

the harper on the hill





the harper on the hill

in concert

opening act p1

the harper cover playlist

cant OI *sweet child o mine* (guns n' roses) p4

cant OII *take me home country roads* (john denver) p6

cant OIII *the seeker* (the who) p9

cant OIV *with a little help from my friends* (the beatles) p11

cant OV *share the land* (the guess who) p15

cant OVI *taking care of business* (bto) p19

cant OVII *hey jude* (the beatles) p24

cant OVIII *jumping jack flash* (rolling stones) p27

cant OIX *sweet caroline* (neil diamond) p32

cant OX *the hockey song* (stompin' tom connors) p36

cant OXI *i'm on my way* (the proclaimers) p39

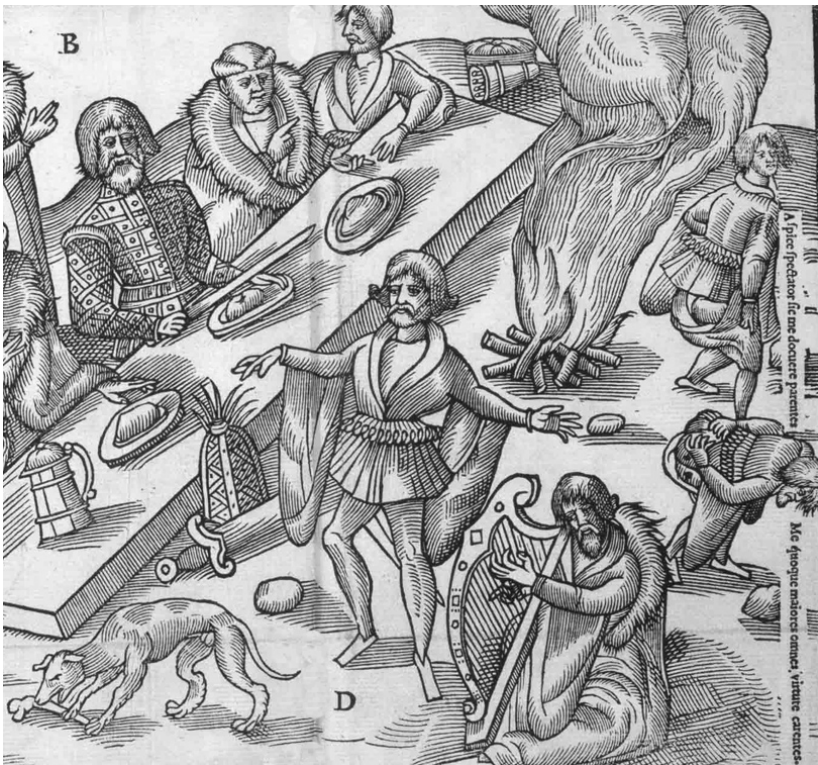
encore *imagine* (john lennon) p44

the harper big band *the harpies* p49

acknowledgements p50

*we live in a political world
love don't have any place
we're living in times where men commit crimes
and crime don't have a face*

political world bob dylan



opening act

the chiefs of old in celtic lands
had minstrels in their retinue
who played on harps with skillful hands
and sang the praises satires too
of those who gave them bed and board
the harper played a vital role
as bard and critic of his lord
with rhyme and song and harping soul
to keep the king or queen in tune
so harmony might rule the land
as earth's reined in by shining moon
to stop it spinning out of hand
minstrel and minister his brief
in truth the harper reigned the chief

fast forward now to modern times
in our massive land across the foam
where snow and ice make winter climes
where keeping warm a hearth and home
can be a harsh necessity
of burning fossilized remains
of our ancient ancestry
found in abundance on its plains
making it a prosperous land
a rich and privileged petro state
which slakes a gluttonous demand
to power hungry millions sate
especially in its neighbour to the south
a gargantuan wide open mouth



the leader of our mighty land
was himself a harper born
who sometimes led a merry band
of minstrels playing purest corn
a repertoire of jingles bland
to satisfy the beetle flock
who like the easy listening brand
of stale nostalgic classic schlock
that doesn't challenge or demand
too much musical attention
like elevator musak canned
with soporific intention
to please the faithful docile sheep
and lull the party fans to sleep

the trouble with this cunning plan
where chief and harper are but one
is that the role of bard to pan
the chief for stupid stuff he's done
has been coopted and declawed
by the very one who needs a prick
from jester clown not overawed
by power spin and pee arse lick
a free bold mocker who will rant
who'll skewer folly without fear
not sing some sickly saccharine cant
to soften up how he'll appear
all wooden vain and out of tune
self indulgent and jejune

