

As I See It

By Rosa Johnson

May I ask what you do, Sir?
Do you work in a zoo, Sir?
Not an animal zoo where courtesy rules
but a zoo where the inmates are arrogant fools
like yourself. Do you hear what we say, Sir?
You aren't worth your pay, Sir.
You conjure crises from a simple mishap,
that's what you do, Sir, it's a load of old crap.
Yet, Sir you do it again and again.
Why cause all these people unwarranted pain?
Do you get satisfaction? Does it make you feel good,
to persecute others. Do you think that you that you should?

May I hazard a guess Sir?
That you're from The Press Sir,
sniffing around for salient facts
and making them up when your copy still lacks
a few cogent details; soon it will labour
with misleading scandal, the sort that you found
wrapped up with the garbage outside of a flat,
you're looking for dirt, Sir, we know what you're at.
Might have been 'kiss and tell', not a fact, but a crumb,
your paper's a rag, Sir, it caters for scum.
Your stories are fiction, lives you will wreck
with the point of your pen and the size of your cheque.

Get back to your zoo, Sir,
that's what you should do, Sir.
While we all condemn that fatuous story,
you'll publish and print for one moment of glory.
You may sell more papers. You may cause a sensation,
and for sure, you're advancing your own degradation.

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