

Skipping Rhyme for Graduates

I've got the motive.
I've got the stamina.
I'm going to kill
The external examiner.
Let crows and vultures
Pick at the carcass
After I've murdered
The stingiest of markers.
Bring out the bin-bags,
Bring out the spades.
Bring down the evil sod
Who brings down the grades.
Give me an alibi.
Give me a gun.
Wanted a first
But I got a two-one.
Just missed a first
by a fragment of a fraction.
Justice is called for,
Justice and action.
What a bloody miser!
What a bloody crook!
Won't mark another paper.
Won't write another book.
Won't see his bloody name
In another bloody journal.
Bye-bye, examiner.
Bye-bye, external.

The End of Love

The end of love should be a big event.
It should involve the hiring of a hall.
Why the hell not? It happens to us all.
Why should it pass without acknowledgement?

Suits should be dry-cleaned, invitations sent.
Whatever form it takes – a tiff, a brawl –
The end of love should be a big event.
It should involve the hiring of a hall.

Better than the unquestioning descent
Into the trap of silence, than the crawl
From visible to hidden, door to wall.

Get the announcements made, the money spent.
The end of love should be a big event.
It should involve the hiring of a hall.