the only place where there's a hope
of challenging in tune and rhyme
this chief cum harper circumstance
is once a year when it is time
to entertain the fourth estate
that rowdy band of scribbler hacks
who live by scrum and deadlines late
curbing their harper word attacks
but on this night can freely flay
their masters in attendance there
with ribald jest and clowning ploy
to keep them humble which is rare
alas the target prime he bails
this test of wit the harper fails

the dignity of office must
be guarded from the press gang wits
whom power surely cannot trust
to play the sycophantic shits
who normally surround the chief
but will instead lampoon and laugh
at any king true dough or dief
who has the balls to face riff raff
enduring bawdy skits and jokes
or hitting back with counter jest
not hiding from their sharp barbed pokes
behind the armour plated vest
of stiffly formal protocol
sealed hermetically from all



cant OI
sweet child o mine

guns n' roses



the child the harper was may not
tell much about his future fate
a quiet leaside life his lot
in a hogtown middle class estate
growing happily with mom and dad
his brother and a sister too
an avid hockey playing lad
leaf nation fanboy through and through
they'd move to outer burbs in time
to ranch house living bigger yards
drivethrough ford nation in its prime
a life secured with right rewards
all thanks to dad's bean counting toil
for s o be the empire's oil

true patriot love to the harper teen
meant loyalty to british crown
that other crumbling empire's queen
but when bean counting chips were down
he learned which empire he should thank
for the comfy life he so enjoyed
one that put a tiger in his tank
and kept his family employed
so do those well oiled youthful days
portend a slick efficiency?
in slipping through the cracks in ways
that penetrate democracy?
to answer this we must persist
with covers on the harper's list

the leaside kid was tops in school
hard working smart a runner too
cross country runs he thought were cool
through richview high he fairly flew
an easy glide to you of tea
the future looking bright true blue
but then a hitch you'd not foresee
he didn't reach semester two
something happened that first year
spawning rumours of a slapping fight
with a feminist it would appear
who did not like his views far right
though others say he loved true dough
and was a grit for all we know



whatever triggered his right turn
his academic days were done
for now at least his main concern
was heading west for edmonton
where country roads might take him home
to be a cowboy on the range
like dubya who would likewise roam
far from yale and just as strange
two preppy eastern boys gone west
though punching cattle not their style
both knowing where to best invest
where dubya's pa had made his pile
both looking for their inner dude
in texas and alberta crude

cant OII

take me home country roads

john denver

the harper's pa had nowhere near
the clout of dubya's bush league team
but did have one advantage clear
in toiling for big oil supreme
the company imperial
and so could lend a helping hand
in matters managerial
at least could aid his son to land
an entry level office post
when ex on s o bees out there
had just begun to dig and roast
in boiling water steaming air
the thick black tar beneath the bush
to start the prairie black gold rush

the harper youth would soon assess
the rich dark harvest of the west
but had no love of hands on mess
deciding intellect was best
so south he goes to cowtown you
to study right economy
and academic life renew
he works his ass off night and day
until he gets his masters done
while all the while he's turning right
as far as politics can run
beyond pee seas right out of sight
of so shall credit or reform
to take the tory world by storm



like his leaside pa he saw
his talents lay in counting beans
and making economic law
essentially the only means
of carving out a good career
in right wing party politics
where big oil money it was clear
was where the action was to fix
a system lurching to the left
so steeped in scandal's dirty tricks
where patronage and downright theft
plus paper bags of cash back kicks
were bringing down the ruling grits
when petit jean had called it quits



where was big money to be found
and where the most irate unrest?
the harper heard them both resound
from deep within the prairie west
the drum of crude alberta tar
and presto's siren shrill reform
combined to keep the harper far
from where old money was the norm
the long established eastern cliques
who hogged the show since dumping dief
it's there in sight of rocky peaks
affords the harper great relief
he'd found his home on prairie soil
pushing for imperial oil

cant OIII
the seeker
the who

for three decades the harper prayed
within the christian alliance fold
a stateside sect that deftly played
on right wing fears that they'd been sold
by mega churches far and wide
that saw the godless winning fights
against religious faiths who tried
to exercise god given rights
to pu god back in government
to push the christian ethic rules
and from the secular world dissent
keep evolution out of schools
where creationism must be taught
and theocratic system bought

the harper doesn't wear this creed
in showy symbols on his sleeve
except in how it kneels to greed
as greasy grace such creeds believe
is good with god the one they love
who likes big bucks and rank success
and showers blessings from above
on all who in his name profess
and fill the pastors' bank accounts
with monthly offerings to seed
the providential large amounts
these prophets say will profits breed
such godly economics bring
amazing grace and loads of bling

