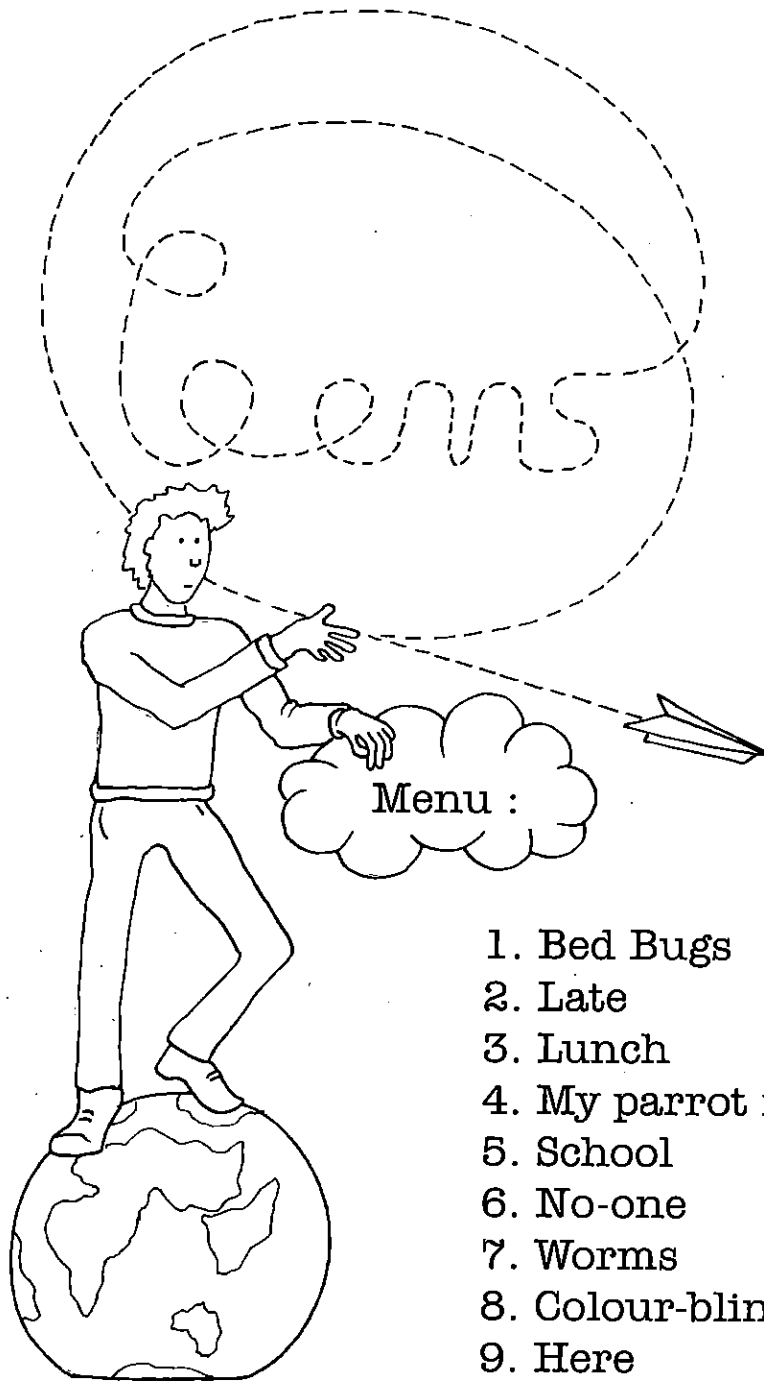


Friendly Natives

A Collection of Poems
by
Justin Bateman



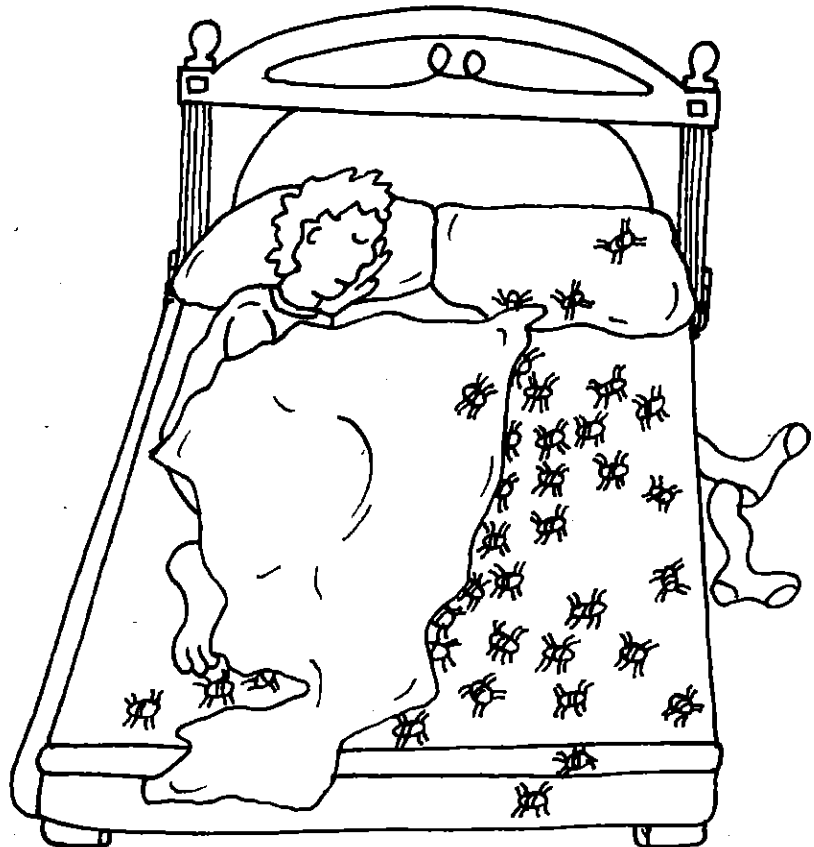


Menu :

1. Bed Bugs
2. Late
3. Lunch
4. My parrot reads the news
5. School
6. No-one
7. Worms
8. Colour-blind Mick
9. Here
10. Love
11. Penguin in my ear
12. Waiting for the right time
13. I said "what"?
14. Nowhere / Exfoliating notice
15. Young Jimmy Slater
16. Writer's block / Never say never
17. Ufflepuff
18. Circus/
Does a microbe have a heart?

