

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



Poems and illustrations
by Justin Bateman

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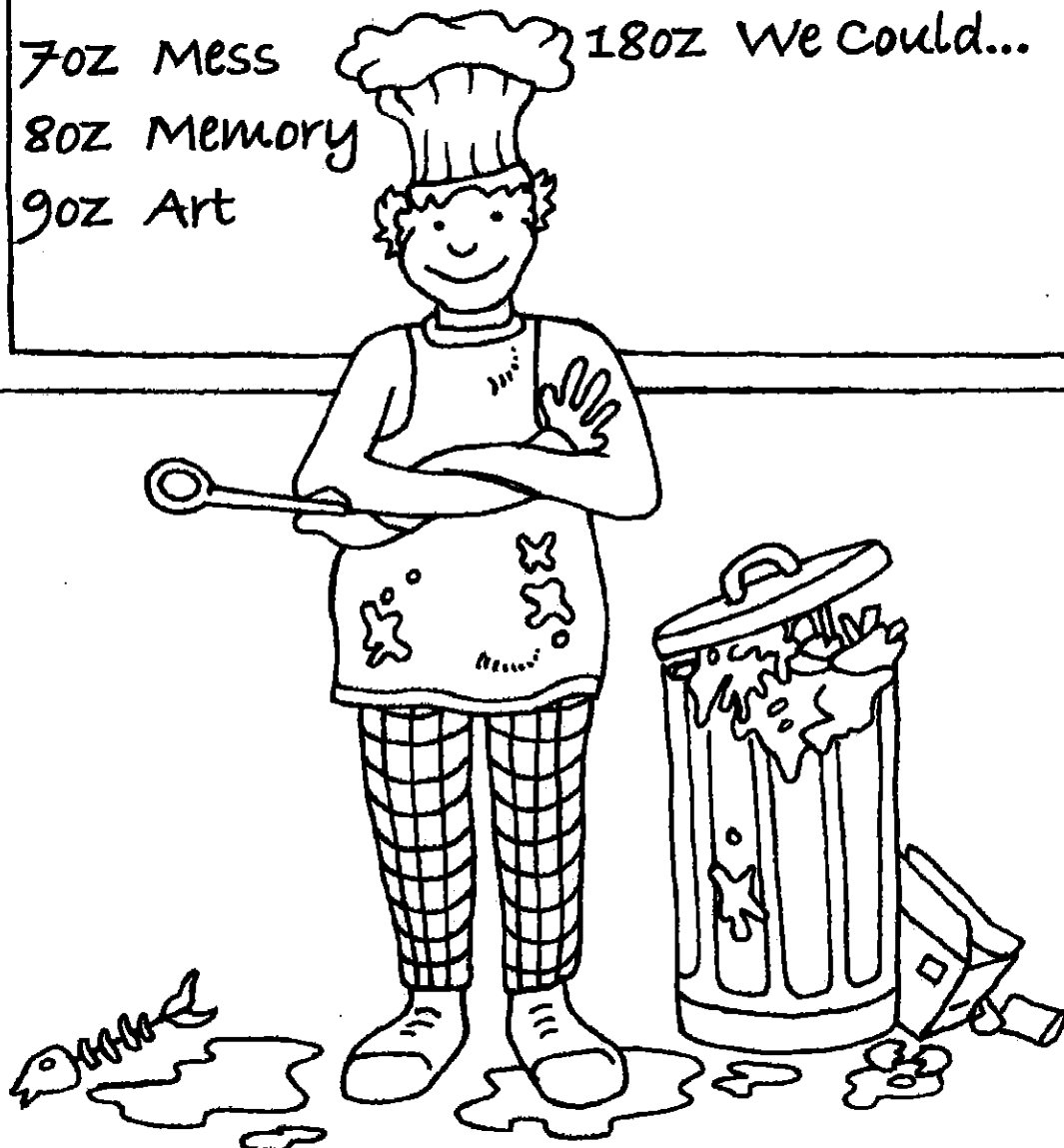
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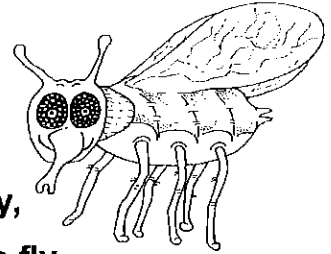


Upside- down.

A smile upside- downs a frown,
A u becomes an n,
An upside- down upside- down,
Means it's turned right back again,
Opposites can look the same,
When there's nothing that they share,
They can be as one, when you play the game,
Of opposite matching pairs,
A priest and a pirate are worlds apart,
They differ in the extreme,
One is holy and helpful,
The other is twisted and mean,
Yet this upside- down priest is a pirate,
With a patch to cover his eye,
And if you turn this page around.....
You'll reveal his disguise!



Fly.



