

Music to My Ears

I was musing on the PM,
 And what I'd heard and seen.
How he lied to wives and mistresses,
 To country and to queen.
How he'd lied about the EU
 And what we paid to it,
And what the NHS would get
 If we would only quit.
And as I mused and pondered
 Within my teeming brain,
Like music to my ears
 There came this apt refrain:
 *The lies on the bus go round and round,
 Round and round, round and round.
 The lies on the bus go round and round
 From town to town.*

I think how he prorogued
 Our sovereign Parliament
Unlawfully and acted
 Like a despot's whose intent
Was to stifle all discussion
 Of Brexit till too late
To avoid our crashing out
 Without meaningful debate.
As I pondered on these things
 This earworm came again
Like music to my ears
 As I heard this grim refrain:
 *The lies of the despot go around,
 Go around, go around.
 The lies of the despot go around
 Like a plague.*

I remembered Ms Arcuri
 And think how he abused
The office that he held;
 For she was not refused
A grant from public funds
 Of a hundred grand; while he
Did not disclose how close
 Their relationship might be.
Such thoughts set off once more
 An earworm in my brain;
Like music to my ears,
 I heard this tune again:

*The lies he does tell go round and round,
Round and round, round and round.
The lies he does tell go round and round
Everywhere.*

I pondered what he did
 When he was London's mayor.
I recalled the Garden Bridge
 And the risible affair
Of water cannons purchased
 But which could not be used.
Oh the waste, the waste of funds!
 Should ineptness be excused?
“Oh surely not, oh no!”
 Were the words within my head.
Like music to my ears
 There came this song instead:
*Such prodigal bungling should redound,
Should redound, should redound;
Such prodigal bungling should redound
To his shame.*

And as Foreign Secretary
 He botched the cause to free
Nazanin Zaghari-Ratcliffe.
 He couldn't be bothered, not he,
To prepare himself with care
 But thought he could just wing it;
And so made matters worse
 For what he said would bring it
About she was jailed longer.
 And the earworm in my brain,
Like music to my ears,
 Repeated this refrain:
*Such lazy behaviour gave them grounds,
Gave them grounds, gave them grounds;
Such lazy behaviour gave them grounds
To keep her jailed.*

Some forty hospitals
 Is what he says he'll build.
But evidence is lacking
 That this can be fulfilled.
And can we really trust him
 To protect our NHS,
Not sell it off piecemeal?
 I can't, I must confess.

As I pònder on such thoughts
 In my head I hear there ringing,
Not music to my ears,
 But Johnson's voice a-singing:
 *"The lies on the bus go round and round,
 "Round and round, round and round.
 "The lies on the bus go round and round
 "And win me votes."*

How did our country come
 To such a sorry state?
Is there *no* one of integrity
 In the party once thought great?
Has honesty departed,
 And truth been set aside?
Shall fake news be the norm
 And falsehood be our guide?
In my head did such thoughts clamour
 In discordant sounds and groans:
Not music to my ears
 But strange and doleful tones:
 *Now trustworthy truth has all been drowned,
 All been drowned, all been drowned.
 Now trustworthy truth has all been drowned
 Beneath falsehoods.*

When Cam'ron let loose Brexit
 He oped Pandora's Jar,
And let out ghastly monsters,
 Infecting near and far
With xenophobic hatred,
 With division and with fear.
But from that jar, remember,
 At last did Hope appear.
And faint but growing stronger
 I sensed a sweeter strain;
Like music to my ears
 A voice sang this refrain;
 *Take heart for an Ode of Joy resounds,
 Joy resounds, Joy resounds.
 Take heart for an Ode of Joy resounds,
 Bringing hope.*