

POEM



Post Referendum

Brian Thorne

Is this the land of which I once was proud?
Do these hateful voices speak for Britain?
I ascend the steps with joy, sing aloud
To Sacré Coeur while coins in a fountain
Beckon me return to the blessed city
That is called eternal. I play my rôles
In Paris, Rome, a multiplicity
Of customs, fables, languages and souls.

They have divorced me from my continent
And left me on an island full of spite.
They bid me savour my independent
Strength and don my bold and former might.

I see only unknowing blinkered fear.
Arrogant garb with scarce a word sincere.