

# The Christian Motorcyclists Association

## Poems sent in for publication



### Mad as a Box of Frogs By John Peverill

When I went to see my Psychiatrist  
He said, "John, it's clear you're round the twist,"  
I looked him straight between the eyes  
And replied, "Well there's a surprise."  
His predicament, "What should I do about this  
so you're craziness will desist?"  
I suggested a nice lottery win,  
He didn't laugh, but there was a rye grin.  
"There are combinations of things I can do  
which may or may not work for you."  
"Try me, my brains needs repatriation,  
how about two weeks of Greek island recuperation?"  
I think he was getting fed up by this time,  
"Could be worse," I said "You could be reading my rhyme."  
"Look let's be serious," I was getting to him,  
His patience was wearing a bit thin.  
I thought, "By the time we've had a cup of tea  
He'll be just about as mad as me."  
He said, "I can prescribe you drugs  
Which may get rid of those crazy bugs,  
but I think you need someone to talk to  
that decision is entirely up to you."  
I contemplated a while  
And replied like this, with a nice big smile.  
"Drugs, okay I'll give them a try  
so long as my feet remain rooted and I don't  
try to fly.  
Counselling, don't really need that  
I talk to my rabbit which I pull out of my hat."  
That for him was the last straw  
No sense of humour,  
I was rapidly shown the door.

### Twelve Past Nine Eleven By John Peverill

One, two, three, four The Americans have  
gone to war, Five, six, seven, eight  
Maybe too little, maybe too late?  
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve I hear you say," Why  
twelve?" Twelve was the day when an incred-  
ulous world  
Remembered how the previous day had  
unfurled.  
A day when reality's new dawn  
Saw terrorism walk onto the White House  
front lawn.  
And a super power abused like a complacent  
pawn.  
Nine eleven is not just a date  
It is for our children and theirs,  
To reflect, remember and contemplate  
The symbolic fall of twin towers  
Which rooted us to the spot  
For hours.  
History will tell whether the war is right,  
But to rid the world of a sadistic parasite  
May not seem morally wise,  
But just take a moment, close tight your eyes,  
Remember that day when smoke filled the  
skies  
And desperation leapt in the hope it could fly  
Those thousands who left without saying  
goodbye.  
Are not those images forever ingrained  
In tears, which are permanently blooded and  
stained.  
Remember each day and each day thereon  
The legacy of the evil Bin Laden  
Whose sole aim in life is the destruction of  
Adam and Eve's garden.