

SAMPLE VERSION

# *Emergency Verse*

## Poetry in Defence of the Welfare State

108 Poets including  
Michael Horovitz  
Michael Rosen  
Bill Greenwell  
Barry Tebb  
Alexis Lykiard  
Prakash Kona

Ken Worpole  
Mario Petrucci  
Sebastian Barker  
Brenda Williams  
Andy Croft  
Judith Kazantzis  
Debjani Chatterjee MBE

*from the cradle  
to the grave  
1945 — 2010?*

Jim Bennett  
Sally Richards  
John O'Donoghue  
Peter Street  
Tom Kelly  
Keith Armstrong  
Victoria Field

Steven O'Brien  
Sam Smith  
Alan Dent  
N.S. Thompson  
David Kessel  
Alan Corkish  
Dr Robert Ilson

Selected and edited  
with Foreword and Afterword  
by **Alan Morrison**

featuring a dialectic  
by **Norman Jope**

and an endorsement by patron  
**Caroline Lucas MP**

in association with  
*the Recusant*  
and Caparison



# Emergency Verse

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by Norman Jope*

*Patron*  
Caroline Lucas MP



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***47pp sample version of 325pp e-anthology***

[Note: layout may vary slightly from full version]

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Insurance: *Some propositions in defence, and pursuit, of the Kind Society*,  
Norman Jope

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*Afterword: Scorched August: The Autumn of Capitalism* Alan Morrison

In spite of the Chancellor's protestations, the 2010 coalition emergency budget was neither unavoidable nor fair. Instead it was a massively failed opportunity to shift the economy onto a fairer, greener pathway. Devastating public spending cuts are not an economic inevitability — they are an ideological choice. So I warmly welcome *Emergency Verse* and the campaign to bring together various voices in defence of our Welfare State and our public services.

*Caroline Lucas MP*



## **Invitation to the Government to Join the Fair Society: *An Alternative Budget***

*Emergency Verse* is a literary campaign in defence of the Welfare State and the National Health Service and against the coalition Government's 'emergency' Budget, which it perceives as a return to the draconian politics of Thatcherism. *Emergency Verse* is as well a literary petition of 108 poets calling on this Government to comprehensively amend its 'emergency' Budget to lift the burden of paying back the deficit off the narrowest shoulders and onto the broadest shoulders. *Emergency Verse* asks the Government to do the following:

*Cancel the proposed £13 Billion cuts from the Welfare State; reverse the move to tie benefit rates to the Consumer Price Index and reinstate their alignment with the Retail Price Index;*

*Significantly amend plans for mandatory assessments for all those on Incapacity Benefit and Disability Living Allowance by ensuring that those with mental health problems are not unfairly discriminated against through plans to scrap almost half of the already paltry 41 mental health descriptors in a new 'simplified test';*

*Cancel plans to restrict council house tenancies to five year terms;*

*Cancel plans to further privatise the National Health Service;*

*Reverse plans to cavalierly cut over 600,000 public sector jobs.*

*Emergency Verse* also wishes to state that it believes Mr Cameron's announcement of a plan to empower private and unaccountable credit checking agencies such as Experian with powers to rifle through benefit claimants' credit accounts in a cynical scrutiny of their spending patterns, via the incentivising of 'bounties', and all the accompanying scaremongering propaganda propagated by his Government as a direct victimisation of the poor, unemployed, sick and vulnerable of our society, and an abuse of their human rights, therefore a breach of the Human Rights Act 1998; as well as a breach of the Disability

Discrimination Act 1995, the Mental Health Act 2007 and, as the Government's own Home Secretary and Equalities Minister has pointed out, a possible breach of the Equality Act of 2010 in its targeting of the 'disabled and old'.

In light of responsibility for the recession and its consequences being that of the City speculators who have been let off scot free with a paltry £2 Billion levy, *Emergency Verse* petitions this government to repay the deficit by enacting the following alternative budgetary policies:

*Introduce a Robin Hood Tax on all culpable City speculators, banks and affiliated agencies in order to raise £15 Billion to help fill the deficit and save the Welfare State from barbaric cuts, a percentage of this be allocated to the welfare system in order to increase its provisions for an increase in unemployment;*

*An abolition of all City and banking bonuses and a cap on all City salaries;*

*A re-introduction of rent controls, incorporating a universal reduction in rent rates so they do not exceed recently capped housing benefits;*

*A significant reduction in the newly implemented MP Attendance Allowance and a freeze of MP salaries for the next five years as the Government proposes for workers in the Public Sector; the public says that £60,000 per annum is more than enough for an MP to live on;*

*Coalition MPs with second jobs and second homes to donate these to those about to be made unemployed and/or homeless by their cuts, by way of a good will gesture on behalf of their 'Big Society';*

*Introduction of a Mansion Tax and a raising of Inheritance Tax so that 'unearned income' is taxed at a rate equal to, if not higher than, 'earned income'.*

*Emergency Verse petitions the Government to enact this 'alternative' Budget with the utmost urgency in the name of 'fairness'.*

Alan Morrison, EV Campaign Co-ordinator  
PDWS (Poets in Defence of the Welfare State)

**excerpts from Foreword**

***The Low-Hanging Fruit Is Ripe for the Picking***

*The views expressed herein are exclusively those of the writer and do not claim to speak on behalf of all 107 contributors to this e-anthology whom, though in support of the broad principles of this campaign, have varying individual opinions, the expressions of which are confined to their poetry contributions.*

22 June 2010 was a dark day indeed: after thirteen years of New Labour's slow-burning betrayal of its own values and of all those on the Left and on the social margins of British society who had voted them in believing that the party would finally staunch the interminable bleed of Thatcherite politics; after the bankrupting of the country by the speculators and the further insult of the bail outs and a return to the City bonus culture; after the brief oasis of hope in the sudden rise of the Liberal Democrats' popularity for a broadly left-of-centre agenda only to inexplicably dry up at the polls; after the agonising aftermath of a Hung Parliament and the faint hope then dashing of an anti-Tory Rainbow coalition; after the bartering and shabby backroom pact that resulted in the most oxymoronic 'coalition' in British history and the plunge of the gut at witnessing a Tory Prime Minister once again step through the door of No. 10 — after all these vicissitudes, any vestige of hope still left that this Con-Dem coalition would be more 'Dem' than 'Con' was blasted at the dispatch-box when a pasty-faced George Osborne laid out like a litany of lashes the most viciously regressive and socially apocalyptic Budget of state cuts this country has ever faced.

