

The Spectacled Scrum

By David Clarke

Running my eye along the horizon
of long grassy mounds of Leitrim
I see with the all seeing eye
of wisdom cutting through
the worlds rubbish
the working class
beaten into honesty
by hindu type priests posing
with narrow eyes
of the world's pleasure
the green stuff
not growing on trees variety
I see the spectacled scrum
growing in dishonesty
Grafton Street bowsies
have lost their way
Now the scousies have taken over
scuff and scruff
but at least we pay our taxes

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