

Ikea Catalogue

There were storms in the wheat fields and all was flat with rain
When someone proudly entered who would take away their pain
The Wanderer brought to their eyes what only Wise Ones saw
The artefacts and diagrams, what to reap and what to sow
No more experiment ... always right and never wrong
Unique and individual ... like each river, tree or song

But the rain just got wetter on every cat and every dog
So I guess they should know better ... the Ikea Catalogue

(And please help me Gentle Wanderer if help is still at hand
In the hands of all the helpers who still roam upon this land
Why have we all these labours ... please let me have this say
Isn't it for the Ancient Salary that we still collect our pay?
And tell me Mother Earth and be gentle now with me
Who'll till the soil and tend the crops and do it diligently?

Who'll rock the gentle cradle of the newborn Ideologue?
Who'll read the newborn pages of ... the Ikea Catalogue?)

The People of Discomfort said he leave that very day
And take his Easy World and his revolutions without delay
Let him never cross a threshold or own a horse no more
Let him wander in the wilderness like the heroes did of yore
And never stop his searching though he be withered to the bone
Never know the simple pleasures of another unruly home

It's said he felt great fear ... as he walked into the fog
But he just bowed and said 'See you later' ... the Ikea Catalogue

The sound of crashing thunder could be heard on every shore
The Gods were very angry and Nature seemed to work no more
Because the People of Discomfort didn't want to go this way
Their hard-got treasures and beating hearts would very soon decay
So the bullets started flying ... and spaceships ... even arrows too
Hails of deadly missiles that only the Apocalypse, it's said, once knew

A massive conflagration that no history book did record
Was faithfully compiled in ... the Ikea Catalogue

Between the oceans and the mountains, it was terrible to decide
The snow would freeze the life from him or he could drown in the tide
But the shrieking of the sea-birds drew him slowly from the land
Or maybe it was a homely welcome he couldn't really understand
Heeding not the danger he battled through the foam
The Seven Seas before him, behind him only ... home

Though his journey was too epic for any Captain to keep a log
It can be seen in all its glory in ... the Ikea Catalogue

Throughout the lashing tempest he kept his powder dry
With golden heart and steely eye he kept his spirits high
Neither Gods nor earthly creatures could stop his great advance
Till he stood before his Maker and unsheathed his silver lance
And hurled it at the Demon, like a Heavenly Angel ray
And the People of Discomfort still talk of this today

Thor and Odin whimpered and Neptune put on his togs
But the thunder just got louder ... the Ikea Catalogue

The violence could be heard in every corner of the land
For these were times when circles were absolutely banned
And the Hag that roamed the mountains, screeching night and day
Was conspicuously silent and seen limping along the bay
And the age of Bad Conspiracies came crashing to an end
With such a devastation that Valhalla could never mend

Maybe life should be easy ... like some comfortable sinking bog
Or maybe it should be Hell to pay like ... the Ikea Catalogue

There was then a time of Plenty, or so the Sagas say
And the People of Discomfort were happy, as well they may
Cats and dogs and other idlers were found lazing in the sun
Beside every golden granary, beside every salmon run
This splendid isolation that keeps us ... such lovely neighbours
Was given freely to the wicked world as a token of our labours

But the fire just burns stronger in every lizard and in every frog
'Please help us all' I hear them say ... the Ikea Catalogue

The Dangerous Few

The Dangerous Few were looking back at their followers far behind
And their leader was a friendly man ... though he was no friend of mine
'All Hail To You Mighty Conqueror' said every village they passed through
Where an hour before they cursed the witch, every drunken bitch
Without any worth, who dared give birth ... to the disgusting Dangerous Few

They rode like hairy demons ... as wild as each hairy mount
That only Saints and Lovers would dare to talk about
But they had a certain charm, I'm told, only idiots could appreciate
And I know it's bold, but again I'm told, when they had nothing to eat
With friend and foe in short supply, they'd take a bite from all they'd meet

And the sweat fell down their faces and on down their bellies too
And mingled with the horses' sweat which made a deadly brew
It rolled on hairy backs and flanks and rolled on sinewy grooves
It rolled on down to the beaten ground ... to the hooves ... to the hooves
... to the hooves ... to the hooves ... to the hooves ... to the hooves

The thunder of their awful charge shook the bowels of the clay
And every one who heard this sound knew what it had to say
But we kept it to ourselves, as all good people are wont to do
And I expect that all good people and even the Godly Crew
Were waiting for the dirt to fall from the loathsome Dangerous Few

But excrement has all of nature's gifts and all of nature's scorn
And has a habit of going back to the place from which 'twas born
With each slash and burn the Conqueror laid waste to all he saw
But saved the last tree and animal hide, though blackened on each side,
And re-wrote the history of their Hell ... all safe and white and sanitised

Men, like these, are much fewer now ... upon this Sanitised Earth
And Saints and Lovers don't question this declining rate of birth
And why shouldn't they? Are they not the keepers of this Realm?
Are they not sleepers and dreamers just like us? Are we all not the same?
But if Saints and Lovers don't question us, who are we to question them?