The sheer horror and disbelief at realizing on that day the fact that this society had been catapulted back to unadulterated Thatcherism — a new breed of anti-state, anti-public sector, anti-welfare, ultra-capitalist dogma, but without even the meretricious trimmings and progressive window-dressing that had made the last decade intermittently endurable under New Labour — compelled me to do what I could in my own power to speak out against this fiscal holocaust of an 'emergency' budget: its utterly draconian and unjustifiable plan to slash what has now risen by a further £2 Billion to a staggering £13 Billion from the Welfare

State (which can only be seen as a direct attempt to finally dismantle the greatest ever British gesture towards a fairer, more egalitarian society); the acceleration of the nastiest of New Labour policies to manipulate thousands of incapacitated people into unsuitable jobs; the cap on already shortfalling housing benefits but not on rent rates; the capping of council house tenancies to five year leases; the proposals to universally privatise the NHS; and the blatantly ideological cuts to the public sector labour force. It was clear see that this ruthless budget of cuts was tantamount to a declaration of war on the poor, unemployed and sick of this country. ....

...

*Emergency Verse — A Movement*

*E*mergency Verse opposes the Con Dem ‘emergency Budget’, and petitions this government to reverse its most draconian aspects, most particularly the cuts proposed to the Welfare State, the public sector, and the new threats to sell off the National Health Service to private profiteers. Until such policies are reversed and fairly amended so as not to disenfranchise the poorest and most vulnerable in society, *Emergency Verse* will continue to campaign through periodic e-anthologies by way of petition, to engage the media in covering its campaign, and to seek wider contributions, support and patronage from various social and arts charities and organisations. As far as we, the Poets in Defence of the Welfare State, are concerned, this is the greatest call to literary arms since the Miners’ Strike, or even further back, to that of the rise of Fascism that sparked the Spanish Civil War.

Few would argue that the labyrinthine bureaucratic welfare system does not need any reform, and, as mentioned earlier, one or two proposals by Duncan Smith to simplify the system and to extend state support to those only just entering work but waiting for their first wage to come through, is welcome. As would have been the more contentious but now at any rate truncated new dialogue as to means-

## *The Low-Hanging Fruit Is Ripe for the Picking*

testing some benefits for the middle classes. Debatably the Welfare State was flawed from the start by the slightly unrealistic universalism of its implementation, which, in the case of the NHS meant further down the line that, for instance, universal prescription charges had to be introduced in order to sustain costs of supporting everyone in society in spite of their individual means (the NHS's highly ambitious promise of being 'free for all on the point of delivery' was inevitably compromised in time, some critics replacing the 'free' with 'rationed'). Universalism seemed based on a quixotic notion that somehow society was already on an equal level materially; but it was precisely because it *wasn't* that the Welfare State was necessitated in the first place.

The real reason behind applying an egalitarianism of state provision to a non-egalitarian society must be that of the Labour Party's morbid fear of ever being perceived as waging class war against the wealthier (a defensive mindset that has blunted the radical edge of the party ever since the emergence of the Cold War in 1947, which forced its hand in government to take sides against the rise of Soviet Communism in Eastern Europe and ally itself with the capriciously capitalist USA). Arguably all benefits should be, by dint of their very purpose (originally, one of levelling, though nowadays more one of begrudging damage-limitation), based on means-testing, complicated though this would be: presently, blanket fixed rates are dished out across the board irrespective of the differing rental and living costs in certain areas, and as well without consideration for service charges, which vary from household to household. However, in realigning the benefits system to target those in the most abject need does *not* feel as safe in empirically lily-white Tory hands as it would in those of a grit-dusted progressive administration.

Unfortunately, the otherwise leader-like (though ironically not standing among the candidature for the Labour leadership) and articulate Yvette Cooper has further demonstrated that her party still has yet to learn from consequences of the banking crisis, by cranking up a tiresome and completely out-of-touch Brownite rhetoric by piping up about 'attempts to curb spending on "middle-class" benefits'. It is highly disturbing that at this point in events, with the lower

classes cowering under a dangling knife of Welfare cuts, a leading Opposition spokeswoman is still primarily concerned with the interests of the 'aspirational' middle-classes (possibly because she locates herself among their hallowed ranks). This is not the sort of pinkish New Labour politics we neither want nor need spouted at this time. What we need to hear now is more of the ethical socialism of the Labour Representation Committee and the ecologically engaged socialism of this e-anthology's patron, Caroline Lucas of the Green Party. There needs to be a Rainbow coalition of the Left in Parliament, and if that means the last left-wing MPs left in Labour splitting off and forming a proper Socialist co-operative with the Greens and Scottish Nationalists, then so be it. What we absolutely *do not need* at this time is another fence-sitting, bloodless New Labour facsimile with a Blairite front man like David Milliband. That will offer no credible or ideologically alternative Opposition and could consign Labour to an undistinguished shadow of the ultra-capitalist coalition.

The Left must not at any point be complacent, even when the odd rogue coalition proposal sounds faintly tinged with whatever infusion of 'fairness' the Lib Dems can massage through its tightening fist. The Con-Dems are not merely reforming the Welfare system, they are shaking it to its very foundations, making sure that £13 Billion worth of fiscal leaf tumbles to the ground in the process; and every fiscal leaf is a human being. The point is being missed on a monumental scale in the current Parliamentary and public dialectic: whether or not the Welfare system needs reform or paring down is beside the point in terms of deficit reduction or combating the recession, since neither the Welfare system, nor the unemployed, nor the sick and disabled, nor the public sector, caused this financial crisis — the City did, and where is *Its* share of the pain, of the burden, on *Its* 'broadest shoulders'? What is more, both are now needed more urgently than ever because of the financial crisis! This government is cynically using the 'deficit' as an excuse to crowbar in an attack on our Welfare State and sell off our NHS.

