



## Poetry by Jim Potts

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### The Devil's Advocate and the Coronavirus Pandemic

A cynical friend, somewhat concerned  
about his nearest and dearest,  
and vulnerable rellies,  
shocked me when speaking of the pros and cons,  
of the contagious virus and a *population cull*;  
of the benefits to lawyers, insurers –  
more work for him and his legal colleagues,  
for actuaries with their algorithms,  
actuarial ages, risk assessments,  
changes to mortality tables,  
revised predictions, lower life-spans,  
reduced pension pay-outs;  
herd immunity – *and* fewer beds blocked.

### Corfu Blues (song)

I'm thinking back to sixty-seven,  
back to the summer of love  
when Corfu seemed like heaven,  
and we all got in the groove.

I once drank the crystal water  
from that famed Kardaki Spring,  
it made us want to stay forever,  
where nymphs and poets used to sing.

They did their best to ruin the island,  
    spoil the view on hill and shore,  
they covered it in concrete,  
    cleared olive trees and much, much more.

At first it was the Colonels,  
    who helped them build the roads,  
but when the Junta fell,  
    there came other greedy toads.

Unfinished hospitals and villas,  
    rubbish dumped on street and beach,  
they raped the lovely island,  
    as far as wheels could reach.

I came back in spite of that,  
    to find that Corfu blue –  
in spite of terrorists and tourists –  
    but I got the Corfu Blues.

Just like the King in exile,  
    who always dreamt of Mon Repos,  
we found no rest in London,  
    we knew we had to go.

Just like Odysseus the wanderer,  
    who was trying to get back home,  
while Penelope was calling,  
    “how much longer will you roam?”

Corfu's still the place for me,  
    the place to live with you.  
It's better late than never  
    to try to save what's green and blue.