THE COW

Rosie, the cow, was destined for slaughter
But ... to her memory ... never did anything wrong
Escaped on hoof as best as she could
To her fellow neighbouring farmyard throng

All gathered around her trying not to astound her
With their brilliance and devil-may-care
'I call you to order fellow beasts of the fodder
And answer honest how this old girl should fare'

The first to speak, never known to be meek
Was strangely frightened of what next to say
'Turn her loose' said the goose, clearly sounding obtuse
'And let's hope she'll always stay that way'

Francis, the pony, tied tight to a post
And, 'twas said, hoped for nothing grander
Cleared his great throat and very proudly he spoke
'Let her die ... get a life, stupid gander'

Calmly and slowly all eyes rested on Foley
The prize collie of prize-know proportions
They expected from him, through his usual din
Some soft wisdom to resolve this commotion

'None know this cow or even seen her before
And now ... she expects our forgiveness?
I've no shadow of doubt that the Farmer is right
When you think of all he has given us'

Rosie shuddered from her head to her udder
An unloved bird was to be her only friend
Did the rest not see it ... they are all just like she is
Used and abused ... and then a terrible end

The competition raged on amongst the proud throng
All desperate to be Master's Favourite Partner
Then opened a mouth ... and with a ferocious shout
Silenced each would-be, loyal martyr

Leo, the lamb, quietly hoping to be a ram
And no-one telling him his chances were slight
'What has she done to deserve this chagrin?
She gave them everything ... and now they want her life'

Though his body lacked might ... all knew he was right
But this was something they could not resolve
They were all equal creatures in this Great All Together
Happy to remain here ... as they would so dearly love

From a cage, the silence ... was finally ended by Patience
A sow, covered in the filth she was imprisoned in
'The more you please them ... the more they will condemn'
Then turned a watery eye on the cow who had come in

'You came here for help and I know this is normal
But we're all in the same position as you
Your time has come now ... ours will come too
We're all sausage or steak or ... the lucky ones ... stew'

All heads seemed to fall 'cause t'was known that they all
Were too well aware of what had been revealed here
So Patience knowing they, like she, dreamed to be free
Brushed some dirt off her face and stood ... reverently

'Some say there's a farm ... in the Grand Disarm
But I confess I don't believe that it's true
With good water and soil ... without murder and toil
And where Farmers and Butchers are mercifully few'

STEEDS of IVORY

We would have thought it was a timeless journey
'Cause the winds of change are very strong
We would have thought it was a joyous effort
But the roads at night are very long

We liked to think it would have a happy ending
But happiness was another league away
And the winds of change came from all directions
Allowing precious time to find delay

Oh, send forth your dreams on steeds of ivory
And let them take you to the silvery moon
Tell them not from where they got you
Tell them not from which decaying room

For this timeless journey will surely take us
And drive us headlong in our steamy deeds
With nostrils flaring and manes overflowing
We ride the time on our dreamy steeds

Just sing your heart out while you can sing it
While you still remember that sacred tune
And hold your face up in the gentle starlight
And smile the smile of Brigadoon

THE CANVAS

In olden times I ruled the courts
And created life with big broad strokes
To admiring hoards my fruitful hands
Would grind and pull their unruly yokes
But the strokes alone gave me the magic
And every canvas emerged ... bespoke

Kings and Queens would stand in trains
To be first to admire what I conjured next
Attendant Lords and their Ladies too
Would stretch and strain, every muscle flexed
Though all rejoiced and praises threw
They didn't see their Jester ... vexed

And Scribes admired in hurried notes
Full of lofty sounding words
Not meant for me, not meant for you
Meant only for the lofty sounding few
Meant to please and appease, they wriggle and claw
To escape their juice in which they stew

The bells and whistles of those friends of mine
Was forever ringing in my ears
But I loved it all, it's fair to say
Over hill and dale and in the darkest vale
It was heard by all, by big and small
But it's now a million miles away

Because now forlorn with empty hands
No-one I knew who wants to meet
My arms are limp, my head is weak
The canvas lying at my feet
Don't know what went wrong or what went right
That allowed me create this great defeat