*Emergency Verse* opposes such political brinkmanship as not only fundamentally unfair and unjustifiable, but also as thoroughly spurious on any platform that tackles the subject of deficit or recession. The New

## *The Low-Hanging Fruit Is Ripe for the Picking*

Labour Government increased its deficit for public spending because of having to prop up the Banking sector during the credit crisis which that sector caused; this also of course impacted on all taxpayers, who, while the Banks go back into the black and start paying themselves bonuses again, have yet to receive any reimbursement. Worse still, not only are the public refused loans by the now thriftier Banks, they also get further punishments as its new Government decides to plunder its public services for a state of affairs that had nothing to do with them in the first place. Elementary moral and ethical logic dictates that the culprit pays for the crime: this government is asking the victim to pay for it. This campaign says NO to this. *EV* says: introduce the Robin Hood Tax to reimburse the State for the bail out and redistribute the surplus to the people. This campaign says leave our Welfare State and NHS alone. *EV* says NO to the con of the Big Society, which we reject as a cynical smokescreen for a new Thatcherism. This campaign will continue to stand up against this Con Dem Government, its Budget and policies, and will encourage Opposition to the spurious Big Society every step of the way. In answer to the 'emergency' Budget, *Emergency Verse* emphatically echoes the mantra NOT IN OUR NAME, and will keep saying it until this coalition government listens and mends its ways.

*...continued in full download version*



*from Insurance*  
*Some propositions in defence, and pursuit, of the Kind Society*  
*from poet Norman Jope*

For most of my adult life, as now, I've paid taxes and it's inevitable — given my single, able-bodied status — that most of this has gone to support others. The only thing I've wanted in return has been insurance, not just with regard to health and defence but also work — in the form of a reasonable income if I lose a job, or can stand it no longer, or decide to move to another location without a job lined up. The erosion of this insurance makes us all a little bit more like slaves than we were — no matter how benign the conditions under which we might work as individuals. Choice, once more, is reserved for the millionaires (including those in the Cabinet).

\*

I've seen lovers and good friends driven to despair and exile by the so-called 'war on the unemployed' (as a newspaper in my part of the world once put it). I've seen their creativity devalued as a 'hobby', whereas flipping burgers, cold-calling telesales or giving out leaflets counts as 'real work'. I've longed for the replacement of a compulsory work-ethic with an encouraging and nurturing ethic of participation ...in vain, of course. I've listened to mean-spirited rhetoric from politicians anxious to mop up the votes of the resentful. As with so much else, the more muted the resistance the worse the onslaught gets — and, whilst it's been painful to many, the saddest thing to me is that it's hit some of the most generous and dedicated members of the community the hardest.

\*

For creativity requires time, what the Latin poet Horace called 'strenuous idleness'. A healthy society creates enough idleness for creativity to



flourish in. Our ‘affluenza’, as Oliver James puts it neatly, demands that time be used up to the max in working or consuming, and that no-one should be left alone with their thoughts for longer than is unavoidable. Anyone who fails to keep a full diary, or who is not constantly available to receive the latest e-mail, text message, phone call — or advertisement — is somehow suspect. And yet, if our lives are made of anything it is time. We can live most vividly when our schedules are blank, as long as they are not blank spaces filled with worry and anxiety. And it suits the system to make us worried and anxious, so that we fear and shun those spaces rather than see them as opportunities.

\*

Poetry, as the ultimate non-commercial art-form, is the one least respected by the haters of free time and the lovers of money. Why is it so subversive? Not only because it is the least material of art forms, but because it is one that thrives on contemplation — the calm, irregular hours and silence that it needs are denied to the ‘getting and spending’ that, in Wordsworth’s words, ‘lay waste our powers’. Moreover, as those of us who deal in it know, it can bend time in ways that would otherwise seem impossible. For it has its own time... the time of the un-owned word.

\*

We do not know what the future will make use of, and this applies above all in the creative sphere. Over the past few decades, a considerable number of recognised creative artists have used the dole as a breathing-space and a springboard. Anyone who admires the work of one, or more, of those artists is a (belated) beneficiary of their giro cheque. Granted, for every one such figure several others may fail, but that’s what blue sky research is all about. As a citizen and taxpayer, it’s a price that I’m prepared to continue to pay.

*...Continued in full download version*

...But I have a high old hot un in my mind —  
A most engrugious notion of the world,  
That leaves your lightning 'rithmetic behind:  
I give it at a glance when I say 'There ain't no chance,  
Nor nothing of the lucky-lottery kind.'

*John Davidson, 'Thirty Bob a Week'*

Paper coin — that forgery  
Of the title-deeds, which ye  
Hold to something from the worth  
Of the inheritance of Earth.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley, 'The Mask of Anarchy'*

'Eat more fruit!' the slogans say,  
'More fish, more beef, more bread!'  
But I'm on Unemployment pay  
My third year now, and wed.

*John Corrie, 'Eat More'*

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame,  
It's the rich what gets the pleasure,  
Isn't it a blooming shame?

*Billy Bennett, 'She Was Poor But She Was Honest' (Weston & Lee)*

When the worker begins to think,  
And use of his organ of sight;  
He will rid the 'Human Flowers'  
Of the capitalistic blight.

*William Robert Halls, 'When the Worker Begins to Think'*

In these unused canals a flood,  
derelictions that rattle on the light  
and call to the body of your unemployed blood.

*Howard Mingham, 'Broken Water'*

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake, 'Jerusalem'*

And now cold charity's unwelcome dole  
Was insufficient to support the pair;  
And they would perish rather than would bear  
The law's stern slavery, and the insolent stare  
With which law loves to rend the poor man's soul--  
The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking noise  
Of heartless mirth which women, men, and boys  
Wake in this scene of legal misery.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley, 'A Tale Of Society As It Is: From Facts, 1811'*

Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions — why? for rent!  
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant  
To die for England — why then live? for rent!

*Gordon Byron, from The Age of Bronze*

Starvation 'tis they bids to a man with seven kids,  
When he brings home only fifty pence a day.  
For what can you get to eat on seven and six a week  
When it often takes it all the rent to pay.

*Union Song: 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching'*

Did He [Gawd] give an eternal vacation  
To you, lazy nobodies, there,  
Sittin' squat on a nabbed reputation  
With your *Times* and your padded arm-chair?  
Did He grant you an endless vacation  
Wen He made the lords o'creation?

*Richard Free, 'A Cry in the Darkness'*

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*WH Davies, 'Leisure'*

# Emergency Verse

Poetry in Defence of the Welfare State

***SAMPLE VERSION***

[Note: layout may vary slightly from full version]

## **Keith Bennett**

Keith Bennett is a prize-winning poet and playwright, founder of the New Forest Poetry Society and a Reader for The Literary Consultancy.