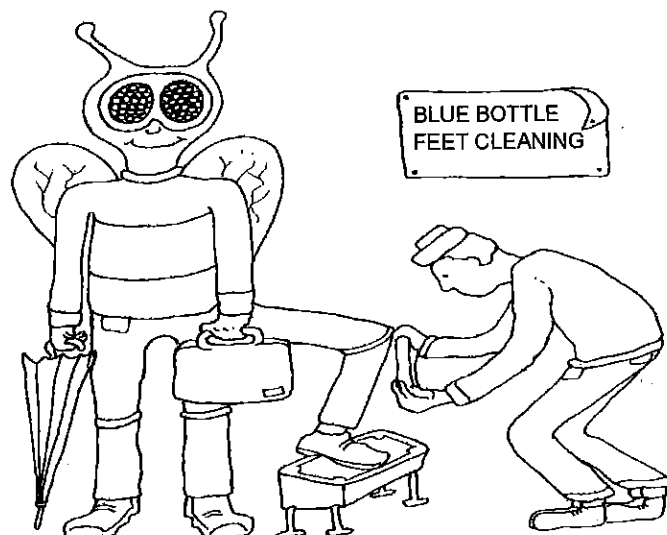
I really want to concentrate, but every time I try,
I can't because I'm too distracted by a pesky little fly,
I'm trying hard to think straight, but am constantly aware,
Who knows where his feet have been, almost everywhere!

Late at night I turn out the light and try to go to sleep,
But by my ear, I can hear, the little critter creep,
I just know he'll fall into my drink, or something just as gross,
Practicing his backstroke having fly-dived from the post,

I wake up in the morning to the constant sound of tapping,
And there against the window is the little feller` flapping,
Glass is great make no mistake, but to a fly it's a deadly trap,
An invisible shield that can't be broken, however hard you flap.

Most people would lose their patience now, a grisly end in sight,
But having spent this time with him I understood his plight,
Caught inside a giant trap, it's the food that lured him in,
He doesn't mean to upset anyone by buzzing round the bin.

In a future life it could be you, the fly who lives for days,
Risking your life on a daily basis, dodging swats and sprays,
So I'll never kill a fly again, there's a perfectly good reason why,
Because creation is unfussy, and he never chose to be a fly.

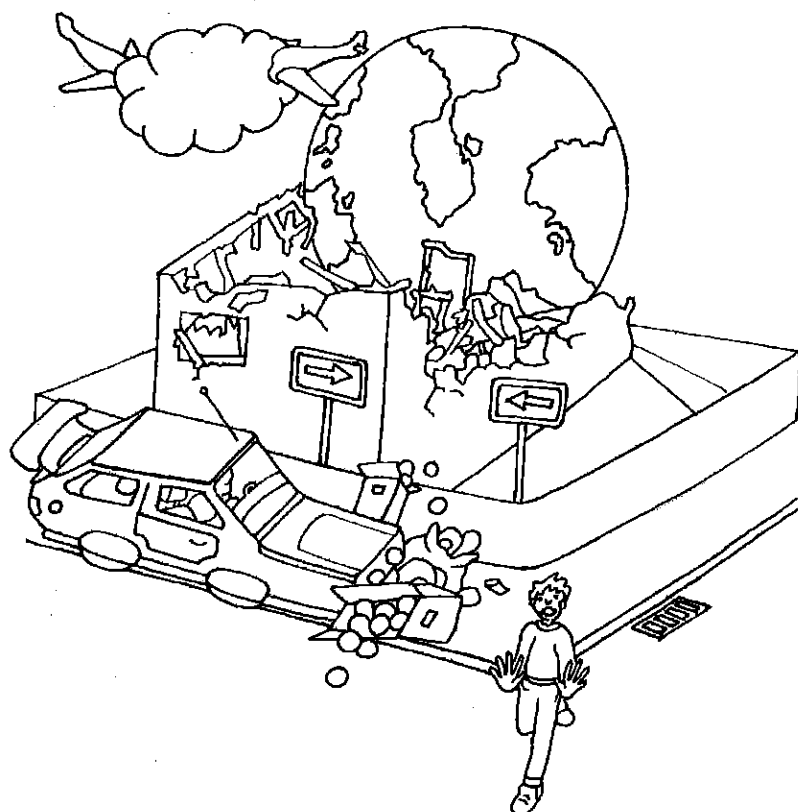


Just like this.....

**The very first time I wrote a rhyme,
And read it to my friends,
They said "That's no good,
It makes no sense,
It starts and then just ends**

