

THESE ARE THE WORDS

Moses came down from Mount London
with his commandments written
on the side of a bus.

He told the voters
to get ready to worship
their words of thunder and lightning.

A trumpet blast
of noise and command
was heard between the chimes

of Big Ben on the evening news,
temporarily disrupting
the newsreader's capacity for reason.

After the blast,
the trumpeters tried
to build their own sacred mountain.

"The people of Europe
must not cross the boundary
to come up to us."

"Worship no country but me.
Do not make for yourself
flags of anything in Europe."

"Do not use Gove's name
for evil purposes. Boris will punish
anyone who misuses his name."

The rest of the commandments
were lost in an omnishambles
of backstabbing and mendacity.

"We did not desire
another man's house, although we will take
his wife and his donkey."

MUTINY

The captains have sunk down
to the level of rats.

The armada slaves have been left
to row for themselves,
the sails too thick now
with the blood of those
thrown overboard,
trapped on a course
not of their choosing.

There will be no vote
on how best to stay afloat.
The stars have been realigned,
needles removed from their compasses,
all the maps pissed over
by a drunken admiral.

Deserter rats,
when you eventually wash up,
no shore will want you.

Pen
Points
Press

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ANTHEM FOR DISENFRANCHISED YOUTH

*on hearing the news that Nigel Farage was to
stand down as UKIP leader*

The UK floats
like a decapitated head,
face down, drifting from
the body of Europe,

The butchers have been
with their long knives
and now wipe the blood off
onto their resignation letters.

The butchers want their lives back,
leaving the surgeons to form
rudimentary stitches
from discarded ballot papers.

Nigel, there is no going back
no matter how far you run away;
we will remember your fingerprints
on the soil of immigrants' graves.

PSEUDONYMS FOR A DISILLUSIONED KINGDOM

Call us the Bastard Wing of Europe,
a Kneecapped Ulysses,
Little Island Floating in its own Ennui.

Call us Goat Sacrificed By Greed,
Undrinkable Water Found In A Stream
Running Past a Deconsecrated Church.
A See-Saw of Drunken Economists.

Call us Fanfare for the Common Tory,
Pomp and Ridiculous Circumstance,
Violin Elegy on Down-tuned Strings
Play by a Three-fingered Fool.

Call us anything but *Great*,
anything but *United*,
a Negative Contribution
Towards the Work of a Nation,
a Traditional Apprentice
Towards Subsidisation,
an Unemployed Pollster,
a Jester of the Parliament.

But Europe, don't call us;
we'll call you
once we're dried out our futurologies
and blown out our home-grown wings.

YES MINISTERS

The newly appointed Minister for Loneliness will be
given an office with no windows at the end
of a long corridor.

The Minister for Apathy will not bother going to
work tomorrow.

The Minister for Curiosity has said he is looking
into this.

The Minister for Itchiness has scratched her
previously announced policy considering it
"too rash".

The Minister for Binge Watching has said to stay
tuned for further updates.

The Minister for Prostration will be announced
tomorrow.

The Minister of Anticipation is looking forward to
the announcement of the Minister for
Procrastination.

The Minister for Shyness has cancelled all future
public appearances.

The Minister for Uneasiness has a bad feeling about
all these new ministers.

The Minister for Embarrassment has had their
social media accounts hacked.

The Minister for Schadenfreude enjoys this.

The Minister for Austerity has been axed due to
cutbacks.

The Minister for Plain English will hereby be known
as The Minister for Exactitude, Economy
and Elucidation in the Application of the
Written and Spoken Word.

The Minister for Epiphanies has suddenly realised
the ineffectiveness of this Government.

The Minister of Ministers has announced an end to
the appointing of new ministers.