### **A City Fable**

Observe this; history teaches us nothing lasts.  
The old blue has done for the newly red.  
The city bubbling with South Sea dread  
that money might become a thing of the past  
and Northern Lights outshine their shrinking grasp,  
invented a monumental tower, well bred  
in the language of Gelt and well read  
in the mathematics of the un-moneyed class.  
The tower outshone them all, its face of shining glass  
reflecting our sun, until the sunset bled  
it white and only night with its black tread  
stepped through, fear grew as the tower disappeared fast.

Still, credit where credit is due, without pity;  
'Once upon a time there was this tower in our city...'

## **Leon Brown**

Leon Brown was born in Dorset in 1973. He has worked as an English Literature teacher and in TEFL at home and abroad including Greece and Portugal. Recently he has completed his first novel, *Future Perfect*, for which he is seeking a publisher. He is currently engaged with writing his second, *The Wrecker's Ball*.

### **Only The Mirror Knows (Or Stuck Inside of Bromley-by-Bow with the coalition Blues Again)**

They're polishing the guillotine at Tyburn  
Mounting a gibbet at Spitalfields,  
For the unfortunates to swing from a year from now  
Till they are lain beside the angry old men,

For the mild young ones are all out of puff,  
They sup Guinness in the Old Kent Road.  
Once they knocked back Caparinas in Rio,  
This year they'll have to make do with Hove.

It doesn't matter where you lie back and think of England,  
Unreal light melts those warped by an age.  
Time to cast off the 31st year of the 80s,  
Apathy's army fleeing hand-me-down rage.

And still adults smirk in Brobdingnag  
From mouths lately numbed by doubt.  
The little boy-artist observes, settles up,  
Suddenly sprung from his cell.

Coarse laughter of private phoney wars  
In World Cup weary throats.

At least we know our priorities:  
Smash up town when the team loses,  
Fall silent as they cancel tomorrow.  
Politically correct, townhouse mother  
In green suburb bought with divorce,  
Who once jived to Billy Bragg and Red Wedge,  
Now seeks refuge from a union ballot,  
Another *Daily Mail* convert to the dark.

Those who flag in a sun alien to these shores.  
Those who dared to hope and dream again,  
Watch plans for survival taper to anorexic wraiths;  
Piled like flaking sun chairs in weed-strewn gardens.  
The smell of spent money settles like gunpowder in  
Flaring, aggrieved nostrils.  
'We was robbed' is all they can snort.

Dragoon of Sat Nav dullards  
Snakes towards Devon on Friday night.  
Fading Union Jack guitars, Britpop shades,  
Clutter every suburban back yard.  
Greenish glows cast in unmortgaged eyes;  
Are you ready for the clean up?  
We lack both the energy and will.  
In those days they told us we were worth it,  
Now they conjure up the cheapest way to kill.

Flippancy stills longcases in Leatherhead,  
Self-help swings an axe in Tyne and Wear.  
Flagstones turning a darker shade of grey  
Swabbed by tears of cut-price laments.

*...Continued in full download version*

## **Alan Corkish**

Alan Corkish is a writer from the UK. Originally from the Isle of Man he now lives in Liverpool where he writes novels, poetry and short stories, and co-edits the radical poetry journal *erbacce*. He is the author of *Glimpses of Notes* (2006), an autobiographical poem written in what the author calls “fragmented text”; *Corrupted Memories*, a poetry collection; and *Groups* (2006), a novel.

### **Do you blame her**

she fiddles the system  
caught in the trap  
since leaving school  
with zero qualifications

discovered that a baby  
was the key to  
a home of her own  
settling her away from  
that drunken father  
and downtrodden mum  
and now the baby has  
grown a little she works  
on the side  
in the pub  
on the corner  
and has her live-in  
boy friend as an  
invisible lodger  
she buy customs booze  
and customs ciggies  
and goes to the CAB  
to make sure she's

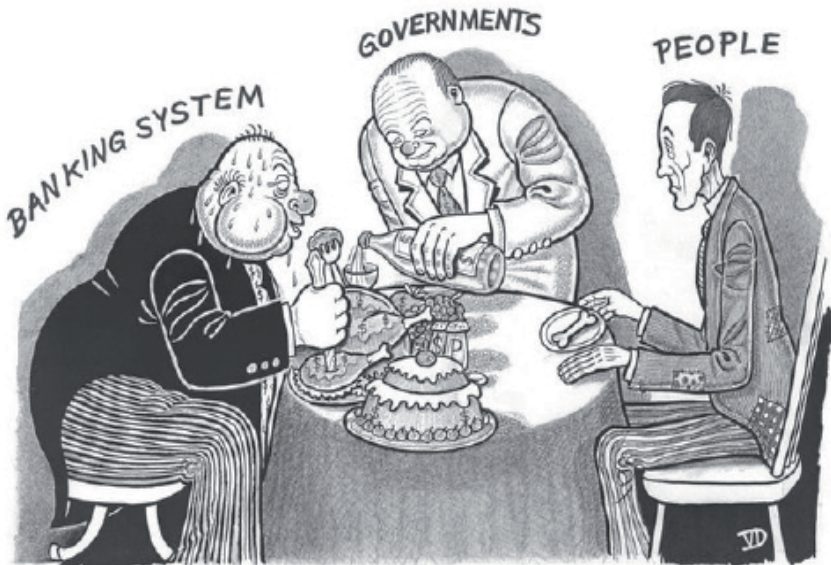


claiming everything  
if she gets a job  
with cards-in, tax-paid,  
she'll be worse off  
slaving forty hours  
than when she is doing nothing

since leaving school  
caught in the trap  
she fiddles the system  
which betrayed her  
from the very start

do you blame her

*...More poems in the full download version*



## **Victoria Field**

Victoria Field was born in London in 1963. She moved to Cornwall in 1999 where she now works as a writer and poetry therapist. She has published two collections of poetry, *Olga's Dreams* and *Many Waters* (based on a year-long residency at Truro Cathedral), both with fal. Her poetry has been broadcast on BBC Radio Cornwall, Radio 3 and Radio 4. She also writes fiction and drama and has had two plays produced: *Blood* (2005) and *Glass Heart* (2006). Her fiction, poetry and drama have won many awards. She qualified as a Certified Poetry Therapist through the US National Association for Poetry Therapy in 2005 and in 2006, received a Pioneer Award for her work in the field. She gives workshops in many different educational, health and community settings and has co-edited two books on therapeutic writing: *Writing Works* (with Gillie Bolton and Kate Thompson, JKP, 2006) and *Prompted to Write* (with Zeeba Ansari, fal, 2007). She has also published a children's book, *The Gift* (fal, 2007). She is a member of Falmouth Poetry Group and a former chair of Lapidus.

