

Two Poems

Alexis Lykiard

The People's Representative at Westminster

Unheralded and vilified, true pride of London town,
 after weary years of protest camped upon the pavement,
 victim of random assault, prey to police harassment,
 and the petty spite of bureaucratic legislation,
 Haw remains intransigent: neither backing off nor down.
 His aim just to rile the comen, cause them embarrassment,
 win allies on this tented watch. Thus he keeps his station

under Big Ben, reproaches round the clock a Parliament
 turned quite tame and passive. He's never yet seen fit to quit,
 our stubbornly holy fool, but summons up some brazen wit,
 forecasting glummer things to come, and speaks for the nation
 on viewing the new wearer of the War Criminal's crown –
 crony-catcher McBuggins, aka Gordon Brown.
 Everyone should credit it: "Different arsehole, same old shit".

Howzat Haiku

[Not Cricket – or, Jack Hobbes in Iraq]

Our 'war'? Test of faith
 That's nasty, British and fought
 to the death – for what?