

The Battle for Ballad Bunker

Once upon a rhyme, during the Great Prohibition in Blandland, the Ministry of Mediocrity dispatched bands of Blandinistas into the glorious Imagine Nation of the Peoples Republic of Poetry. Their mission: hunt down ribald vocabalculary and all that dangerous jaaazzZzz pizzAzz.

They were especially focused on those lyrics that swung, swirled and swayed like candle flames on a birthday cake. Winston Smith Jr., Minister of Mediocrity, warned that “*poemography is being covertly delivered on the rhythm and rhyme schemes of unregulated music in tune and touch with the primal beat and heat of the heart.*”

It was the era of rhythm, rhyme and write-lightning poembrew, when the children of Dada, Dixie and Dionysius were released into the wilds of the Imagine Nation, when the youth of Blandland caught the beat, the heat, the fever and textuberance pirouetting out of central control on the edge of well-pushed envelopes.

Blandland suffers the serious social problems of a poemless people; ‘prose-bags’ as they are derisively called by the Better Poems and Garden set.

The New Word Order found that all that jaaazzZzz pizzAzz threatened the Stag Nation culture of Blandland. The Creative Intelligence Anarchy described mediocrity as the “*unrelenting poemsickness of those suffering from prose traumatic stress disorder.*”

The Blandinistas took up harms against the Imagine Nation, relying on their usual arsenal of S.O.R.E. (Suppression, Oppression, Repression of Expression).

Poets are weapoems of mass creation. In response to the threats and incursions of mediocrity from Blandland, the Poetburo of the Peoples Republic of Poetry (the Poemised Land) called on the poetariat to defend eloquence, be it pious or bawdy, sacred or profane.

The best poem masons of Poet Hope collaborated with the best concrete poetry practitioners to design a series of bunkers across the United Imagine Nations as secure holding centres for jaaazzZzz pizzAzz. Each bunker held the contents that was indexed by two letters of the alphabet, eg. AB, CD, EF, GH through to YZ. Poet Hope is home to the only remaining bunker of the network: Ballad Bunker #14.



The bunkers were designed to take into poetective custody all the bawdy ballads, ribald rhymes and sexy similes of the Imagine Nation. They were also designed to withstand the implosive impact of bland grenades and boredom bombs.

Blandland had modified the bombs to splatter collateral mediocrity on its targets, rendering them lethally toxic to text. The splatter matter, manufactured by the pulp friction industry, was composed of an obnoxious blend of doggerel debris, napoem and decomposed poetassium nitrates.

At 2:00 a.m. Eastern Stanza Time, a brigade of Blandinistas landed at Poet Hope harbour and unleashed a barrage of bland grenades and boredom bombs.

Emerging poet Emily Thickenon slipped away unnoticed in the nick of rhyme and stealthily made her way up Queen Street to the Pig and Poet Pub. There, she warned the local cognoscenti, illuminati, and other unusual suspects who were overindulging in the weekly Lager Limerick Night.

Poets armed with .45 calibre metaphors clashed with the prose-bags at Walton Street bridge. Retreating to Barrett Street, they were reinforced by textremists from the Ministry of Texternal Affairs. As dawn broke, sunshine-stoned poets and poetry lovers from Our Poem Town arrived to counterattack the Blandinistas mediocrity with the slings and arrows of outrageous eloquence, chanting:

Prevent Mediocrity
be
Poetically Correct.

Armed with surface-to-simile missiles, the poets drained the Blandinistas' glands dry. In a final act of extreme editing, they cut adverbs and adjectives from their con/text and hurled the empty shells into the Grammaraska River, shouting the schemantra: *"Float your fannies down the Grammie!"*

Decades later, the victory is still celebrated every spring during National Poetry Month, a joyous project of setting units of verse afloat on the wild spring gusher from winter's meltdown.



Ballad Bunker stands, though the bland bombs are gone,
And jaaazzZzz still swings from dusk to dawn.
So raise your weapoems and fire them true—
In the Imagine Nation, mediocrity loses to you.