the harper plays down all such talk
as pragmatist he claims to be
no based on faith agendas stalk
his plain free market policy
when his mick money gombeen man
later stricken down by heart attack
the harper picked to stick to plan
a fagan banker with a knack
for picking pockets not his own
by twisting artists out of cash
and shivving science to the bone
a strategy that doesn't clash
with christian fundy values blest
jesus saves and moses doth invest



for inspiration in his drive
to root out any lingering shred
of pinkoism left alive
in toryism tinged with red
he seeks down south at gee oh pee
and finds a coalition build
on shrinking government the key
to keeping corporate coffers filled
by cutting taxes on the rich
and slashing red tape left and right
deregulation is their pitch
their ponzi grip on power tight
family values too there stressed
no choice no gays and christian blessed

cant OIV

with a little help from my friends
the beatles

he builds the northern foundation
with presto droege and post's black
lending covert approbation
for them progressive meant go back
to when the white race rightly reigned
apart eyed fans with with headskin friends
who thought black rebels then detained
should stay in robben island pens
to keep the colonies in line
a neo nasty view of race
reserve homelands the best design
concentration just in case
emancipation out of hand
threatens boors who own the land



it's no surprise our seeker sought
the fellowship of fascist friends
when after all it's not for naught
his daily bread back then depends
upon the brand imperial
the standard bearers of the fight
to blitzkrieg earth material
to grease the empire's armoured might
in all its multifarious ranks
from monster trucks to mini vans
from rearguard rams to vanguard tanks
and in the process soil the sands
the soils the seas and atmosphere
the commons we need all revere

but seeking friends who think alike
is not enough to make the grade
in gaining clout with which to strike
where bigger power plays are made
nor is it worth much to be chief
of presto's protest party rump
without becoming riding thief
in presto's cowtown southwest stump
where ezra is the nominee
already charging hard to win
his hometown constituency
but young bull ezra's soon roped in
despite big buck file suit tussling
when the harper masters rustling



the cuckoo cowboy candidate
goes on to whip the riding crop
and heads due east to where the state
has been a decade ruled non stop
by wee guy from shawinigan
a true dough boy king of the hill
tough street fighter sure to win again
big boots for any foe to fill
the harper ropes a bullish band
an unelected harpy crew
a posse pumped and partisan
to play his numbers right on cue
at first discordant out of synch
then finley tuned to launch the lynch

those early days of seeking power
through first reform then alliance
the harper strategy turned sour
voters shunned too much reliance
on hard right western values based
on cowntown christianity
he needed some old tories placed
for broader eastern parity
by roping in another bull
the maritimer high pee sea
steering him down with lasso pull
rebranding him without the pee
stampeding in his loyal herd
just big enough to make grits scared



it wasn't long before the grits
were rounded up and trussed real tight
the harper now securely sits
and plucks the strings of power right
no loosey goosey jamming wild
with taut control he plays the harp
protective of his new sweet child
no hands but his on levers sharp
his puppet harpies spin deceit
while he serenely sets the tone
his strategy is hard to beat
the power system his alone
conforming to his iron will
the harper now atop the hill



his harpies at the pee emo
guided by a guy who knows the ropes
used now to lynch the pee sea oh
and noose choke any media hopes
of getting damning inside news
that might upstage the harper's song
no straying off the hymn book blues
make access seekers wait so long
their chance to do him damage missed
the vetting process tied in knots
the branch exec an iron fist
of songsheet censorship robots
who came and went as he saw fit
discarded spent or urged to quit



the evils he had long attacked
like cushy seats for grits on meds
were very soon with tories stacked
when aspertamed three talking heads
peter pam and portly mike
got plummy posts to ply their trade
of knowing how and when to strike
with polished prose and high tirade
those opportunist grits corrupt
two turkeys of the goebbles speech
who mouthed the party line and supped
at public trough like hog and leech
the newspeak cant the worst of three
in one essential ministry



cant OV
share the land
the guess who

what makes their machinations slick
is how they play the shell game rig
the slime they push that does the trick
the thick black pitch you men they dig
shared through the heart of this fair land
plucking it out to suck it raw
by shielding shell game sleight of hand
the ways they're breaking nature's law
like isengard devoid of trees
sharing and skinning it alive
a glutting flesh eating disease
the black hole left nothing can survive
the tumour core right at the heart
its tentacles snake splayed apart

the harper finds no harm no wrong
he doesn't see the open sore
keeps harping on the same old song
I get by with you know the score
with a little help from my friends
they keep the coffers overflowing
for their mistakes they make amends
by paying up with taxes owing
those putrid ponds of pus they pour
kill only ducks not me or you
don't listen to that lying gore
or fruit fly jap on see o two
it's all a scientific scam
and that kyoto is a sham

