

**TOQUAY ' S  RANT**



**Jean TARDY**

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*In few verses, Toquay's Rant sums the snares of this Age and charts a new path to manhood.*

# TOQUAY'S RANT

## I AM TOQUAY

I am Toquay  
Captain Jonah Toquay

With a pen and a cross  
I stalk the beast of ages  
To wrest from it  
What souls I can

I am not a monk  
Nor a sailor or a scholar  
But some of each  
And much of less

I am made of simple cloth  
Cut straight by God fearing hands  
I am the white man the square  
The ancient salt  
The one they call extinct

I am now become the past  
My land a swamp  
Ruled by harpies and whiny dwarfs  
A poisoned place oozing thrills  
That smother the man  
Within the budding boy

I have argued long enough  
And no longer care to please

Now I know what I know  
And I say what I see  
Let those who will quarrel  
Let them writhe  
  
I move on

## THE BEAST OF AGES

The beast is a slow sluggish thing

It slithers through the murky deep  
Dragging the remnants of ages past

Flags banners baubles fashions  
Nestled in its wake  
Cling to its scaly sides like ribbons to a whore  
And twitching among this web of things  
The rotting souls of yesteryears

The face of the beast bears a sad sickened smile  
Of impotent surrender

Its heart beats with the silent scream  
Of sentient meat bound for a senseless grave

Teats carpet its slimy flesh  
Oozing a sugary treat  
Laced with the dread that haunts its breast

At times the beast leaves the dark abode  
And rises to the sunlit slick  
To reap again

As it nears the light  
The flotsam it trails glitters anew  
And lures a fresh brood of fools  
To its leaden wares

Drawn to the glitz  
They clutch the juicy organs  
And suckle and fuckle  
On its sickly sweet sap

Their sense adrift in a carnival of thrills  
They grow dumb with a sugary trash  
That fills the mind and starves the soul

There they stay  
Stuck in the web of things  
Numbed by the needing and the wanting  
Clutching at what starves them

When enough cling to its hooks and teats  
The beast again sinks to the darkened silt  
Dragging its blinded brood to a smothered end

There they join the deadened lives  
Twitching among the trinkets

All men are fish bound for a net

Some as small fry for the Lord  
Others a feast of the beast

Choose your fisher well

**AH THE YOUNG!**

Ah the young!  
What sweet meat for the wily beast  
They make the best little troopers!  
  
Dress them up in feral garb  
Give them a fuck or a chance at a fuck  
Fill them with rebellious outrage  
And they will follow any creed  
Like puppets on a string  
  
To fuck and feel holy  
Who can beat that match!  
  
Will you join this herd of rebels?

## DAYS OF GODLESS SAINTS

These are the days of godless saints  
And their gospel of nice

They proclaim the divine human  
Within a sacred Earth

Their hope is a dream  
Of a radiant social dawn

Their love is a boundless tolerance  
Goosing sated flesh

They despise the rough men of old  
Who stood erect in a harsh world  
Straightened by God fearing faith

Their heaven was a hopeless hope  
Say these enlightened ones  
And their faith a groundless creed

Believe in man and hope in the world!  
Preach the priests of progress  
For man is good  
The Earth is rich  
And truth is now

O they so love the Earth  
These pampered magi!  
Its wilderness is their zoo  
Its jungles their garden  
Its ruins a treasure  
What a precious resort!

Let our dreams be your hope  
They tell the wretched  
Help us spare this fragile Earth



So we can bask in its bounty  
And dream you may one day share it

I am weary of these fuck-sated saints  
And their dewy creed

For I know  
Dreams can darken  
And men will claw

Yet I no longer dread what may be  
I know now it will

The Earth is a crowded hold  
Adrift on senseless seas  
It cannot bear the cravings of all

Soon every twitch  
Will spawn a stampede

Then the dream  
That dams the glittering creed  
In godly man and sacred Earth  
Will burst

That precious resort  
Will become a lair

Those who have will kill to keep  
And the age of nice  
Will end

When that day comes  
O Lord  
Let me believe in your coming  
And make me hope in heaven above  
So I may yet love my neighbor  
When all the world is naught

# A PATH APART

## SLOW KEYS

I find my light in the dark ages  
In the old saws of simple men  
And what no longer thrills

For me the quick is junk  
I pry past the noisy news  
To scan the glacial pace of floes

There I find the keys  
To our common destinies

What matters is slow  
The rest a cackle

## THE DESERT

Who will renounce this queer carnival  
And head for the boring place?