## **Service**

People piss in me, men mostly  
but women too, sometimes, after the pub.

I'm part of the open road but going nowhere.  
A marker on the song-lines of life, I shelter

the forgotten who don't wear the armour  
of a vehicle, those who don't know out-of-town shopping

parties in rural houses, spontaneous trips to the city.  
I absorb the anxiety of the elderly, clutching

their carefully counted fare, embrace the weak  
whose whole world is hospitals, new glasses

bewildering benefits. Am glad to be of service  
to the naked. Where else can kids go

for a smoke or a grope? I wait for the waiting  
who always leave me, move on as soon as they can.

I love the caresses of sanctioned rain and snow  
but can take, too, the drunk's vomit, used condoms

a hundred worried dog-ends and not mind —  
be a station on life's journey on a parallel road

let the truly human pass through me.



## Adam Fish

Adam Fish is the author of *Diving for Yemayá* (Morden Tower 2002), and has had work published in anthologies and magazines. He has performed extensively throughout the UK, most notably on the fourth plinth in Trafalgar Square, but also in Edinburgh, Liverpool, Hastings and London. He edits the transgressive literary 'zine *Diseases of Staggering Beauty* and blogs about poetry, politics and genderqueer issues at *Wrestling Emily*.

### Class? War?

*When the have-nots decide they'd like to have a little more  
you call it class war, class war;  
but when the rich declare a silent genocide against the poor  
it's never class war, it's only case law.*

When Muslims get irate and say they'll detonate the state  
you say it's faith that generates their hate;  
but when the guys with home-made gelignite are English-born  
and white,  
you say they hate because they feel displaced.

When a black man, a gay woman or a trans girl wins promotion  
you say they're only there to tick a box  
but when the cabinet photo's mainly male and pale as suntan  
lotion  
you say that's just the way the penny drops.

And when someone points the flaws out in your right-wing  
scheme of things  
you say we're bolshy, right-on, worthy, pious;  
but however loud you shout your lies there's one thing you can't  
change:  
what we deserve we will demand: you can't deny us.

## Naomi Foyle

Naomi Foyle's poetry has been published widely in journals including *Ambit*, *The London Magazine*, *PN Review*, *Poetry London*, *Tears in the Fence* and *Stand*. Her poetry collections include *Red Hot & Bothered* (Lansdowne Press, 2003), *The Night Pavilion* (PBS Recommendation 2008), *Grace of the Gamblers* and *The World Cup* (all Waterloo Press, 2008/09/10).

### Back in the Game Plan: The Surly Girl Returns to the Third World of Europe

*ticket number seventy-nine, booth three please*  
*booth three please*  
*booth three please*

excoriate the petalled film  
from an incandescent day  
advise a lamb to walk right in  
to a syncopated flay

*Anne Sexton, booth eight please*  
*booth eight please*  
*booth eight please*

cultivated blankness guides  
gambles by the tips  
shambles by the snips  
comfort by the grips

I've given this culture the best of my ire  
A habitual residence I have yet to acquire

*...Continued in the full download version*

## Kevin Higgins

Kevin Higgins was born in London in 1967. He grew up in Galway, Ireland but lived in London in the late 80s/early nineties when he was active in the Anti-Poll Tax movement. He was expelled from the Labour Party in 1991 for his anti-poll tax activities and membership of Militant. He is now co-organiser of Over The Edge literary events in Galway, Ireland. He facilitates poetry workshops at Galway Arts Centre; teaches creative writing at Galway Technical Institute and on the Brothers of Charity Away With Words programme. He is also Writer-in-Residence at Merlin Park Hospital and the poetry critic of *the Galway Advertiser*. Collections: *The Boy With No Face* (2005; shortlisted for the 2006 Strong Award), *Time Gentlemen, Please* (2008; a poem from which, 'My Militant Tendency', featured in the Forward Book of Poetry 2009), and *Frightening New Furniture* (2010; all by Salmon Poetry). His work also features in the anthology *Identity Parade — New British and Irish Poets* (Bloodaxe, 2010).

## Fund Manager's Confession

Bless me Father  
for I have not sinned. Daily  
from my glass hideaway in the sky  
I look down on those  
who think they now know me  
still whistling into their pillows. God

consults me on a regular basis  
about his pension, which last Autumn  
came down with a terrible dose  
of RBS. This morning I phoned  
to reassure him that once again  
everything's coming up Dollars.

This new time religion, I make it possible.  
Christmas was Bondi Beach  
but spent checking my e-mail.

*Poetry in Defence of the Welfare State*

The kids live the en-suite life; mine  
is a map with a coloured pin  
on every country I've visited.

From the cellar of my refashioned palace  
in the far suburbs I can whip,  
anytime, a vat of wine  
from wherever you care to mention,  
but am too busy managing  
the world's piggy banks. The little guy  
in the White House offsets the national debt  
against the vast surplus of my self-esteem.

When it's all over, they'll employ me  
to supervise the sale of Tina Turner's hair  
and Air Force One to the Martians or whoever's  
in the hunt for a bargain that morning.





## **Tom Jayston**

Tom Jayston was born on 24 October 1971 in Chertsey. He grew up in Horsell and then Leigh. He's been writing since he realised he was able to. Some of his poems have previously appeared in the Creative Future anthology *amazement* and online at *the Recusant*. His first collection of poetry, *Reverie and Rude Awakenings* (edited and introduced by Alan Morrison), was published by Creative Future this year.

### **£82**

The electronic voice says I simply must wait  
I simply must wait, for a human response.  
A human response is what I require,  
Not dismissal, like flesh on a funeral pyre.

They question me over and over again.  
Over and over, I have nothing to hide.  
Nothing to hide, I am staying alive.  
I am staying alive. But only just.

£82 which does just one thing.  
It does just one thing. It keeps me alive.  
It keeps me alive to jump through the hoops.  
To jump through the hoops which keep me alive.