in true blue style he pulls purse strings
to choke off studies showing change
directly caused by boomer flings
flying anywhere that's strange
on bucket lists before they croak
escaping boredom package deals
seeking climes to sunburn soak
going boeing or on big wheels
in gee em sport truck hummer hordes
the fascist armoured combat tanks
in ram tough herds of roaming fords
the pitch black scabs advance the ranks
twelve lane hardened arteries clogged
by turbo boxter beamers hogged



environment's a dirty word
in the harper's blue hued lexicon
the colour green reserved for turd
and climate change a leftist con
so first he tries ambrosia
a devotee of ayn rand
to shrug off this key dossier
and mask the stench he cannot stand
but she's soon bogged up to her neck
kyoto slammed without new plans
to curb the greenhouse gas effect
tree hugging science now demands
within a year she's got the boot
big gay blackbeard now dons her suit

the blackbeard bared right to the bone
his blowtorch lingo burning all
his ministry would change its tone
toeing party line the blackbeard's call
environment's all well and good
but bottom line for harrisites
is pipeline dreams for tarsands crude
no chex on mobile parasites
who suck black blood from far cold lake
slick sink rude sunk or shell game on
to pimp the pumping junkie slake
no room for econuts they're gone
carbon carma geddon beckons
bring it on the blackbeard reckons



with bared teeth smiles he rips dissent
licks his crew till they're shipshape
a whole new look environment
full steam ahead the petro state
but more control the captain craves
the next one up's a cowboy real
apprenticeship would rule the waves
an oilpatch lawyer at the wheel
who has his doubts about the chief
but keeps ambitions under wraps
just long enough to fill his brief
of turning on the tender taps
to keep the fossil fuels flow
and revenue in billions grow



as always the revolving door
between the government and banks
appeals to the apprentice more
scaling high commerce empire's ranks
necessitating the return
of pirate blackbeard to the helm
where he'd resume the slash and burn
and climate research overwhelm
to earn our people top awards
at doha bali and cancun
as earth's most fossilized retards
who sing that favourite harper tune
his taking care of business song
that he's been singing all along



cant OVI
taking care of business
bto

the blackbeard blowtorch blast famous
is needed now across the seas
to browbeat foreigners for us
so ship shape environment he leaves
and hands it off a chastened crew
to anchorman whose newspeak cant
has long been heard on see tea view
an izzy talking head who'll want
king tillerson to steer the ship
with anchorman the trusted face
to spout the captain's soundbite clip
the peter principle's in place
to gut the legislation aimed
at saving what the fossil fascists maimed



with scientists securely muzzled
kyoto killed and studies scrapped
the public skeptical and puzzled
it's time a lackey lady's trapped
in this now toothless ministry
while haisla and sekani nation
are fighting tarsands industry
the harper pulls an inuk con
to sing his ozzy abbot song
in rio lima and paris soon
the same foot dragging take too long
never ending denial tune
environment her ministry
protects the corps not land or sea

the taking care of business beat
goes on relentless overdrive
despite initial hard line heat
on human rights in china jive
designed to suck the voters in
but once majority is won
flat out low wage imports begin
to swamp the nation by the ton
from foul polluted chinese ass
our new more distant hamilton
so we export our greenhouse gas
to shanghai shenzhen and shandong
and blame the filthy chinese coal
for climate change's deadly toll



and when he deals with russian might
the same duplicity's in place
at the brisbane oz gee twenty site
when the harper's in russputin's face
demanding that he quit ukraine
but standing up to a cagey bee
is easy when you can complain
surrounded by security
in cushy plush convention rooms
unlike where greenpeace thirty stood
against russputin's gazprom goons
on arctic high seas oil rig crude
and not a word the harper speaks
when two of ours are jailed for weeks

while other nations' leaders called
russputin to release the crew
of arctic sunrise then installed
in murmansk jail no justice due
it's only when no vote's at stake
or big oil deals aren't on the line
that human rights will make
the harper sense of justice shine
to raz russputin's all for show
as both concur that arctic oil
is most important and must flow
those greenpeace protests he can spoil
without incurring voter ire
so let them rot behind the wire



and how about the middle east
where saudi oil funds brute jihad
unleashing the sharia beast
to execute apostates bad?
we boycott all such harsh regimes
where human rights are merely token
except when big bucks talk it seems
defence contracts cannot be broken
ensuring sang has laws of state
to round up rebs and girls who're raped
to amputate decapitate
satan's sluts not in niqabs draped
the harper hums a righteous hymn
hawks hummers in the interim