Who will go where the seconds stroll  
And the minutes linger  
Where all is dull and time is king?

Who will dwell in monotony  
Away from the noisy nothings?

Not the many

The many flock to glitter like flies to the flame  
They throb together when the bitches moan  
And jerk as one when the rappers rap

The many want more  
Only the few seek less

Only the few will dwell in the desert  
In the steep spaces between empty urges  
Where nothing beckons and nothing lures  
Where time is still and the mind frets  
Where the web is shut and the shows are quelled

Only the few kindle time not kill it  
Only they hear the Voice that makes no sound  
And do nothing - carefully

The few desist because they know  
Noise fills the mind but silence feeds the soul

Who will cut the leash to the gaudy tent?  
Who will leave this teat of thrills?  
Who will be still and alone?

Who will away from the busy?  
Who will go into the big empty?

Only the few  
And maybe you

## LIVE BEFORE YOUR LIFE

Alien gurus extol the moment  
As an abode of being  
Their wisdom says live in the now  
For what you feel is all there is

I say the now is a range for animals  
And the flesh a feast for natives

Men reside in their destiny  
Crafting its final form  
With each fleeting moment

They know the living  
Are but the dead in waiting

So savor the now but live for then

Live for the morrow of yore  
For the day after the last  
When all is done  
And time is no more

For where the living ends  
There begins the soul

Will you be a wise beast or a foolish man?

## A NEW CITY

The boomers had a treat  
A sexual liberation feast

They prod their sisters to be their whores  
And called it a revolution

It felt like a new dawn  
It was a rout covered in garlands  
It tasted sweet  
It was sugar  
It seemed harmless  
A baby monster

The first flush waned  
The circus went  
And a leaden correctness  
Sclerotic sterile and spent  
Covered the world

But behold!  
The rout of the fathers  
Is a seedling for the sons

A great destiny awaits those  
Who will plough this pompous rot  
And sow a righteous city  
On the land laid waste  
By the squandering hip

# SAILOR SIMPLE

## TRAVEL LIGHT

Sailors travel light they must  
They keep few things and know their use  
And what they keep has many use

Sailors trek upon the empty deep  
Where nothing is all there is  
What they carry they must need  
It must also suffice

For sailors "just enough" is the way of life  
And an art

Simple sums the sailor's way  
And this is what he knows

To go far  
Go simply

## PRECIOUS TIME

A time ashore is precious  
Too precious for endless browsing

The sailor knows what he needs  
And gets it without fuss  
So he can savor his fleeting time on this shore

A sailor never knows what the next port brings  
A trek in the wild or a feast at the Grand  
Whatever comes finds him ready  
Shaping his simple means to fit his changing needs

A sailor's mind is precious  
He has a journey to plan  
A cargo to bear a port to reach

He must thread a path through the fog of life  
Lest he loose his way  
Among a maze of trinkets and dulling thrills

So to keep a mind clear  
For the great passage  
He culls the creeping clutter  
That would snare him



## ESSENTIAL PURSUIT

The sailor loves the uncluttered sea  
Where a cloud is a cloud  
And a wave is a wave  
And nothing bears a brand

The world ashore is swamped in slogans  
Bursting with devices that permeate the mind

The sailor will not be reaped by this wily circus  
He will not be festooned in logos  
He is nobody's billboard

Few follow the sailor simple way  
Most become earthies

Too laden to climb aboard  
Earthies while their days adrift on stagnant shores  
Ground senseless between the job and the shop  
As their life sails away

Earthies roam the malls  
Like dazed cattle in an endless corral  
Ever searching for a toy or a thrill  
To dull their sense of a stunted life

Earthies toil to shop  
Sailors work to live  
Earthies bury their minds in trivial pursuits

Essential Pursuit  
Is the sailor's game