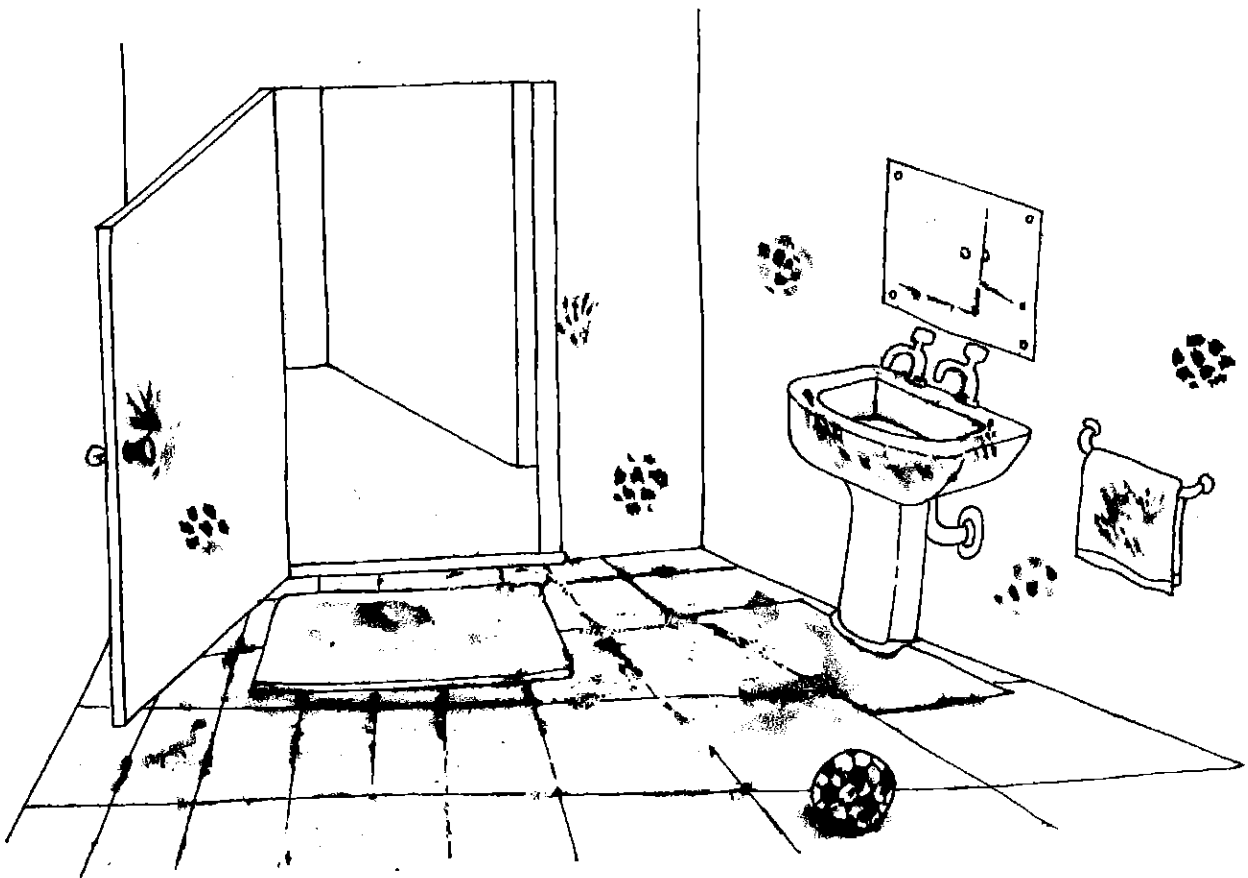
Trust.

I trust a thousand people each day, and I suppose they must trust me,
On a whole the human race it seems is fairly trust-worthy,
I trust that people will drive on the road, not where they want or please,
Drivers trust the sign-maker's, who trust road companies,
Pilots talk with air traffic control, in fog there is only trust,
Ten thousand feet above sea -level,
One man to check for rust,
Generals trust their armies, and we even trust our opponents,
When one machine could mean the end,
We trust those who check components,
Doctors trust in medicine, and we all must trust in them,
Did you ever know how much trust you placed in all these men?
The world revolves on a pin of trust, so I hope you see the sense,
When I say that trusting stretches, from one man to world defence!



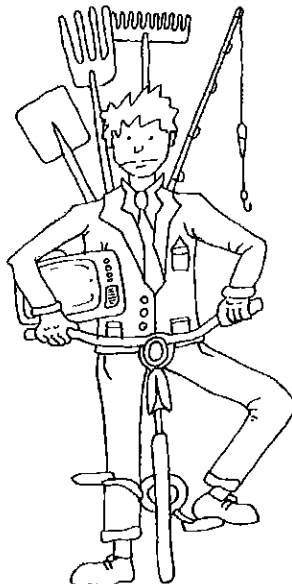
Passing the Buck

I blame Barney, Barney blames Bob,
Bob blames Charlie, Lee blames Rob,
Will blames Lee, but that can't be,
Because Charlie blames Will, and Rob blames Lee,
Lee blames Charlie (who both blame me),
So that's one against two, or is it two against three?
As if that wasn't confusing enough,
Bob blames Will for other stuff,
But I blame Barney, who blames Rob and Charlie,
So Will is the only one who doesn't blame me (or does he?).



Mr Borrower.

I lived next to a borrower, I'm sure you know who I mean,
He's the one who still has your hammer that he says he's never seen,
When he borrowed my spade, I wasn't upset, I wasn't selfish or greedy,
I was actually very pleased to be helpful, lending to the needy,
The very same day he asked again "can I borrow your fork and rake"?
I told him "help yourself, anytime" but boy what a big mistake,
Soon he was borrowing everything, he had more of my stuff than me,
"Can you lend us a pair of candles, oh, and a table set for three"?
He brought a new bike, that he really liked, I was stunned when I found mine missing,
Along with my rod and fishing line, his note just read "gone fishing".
He borrowed left, he borrowed right, borrowed me into the ground,
Any time day or night, he'd just pop around,
Now I'm a fairly patient person, but things had gone too far,
When on Monday morning I got up for work to find someone had borrowed my car,
I searched the wardrobe for my smartest suit, but even my shoes were gone,
I'm not the smartest cookie, but I know when something's wrong,
And then it struck me, the evidence, he'd even changed his name,
It was pronounced and spelt like mine, but never used to be the same,
It seems he somehow had borrowed my life, I couldn't believe what I was seeing,
From silk pyjama's, to my loving wife, every aspect of my being,
I've often wondered how this can be, but never been one to moan,
If it wasn't for him I wouldn't have seen the advantage of a permanent loan,
So now it's me, the borrower, Mr Borrower to you,
I was wondering if you have any sugar, and a wife and children too?!