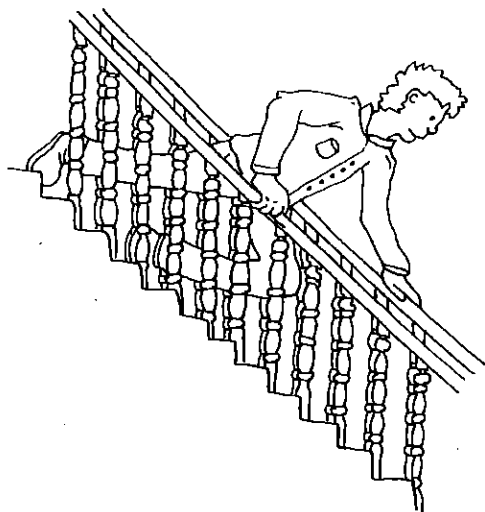
Bed Bugs

There's Something So Small
That It Can't Be Seen,
Not Tiny Or Nothing
It's Just In Between,
Existing In Silence,
Warm In Your Bed,
Thriving And Feasting On
Skin That Is Dead,
But This Is Not Where
The Grotesquity Ends,
The Worst Thing Is That
It Has Millions Of Friends

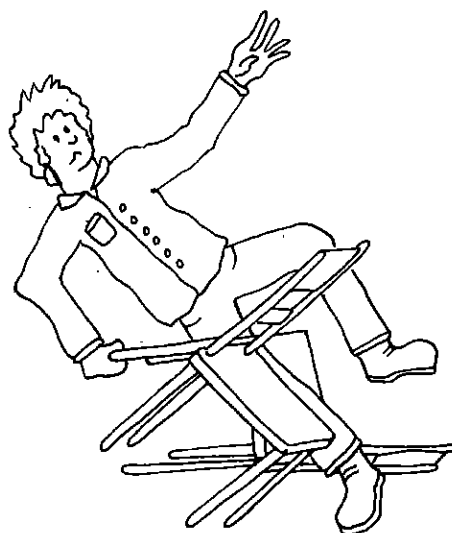


LATE

Stairs are great,
Stumble, rumble, smash,
Unless your late,
Bump bash,
For a date,
Tumble crash,



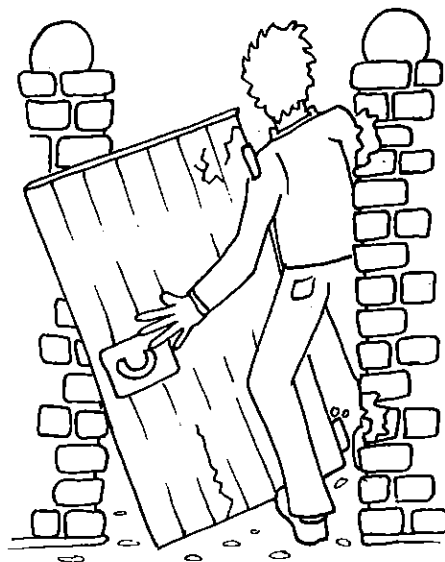
These chairs are fine,
Skip, jump,
If you have the time,
Skid, thump,
To climb,
Wobble, whoomp,



I love this gate,
Crumble, crack,
But when I'm late,
Creak, whack,
This gate I hate,
Split, snap.

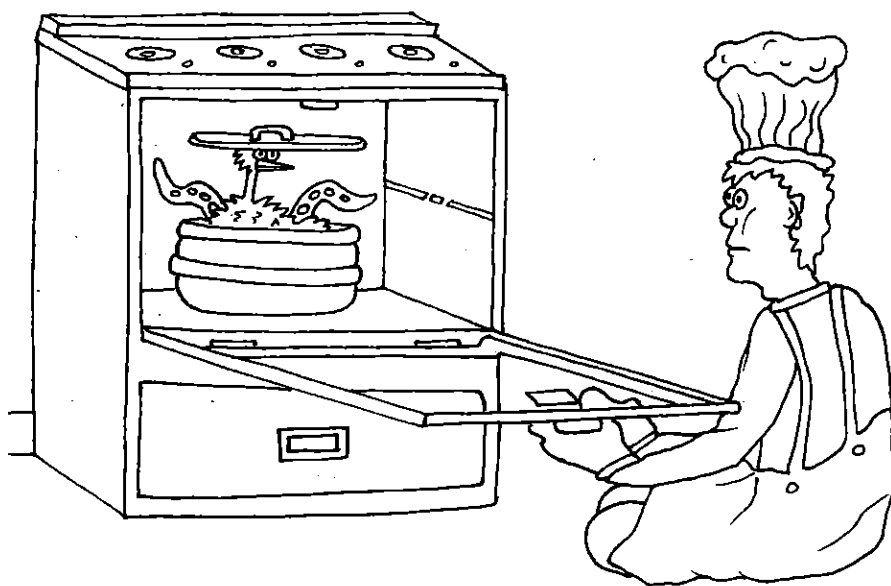
At last I'm out,
Leap, bound,
But I left without.....
Thumping, pound,
Your favourite perfume,
(no sound)

So I'm turning round, Seethe, fume,
Through the gate, crack, whack,
Over the chairs, crash, bash,
Up the stairs, bump, thump,
To my room, puff, pant,
Where I think I'll stay!



Lunch

There's Something In The Oven,
But I'm Sure That It's Not Cooked,
Last Time I Opened The Door To Check,
It Turned It's Head And Looked!
I'm Scared To Make The Gravy,
In Case It's Still Aware,
That What Goes In My Stomach,
Comes From Inside There.