## **Mark Kirkbride**

Mark Kirkbride was born in Lancashire, grew up in Dorset, was educated at Kingston and Oxford, found employment as a television subtitler in London and currently checks subtitles for cinema and DVD. He mainly writes novels, children's stories and poetry, and is currently finishing what he hopes is the final draft of a psychological thriller.

### **Land of No Hope**

Notes from an insignificant island:  
The politicians are on automouth,  
No-one's saying anything new or true  
And nothing's getting done. England's sinking.  
I bought a ticket to the welfare state.  
I tried to get there but the train was late.  
The Government only look after their own.  
They steal from the poor to give to the rich.  
Meanwhile, our children are being brought up  
By the police. And who gets blamed for that  
And just about everything else that's wrong?  
Single mothers, the heroines of our time.  
I can think of a way to change all this.  
It's so simple. Read my lips: 'Tax the rich.'

## **Paul Lester**

Born in Birmingham, England, Paul Lester has published some thirty booklets of poetry, including *A Funny Brand of Freedom* (Arts Lab Press, 1975), and the full volumes *By the Scruff Of the Neck* (BMI, 1995) and *Going For Broke* (Protean, 2004). His poetry has been broadcast on BBC Radio One and the BBC World Service. He has performed his poetry with a variety of musical accompaniment. A 23-track CD is available from Protean Pubs entitled *The Legend Of Lester* featuring work spanning over twenty-five years. In 2008 a 16-track album appeared, entitled *My Career As A Dead Man*.

### **The Privatisation of Air**

As the Managing Director I take care  
Of the newly privatised realm of air.  
Though my salary, some might deem,  
A little on the far side of extreme

I deserve my cars, my yachts and my plane  
And my sea-side villas in the south of Spain .  
With profits I've made from the cut-price share  
They call me the 'Air-Tight Billionaire'

But I assure you I haven't an hour to spare  
From breathing all that privatised air —  
I'm taking it in but I'm letting it out,  
Especially when I've occasion to shout

At the lazy and shiftless employees who  
Suspect I've got nothing better to do —  
Such people need to be made aware  
Many have died from a shortage of air.

*...Continued in the full download version*

## Niall McDevitt

Niall McDevitt travelled through 23 European countries with a guitar and tent. Returning to London, McDevitt worked as an actor/musician in Neil Oram's 24-hour play *The Warp*, Ken Campbell's *Pidgin Macbeth*, and John 'Crow' Constable's *The Southwark Mysteries*. For radio, he was resident *Pidgin* poet/translator on John Peel's *Home Truths*, and has featured in *Bespoken Word*, *The Robert Elms Show*, *The Verb*, *The Poet of Albion*, and also such Resonance 104.4FM shows as *Mining for Gold* and *Lost Steps*. As activist, McDevitt has campaigned to secure the future of the Rimbaud/Verlaine House at 8 Royal College Street, and for the release of poet Saw Wai from Insein prison in Burma. He leads epic psychogeographical walks through London. His collection *b/w* was published by Waterloo Press this year.

### Ode To The Dole (in praise of a free money Europe)

'from the Ice Age to the Dole Age there is but one concern'

Morrissey

*a huge shout echoes through the street like a Red Indian praise song.  
the note is sustained, the shout becoming music. this is not the voice  
of a line manager. someone is intoxicated...*

Original Sin is being born into a society that asks only of its children: 'make money'. thus, our mullahs have decreed. (a crap categorical imperative). X—we hear—is not complaining, but writing his ode to the dole, in a red-brick slum of the west. the underclass are the new aristocracy. they will not lift a finger and dress only in sportswear. city is their arena. like Ralegh, they deal drugs and write technosonnets, all in towers. they do not need to wade through Das Kapital to know that Marx's adopted country isn't very nice to minimum wage-slaves. in the new age of Hassan-i-Sabbah, a single joint of skunk makes you go insane. hashish: the enemy drug-of-choice. dogs chase the assassins through underground tunnels. beghards! abraham-men! judeo-apaches!

*...Continued with more poems in the full download version*

## Alan Morrison

Alan Morrison is author of the critically praised poetry collections, *The Mansion Gardens* (Paul Brown, 2006), *A Tapestry of Absent Sitters* (Waterloo Press, 2009; selected for a *Purple Patch* Small Press Award 2009), *Keir Hardie Street* (Smokestack, 2010), and of the highly regarded play for voices, *Picaresque*. Since 2007 he has been voluntary creative writing tutor and poet-in-residence at Mill View Psychiatric Hospital, Hove; and in 2008 was recipient of a Sussex Partnership NHS Trust Artists' Award to select, edit and design an anthology of service-users' writing: the groundbreaking reversible double-book *The Hats We Wear/Blank Versing the Past* was launched at Brighton Jubilee Library in late 2009; a second edition, at Hove Library in August 2010. A chapbook of residency poems, *Captive Dragons*, will shortly be appearing. Morrison has contributed monographs and essays to *The Glasgow Review*, *Eleutheria* — *Scottish Poetry Review* and *the London Magazine*. His poems have appeared in over fifty journals, most recently *erbacce*, *Aireings*, *Poetry Monthly*, *Osprey* and *Stand*. His fourth volume, *Blaze a Vanishing*, is forthcoming from Waterloo in early 2011. He is founding editor of *the Recusant* and Caparison e-imprint.

