

Song of Fecklessness & Failure

Oh my tale is one of failure,
Of delusion and the pail lure
Of a self-sufficient Britain with no ties.
And of leaders weak and feckless
And no match to halt the reckless
Demagogues so falsely glib and spouting lies.

It began with Cam'ron's folly
When he thought "Oh I am jolly
Well fed up with so much whinging on my right.
They can have their referendum;
When they lose, 'twill surely send 'em
Into sulks and make the blighters feel contrite."

But he failed to make provision
For defeat, and with derision
For opponents he began his grim campaign;
'Twas so negative and dire
That it failed and did backfire;
So the EU-quitters did more votes obtain.

Yet the votes were not decisive;
And indeed they were divisive.
In percentages the votes were cast like so:
Twenty eight there were abstaining,
Thirty five preferred remaining,
Thirty seven chose to quit Europe and go.

So then Cam'ron upped and quitted
He resigned his post and flitted
Like a rat that leaves a ship that's doomed to sink.
Then Theresa May succeeded.
Would she do what Britain needed,
And let Parliament debate, reflect and think?

For what club or institution
Would revise its constitution
If 'twas less than half its members who agreed?
But, alas, 'twas not debated;
But instead the PM stated
That the people now had voted to secede.

So a vote that was advisory
She did deem was not provisory
But did trump the sovereignty of Parliament.
"Tis the people's will I follow,"
She exclaimed, using the hollow
And mendacious claim of fascist precedent.

Did the Loyal Opposition
Then object to her position?
Oh dear, no; for Corbyn did with May assent.
And the way that Scotland voted
Was dismissed, and no one noted
What a problem Ireland's border would present.

With no reconciliation
There arose an escalation
Of abusive xenophobic incidents.
Merely "Brexit, it means Brexit"
Like a mantra that would hex it
All was May's arcane response to all events.

And the formal declaration
Of withdrawal of our nation
From the European Union she would make
Without Parliament's approval.
To initiate removal
An illegal path is what she'd undertake.

And did Corbyn make objection
To Theresa May's rejection
Of the need for Parliament to have its say?
He did *nothing* to restrain her.
A determined lay campaigner
Took the Government to court and won the day.

But when Parliament debated
May and Corbyn activated
Party whips to ensure withdrawal won the day.
And though most MPs did favour
To remain, most would not waver
From the party line; like sheep they did obey.

Though she'd often made rejection
Of a sudden, snap election,
Yet the PM failed again to keep her word.
For she hoped she would be gaining
More MPs, but her campaigning
Was so weak and wobbly; it was quite absurd.

A hung Parliament resulted,
To gain allies she consulted
With the Democratic Unionist MPs.
With such backing she compounded
All the problems that confounded
Finding Irish open border guarantees.

Then began negotiations,
Months of dither, fudge, frustrations,
In which ministers resigned and were replaced.
How the cab'net swayed and wobbled!
But at last a deal was cobbled,
Which pleased few, and many did the deal lambaste.

'Twas by Parliament rejected;
Many asked it be subjected
To another referendum to decide
Whether to accept May's Brexit
Or remain and not to exit;
And they hoped that Corbyn too would take their side.

'Twas not so for Corbyn dithered
And opaquely spoke and blithered,
Until hé put forth his variant Brexit plan,
Thus dismaying young campaigners
Of whom many were remainers,
As he widened splits that through his party ran.

May and Corbyn both persisted
With their own plans and resisted
Any call to let the people have a say.
And they both their cans are kicking
Down the road as there is ticking
All the while the countdown unto Brexit Day.

Oh this sorry saga's wandered
Along feckless paths and squandered
So much time and money needed more elsewhere;
Public services are crumbling
And policing numbers tumbling
But increased is poverty with less welfare.

They've made no consideration
Of the Brexit implication
On the Good Friday Agreement and its peace;
They have failed the Scottish nation
And the younger generation
Of all Britons whose free movement will decrease.

Ah but hark, is hope emerging?
Is it true, with others urging,
Corbyn's moved to let the people have their say?
Will there be a halt to madness?
Or shall I with growing sadness
See more fudge and feckless failure holding sway?

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