cant OVII

hey jude

the beatles

the harper has two heads in sight
when dealing with those holy lands
one head topped keffiyeh bright
to score the deals of all awe fans
yarmulke on the other head
to court jehovah's hebrew crew
whom he prefers it must be said
especially when the grand yahoo
jets into town for negev bash
where all the nation's great and good
assemble to donate their cash
and hear the harper sing hey jude
for buddy bee bee gun who grabs
more real estate from dhimmi rabs



two faced two heads two states too much
duplicity and double deals
for sheikhs and shekel shivs and such
it's all about the biggest wheels
where general dynamics treads
to keep those fractious semite tribes
in arms races crushing heads
twelve billion bucks excluding bribes
a tidy sum for gombeen mike
or diamod joe to budget in
avoiding voter taxes hike
mathamethics factored in
twelve billion ways to arm both sides
valkyrie isis loves the rides



netting the yahoo was a prize
the harper played for all these years
part christian alliance ties
to arm a get on prophet tears
of rapture for the faithful flock
part genuine concern that jude
was being singled out for shock
again a change in attitude
his homeland losing allies fast
part good old kissing rich mensch hole
that with assurance sits on vast
reserves of yankee gold control
the rabbis on the wall street floor
filling gold mansacks with more more more

*nah nah nah nah nah nah hey jude
you make it better when you shill
where donors earn my gratitude
none better than in forest hill
where opulence is par for course
like your plush caesar era home
outfitted by the public purse
under better hardware iron dome
which we will help you better build
with better weapons guidance ware
for better gaza numbers killed
to better bomb it from the air
and better better bee bee guns
to blow away those hamasons*

cant OVIII

jumping jack flash

rolling stones

every year they meet somewhere
the chiefs of rich and mighty lands
to gab and let off some hot air
sign agreements and shake hands
make promises they cannot keep
spy on each other keeping score
around contentious issues creep
their number seven eight or more
sometimes as high as twenty meet
in a tight secure secluded spot
a fenced resort or golf retreat
where the usual protesting lot
can be contained and kept at bay
or rounded up and locked away

june twenty six two thousand ten
the harper's turn to host the bash
was eagerly anticipated then
a chance to shine and jump jack flash
our petro state on show with class
the centre of the world's attention
gee twenty leaders it's a gas
a hogtown world class convention
below our nation's hogging core
the king and bay to front redoubt
fenced off for days to make secure
to keep the rabble rebels out
of such a prime rate location
though some would call it provocation



twenty thousand of the bill on hand
seven thousand clad in riot gear
a major show of force to stand
against ten thousand out to jeer
and chant their indignation loud
a motley crew of engeeos
irate about the hog eyed crowd
behind those barricades that knows
the hogging system inside out
how two years back it scoffed made off
thanks to snorting hog nose snout
deep within the hog swill trough
when oversight of hogs got lax
sub prime mates filling gold mansacks

the harper rubs his hands in glee
at thoughts of shaking hands with those
whose hands control big currency
I am effing lucky that I chose
says he *our great world banking centre*
we'll wall streets off just as we please
so no radicals can enter
make it look like we are under siege
in need of more security
then we can drive an omnibus
or two right through the end deep pee
this summit is so right for us
it makes the left look soft on crime
and me the strong man for our time

such prince-like harper thoughts aside
events unfold as well as planned
when bill and black bloc near collide
but then stand down by high command
to let the bloc run clean amok
set cruisers burning store fronts smash
let riot reign raise ragnarok
grant time enough to loot and trash
before deploying all that force
time for tea view news at six o'clock
to show the world the evil source
of all such chaos not just the bloc
but show the need to crush unrest
when any radicals protest

eleven hundred siezed would be
the greatest mass arrest seen yet
in our great nation's history
a message that the world would get

while power politicians jawed
behind the fortress hogtown walls
where coming close was strict outlawed
trespassers caged in wire stalls
the bill employed a technique meant
to round up hundreds in their swoop
suspected of the least dissent
by kettling a way to coop
surround hem in intimidate
even passers by just out to look
who found themselves in parlous state
man handled processed brought to book
by hogtown's finest burly brawn
some brawn without their badges on

the harper distance from events
on hogtown streets where chaos reigned
was kept at arm's length with statements
made on how our laws must be maintained
how foreign radicals allied to groups
opposing freedoms we hold dear
and unsupportive of our troops
had caused the riots it was clear
our men of black and blue were right
their actions there commenable
restrained by discipline so tight
their orders to be flexible
allowing officers in charge
to corral criminals at large



