



Happy

Fat Children

and

Protein

Enhancers

Tom Luckworth

Published by Philistine Press, 2010
All poems © Tom Duckworth



www.philistinepress.com

Contents

Preface

N.Y.C. con

Cut-out hero

End tune

The plane went *Bang!*

The playful distractions of the mind

Happy fat children

Rectal squelch

If I were a tree

Halve thy sons

Original text

Preface

Dear Reader,

In many ways the poems you will read in this collection are gibberish nonsense! A rabble of words strung together to make vague sense with the hope that you will find some meaning out of the background dribble. Thinking positive though, I have tried my very best to piece together something thought provoking that I hope will also satisfy the urges of any literate OCD suffers. To tell the truth I often look through this work and rather than poems, I see mathematical problems to which I have found a particular solution for.

Originally, I was going to call this book 'poems not written by me' because many of them are anagrams or a selection of 'other people's words' arranged in such a way they have a new sense of direction.

It is certainly a wild adventure writing a poem where boundaries are in place and I often find there is no of knowing where it will take you until the very last letter is in place. It can certainly be challenging but in some ways having limitations helps me; to portray ones most untamed imagination through words, for me, would be an impossible challenge and I envy people who can write with such unrestricted brilliance and beauty.

I hope you enjoy my book.

Tom

PS) I am very fond of the game Scrabble.

N.Y.C. con

House is near,
lost in traffic layers
ceased in gear
O, this dreaded rush.
Busses plod,
taxis go, alloys steer
GGGGRRRRR Move.

Cut-out hero

The queen stares! Across checked land,
Religious service rechristened at her side

Castles, limbs of stone, advance
soon shatter to ruled ruins

Sixteen hooves fight,
clash, rider spirit fiery

Royalty rooting sacrifice,
cop out & plot over coco

End tune

A fly gaped, size of me bewildering,
He smiled too,
insecticide immune

Wallop!

Um... gutted

The plane went *Bang! pvff cLK*

- : Mourn, is lost to pebbled sands or oceans deep unknown
- : No! Unhorse that pilot and may his piffle be dethron'd,
judge me not as thine enemy,
for I fend hopes jaws of pity so my kings face doth awak'n
our reap'r, aground.

The playful distractions of the mind

To swim or not to swim
Is that the question?
If it is I suppose the answer would be a 'yes' - So not to drown
Only an island insight now,
Not my idea of an ideal getaway
But still, it is rather peaceful.

Why is it this question that possesses my thoughts anyway?
Memories of a not so distant high school no doubt.
English with William,
How I miss your majestic free flowing prose now – ha, *yeah right*.

Come on! Focus

The answer is still 'yes' - so not to drown.

If I were an English Renaissance villager,
A mere peasant amongst nobles,
It is without question I'd be suspected of witchcraft one of these
days.
Perhaps for my measly education providing me with, for the time
period, extensive knowledge of science 'n that.
You'd have to atone that this becomes a very different question if
on trial for Satanism.
They say a true witch would float, when immersed in a river or lake
But if your soul was pure, a true Christian, you'd sink yourself like a
stone.
So would I swim? - They'd probably burn me at the stake if I did.

Butterfly! Now there's a crazy swimming stroke.
The last time I saw a guy doing butterfly
he accidentally hit a kid in the face.
Oh it was hilarious – the kid was fine of course, except for a minor
teary eyed nose bleed.
He was a rather handsome chap come to think of it.

I made it to the shore.
Avoided being eaten by a shark, so that's good.
Survived the blur of watching shoals,
Constantly surfacing to pinch at all the fleshy parts, of gruesome,
dishevelled bodies.
Once, they were simply remnants of the other crash victims
minding their own business, bobbing the ocean ceiling without a
care in the world.
They had no ambitions to become bloody fish food.

Mother Earth you can be a cruel parent.

I think I'll repress these memories.

Happy fat children

The sun, started a sunflower equivalent
that's energy services
always saturated in great colours,
cooking naturally.
Potatoes ready for the harvest,
great tasting, muddy. Farmers know best.
The individual potato a seed may be
and we, the very fibre of seed.

Send us your best Sunday.
Walkers pack logo bag before them,
the sun rains a dry flavour,
as if the sun were dissatisfied
worked not, weather cool and crisp.
The children with requirements
of daily sugar snack wrappers
and sold packaged fat, packets of oil,
per flavour per multipack
purchased from the department store.

"Crisps crisps crisps!"
Lower in fibre, high in oil salted fat.
"Not that flavour!" *Sure, which ever!*
Pack a daily bag, visit your daily place.
So this multipack... contains lots of salt,
but over our guidelines? *No.*

Is this it? Generations of adults, women,
limited to enjoy nutritional food,
naturally good, ingredients of seed.
They cook calories with salt to make a sale,
artificial vegetarians and coeliacs
suitable for oils, salt
who complains not about lower wheat.

Are your children fat? Tell us why this is.

And calories watch the seed of men,
people each and everyone together affected daily.
Exactly what must we experience
to understand values?

Rectal squelch

A student
struggles university.
Attending lectures, googles glossaries
alien to sex.
A platter of education for the mind, life's fruit.
A nerved chin,
earplug nerd... Ninny

& I,
Rich, otiose, ogling TV,
chromosome XY
a stud
Google xxx, milf, fanny
Fcuk sometimes.
A Lead smoker

*Should I read a course colouring maps...
or psychology?*

Eat crap, orange tarts
lectures... *never!*
Why take classes?
first error, a learning ordeal
Fail a class → Retake.

