

## The Weekend

*(BREXIT)*

The weekend after –  
The box wide open  
Empty now  
Except for our hysteric laughter –  
The demons fly this way and that  
Wreaking havoc and heeding not  
Pandora's call,  
why should they  
Why should they care at all  
It's party time  
See the shadows dancing on the wall.

Its party time  
Summer fête  
Open garden day –  
Pimms and strawberry  
Real ale  
Reality to wash away –

The elegant greyhound  
Audrey Hepburn of her race  
Lays a regal paw  
On the squirming puppy's brow  
and the little fellow takes the blessing  
turning tumbleweed in joy  
and the beach tree over-head is unaware  
it offers shade to strangers  
why should it care

in a house nearby  
the cat waits patiently to play  
with broken laces.

And the rain falls hard  
but with no trace of sympathy  
Offers solace only for true innocence  
and that is not the case for likes of you and me.

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And in another party not that far away  
the barbecue  
smokes out of the garage,  
and an old man fearing tumour on the brain  
hands out all on paper plates

And a woman, aged eighty-six  
Face like desert drought  
Will even miss  
the strawberries  
and cream  
For she has discovered  
a family she never knew exist –  
can't wait to tell her brother,  
hand trembling,  
poring over khaki photos  
of a strange man in even stranger places  
he smiles set prime to play at soldiers  
and then the browning telegram  
her mother's mother hid well away  
never in her mind to be on display –  
now thin cellophane holds it fast in place  
easy to swiftly turn the page  
and let not death wipe away the smile  
It's party time –

And the grass grows unheeded  
round the roots of the tree  
Or the concrete of the garage floor  
As it fights its way to light  
And in time, the time of grass  
The grass will win eventually –  
And will not shed a tear for gardeners  
Or long forgotten croquet on the lawn  
Or the fading smell of dog piss  
And this is it – the grass will win  
With perhaps one perfect daffodil  
To worship

And the lady has missed  
The final call for tea –

Not so many scones next year  
We cannot afford such luxury  
There's war to prepare for  
And dangerous strangers  
Banging on the door –  
Jack Nicholson with a different accent  
But the same axe –  
The same intent –  
And the cellophane will curl  
Under their hot breath –  
And the soldier will be released  
And he is the small boy now kneeling at her knee  
And asking who am I, to you, and you to me –  
And she wants to say  
You are my beauty  
You are my beauty –  
I won't be here when they come  
To take you away  
And the old man gently taps the plaster on his head  
the thousandth time today –  
His wife is counting  
And there are forest fires in California –  
Best thing out for grass  
And in the rain here  
Grass the constant winner

In blue bucket seats my neighbour  
tells me of his foster son  
a child once upon a time  
forced to eat off the floor  
at his father's feet  
Now he turns eighteen  
And the system of support falls away  
leaves him lonely on a stranger's street –  
but salvation is a game called cricket  
he is selected for the young men's squad  
and on the eve in fit of unnamed anger  
he fists the fridge –  
and listens as the bones go click click click  
no more bowling for this boy

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no young men's team and I wonder –  
have we now  
only the power to destroy  
our own dreams?  
And the shades on the wall  
Are overcome with joy.  
And what do we feel,  
Do we feel at all?  
Anger, impotence, and rage  
Hopelessness and disgrace.  
Pull up the sticks  
Throw away the bales  
Take bat and ball home  
Drink real ales  
Go home to the cat  
And that bloody boot lace.  
No.  
No.  
Not in my name  
Now is not the time to quit the game  
*Let's not the shame*  
*Claim us*  
*sodden as we are with endless rain*  
*let us shiver*  
*like a careless dog*  
*soaking those that are hidden*  
*in the shadows –*  
*let them squelch home*  
*let our dog roam free*  
*looking for the perfect tree*  
*to cock a leg upon –*  
*the tree does not care.*  
*The grass searches everywhere*  
*To find its beauty –*  
*The straight back stillness*  
*Of that gold remembered daffodil.*

*Then let us all*  
*Be lovers of beauty*  
*Not knowing what beauty is –*

*Searching for its truth  
Not knowing what truth is –  
But uncertainty is certainly part of this-  
And love is more than just a kiss  
Kiss is not always good –  
Love bites draw blood –  
We give to vampires  
In Paul Smith suits  
Or some such black attire  
Our votes, our hopes, our very souls  
For them to toss away into the fire*

*And you were told  
Vampires were merely fiction  
the shadows could not really bite your throat  
When that would be their only dream  
And dream is merely reality  
Seen through a haze of lace –  
The face you wake to –  
More tired than when you went to bed –  
Is not the face of the living  
But of the living dead –  
Don't let them feed  
Upon your neck  
Wear a scarf, a tie, cravat  
A high collared dress  
And most of all shout no –  
Sometimes that's harder than saying yes  
But do not forget  
No shame  
Not in my name  
Join with the grass  
Search for the still golden  
Golden still  
daffodil.*

**Stephen Lowe**  
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