

A Requiem For The Heavyweights

by G.E. Simons

There are incidents of disgrace
In public office, breathe a stench of Eton musk
There are arcing lights of understatement
Beneath porcupine trees
And in the leaves
Of leather bound document cases
Under nuclear skies
In the belting heat of the desert
Where Sir enjoyed a bloody good lunch

There are incidents of amnesty
In colour supplements
Chances to plant olive trees in Palestine
Under gunmetal skies
In the conditioned air of boardrooms
Two kitchens, four bathrooms etc.
Beneath portraits of men
And in the attaché
Of contractual obligations

Then there is the gutter for the rest of us