now five years on beyond the glare
of media harsh publicity
we hardly hear the raucous blare
the shouts of hog complicity
in what unfolded on that day
when anyone attending there
knew what role the bloc might play
not least the forces heeding blare
but in a court a scapegoat's found
a rogue of rank but mark not high
not close enough to blare the sound
of finding the bill had told a lie
before he turtled and resigned
to run for office grit aligned

cant OIX
sweet caroline
neil diamond

although he claims he never cared
for car o line in his car rear
and was often quite prepared
to ride the rocket so we hear
he fully grasps the central role
that private auto motives play
in his free market freed man goal
of high growth rate as the best way
of keeping voters x on blue
so when the bailouts of o eight
were handed out you surely knew
general mo just could not wait
for ten point eight sweet billion bucks
to keep producing cars and trucks

the golden horseshoe only shines
as long as it assembles mass
maxi powered toys for mini minds
to guzzle extra s o gas
the petro state must show support
for stronger faster armoured ranks
of private comfort road transport
like high end mighty muscle tanks
the car shy harper now deploys
to shield himself from enemies
his sly imperialism annoys
especially when he has to seize
upon the latest market trends
and visit dodgy foreign friends

like when he went to india
to meet members of its monied caste
who've turned their neck of asia
into a hyper market vast
the harper planned to tap it quick
as well as curry votes back home
but first he had to take his pick
of how he'd round that nation roam
dodging teeming masses that it boasts
by cruising in an armoured car
not one provided by his hosts
no tata would his journey mar
remembering how the ghandis fared
a fate the harper must be spared

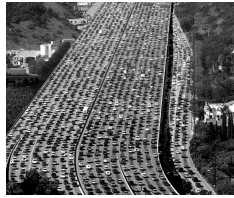


as befits a petro potentate
he chose not one but three strong tanks
all fitted with thick armour plate
from general mo's tough bombproof ranks
jet flown at taxpayers' expense
of one point two three million bucks
across the seas and continents
two caddy limos big as trucks
and one suburban chevy chaise
so sweet lorraine can see the sights
and he can face the hectic pace
between their air conditioned flights
from new delhi to the taj mahal
to bang galore but skip bhopal



for someone who once shunned the car
the harper surely changed his jive
now advising in the hogtown star
that everyone should learn to drive
he and the fuhrer would agree
get unsere volks behind the wheel
on pitch black tracks where they should be
supine servile brought to heel
massed mobile regimented ants
with exoskeletons of steel
channeled to their working plants
labour makes you free the deal
while general mo and major ford
provide machine and shell on board

the hardened arteries of pitch
gridlocked with wagons of the folk
crawling idling inch by inch
emitting cyclone beasts that choke
combustion chambers filling slow
with concentration level gas
to feed the ovens deadly glow
the slow train coming adding mass
incineration in its tracks
these visions of the hollow cost
the harper cannot see as facts
even late on jack had tried and lost
the struggle to enlighten him
leaving prospects for the future dim



the harper thinks that warming's cool
those warmist alarmists all wrong
burn baby burn the boomers rule
sweet car o mine the harper's song
his chorus bottom line is growth
with pedal to the metal beat
good air and jobs you can't have both
high unemployment means defeat
keep them worker drones well oiled
ecology is for the birds
economy cannot be spoiled
by greenpeace terrorists and nerds
who must be slammed into the boards
by hockey jocks in fascist fords

cant OX
the hockey song
stompin' tom connors

yes the harper's other hobby
besides his harping easy rock
and pimping crude for tarry lobby
is writing on the hockey jock
a student of the game on ice
when it was in its early days
before the grasp of money vice
would crush its amateurish ways
and send on shift the only line
that really matters in the game
not the top line that plays just fine
but the bottom one the very same
the one the harper has to pitch
to line the pockets of the rich

a leaside hockey loving boy
who dug the stats and numbers game
goals assists and points his joy
his heroes in the hall of fame
a hockey hosers who's who list
of shooters scorers goons and stars
who made him see the world exist
as teams engaged in icy wars
where tactics hitting hard and grit
trump skill finesse or hot dog show
where muscle mass and fighting fit
will win the day as coaches know
apply the same hard hitting tricks
to win in power politics



it doesn't take much toil to read
between the lines of *a great game*
to see the harper's hayek creed
pervade his hockey hall of fame
when he refers to those opposed
to playing shinny for the coin
as *fanatics* with minds tight closed
to market forces that purloin
the game and bring it up to date
rabid zealots he calls them out
for checking progress fighting fate
that certainly would win the bout
to change the lines of stick and puck
and score the goal for mighty buck



although he slashes hacks and spears
the amateur ideals praised
by hogtown's hockey pioneers
on the final page he sadly raised
the spectre of the modern sport
with prima donnas overpaid
logo laundry in some hot resort
cheered on by fans who've never played
the game on icy pond or lake
no shinny heroes hometown grown
commodities instead who make
the sport a product overblown
the harper plaintively admits
big bet man slashed the game to bits?

