

# TOUR GUIDES (Granada Studios 1989)

*by* Donal Thompson

We do this for money.  
This cheap lie is a pool,  
A source of fuel.  
Something to throw at the rent man.  
Oases gather strange bed fellows.  
Dancers, dunces and brides-to-be.  
Centripetal from the compass' heart we'd fly  
If this grand nothing giving ran dry.  
Professionally un-American  
We sleep talk hollow tours.  
Break thirsty kids  
If the PR is anything to go by.  
Gobi throated dole avoiders more like.  
A heart attack may touch us.  
Children no longer do  
And the old are christened 'crumblied'  
Derided for being parched of youth  
And cynicism.  
This lay-by, This sham  
Is showered off nightly and at weekends  
With galleries, concerts and things  
We need to call 'valuable'.  
Our hopes hang on pin money.  
Hamish wants to bury the mortgage,  
Claire wants to be model  
Brian, who once believed all this  
Wants out.

We take tours bored.  
Grit our toothy smiles, Tourism's draculas,  
Leeching a corporate corpse  
With uniform numbness.  
We do this for money.