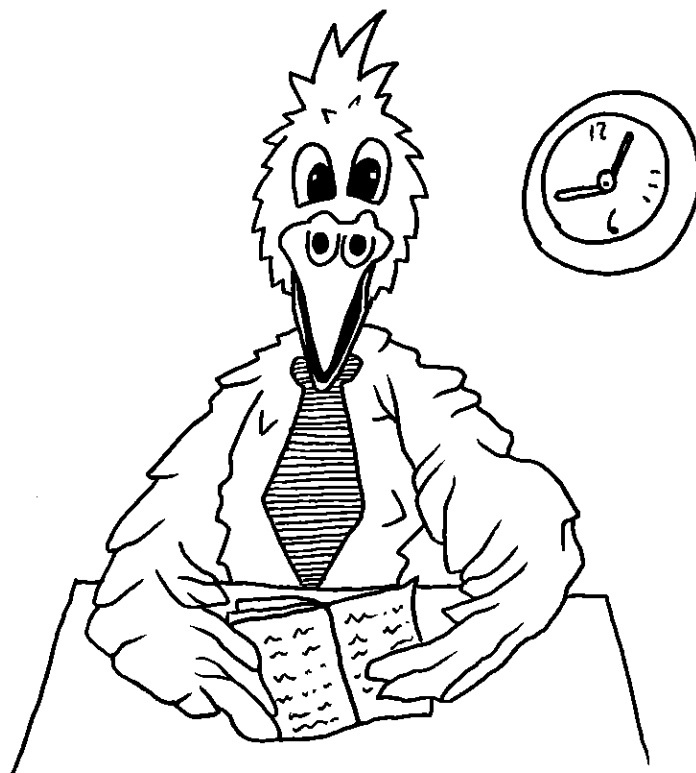
My Parrot reads the news

I bought a parrot who's name was Bill,
Who liked to read the news,
The papers lined his cage you see,
So he read between the poo's,
The Mail on Sunday, The Guardian,
The Sport and Times and Sun,
We buy him all the papers,
He reads every single one,
I cottoned on quite quickly and phoned the BBC,
"Your Parrot will be famous" That's what they said to
me.

They had big idea's for my Parrot,
Who would not just present the news,
But could also be the 'Flying eye' to warn of traffic
queues.

So we both set off for London,
For lunch in a Sushi bar,
A BBC executive rolled up in a fancy car.....

"Your Parrot won't be famous"!
He burst my bubble with his fork,
"Your Parrot reads the news, but your Parrot cannot
talk"!



School

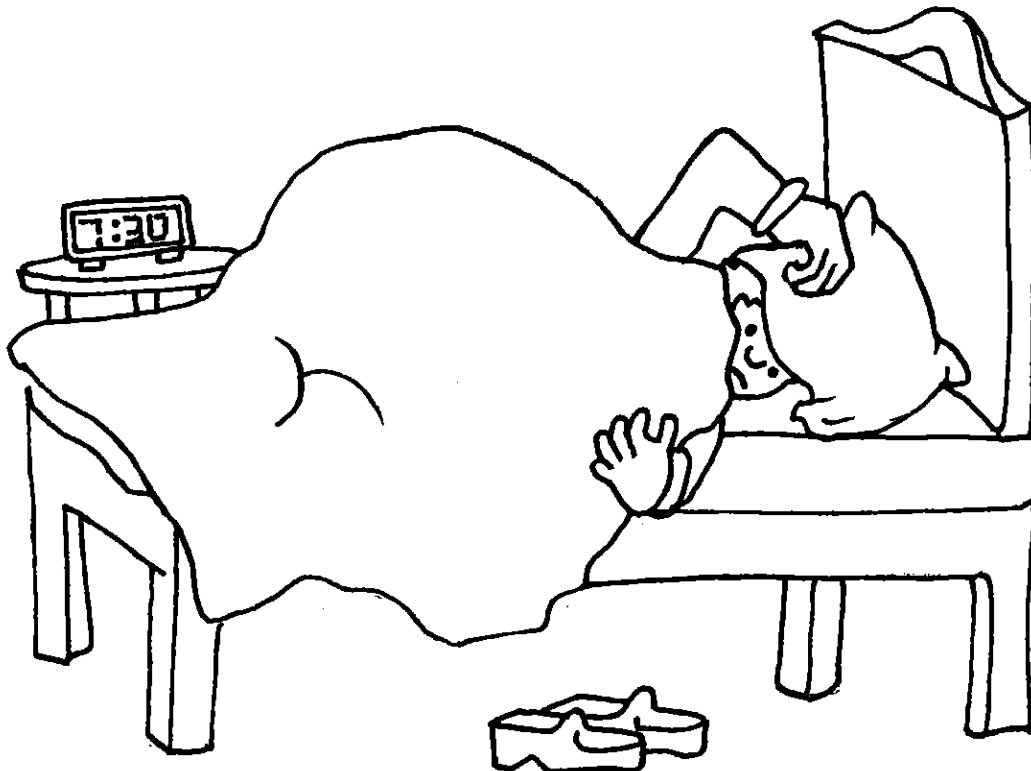
"wakey, Wakey, Rise And Shine,
Time To Get Up, To Be On Time",
"i Don't Want To Go To School Today,
The Kids All Taunt And Tease Me,
Look At My Tongue And Feel My Glands,
I Should Get The Day Off Easily"

"upsy - Dupsy, No-more Talk,
If U Miss The Lift You `ll Have To Walk",

"please Don `t Make Me Go To School,
The Works Too Hard And The Kids Are Cruel,
Isn `t There Some Other Way,
That I Could Stay At Home Today"?