### from **The Society of Broken Smiles**

#### 1. *Age of Transparency: A Glass War on the Poor*

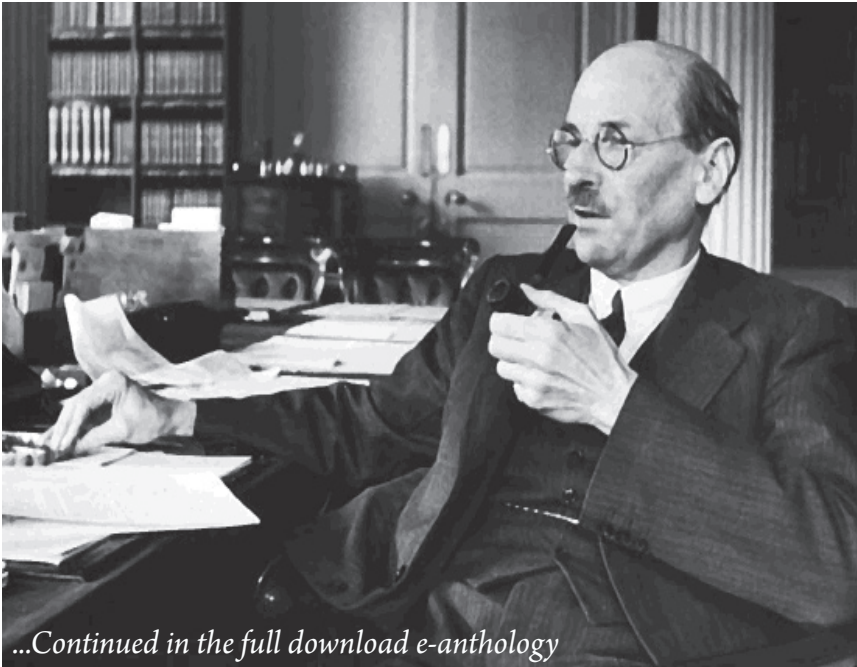
The Big Society: a Tory boot stamping on a claimant's face  
For five years, or more; a Tory boot crunching down on a  
Council tenant's security, to a ticking fixed-term lease,  
Thereafter to up sticks or pitch them on a pavement somewhere;  
The Big Society: a Tory boot grinding a pensioner's glasses  
Back to grains of sand, abolishing compassion, co-operation,  
Empathy, togetherness, tax credits, bus passers, now *we're all in it*  
*Together* to organise our own carts and horses, rag-and-bone,  
Bowed to the pinstriped hollow men in Cabinet, those Con-Dem  
Multi-Millionaire plenipotentiary for vested and invested interests  
Of our Murdochcracy; let the coat-tails of Harrow billow and flap,  
So too Marlborough's shadbellies, Purcell's catercap,

Into the Etonian Twenty-First Century — the same classist crap  
That accuses its critics of envy; it's 'rude' say true blue plutocrats  
To allude to 'one's class' nowadays (while many might say  
It's rude to have class in the first place). We're free to be slaves,  
Waged or unwaged, in a Workfare State: the standard's been raised  
Outside Westminster's portcullis, for a new transparent age:  
A glass war on the poor, of cutlass and taser, of fiscal-rattled sabre.

The Big Society will be all Smiles and Malthus, Darwin and  
Adam Smith, Enoch Powell and Margaret Thatcher, benefit cap  
And snatcher of the milk of soured kindness; it will be a New  
Politics of private monopoly, schools and hospitals scrapped  
And pitted in the internal markets, the wreckers' marquetry,  
Dismantlers of the Forties planners' better-built society,  
Its masonry chipped away bit by bit since the end of the Seventies  
By hatchet monetarists — a bonfire of the verities will blaze;  
Scorched earth of our nation's last tattered vestiges of values,  
Blasted now to black curls of promissory policies, old crimson  
Banners long ago tramped in the scrum for capitalism's false idols,  
The free market crumbs; Labour sold out long ago, bought out  
Its own heartlands to let to the rent-snatching centre-ground,  
Scapegoated those they betrayed as cheats, chavs and ASBOS  
While they flipped homes in the name of the purpling rose  
Till its petals wilted to a blue rosette whose well-heeled wearers  
Are now empowered to full flower, marching to dispose of Nye  
Bevan's marmoreal covenant 'from cradle to grave' — motto on  
A bomb-pocked post-war nation's plaques to hearts and minds.

....Bevan built up a halfway house to the New Jerusalem, far more  
Than mere teeth and spectacles to history, a national stand against  
The five "Giant Evils": squalor, ignorance, want, idleness and  
disease (Today, the Big Society has cited another five: welfare, the  
public Sector, the NHS, comprehensives, and creative drives).

Back then a germ of progressiveness set in, a rose-red egalitarian  
Empire of hearts-on-sleeves, and England all the better for it,  
And it knew it, well it knew it, so even after Uncle Clement  
Conceded defeat, in spite of more share of the vote, in '51  
The once-reactionary Tories saw they'd inherited a golden plum,  
A precious heart-bricked tower, those One Nation Disraelian  
Hearts so different then to the party's later Thatcherised tarts,  
So left Bevan's mark intact, no thought to start its dismantling,  
And to the public's gasped surprise took on its guardianship  
And championed the NHS, MacMillan noting rightly how  
The British people had *never had it so good* — thus honouring  
Their pre-election pledge to keep the building going, protect  
This white-plush bouncing infant in its cradle of scaffolding,  
Allow this beneficent edifice of the planners to stay standing  
Since nothing could root out this new compassion flowering...



*...Continued in the full download e-anthology*

## **Mick Moss**

Mick Moss is a 57 year old ex-art school graduate, music industry drop-out and part-time writer. Originally from London, has lived in Liverpool for 25 years. Suffers from long term depression and intermittent anxiety attacks, but learning to cope. "Liverpool is a targeted city where there are genuine claimants. We are not all scroungers!!"

### **Illness You Can't See**

sometimes it hurts so bad  
I just don't want  
to go on living  
blessed death a bonus  
after this  
times when the pain  
is bearable  
I sit, in darkness  
gathering strength  
till I am able  
to face the world

by which I mean  
go outside  
and do a bit of shopping  
but only at familiar shops  
where I know the people  
strangers scare me  
I shake and stutter  
and sweat and get giddy  
and see coloured shapes  
in my peripheral vision

*....Continued in the full download version*

## Duncan Parker

Duncan Parker was born in Hull in 1954. He worked for twenty years for Mass Observation, and after intermittent periods of unemployment during the 1990s, decided it was time to retire. In 1994 he tore up his Labour Party membership in protest against the scrapping of Clause IV, and formed his own short-lived party, True Labour (1994-1996). Poetry collections include: *Biography of a Supertrump* (Wonston & Scotney, 1975), *Letter to John Lilburne* (Saracen, 1980), *Scargill's Rant* (Saracen, 1983), *Down and Out in Berwick-On-Tweed* (Digger Editions, 1985) and *Tony Benn Met Me Once: New and Rejected Poems* (self-published, 1989). Parker's definitive (the only) critical companion to the work of obscure 19th century horticultural poet Thomas Twisden-Varlo (1798-1841), *Odes & Sods: A Twisden-Varlo Reader*, is forthcoming from Digger Editions in 2011. His memoir, *Coming and Going*, is also forthcoming.

