

M.P.

Then, were his days
The reincarnate wolf
Pushing through the briar of want.
The thorn pricked his reason
Pained his mind,
And as his thought bled fire
Fervour fanned the flame,
His tongue boiled.
They came from miles around to hear,
He is our man they said
Give him the sustenance
Of our commitment.
Local elections, the cross on the paper
Spoke for them.

He answered naked in his progress
To their dream,
Contention haunted him,
He sought out and excised
The feculent eruptions
On the socialist skin of Wales.
The Pharisees quailed
This could not be,
It marred the bland complexion
Of the social whirl,
Send him quickly,
Riding high through the fervid valleys,
On the eager shout of his people
To a seat in London.

Ten years on he is back to cut a tape,
Unveil a plaque,
The suit is immaculate as he takes the rostrum.
He speaks for twenty minutes,
The vocal sound perfect,
Each vowel nicely rounded,
The plum has entered his mouth
Evicted the accent.
Pauses practised for effect
Cannot be faulted,
He speaks for twenty minutes
But his valley is mute,
The crowding hills brood,
There is nothing to echo.