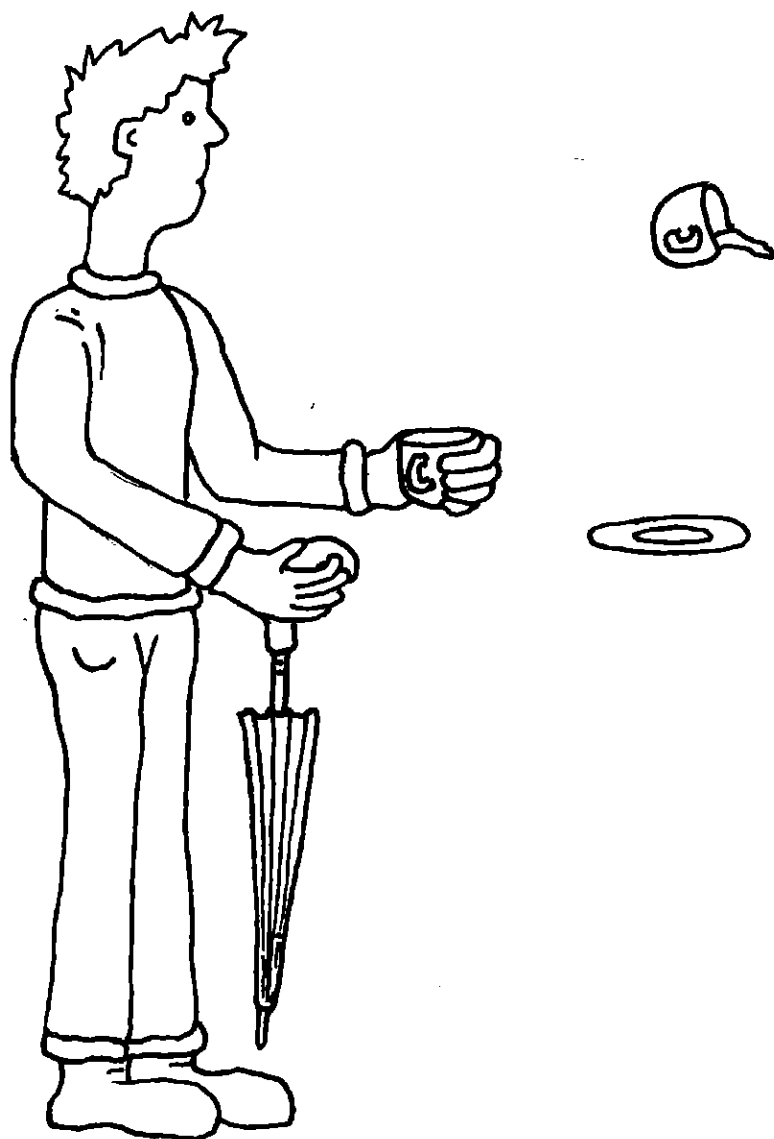
"i `ve Heard Enough, Now Listen Here,
You Have To Go To School My Dear"

"if I Don `t Go They Wouldn `t Miss Me,
I Know Because They Said,
I Should Be Able To Do As I Please,
After All, I Am The Head!"



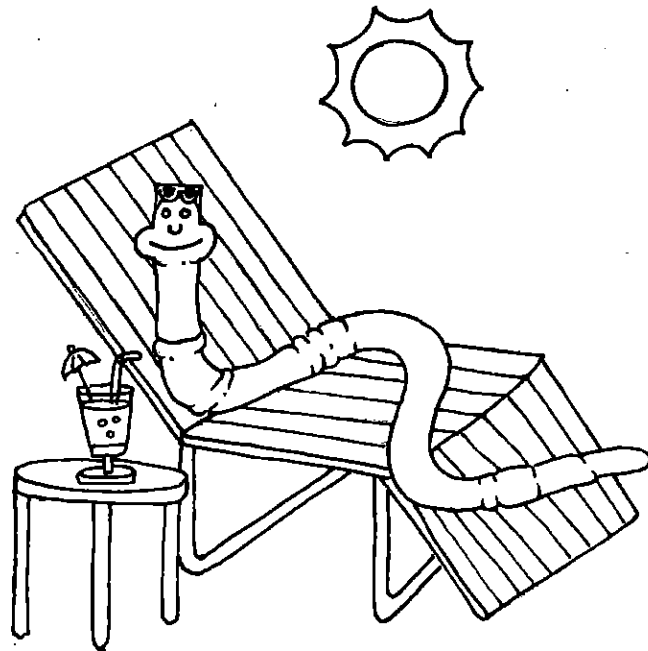
No-one

No-one Came To Visit Today
And Knocked On My Front Door,
I Came Downstairs And There He Was,
My Very First Never Before,
I Invited Him In As He'd Come To Call,
And Listened Hard To Hear,
But As He Spoke I Heard Nothing At All,
There's No-one Here I Fear.



