

## **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.