

idle scraps from this reich

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No.1 why do we put up with this?

when a hot hospital meal, mince and mash, is a boiled blessing of rare hope you should worry.
beware. when you can only seek sleep with good thoughts blocking out these double-edged cold
times; when the children thrill to rhymes of slaughter: why? for whose crimes? when a tv war is a
bitter blessing you should really worry. really. when you're looking over your left shoulder at some
fellow peasant 'coz his good book ain't yours and his beard looks a bit too godly and you think: 'I
won't go up town today' just in case it's time to pay....why? who says? whose wages do you pay?
the gun-point we confess by is the gas turned off. if you view the world by taxi, then a toff is not a
toff. and the credit-card-bought coffee whirls round and round in unsated insane dreams: like
peace on earth or at least goodwill to all the men I need to drink with....
save us from these unspeakable schemes..
leaden boots on a child's feet will trip
you into dark thoughts until you sip
at that lifetime's lost pint. please don't shout.
half-time in heaven: this much was promised.
buy their shiny shackles if you want to exist.
or drown these grinning cats and throw them out
we need some more civil sort of war:
a war of words.but please don't shout.

No. 2 central government for beginners

now here's £300 billion quid...but kiss it quiet goodbye, lads; 'coz we've invented umpteen
million things to do with it before we've staffed a single school or hospital, nevermind this
precious war on anything that terrorises 12-year old George from Texas: agreeing with these guys
is the test of success? they suck, you see: they've got a scheme to generate a working party to
make work for their matey lawyers and then they all buy fourteen
houses and collect the housing benefits, while they tell you your
dole is costing them too much. and anyone they mistakenly
employ who does still have a conscience, or
give the slightest shit, is stuck out
there on the front line for you to
shout at....about it.

No.3 dear tony blair

don't clear out your desk: it's evidence.
don't think your lurid legacy
will be lost in mists of rooney:
you did more for this country
than either Caesar or the Norman mob.
thank you for giving us 21st century train fares
that cost four week's dank dole money.
thank you for this barely literate lost youth
who take your lessons in self-improvement
to their next burglary. thank you for
making a pinstripe shower like the Tories
look electable. thank you for working
Robin Cook to death. thank you for my
heroin: the Taliban weren't playing.
thank you for my giant gas bill: I'm sure
it will keep me off the drink. thank
you for encouraging terrorism,
and for re-affirming class hatred,
and for killing my friend's
mum with MRSA. thank you for lining
all your buddies' pockets. and thank you
so much for all those Iraqis you killed
for me....now go:
go to jail:
do not pass go,
and do not collect
£200k from Berlusconi

No. 4 dear David Cameron

do us all a favour and go on day tv selling car insurance: maybe you can spend
each and every day agreeing with the anti-car lobby....

No. 5 dear Ming

please turn left ninety degrees at the next corner or you'll surely end up in the sticks,
mate.

No. 6 dear Gordon Brown

'prudence' works wonders: Camilla spends five grand a month on her hair; your cabinet
could do with less pay, linked to an ethical practices bonus. your security measures cost
a bomb: so stop dropping them. and I would have thought it prudent to make the rich
less rich, and the poor less poor; before we have nothing to lose

No. 7 a jazz poem to keep my mates happy
snare-drum stutters and the dancing wardrobe
bounds across a two-five-one. stop it with
your glum: they are talking to you.
piano picks a moment for those
six fingers at once, like a cat
too lazy to pounce, the
tune-machine edges
quietly as the quarry
can't but beckon.
is this by charlie parker
do you reckon?
a saxophone it is that
plays the preacher. the guy
who wields it searches for
beseeching numbers as
we bless his blues
and wish him such
a so much better life...

No. 8 life on mars
a fake cop
stares at me
as though it's my fault
the cars are caught in
profit-led planning as my
bus blows clouds away
in exhausted gutter gloom.
the ftse index is your
measure of our doom.
what was once a school is
camera-cladded flats.
what was once a church
now hushes its bill-shocked
flock with prozac and some friend
called big brother.
the press rotate their staff
'coz only tony wants
to lie for years. tv portrays
our fears as unlikely souls;
while we fear the post-man
and the home secretary's
blighted boasts of more
fake cops to
stare at me
as though it's my fault.

No. 9 chin up

imagine peter mandelson on the toilet:
quilted boxers,
quilted bog roll,
syringe of noxious potions
jabbing pock-marked tentacle....
time to tell them
what he's told to
tell them this week.
all you need is cash
and some unholy clique.

imagine sven goran-erikson
on the toilet:
sweating like a brit,
straining at the bit,
humping some bimbette
of silk-rich forty
who really thought he
might like it when she
sold the shag for
the Sunday Mirror
and an equal opportunities job on itv.

imagine john prescott
on the toilet.
now be grateful
you don't have to
use it next.

No.10 curriculum fatae

my grandparents worried
that they lost to hitler
in the long run,
and were grateful
in the '50s when
they got at least
some black and white.
my parents tried to
change the world in the '60s.
until the '70s showed them
quite how bad the world's sorry plight.
in the '80s I was 'comprehensively educated';
but I still learned how to read and write.
in the '90s we all worked under the tories: except the ones
who had still stomach for the fight.
now in the 21st century, I have learnt to emulate my peers:

I stay in bed, and drink and smoke, and hope for some affluent, charitable company....

No.11 say cheese: we're all on camera

if they're centrally planning my street,

I guess I live in smack-head town....moderately tolerable
compared to barristers.

like Mao they've shunted

all the best-selling poets

to Islington; or are they

just Tony's mates in Hindhu drag?

I still can't wait to see

their 'education, education, education;'

they might say exactly

what they're doing

for a change. or even

what we can do

about them, from our

huddled mass-produced

streets that line

their golden pockets.

Yorick from his sockets

never saw a merry band

of thieves. or such a land

of poor and squire,

as they close ranks and conspire.

and you and me

need something rather stronger

than sympathy and tea.

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