our fine warriors are lying dead.

But she better keep her guard up, because from us there's no respite.
One little mistake from Aunty Cindy, and we'll be in their beds tonight.

Despite this one blemish, we won a glorious fight.
And as long as Humogg's keep abusing animals, our future sepsis remains bright.

Brett Howes

To Jacinda Ardern, her advisors, essential workers and Team 5 million;
Thank you



Xavier James McNaulty

Last October when the heat was hot and the rainforest sweated glue,
I went to find a mean old croc which they said I shouldn't do.

He has teeth the size of wombats feet and eyes which burn right through.
He smells like the devils lair and his tail will cut you in two.

At first I hardly saw him, perched on his mossy mound.
He moved not at all, breathed not at all and didn't make a sound.

"Hello there Mr Crocodile, I've come to talk to you.
They say you're the meanest Croc in the land and I wonder if it's true.

I don't think you're as bad as they say, just merely misunderstood.
You're probably really kind at heart, so tell me if you would."

He stared at me with those black hole eyes and smiled a Crocodile grin.
"So you want to know how bad I am and redefine the meaning of sin.

Let me first introduce myself, I'm Xavier James McNaulty.
My close friends call me 'Jim the Bad', but you can call me Salty.

Come a bit closer my gourmet friend and I'll tell you a story or two.
You see I'm the kindest croc in the land and I've found religion too".

"How could you find religion if you're bad in real life?"
"No problems" he grinned quite hideously, "I ate the Preachers Wife".

With that he lunged at me and snapped his mighty jaw.
I fell back with an awful fright but escaped his toothy maw.

"You just tried to dine on me and eat me for your lunch".
"Of course and you'll taste like chicken: I know it's not a hunch".

He's big, he's bad, he's mean and grey, and no one calls him Jim.
When you see that old salty smile, stay well away from him.

Twenty years on, I look in the forest and think of Xavier James McNaulty.
He's the meanest, baddest croc in Australia. Your never friends with a SALTY.



XXX

A smutty poem for all to read.
Piques some interest? Oh yes indeed.

But what is smut, what makes it so?
It's not your eyes or little toe.

It's the other parts, parts of all of us,
Which make us blush and cause a fuss.

Yet we all possess them, every day.
We carry them around, they're here to stay.

Of course they vary in shape and size
And different genders hold their own surprise.

Fifty percent are dangly testes,
Whilst the other half are lumpy chesty.

Some like vanilla. Some like to play.
Others prefer both but always grey.

While some are covered like an English wood,
Others prefer deforestation, it feels so good.

Yet all of us are similar, pointy nippily,
Although some more rosy and others stippley.

This is normal, a part of life,
But show it on television, complaints are rife.

Not so for murders, assaults and gore.
Ratings are up, show us more.

Vary your X, you'll burn in hell.
Use a gun, all is well.

This contradiction makes no sense.
The parts are yours, there's no offense.

Brett Howes



Zed

The curious thing about the letter Zed,
By and large and when all done and said,

It's the only letter with two names instead,
Sometimes Zee and the other one Zed.

Have you ever heard of Zed Zed Topp?
Or an ace Zee Car, belonging to a cop?

Unfortunately at school, for Zogg, Zelt and Zarst,
At every roll call they were always last.

But Zee is a zappy letter, full of zest.
Look at the cool stuff which makes it the best.

It's in great words like Wazzup, Zebra and Zoo,
But it's also in Zither, Zizzle and Zonaroo.

It's featured in Zorro whose pointy bit we dread.
Then there's the Zombies walking around dead.

Your zygomata help you grin
And the zonules of Zinn, lets the light go in.

We can zip up a zip, zag or zig.
A zillion zeros must be quite big.

When Zona welcomed Lenny, the Zygote became you.
Funny how there's Zeds in everything we do.

Now you're zonked, it's time for bed.
Forget counting sheep, just go stack some Zeds.

Good Night.

Brett Howes



Zambezi Roulette

Down to the marsh we shall venture today.
We've both been warned to stay well away.

"Whatever you do, don't be bold.
Avoid the Zambezi, if you want to grow old".

The ghostly fog looked calming to us.
Why all the warnings? Why all the fuss?

Then a soulless eye pierced the haunting mist,
Amid ruffled skin, like calloused schist.

A tasty treat, to my den of forbidden.
The razor smile remains quite hidden.

Not one but two; a veritable hoard.
I'll dine well this day; a smorgasbord.

Come closer to the edge, my morsel friends.
Hear my story which never ends.

Closer still, I'll whisper sweets to your ear.
A little bit more, you've nothing to fear.

Nice and slow, not quite there yet.
Play the game of death, Zambezi roulette.

Just one more step and the story will end.
A Zambezi Croc is never your friend.

For Puku Layard

Brett Howes