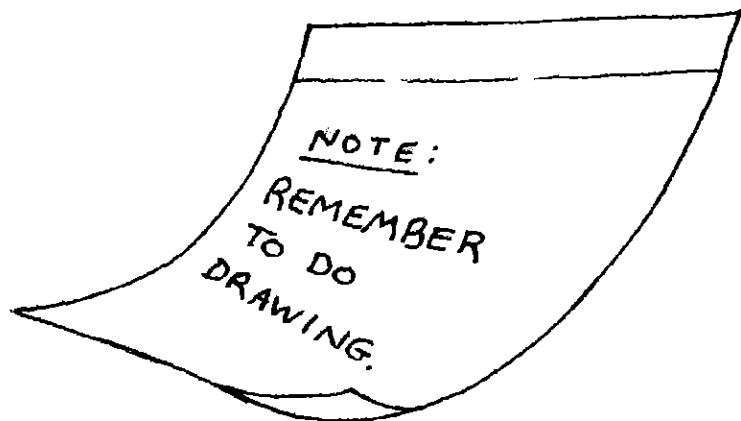
Mess .

Tidiness is cleanliness , polish , dust
and sweep ,
All day long and through the night ,
Cleaning in my sleep ,
Wake up tired , wash the floor ,
Tidy mess , then dust some more ,
Vaccume , brush , there ' s so much dirt ,
Scrape and scrub , then wash my shirt ,
Fight against filth , cleanse and
renew ,
You can ' t beat the dirt , whatever you
do !



Memory .

I try to remember the things I forget,
Like why I keep forgetting,
But every time I recollect,
The worse it seems to be getting.
You lose the most important things,
When you have no history,
I even forgot to tie a knot,
To fix my memory!
Now I've forgotten the point of the
poem,
I should probably do it again,
The only thing is, I can't believe this,
I've forgotten to remember my pen!



Art

My art teacher at school had only one rule, and that was to get things right,

During a lesson in perspective, he was over corrective,
Of an issue concerning my height,

"Now come on Bateman, put in more effort, that doorway won't fit a mouse",

"But sir, I haven't drawn it for him, he doesn't live in that house"!

"You'll never get the hang of it, it's beyond what you can do,
Just like that too tall man of yours, you'll never make it through",

But so what if the door was small and the man was tall,

(I thought if he was desperate he could quite easily crawl),

But he never understood my perspective, and after school I had to stay,

I tried to be non-receptive, but he made me do it his way,

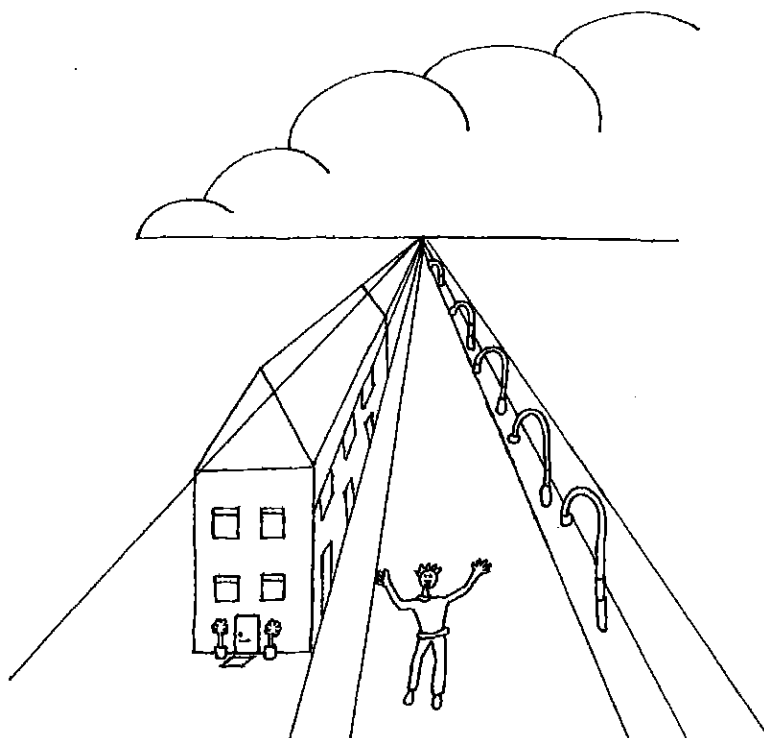
That was many years ago, I'm pleased I've forgotten his voice,

I did what I had to, to get me through, but now I have freedom of choice.

You see that tiny door down their, and that great big massive man?

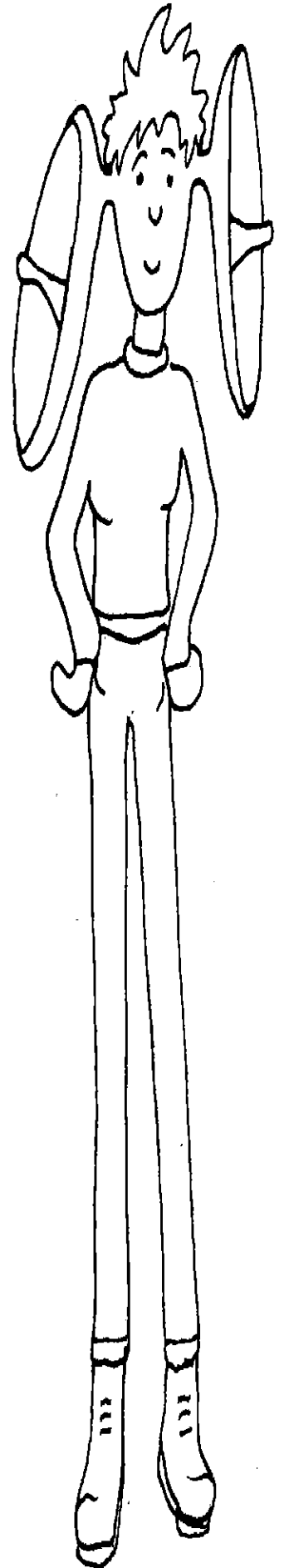
Well that's where he lives, which is simply because,

That's where I say he can!