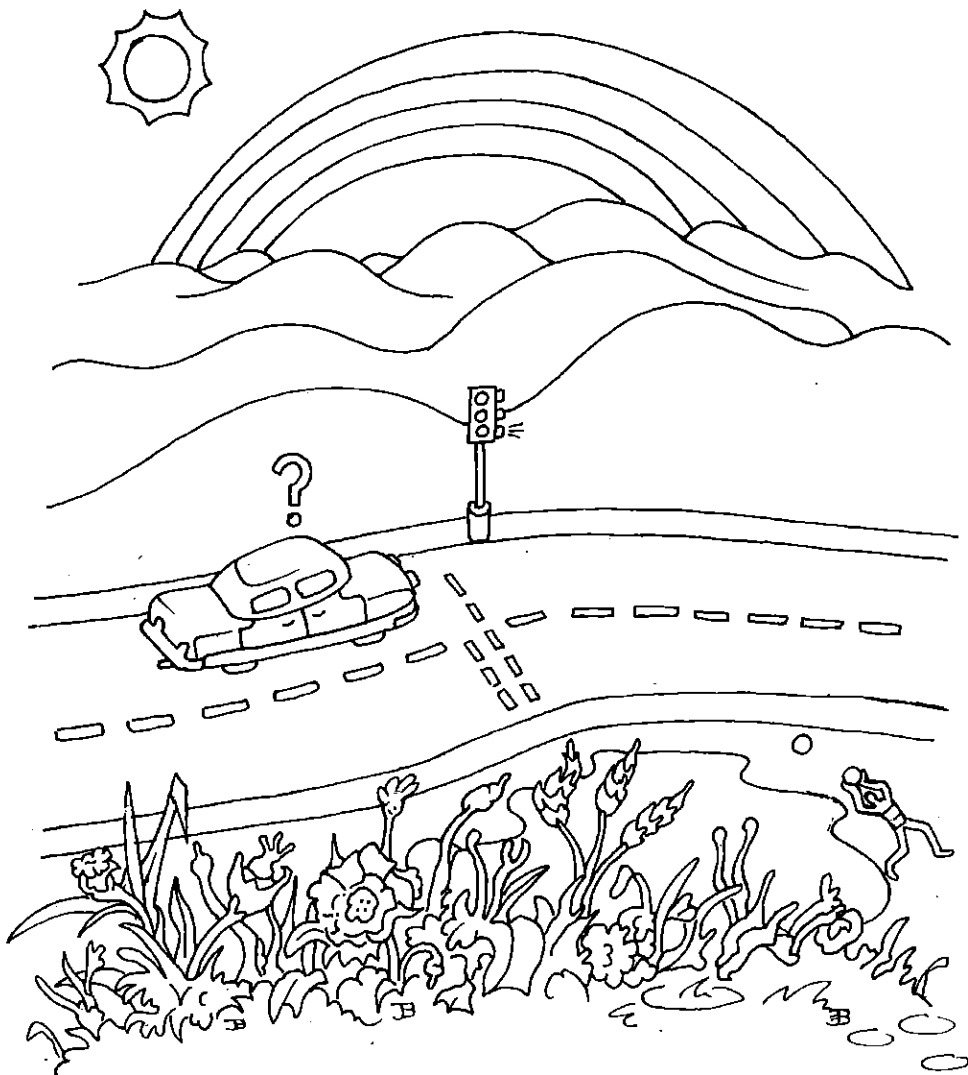
Worms

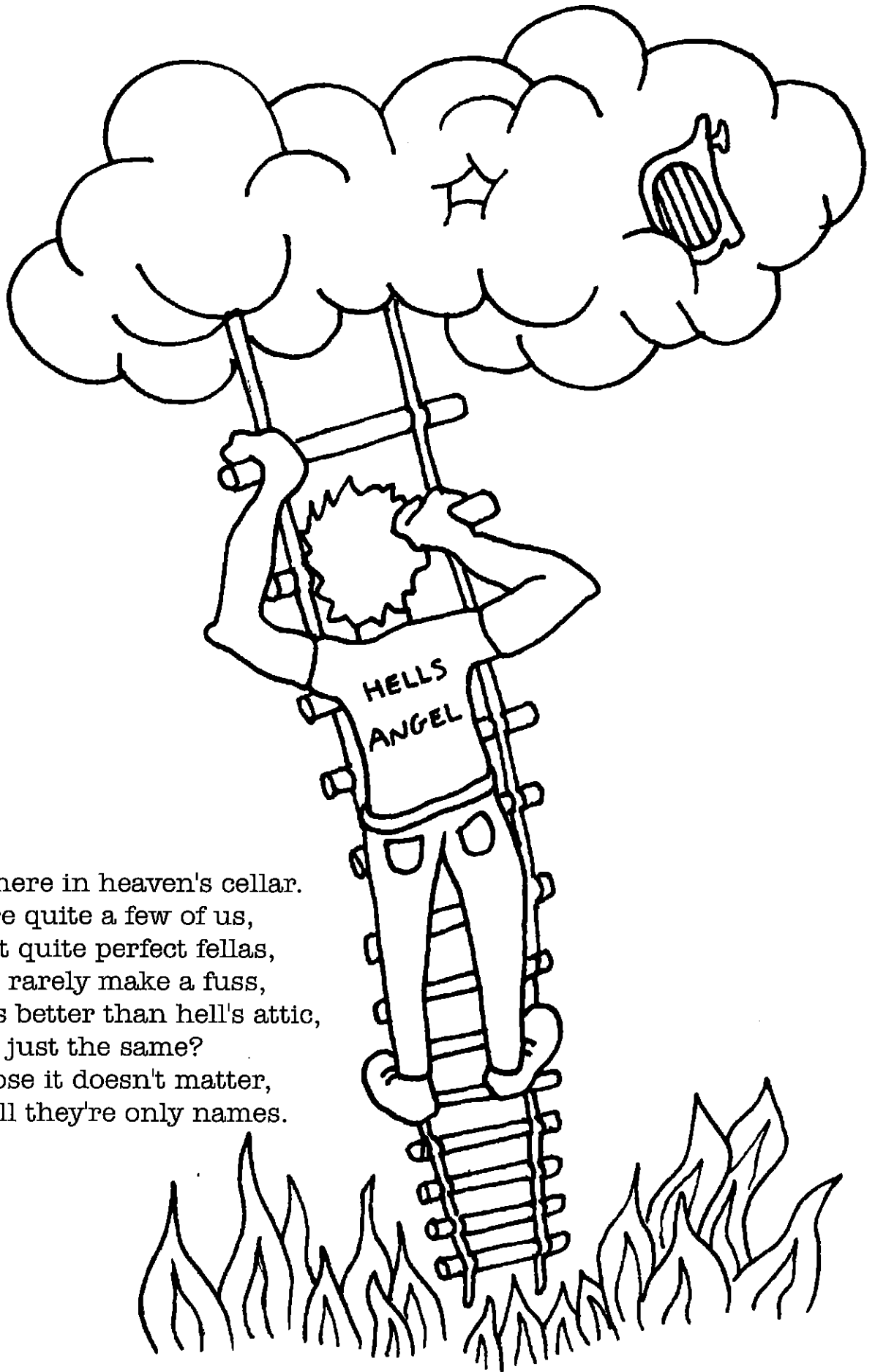
Worm`s Seem To Me The Strangest Creatures,
Lying Underground Like That,
They Make No Noise And Have No Features,
And I`ve Never Seen A Worm That's Fat,
Yet They Eat The Earth And Turn The Soil And Must Get Up To
Other Things,
But Who Knows How Much Satisfaction,
A Single Worm Life Brings?
I`m Sure That Worms Don't Laugh Or Cry,
Or Even Stop To Wonder Why,
They Have No Legs Or Feet To Walk,
No Face Or Lips Or Tongue To Talk,
To Live In Darkness Cant` Be Fun,
Some Worms So Rarely See The Sun,
And If They Dare To See The Lawn
There Lives Beware,
The Birds At Dawn.



