

Chrysanthemum Storm



O.S.

The Photographer and the Oceanographer

He was unfocussed
She was into hocus pocus

The photographer
And the oceanographer
Were sleeping the evening I knocked
He found his Lees
The sound of keys
As door after door unlocked

He was unfocussed, she was into hocus pocus
My reason would sadden them or not
Before I could say
I'd be going away, he said
Don't tell me, the president's been shot

She -- In 1963!
Me -- The president of what?
They could see from my eyes
My spirits were not high --
So they brewed up the pot.

The storm was hardly warm
But the brew with bergamot
Did no harm
It brought some calm
Thankful, I drank the lot



H.T.

But my star was declining
And theirs was arriving
And we'd exhausted the subjects
of Walt Disney and Scott

We hugged with some tears
For I'd be gone for some years
And into the night I did trot

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A Lot of Good Reasons to Smile

I got thoughtful friends
giving me a tactful prod

It snowed last night
this morning the sky was blue
I got eleven dollars
even odds it's gonna see me through
I've got a recurring image
of the tide of the rising sea
Self-immolation
will never be the end of me

A letter in my heart
gives hope to my soul
I've got the craziest idea
there can be food in every bowl
I got a horror of newscasts
on satellite t.v.
Self-persecution
will never be the end of me

I got two good hands,
make a stand against the Claw
I got two good eyes,
see the good in what they saw
I've got fifty one reasons
not to fly to Djibouti
Self-annihilation
never be the end of me

I got the ghost of my mother
lays the blankets on me so I'm warm
I got the love of a woman,
gave me haven from the storm
I got the trace of a demon
in the body of a Chimpanzee
Self-congratulation
never be the death of me

I've got a musical mate
knows a Rickenbacker and what's not,
and what's hot
I've got thoughtful friends
giving me a tactful prod
I've got a healthy fear
of doctors and the pharmacy
Self-administration
never be the end of me

I've got a mountain of firewood
see me through the cold cold nights
I'm a victim of a toughness
warmer than the brightest lights
I've got a romantic notion,
be useful to society
Self-alienation
never be the end of me

I've got a lot of good reasons, you see,
to walk another mile
I've got eleven hundred reasons,
and eighty five to make me smile
I got a lot good reasons --to be :
Self-impersonation
never be the end of me.



H.T.



H.T.

The story of Baden

Now Baden knew time is a thief
Never was he late
Immigration was his brief
That's a Department of the State
Now Baden worked with all his power
Industrious as any mouse
Every Friday he would drive for hours
To his secondary house

To Immigration he was not confined
Gardening was his private folly
Gardening was often on his mind
Gardening and Monopoly
He believed that in life if you miss a turn
It's not easy for a player to catch up
Baden was a man whose chief concern
Is seeing that his socks match up

Now Baden wasn't paid to air
Opinions as you d guess
As far as policy on welfare
Was concerned, his opinion was ever 'Yes'
So when the ministry changed its course
He acceded tamely
He plodded on like a horse
And expelled the entire family

Planeloads of families he was soon sending out
<< Can we have another draw please? >>
No sooner came in than they went out
Baden got a hike in salary, But one night
as he zoomed by mooing mammals,
to his lakeside retreat
A spaceship of particularly hungry aliens
Made of him mincemeat

Baden was never seen again
He was less than a burger of beef
But another Baden inherited his pen
Immigration would be his brief.
<< Thanks for coming everybody.>>
<< Another lucky, lucky draw -- here we go. >>
<< And the lucky number is -- >>
"NUMBER FOUR."

Try Again in Ten Minutes

My partner was expecting a baby
One morning at half past four
It was time to call for the taxi
To get her to the hospital door
A voice addressed me sternly
As if I had no balls. It said
"Try again in ten minutes"
"--Unusual calls!"

Some time after I was born
They told me I would die
So I phoned the cemetery
To see where I might lie
A voice without joy or hunger,
Of one in whom all passion palls, said
"Try again in ten minutes--We're experiencing
an influx of unusual calls"

Try again! Try again!
We're experiencing
Try again in ten minutes.

The story of Marie

This is the story of Marie
Little winsome Marie
She knows how to hang
Her friends eat croissants
And harangue
She escaped to Paris for fun
She discovered the caress of one

Faceless
She never shows her mood
Her cat is sexless, but
her dog is extraordinarily rude
She met him jogging
in the Boulogne rain
They went out clubbing
& drank Champagne

He'd known the dark wood
To be a soulless place
He'd left the priesthood
In disgrace
He gave confessions
in a *chambre de bonne*
And went out at nights
Dressed like a nun

Now when she sees him
Because all cities are small
They make like
They never met at all
They both know it was
for more than kicks
But it wasn't anything
Solitude won't fix

A trifle winsome
She knows how to hang
Some of her friends make threesomes
And go Bang
She escaped to Paris for fun
She discovered the caress of one

Rose in the Rain

It all started with the girl
She had one rose left
She smiled like the sun
All over the spent rain
I went down past
the FM station called Fleet
Shops were closing on Symonds St.

World leaders were talking
About flood relief
That was the news that day,
in the main
They were going to give the stricken
something to eat
That was the news, isn't that sweet?

Over the tower a rainbow
Plenty of water underneath
Rolling to the ocean
isn't that inSane!?
Plenty of rose petals, too,
in the AuckLand heat
Rafting the rivers
Rafting the Rivers down Symonds St.