Nosey Parker and Peeping Tom.

Nosey Parker and Peeping Tom,
Always there when things go wrong,
Telescope eyes and radar ears,
Whatever you do they see and hear,
Through the key-hole,
Over the wall,
One is short, one is tall,
If you should dare a conversation,
Prepare to share it with the
nation,
Your safest secrets aren't hidden
for long,
With Nosey Parker and Peeping Tom.



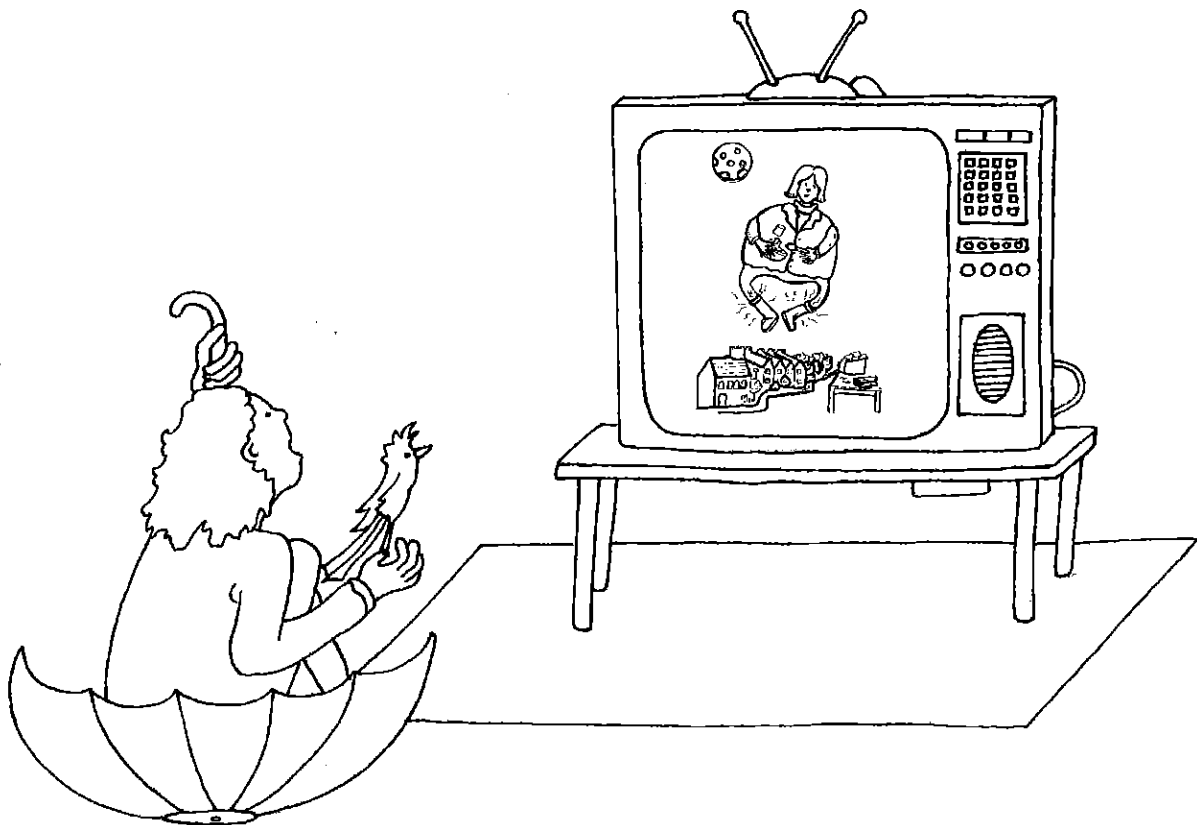
Just my luck .

I found a penny , picked it up ,
But all day long I had bad luck ,
So I popped to the shop , for some salt and Tea ,
The salt was for luck , the Tea was for me ,
I broke a mirror , crossed on the stairs ,
Walked under a ladder , and into a chair ,
Greeted a Magpie , but trod on a crack ,
Walked into a lamp post , with a terrible `whack` !
I stubbed my toe , and then fell over ,
Tripped up by a four leaf clover ,
I clambered up and inside the store ,
My luck was in , I worried no more ,
But I somehow managed to slip on a mop ,
And let all the bags of lucky salt drop ,
Missing my shoulder , precise to a fault ,
It can't be that lucky to be covered in salt !



Nelly Kelly.

Nelly Kelly watched the telly,
All day in her smelly wellies,
With Mary Molly,
Inside a broolly,
Always jolly,
With her parrot `Polly`,
But one day Nelly Kelly,
Ate unready jelly,
Which swelled inside her belly, like a big
balloon,
Now Molly watches Nelly on the news,
Still jolly,
While Nelly Kelly floats past the moon.