Colourblind Mick.

Colour blind Mick saw blue bananas,
Brown lemons, and pink sultanas,
Red grass, purple trees and yellow peas,
Orange apples, green milk, and liquid silk,
Violet clouds, a silver ocean,
A glass of water, as bright as a potion,
Turquoise hair, unexplainable flowers,
(To dress in matching clothes took hours!),
I don't see how he's colour blind, He sees colours I can't see,
If he took a test, I'm sure they'd find,
That he sees more than me!



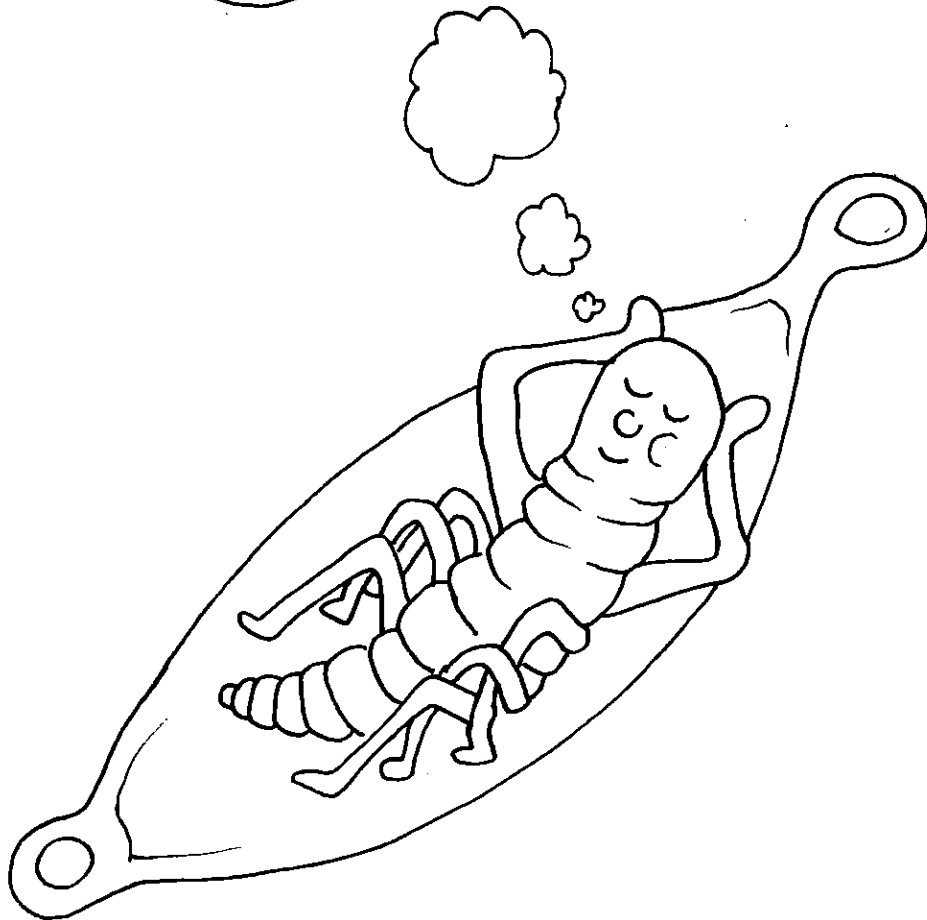


Here

Down here in heaven's cellar.
There're quite a few of us,
The not quite perfect fellas,
But we rarely make a fuss,
And it's better than hell's attic,
Or is it just the same?
I suppose it doesn't matter,
After all they're only names.

Love

Love Is Like A Butterfly,
What Does That Really Mean?
Is It Like A Cabbage Patch
Or A Caterpillar's Dream?
Love Is Like A Peacock When
It Spreads It's Pretty Wings
I Don't Believe That This Is True,
Love's Unlike All Things.



There's A Penguin In My Ear

There's A Penguin In My Ear,
No Wonder I Can't Hear,
As He Waddles Too And Thro,
He's Made A Home,
And Wants A Family,
But I Want Him Just To Go.....
He Plays The Ear Drum,
And Upsets The Neighbours,
A Migrating Flock Of Geese,
Who Were Heading South But Decided To Stop,
In The Nostril Of My Niece.
I Feel Sorry For The Walrus Though,
Life Has It`s High`s And Lows,
He`s Now Squatting With A Rhino,
Between My Brothers Toes.
But There`s None As Bad As Managerie Mike,
Who Started Out With A Single Pike,
But Now Looks Like A Walking Zoo Or Noah`s Ark In Shoes.....
A Sow On His Back (piggy Back),
A Yak In His Hair (to His Mothers Despair),
A Skunk In His Armpit (far From A Charmpit),
And Two Goldfish He Won At A Fair,
A Stalk That Couldn`t Fly,
A Kipper For A Tie, A Camel Round His Waist,
And A Starfish On His Face,perhaps It`s Not So Bad You Know this
Penguin In My Ear,
I May Quite Miss Him If He Goes,
I Don`t Care If I Can`t Hear.



Waiting For The Right Time

I've Been Waiting Ages,
But Still I'm Waiting Here,
You Said It Would Be Next Week,
But That Was Gone Last Year.

Time Can Move So Slowly,
When You Want It Just To Pass,
And When You're Really Happy,
It's Over Way Too Fast.

