

Idle Thoughts

School Gate Blues

EVERY year, I know, the age gap grows.
The man-that-once-was drifts to daft old fool.
And yet, and yet. . . my every instinct knows
The times it pays me not to pass The School.

When will Education cry *Enough!*
Will “experts” ever see the tatty truth
That pours at four o’clock in seas of scruff,
In formless uniformity of youth?

Spotted schoolboys, crack-voiced, worldly-wise,
Callow, oafish, smoking, ties unstrung,
Rend the school gate air with raucous cries
That murder day by day their mother tongue.

Schoolgirls shrieking-shrill in coarse array:
Shapeless-skirted sirens, undismayed,
Grungey-trudge their sloppy homeward way,
Doc Martens marchers dauntingly displayed.

Tart-art fashion’s also one that wins:
Circus hoopings swing from pre-teen ears.
High-rise hemlines flaunt pubescent pins,
As jail-bait Junos’ childhood disappears.

Few among them seem to buck the trend:
Pass the alcoholic lemonade!
They cannot even hope to comprehend
Why anyone should ever be dismayed.

Mortified, I think the answer’s clear:
The school gate tide implacably demands
Awareness of a disbelieving fear:

The future, God forbid, is in its hands!

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Yet, and yet. . . consolingly, I know
Such flotsam fears have no place on this sea:
Dear Grandma, bless her heart, an age ago,
Told Grandad not to worry over *me!*