cant OXI

i'm on my way

the proclaimers

in recent months you'll hardly get
a cheep from him when chips are down
like that big day his biggest yet
when on the hill in his bytown
one crazed gunman killed a guard
then made it into parliament
where inner doors were locked and barred
and ministers within were sent
scurrying for cover in dismay
as shots rang out and mayhem reigned
our house of commons grand foyer
a shooting gallery sustained
the bullets flew from every gun
the suspect hit by thirty one

and where in all this wild attack
was the leading harper of this land?
helping the disabled at the back?
lending the faint a helping hand?
guiding the fraught from harm's way?
finding them a shelter from the storm
calmly like a captain in the fray?
being there for those in fearful form
a leader worthy of the name?
a stalwart chief among his clan
comforting the timid and the tame?
a shining knight a superman
a hockey hall of famer true and tried
whose greatest game was now onside?



as shooting ceased out in the hall
guards announced the danger cleared
where was the father of us all?
the harper now had disappeared
em pees wondered had he been shot?
was he lying somewhere in his gore?
was there an anti harper plot?
then someone sees the opening door
a closet door across the room
out steps the harper right as rain
a cabinet meeting with the broom
says he *this place has gone insane*
in that small ante room i thought
this terrorism must be fought

the broom and I discussed our plight
our brush with death a wake up call
we have to sweep up those who fight
against our freedoms to install
whatever laws we think we need
to handle terrorism and threats
to tarsands or how we outlaw weed
we need to find who tends these nets
see thirty one the shots we heard
and one score more see? fifty one
we have to show them we're not scared
to ease in laws draconian
who was it said for full control
erode rights bit by bit's the goal?

right there and then his right hand man
the big gay bear decided soon
he'd have to ditch the harper plan
no longer dancing to his tune
as minister in foreign parts
where our strong north that once was free
would now be seen as oil upstarts
a petro state run by decree
but lest we think the bear design
was prompted by a conscience pricked
that forced a good man to resign
we'd have to realize we're tricked
this harpy harrisite of old
was heading straight for barrick gold

not long after this defection
his left hand bull on tough defence
he too shunned the next election
to be with family his pretence
but was he seeing on the wall
the writing pundits long could see?
the harper score begin to fall
when in that cupboard he did flee
had confidence just petered out
among these harper allies close?
unconsciously a germ of doubt
had turned into a lethal dose
the harper lead was of this kind
just follow me i'm right behind

since that cabinet closure stunt
some five top shelfers fly the coop
all keeping up a loyal front
while thinking deep how low they stoop
by putting faith in feet of clay
to lead a people through the times
that are a changin by the day
thanks to man-disrupted climes
veering towards new harsh extremes
that threaten species now unfit
including human life it seems
those jumping ship might not admit
such rationale was why they bailed
though clearly leadership had failed

despite the story he'd been pushed
into the closet by the police
his empees must have swiftly rushed
to judgement hence the press release
about the euphemism *anteroom*
where the passive *he was hidden*
not the active that *he hid* assume
a chief just doing what he's bidden
by those behind the harper throne
the real roadmen who pull the strings
the piping men who set the tone
the bankers and git tar sands kings
who put him there to play their tune
who did not want him snuffed so soon?

encore

imagine

john lennon

the harp the harper plays has strings
but half are broken loose or gone
the few remaining ones he rings
repeatedly few changes on
the c string fifty one he plays
incessantly monotonous
security's a must these days
to counter those who hate our guts
like fanatical jihadists
or foreign funded engeeos
and rabid environmentalists
who are as everybody knows
a threat to us especially me
your fearless leader strong and free

another string he often plucks
f thirty five the worst buy yet
over priced by mega bucks
a lockheed martin lemon jet
reveals how much big corporate might
has infiltrated pee emo
with one ex harpy mister right
the inside mole who ran the show
his ties to hawker and barrick gold
would never breach his ethics wall
such honesty is rare we're told
the harper wouldn't let him fall
until the munk key on his back
is wound to win defence contract



taut puppet strings go tuneless flat
 when portly mike from pee he high
 gets mister right to pay his debt
 a check the harper will deny
 he knew about as buyoff graft
 to shroud the tangled web they weave
 of crony capital's darkest craft
 up shyster hamilton's legal sleeve
 an upper house of tory hacks
 blocking bills that might impede
 the bagman grasp of gold mansacks
 through jacob's son's unfettered greed
 or porter's philanthropic fraud
 the silent harper playing god