I've Been Waiting Ages,
And I'm Bored Of Hanging On,
I'll Be Far Too Old By Then,
I May Have Even Gone.

What's Wrong With Now
(my Favourite Word)?
Whilst They're Still In Stock,
No Wasting Time I Hear The Chime,
I've Got To Get A Clock.



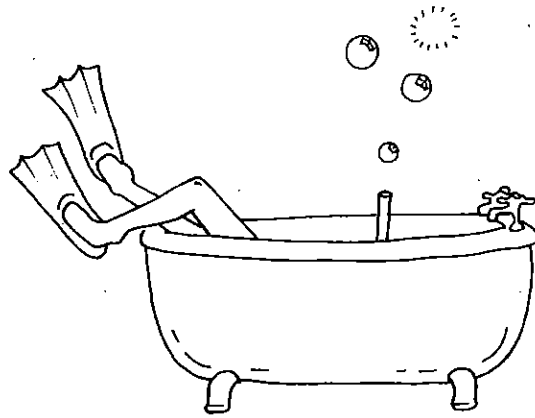
I Said "what"?

I Said "what"? "he Said Why"? I Said "look At Least Try",
He Said "what"? I Said "where"?
He Said "look Over There",
I Said "pub"? He Said "grub",
I Said "no, For Some Brew",
He Said "up", I Said "down",
I Said "why Did You Frown"?
He Said "darn"! I Said "what"?
He Said That He`s Not,
I Said "go", He Said "no",
I Said "yes" He Said Less,
I Said "cry" He Said "why"?
I Said "don't", He Said "won`t",
I Said "fine"! He Said "good!"
Then He Said That He Should,
He Said He Wouldn`t,
I Said He Couldn`t,
He Said He Could,
I Said He Would.



Nowhere

There Is A Place Called Nowhere,
That I Sometimes Like To Go,
It Can Be Just What I Make It,
Sunshine Warmth Or Snow
I Get There By Bath
Or Lazy Afternoon,
Absence Makes The Heart
Grow Fonder.....
So I'm Going Back Quite Soon.



Exfoliating notice.

Super-colour fridge of lipstick,
Don't be so precocious,
Super-colour fridge of lipstick, Exfoliating notice,
If you wear it all at once,
Your face will look atrocious,
Super-colour fridge of lipstick,
Exbealidocious

Young Jimmy Slater.

Young Jimmy Slater's a Nursery Rhyme hater,
And refuses to listen to stories,
His mum's tried hard to make him read,
But he still hates Jackanorie,
"The Sugarplum Fairie is fat and hairy,
The Little Red Hen's a stew,
Little Jack Horner can stay in his corner,
And Rapunzel can join him too".



Sick of his rudeness, his mum hired two actors,
To dress up like Hansel and Grettle,
He gave them some flowers after the show,
Which they sniffed and were stung by nettles,

"Jack and Jill fell down the hill,
And Humpty fell down too,
I was there to give them a shove,
There was nothing they could do!
Little Bo Peep, smells of sheep,
The Owl and the Pussycat drowned,
And I drew on `Van Winkle while he was asleep,
With a marker pen I found on the ground".

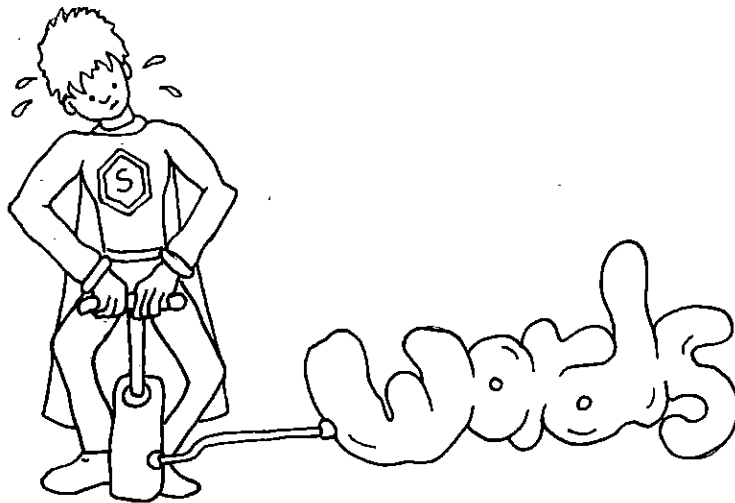
"Enough, enough" his mother cried,
"Do you still not understand?
The Grand Old Duke of York's no dork,
It's your father in command,

Your Aunty Madge is Old Mother Hubbard,
(which explains why there's never food in the cupboard),
Your best friend Gim`s the Gingerbread Man,
That's why he rides in the bakers van,
And this house doesn't just look like a shoe,
This rhyme is yours, it's all about you!
Young Jimmy Slater's no Nursery Rhyme hater,
Not now he knows the truth,
He's the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood,
(who he knows fondly as Ruth).

Writers Block

Must Write, Can't Write, Writers Block,
It's No Good I'll Have To Stop,
It's Just Impossible To Write A Word,
Without It Sounding Quite Absurd,

Must Write, Can't Write, Writer's Block,
Can't Get Past The First Fullstop,
It's Hopeless To Continue, When I Have No Inspiration,
But Hang On Whats This? I've Been Writing The Duration!