The church is my pub,
A rye in hand drug party.

If I were a tree

If I were a tree and the world was a forest, what would you be?

I'd be the two lovers that carve their names in your trunk
The morning dew that rests upon your leaves
The thunder and lightning, but only the fork lightning; I like that kind more.

A hiker, and then I'd wee on you

A woodpecker

A bigger tree than you

A lumberjack

What kind of tree are you? And what kind of forest is this?

I'd be a rock on the ground, that'd be cool.

Dude, you're not a tree, go see a psychiatrist.

A little spotted skunk scurrying around the woodland floor

A tree hugger

I'd build a tree house in you and call it my home

A talking geranium

An insect stick – it's a stick that looks like an insect

I would say pecan tree... dunno why, I guess because I love pecans.

Seriously dude, a psychiatrist.

Are we talking about a tropical forest, like the Amazon?

Because I'd be the rain

so that every day at a certain time I could constantly hit you in the face for two hours,

that'll teach you for writing 'p o e t r y'... pansy.

But if it's not a rainforest then maybe slime flux (it's a tree rotting bacteria, six years with me and you'll be dead buddy so watch out).

I'd like to be a rock please.

If you were a tree and I was a forest, what would the world be? A bit weird, that's what.

Halve thy sons

There's one letter k in the Lord's Prayer.

Would you believe it? (I would)

There's going to be no similes in this poem that's for sure.

Oh, I've found another k...

You probably wouldn't have figured,

if I hadn't said.

Vivid Avatars (at the cinema) roamed over father's three-d time.

Some envy their made-up sands,

and swan to engage wrongness (an ^{Iraq}afghan war?)

Original Text

NYC con

Horseguards

Private grassed areas for the use of horseguards residents only

Strictly no ball games dog exercising or cycling



Cut-out hero

Heavitree road police station

Exeter

Vehicle access

Do not secure bicycles to the post in front of this door access required at all times

Horseguards

Access strictly for residence & visitors only

No through route parking for unauthorised vehicles



(Photographs of signs I pass on my way to work)

Halve Thy Sons

Our Father who art in heaven
hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us
and lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil
For thine is the kingdom
and the power and the glory
for ever and ever
Amen

End tune

One pound
Elizebeth II D G REG F D
DECUS ET TUTAMEN
PLEIDIOL WYF IM GWLAD



NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

The plane went Bang!

Bank of England
I promise to pay the bearer the sum of
twenty pounds
London
for the govr and compa of the bank of England
E ii R
D.H.F Somerset
chief cashier
pounds
jj
twenty pounds bank of englan

William Shakespeare
twenty pounds
pounds



(William Shakespeare was the first historical figure to appear on the reverse of the English 20 pound bank note)

Happy fat children

//Start and ready -> started and ray
//sunseed day -> Sunday and seed
//whatever -> what and ever

Walkers Crisps

Walkers ready salted flavour. not for individual sale. Potato crisps
SunSeed naturally lower saturated fat. in multipack bag

Everyone complains, About the weather, But at walkers, We're happy, When it rains
Lots of rain, Produces the best muddy potatoes, And we know that great tasting crisps
start with great potatoes.

The people who understand this best are our farmers. We've worked with some of them for
3 generations, years of experience mean they know exactly when to harvest to make sure
we always get the very best potatoes.

Then we cook them in SunSeed oil which is naturally high in mono-unsaturates and lower
in saturates (the ones to watch)

This pack contains () of saturated fat that's () of your guidelines daily amount and () of
salt of your guideline daily amount () than traditional crisp cooking oils
Guidelines daily amounts stated are for adults and children over () years.

So enjoy good potatoes whatever the weather.

This is a pack from a Walkers crisps multipack and must not be sold separately.

Typical nutritional values energy per pack/ protein. men women children
Carbohydrates of which sugars(), Fat of which saturates(), of which mono-unsaturates(),
of which polyunsaturates(), fibre() sodium() equivalent as() salt per bag, calories () fat ()
Guidelines daily amounts

Calories(), Fat(), Saturates(), Sugar(), Fibre(), Salt()

Average values for adults and children individual requirements each day may vary

Best before ()

Ready salted flavour crisps ingredients.

Potatoes, sunflower oil. Ready salted flavour, acidity regulator, sodium dicetate, citric acid, flavour enhancers, monosodium glutamate from wheat, disodium ribonucleotide, salt, potassium chloride.

Suitable for vegetarians suitable for coeliacs no artificial colours

If dissatisfied tell us why, where purchased and send the packets and contents together with the multipack wrappers to

Consumer services department

Walkers snack food limited

Leicester

applies to uk and republic of Ireland only

Your statutory rights are not affected

Visit us at ()

Packaged in a protective atmosphere, store in a cool dry place. Walkers SunSeed and the SunSeed logo are registered trademarks. The Walkers logo is a trademark.

Rectal squelch

Horseguards

Access strictly for residence & visitors only

No through route parking for unauthorised vehicles

Raffles hotel

All rooms fully en suit

With central heating

Colour tv

And tea making

Off street parking

AA

Keep dogs on leads

Exeter a clean city

Exeter city council

Maximum penalty

Maximum penalty

Clean it up

Horseguards

Private grassed areas for the use of horseguards residents only

Strictly no ball games dog exercising or cycling

Quadrangle horseguards



(Photographs of signs taken on my journey to University and home again)

##

For more information about Tom Duckworth and Philistine Press, visit www.philistinepress.com.