

YOU CAN CALL ME DAVE

**Smooth, ever so smooth, modulated, round vowels. No hint
of a glottal stop.**

Change, Optimism, Hope
Progress, Energy, Vigour
Modest, Moderate, Modern
Brighter, Better, Bigger

Conservative, Compassionate, Liberal
Black, Muslim, Gay
Young, Green, Martian
Work, Rest, Play

Responsible, Tangible, Real
Motivation, Dedication, Aspiration
Empower, Enhance, Improve
Location, Location, Location

Freedom, Wealth, Opportunity
Courage, Resolve, Expertise
Beliefs, Values, Dreams
Eats, Shoots, Leaves

On, My, Bike
Eco, Friendly, Guy
Recycle, Renew, Relax
Take, Awf, Tie

Liberty, Equality, Paternity
Women, Babies, Men
Co-operation, Coalition, Cocaine?
Never, Ever, Again

Trusting, Caring, Sharing
Rebekah, Rupert, Andy
Emerson, Lake, Palmer
Yankee, Doodle, Dandy

Beanz, Meanz, Heinz
Ready, Steady, Go
Leg, Before, Wicket
Edgar, Allen, Poe

Mary, Mungo, Midge
Beverly, Hills, Cop
Yabba, Dabba, Doo
Snap, Crackle, Pop

Keep, It, Real
Watch, Me, Blog
Pimp, My, Ride
Snoop, Doggy, Dogg

Boo, Ya, Shaka
In, Da, Hood
Super, Smashing, Great
Finger, Lickin', Good

West, Ham, Villa
What, Ho, Jeeves
Bloody, Pumped, Up
Roll, Up, Sleeves

Suit, You, Sir
Are, Friends, Electric?
Want, That, One
Vorsprung, Durch, Technik

Bloody, Nice, Bloke
Sun, Shiney, Day
Blobby, Blobby, Blobby
Gabba, Gabba, Hey

Drivel, Piffle, Bilge
Yackety, Yack, Yack
Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb
Quack, Quack, Quack

Silver, Spoon, Face
Chubby, Puppy, Fat
Shiny, Wavy, Hair
Notting, Hill, Twat

Same, Old, Tory
Eton, Blood, Blue
Brand, New, Package
Blair, Mark, Two



David Cameron.
Not a shifty,
oleaginous Mayfair
estate agent
apparently but an
actual politician.
Nay, a visionary
statesman. He had
plans but then so
did Baldrick. It
only took 10 years
of performing this
piece to get rid
of him. That's the
power of poetry.



A BED AT THE RITZ

Empire's half-mast flag unfurls
Requiems tweet from ex-Spice Girls
Iron handbag, twin-set and pearls
Found dead in a bed at The Ritz

Cruel Britannia's buccaneer
Brass-balled female anti-Greer
Cause of Ben Bloody Elton's career
Found dead in a bed at The Ritz

Sybil-out-of-Fawlty-Towers-hair
Steel clad belief in laissez-faire
The midwife that gave birth to Blair
Now dead in a bed at The Ritz

Lovelorn acolytes sadly weep
Cue phony Tony so skin-deep
"Hey – she was the people's Meryl Streep"
Dead in a bed at The Ritz

Cold pre-packaged grocer's daughter
Leading England's lambs to slaughter
Ordained divine at Mammon's altar
Dead in a bed at The Ritz

Boudicca of entente cordiale
The Tory gentleman's femme fatale
Mandela's foe and Pinochet's pal
Dead in a bed at The Ritz

Fed the rich their daily focaccia*
Spawned men of Jeffrey Archer's stature
Besmirched the honest trade of thatcher
Dead in a bed at The Ritz

Here lies a shattered miner's lamp
Factories choked down in black damp
Belgrano ghosts still slowly stamp
Round and round a bed at The Ritz

You can pray Charon rows her to hell
"Tramp the dirt down", sound a futile knell
But all her dreams are alive and well
And living it up at The Ritz

Money shouts – just listen to the noise
Material Girls and City Boys
Ruthless Little Lord Fauntleroy
Even now they're putting on The Ritz

Public service sold for private wealth
Community and kindness killed by stealth
Compassion, care and national health
Dying in a sick-bed far from The Ritz

Put inequality to the sword
Give each one of us our just reward
And then one day we all might afford
To pay for a bed at The Ritz

* Somebody posted this poem on the internet and inserted a wee footnote like this, saying "I think the poet has used the word foecacia solely for the rhyme". Got me bang to rights son. Couldn't resist it. Foecacia is more of a New Labour bread really isn't it? A Peter Mandelson bread if you will. If such a thing exists and it probably does. Anyway, that's poetic licence mate. At certain venues this poem provokes audible gasps of horror followed by tumbleweed drifting through the room. Can't think why.

UISGE GU LEOIR

A siren sings in the Sound of Eriskay
Toss aside your cabers and barrel to the docks
Drown your sorrows in the Hebridean drink –
There's a shipful of Scotch on the rocks

Eau de vie, uisge beatha, water of life
Golden tears of the gods swept ashore
Soak up that "liquid sunshine", bathe in joy
Swim in whisky, whisky, whisky galore

Burns' John Barleycorn, king o' malted grain
A drop o' island rain and Highland peat
Taste the salty air, breathe in the angel's share
Sea-spray-smoky-honey-heather-sweet

Amber oil o' repartee dancing on the tongue
Whisky kisses burning on the lips
Bottled poetry in crates, ballads growled by Tom Waits
Give me a splash o' the sublime, a dram, a nip

Oh let me wade into a river o' Bruichladdich
Let me dive deep down in Edradour
Wash my sins away in Auchentoshan
Baptize me in a pool o' Aberlour

Aye – pour another whisky in my whisky
Just a wee deoch-an-doris, one more bar
And if anyone is listening up in Islay –
Mine's a ten year old Ardbeg* – slainte mhath!

*** In 1941 the SS Politician sank just off a Scottish island with 28,000 cases of whisky on board. The story of the wreck was the basis for the book and film "Whisky Galore". In a shameless attempt to blag a free bottle of their fine nectar I hoped that someone at Ardbeg might be listening to this when it was broadcast on BBC Radio 4's "Saturday Live". Didn't work.**

Quite happy to change it to Caol Ila or Laphroaig if anyone at those distilleries is reading. Or Glencadam. Or Edradour or any of the other brands mentioned. To be honest, any decent malt will do.

RISE UP

Dedicated to the memory of Jo Cox

This scepter'd isle is now a nation of landlords
This realm's a retail park for oligarch and sheikh
Waterloo sunset has been sold for a crock of gold
We've been pimped out to pin-striped bastards on the make

The banker's got the whole world in his wallet
The robber baron blusters in his boardroom chair
The squire rules at will from his mansion on the hill
The politician is a multi-millionaire

Come all you Diggers, you Ranters, you rebels
Shout from the rooftops, make your voices heard
Come all you artists, you thinkers, you dreamers
Share your vision, unbowed and undeterred

Come all you tempest tossed poor huddled masses
You sick and tired, you overworked and underpaid
Come all you burger flippers and baristas
You nurses, teachers, carers, chambermaids

Rise up like Shelley's lions after slumber
Leave your mind-forg'd manacles behind
Rise up together and reclaim this other Eden
Rise up and have the courage to be kind