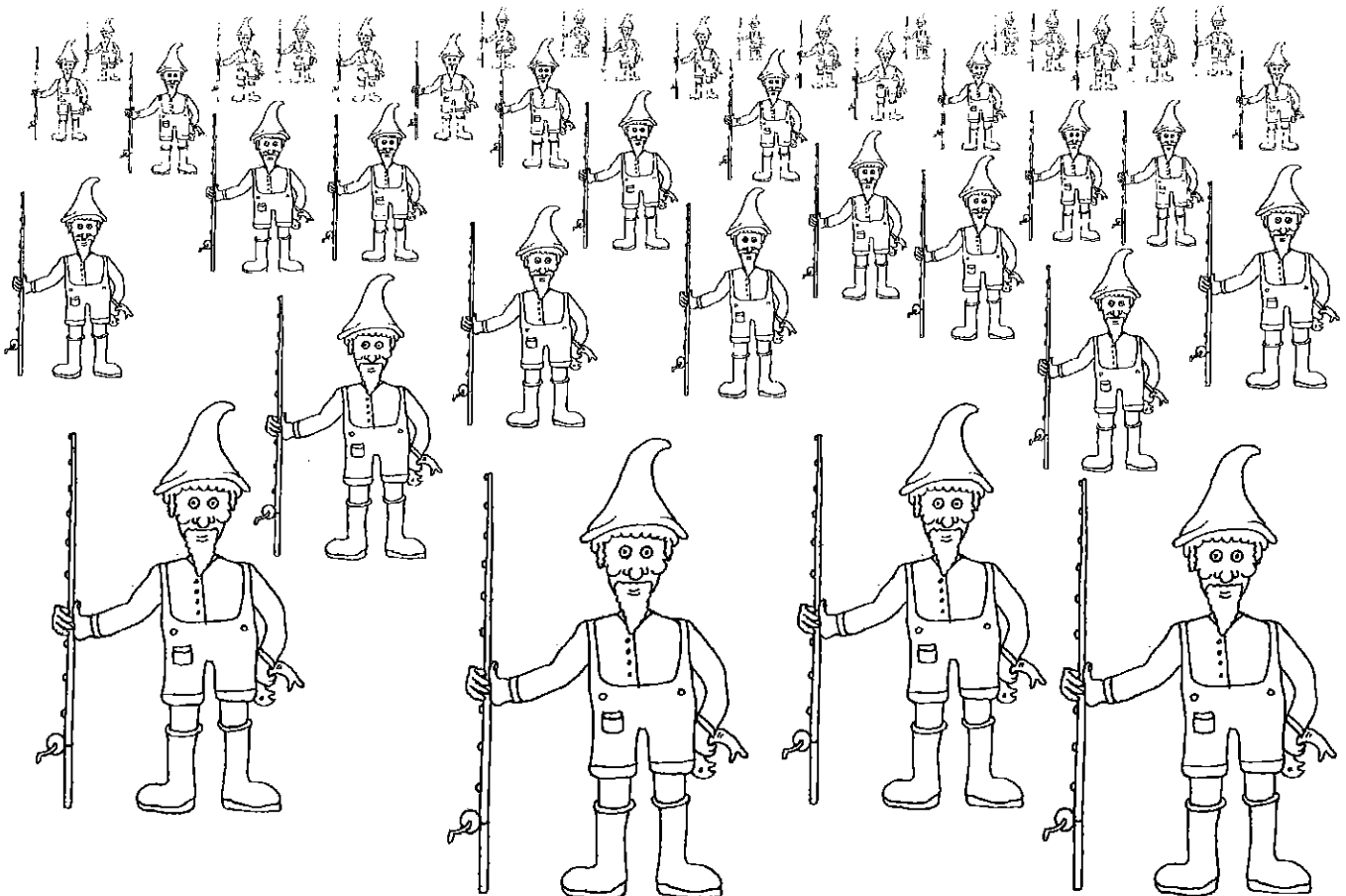


Owl rest
When this writing is straight,
The page is not,
It can be read, it a lot!
But you must tilt it a lot!
If the page is straight,
It can be read,
But you must tilt it a lot!
And you can still read,
If the page is straight,
It means your head can turn,
Over 90 degrees!
I invented this test,
And you can still read,
For people who fear,
I invented this test,
They may be an owl,
And you read it
Oh dear!

The Gnomes.