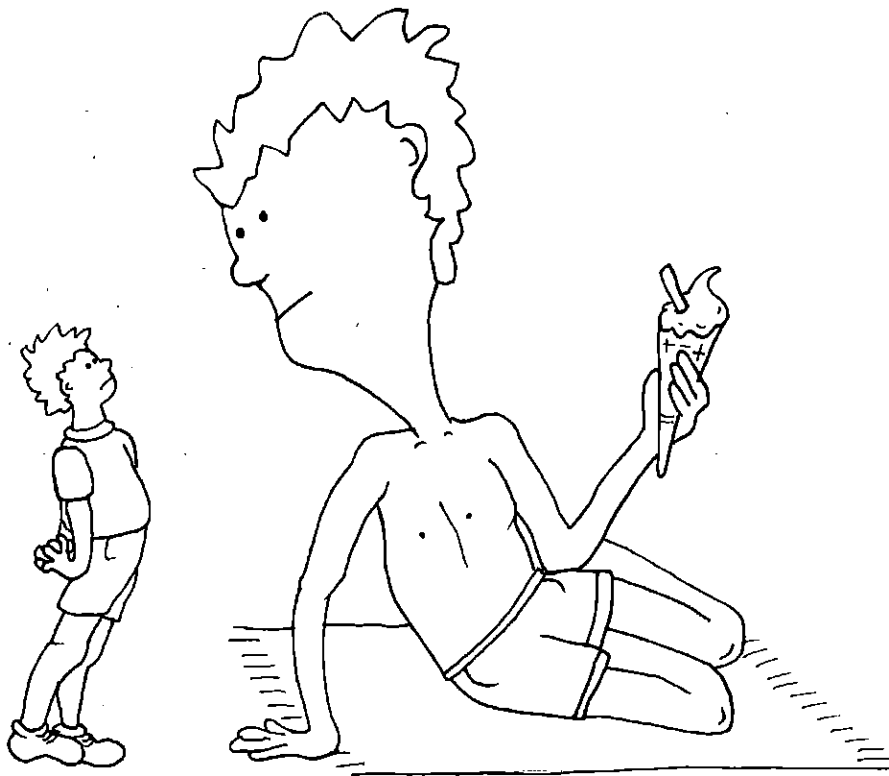


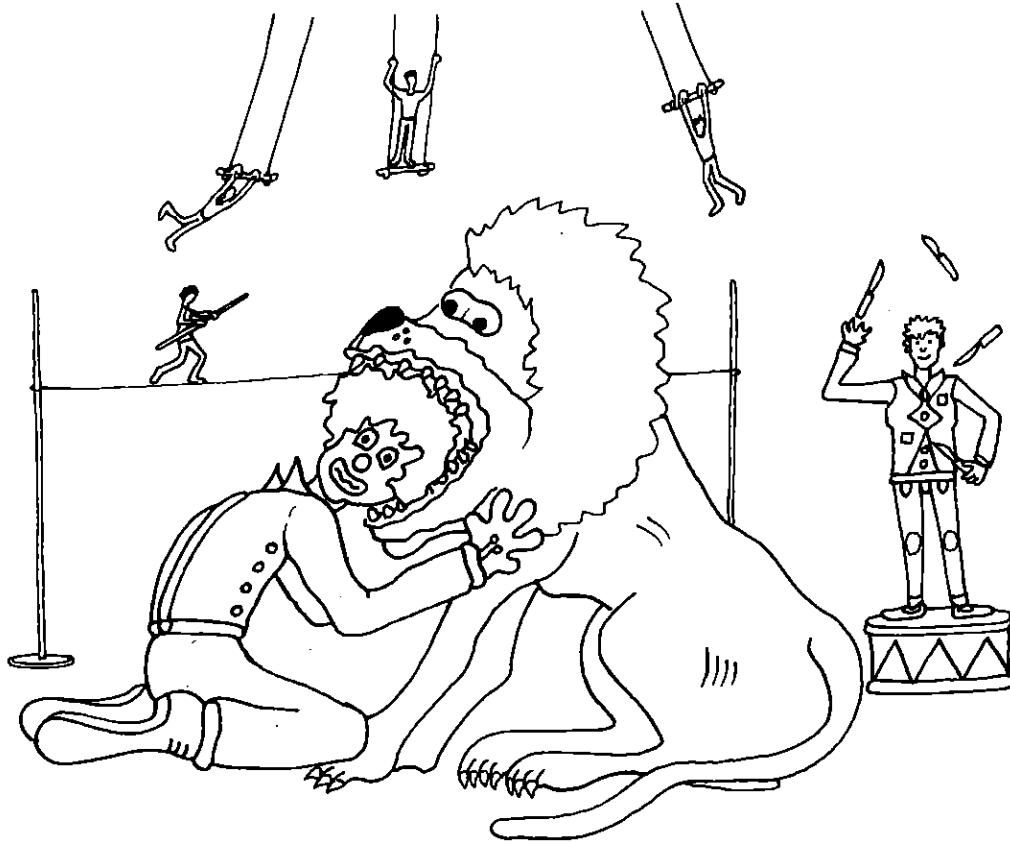
Never say never.

Never say, never say,
Never again,
Never say, never,
Unless it is when,
You never say, ever say,
Never again.

Ufflepuff.

Beyond the stars,
Just behind Mars,
I found a secret place,
With many creatures,
Kept behind bars,
That came from outer space,
A Figglenox, a Blinkey,
And a Balamangoo,
But I've never met anything,
Quite as ugly as you!





Circus

When walking On Life's
Tightrope,
It Is Best To Be Aware,
Balancing Is The Only Thing,
To Save You From Down There.

Perfect The High Trapeze,
The Crowd Will Scream For More,
And Pray That You Don't Sneeze,
When Your Heads In The Lions Jaws.

If Most Of Us Avoid Great Risk,
And Stick To What We Know,
Not Juggling Knives But Careful Lives,
Who Provides The Show?

Come Painters And Poets,
And All Show Providers,
Musicians And Actors,
And Bronkio Riders,

Perform And Let The Spectacle Aspire,
To The Crowds Delight And Our Secret Desire.

When Walking On Lifes Tightrope,
It's Best To Not Look Down,
I Have Swung On The High-trapeze,
But Was Born To Be A Clown.

Does A Microbe Have A Heart?

I've Often Wondered When In My Home,
If I Am Really Here Alone,
For Invisible Life-forms My
House Is A Jungle,
All Of God's Creatures From
Frightening To Fungal,
My Camembert's A Countryside,
A Field Of Edible Heaven,
I Didn't Mind When They Arrived,
Only Four, But Now There's Seven
(hundred Thousand)