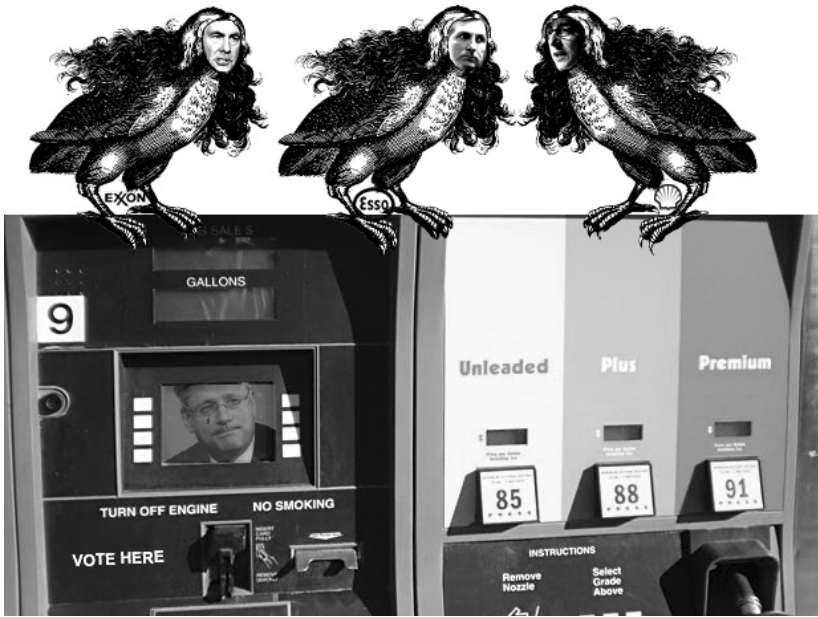
broken strings on the harper's harp
 create a harsh cacophony
 from robo calling tactics sharp
 to lower house disharmony
 from cuts to funding see bee sea
 to gutting veterans affairs
 dysfunction at the any bee
 wheat board sell off nexen nightmares
 the fair elections act with strings
 to snare the young from casting votes
 the list goes on each new day brings
 more changes tyranny promotes
 is he just a slick pro roguer
 or banality of evil ogre?

imagine there's no harper win
in october's election race
imagine end deep pee gets in
or even it's a true dough face
that represents our nation soon
imagine maybe green pee em
to change the climate changing tune
imagine too if all of them
decided parties were a bust
that they needed to cooperate
rather than foment distrust
and hold positions obdurate
imagine there's a common ground
that all of them just lately found

imagine if the harper had
a revelation damn a scene
that day he realized how bad
the recent forest fires had been
did he finally feel the heat?
was his fast food fat ass well scorched
when he and bee see's grit hot meet
near kelowna's forest torched?
imagine if his *possibly*
that climate change had been the cause
became reluctant *probably*
and he proposed new stringent laws
to keep those fossils in the ground
and turn our energy around



imagine the harper hears the song
that turnerman's been singing loud?
the one that wants him *gone gone gone*
but doubtless he won't be allowed
to hear from one in his employ
a scientist who's had his fill
but also happens to enjoy
the role of minstrel on the hill
now suspended for his crimes
of satirizing his big chief
for ignorance of changing climes
for willfulness beyond belief
for wasting talents that we need
on lubricating corporate greed



imagining's all well and good
but will it matter if he's *gone*?
if the harper gig so oily crude
is over and some new show is on?
if oil's still chief because it's cheap
the empire motors on its heist
if conservation's just skin deep
and greenwash is the new zeitgeist
the same old harpies rule the roost
their talons clutching fast our souls
our votes are cast when we are juiced
at pumping stations not the polls
the ballot box is where we swipe
the harpies know the rest is hype

the harper big band *the harpies*

on harp
the harper

on vocals
the harper murphy levant ford frum kenney baird cherry gretzky

on git tar
the harper kruger mitchelmore clement ferguson

on fiddle
porter jacobson duffy wallin carson brazeau

on goldman sax
the harper oliver flaherty

on organ
the harper foster corcoran murphy black levant desouza
solomon steyn

on bass
hayek friedman strauss

on war drums
the harper hilliard mackenzie blair mackay fenton fantino
general dynamics

on key boards
the harper monaco jackson kinder morgan burney card

on jaw harp
frum finkelstein gerstein jacobson the yahoo

on strings
novak wright giorno muttart finley brodie
lynch byrne flanagan hamilton teneycke
yoyo ma

on pipes
keystone girling monaco gateway

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sources

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michael harris *a party of one*
martin lawrence *harperland*
ezra levant *ethical oil*
paul wells *as long as i'm prime minister*

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