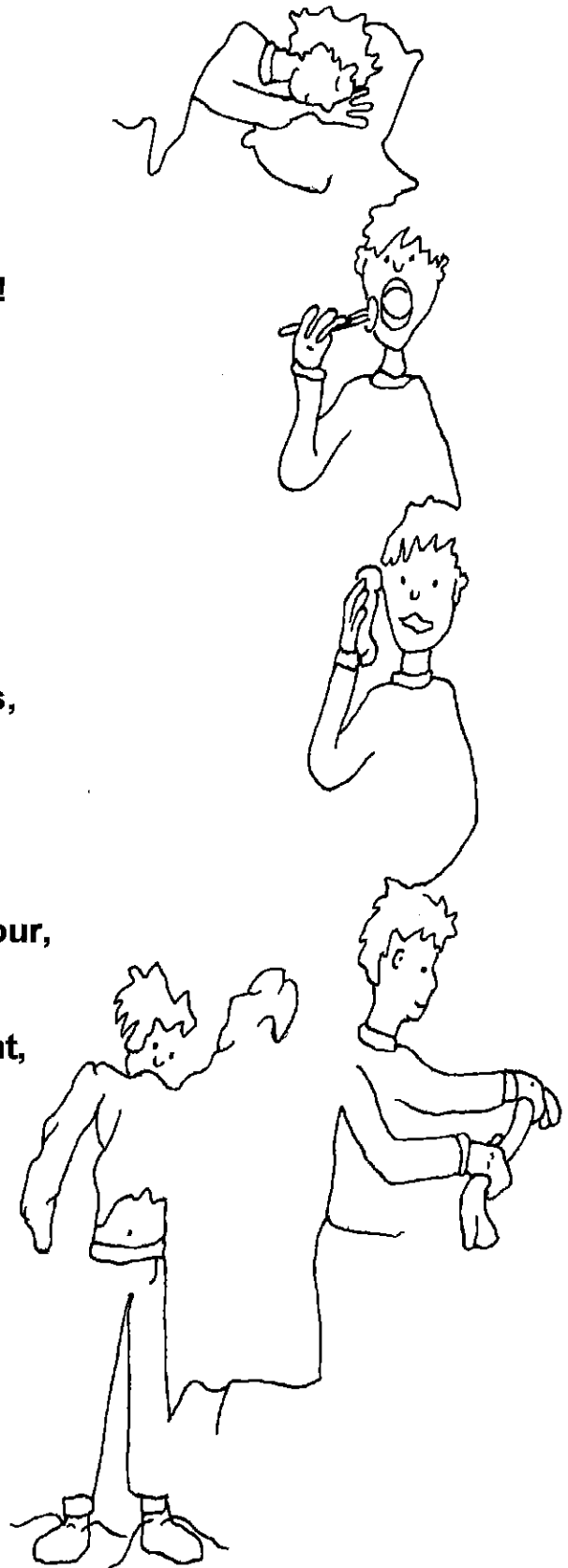
The Gnomes are getting restless, I hear their whispered talk,
Murmur's of forming armies, they are learning how to walk,
They pose as elves at Christmas, but they don't think it's fair,
That we are nice and warm inside, whilst they are cold out there,
The Gnomes are getting restless, armed with fishing rods,
Practising their combat moves, with fairly painless prods!

The Gnomes are getting restless, their numbers are growing fast,
They've learnt about their reproduction, and built more plaster casts,
They dream of standing the human race, by a giant smelly pond,
Eating, laughing, and poking fun, from cocktail bars beyond,
The Gnomes are getting restless, they talk behind their beards,
How in ancient tales of England, the Gnomes were greatly feared,
Now the Gnomes are raising armies, and their battle would be won,
If instead of friendly fishing rods, we had given each a gun!



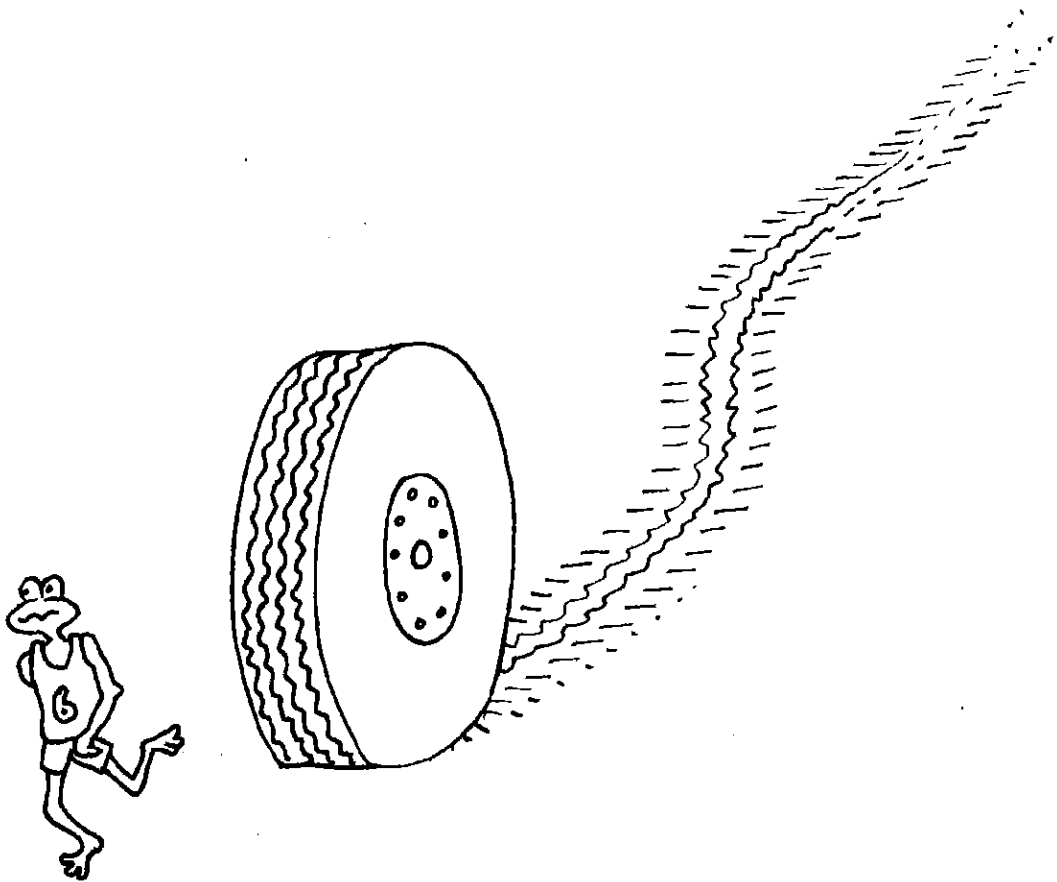
On Average

A life-times not that long it seems,
Not with so much at stake,
28 years wrapped in dreams,
42 years awake,
21 years eating,
3 years on the phone,
And just about 42 days of that,
Just listening to the dialing tone!
6 years on the toilet,
9 years tidying mess,
10 months tying shoelaces,
7 years getting dressed.
3 years stuck in traffic queues,
Weeks of indecision,
Days of polishing smartest shoes,
Hours of collisions,
So little time, so much to do,
Yet whats another year or two?
If I had the power I'd prolong the hour,
Move the sun to catch its rays,
Increase the light, reduce the night,
And produce longer days.



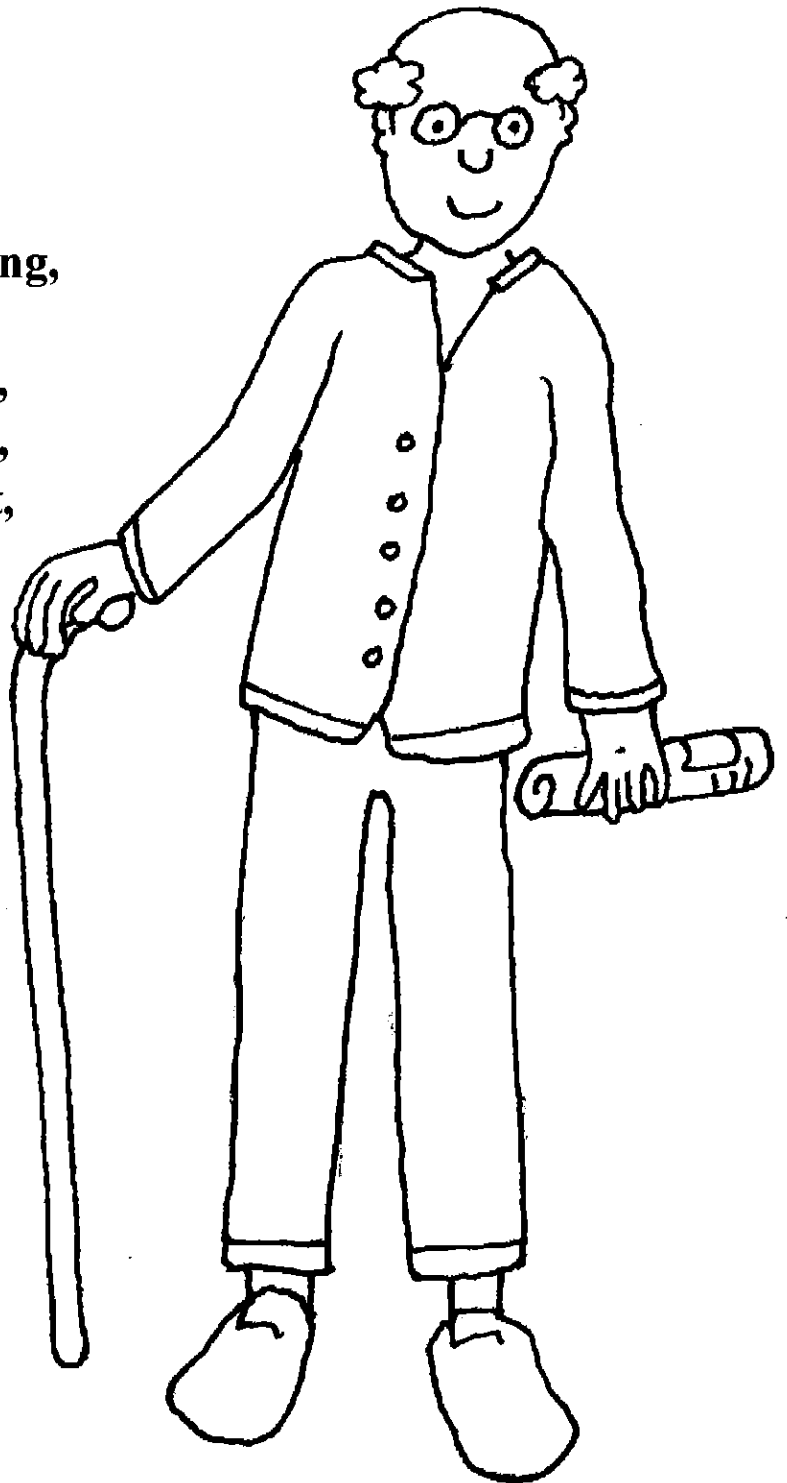
I'd rather.....

**I'd rather be the child than the teacher,
I'd rather be wild than restrained,
I'd like to be the sun or sunny feature,
Not a cloud or picture of the rain,
I'd like to be the tyre not the road,
Moving, never stopping, going fast,
To be a long distance runner,
Not a toad, who's long awaited flight will never
last.**



There's something missing.

**There's something missing,
It's not the sun,
It's not the birds,
Not the hills or tree's,
It's not the sea,
It's not the sky,
Not the wind or breeze,
There's something missing,
It's not the air,
It's not the grass or dew,
The thing that's missing,
Is much more important,
I think it must be you.**



We Could.....

If I had to I would do it,
But I don't so I won't.
If you want to we could try it,
But you don't so I won't.
We may find we enjoy it,
We won't if we don't,
How will we know if we never try?
And if we don't then why?