## The Ministry for *Doing the Right Thing*

Now listen, the Big Society is about localism, mutualism  
(Which actually means, go off and sort your own life out),  
Giving power back to you, yes, YOU, the aspiring and  
Entrepreneurial — natural selection and all that.  
The Big Society is open to all you who *do the right thing* —  
Whatever that is — ah yes, capitalizing on opportunities  
(If and when they should present themselves), not bothering  
To think of the consequences on others, or, if you like,  
A spot of volunteering — I do my own every morning  
When I get up to put the breakfast on for Her at No. 10;  
It's time for all of us to roll our sleeves up and muck in  
With *doing the right thing* — now what do I mean by *doing*  
*The right thing*? Well, to some of us this will involve supervising  
Over our elevenses, then home for tiffin; to others, five years  
Or so of soul-destroying digging. Eighty quid a week is enough  
For you to live on, or if you're one of the volunteers, thin air;  
But we MPs need *at least* two grand a week, plus another  
Hundred-and-forty smackeroonies to grant our attendance.



But it's not all about money... Let me tell you about the  
Big Society: it's the thing that gets me up in the morning  
Filled with excitement (while I know quite a lot of you  
Wake filled with dread, or retching), it's been my vision ever  
Since I had an epiphany on the playing fields of Eton coming  
Round from a cricket ball on the bounce: a Society not  
Of scrounging but contributing: *I do by slogging all day*  
For next to nothing — my fellow Oxford Blues in the City  
Think I'm too altruistic working for a meagre six-figure salary —  
But that's what the Big Society's all about: sacrificing.  
That's why I went into politics, into public service, so I could  
Abolish it; farm it out to private hands, outsourced Colonel  
Kurtzes, despotic doctors and napalm capitalists to line their  
Paddy-field firms with decapitated social workers and other  
Public Sector do-gooders for blood-congealed trophies and  
Scarecrows — a tad gruesome, yes, but one must be firm  
And uncompromising when it comes to money... I gave myself  
A stiff talking to, and said, *Look here David, you can do without*  
*The odd bit of property speculation of a year for the sake of putting*  
*This Great country back on the straight and Harrow, er narrow;*  
*Putting it back on the narrowest shoulders—I mean—broadest.*

*O yes we're all in it together*  
*To break the rest of you to your knees*  
*O yes we're all in it together*  
*George, Nick, Danny, Andy, Willie and me —*  
*We're going to bang on about the deficit*  
*From this to the next rigged Parliament*  
*New Politics is whatever we say it means*  
*In our Humpty-Dumpty Democracy,*  
*We're all in it together in our little cabal*  
*While you drown in the Big Society.*

*...Continued in the full download version*

## **Sally Richards**

Sally Richards' poetry has appeared in the journals *Awen*, *Carillon*, *Cauldron*, *Countryside Matters*, *Country and Border Life*, Dogma Publications, Earlyworks Press, *Chimera*, *The Journal*, *Monomyth*, *Orbis*, *Poetry Express*, *the Recusant*, *the Shropshire Star*, *Splizz*, *The Strix Varia*, *Touchstone*, Warminster Community Radio (WCR) (featured poet). Publications: *Waiting for Gulliver* (with Steve Mann; Caradoc Publications 2005), *Stained Glass* (Survivors' Press, 2007), *Sally Richards — The Bards No. 22* (Atlantean Publishing, 2008), *Through the Silent Grove* (Masque Publishing, 2008).

## **Welfare**

How well can we fare — these days? Not well  
now well at all,  
not at all well, or fair, for some.  
Who has the right to decide the way one person's life should be?  
Poverty or plenty? ....

'Get them back to work!'  
Tactics known only too well in 2006:  
Employment, by DHSS, of the Gestapo-tactic-interrogator,  
he who smiled, lulled  
unsuspecting incapacitated woman — honest, genuine,  
into false sense of security. She smiled, chatted,  
when suddenly the metal fist, slammed down,  
his eyes ripped her gentle heart,  
his words stung her aching body  
on and on, questions, tricks, tactics ...  
her tired mind battered by un-truths  
Tears rolled, as un-justice followed lie, lie followed barrage,  
"How far?" ... "How long?" ... "When?" ... "Where?" ... Why????

*...Continued in the full download version*

## Stephen James Smith

Stephen James Smith was born in Dublin in 1982. He is a prolific performance poet having appeared in numerous festivals and on radio reciting his work. He is the current Cúirt Literary Grand Slam Champion. His first book *Pretending to be Happy?* is forthcoming from the Galway based publisher, Maverick Press.

### Signing Your Life Away 09/03/04

I just tried to sign on today,  
you get that funny feeling  
well, that you're throwing your life all away.  
Let's speed up the natural process  
I think I'm starting to decay.

I've been working shit jobs  
since I was 14.  
What have I got to show for it?  
Nothing of commercial value,  
should this make me want to scream?  
I was told,  
I'm 5 working weeks  
away from receiving benefit!  
Benefit, sure the only people  
to benefit are the pigs in their suits  
who can look down their noses  
at me just for the hell of it.

They think I'm just another  
Stereotypical statistic.  
Well life, no it's not that simplistic,

& no I won't quit....

....Continued in the full download version

## **N.S. Thompson**

N.S. Thompson was born in Manchester in 1950. He worked in Italy for several years as the curator of Casa Guidi, the Florence home of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. His publications include *Chaucer, Boccaccio and the Debate of Love*, several chapbooks of poetry and a full-length collection, *The Home Front*. Thompson's *Letter to Auden* has just been published by Smokestack Books.

### **Rehabilitation**

'the principles remain those first worked out in the mental hospitals themselves'

*Royal College of Psychiatrists, 1991*

They put them in a little flat,  
    Top floor, a halfway place  
Supposed to lead them to the wide world that  
    Neither knew how to face,

Both banged inside in '41,  
    Shocked by the bomb that fell  
And no one left to care for them. All gone.  
    No family. Just as well...

To see how they were treated then  
    Being able bodied, made  
To act as cleaners, cleaning out the pen  
    That held them. So they paid

The price for trauma and the years  
    Went, regulations came,  
And from young skivvies they became old dears  
    And who is there to blame?

*...Continued in full download version*

## Ken Worpole

Ken Worpole is one of Britain's most influential writers on architecture, landscape and public policy issues. He has an Honorary Doctorate from Middlesex University, and is a Senior Professor at The Cities Institute, London Metropolitan University. He has served on the UK government Urban Green Spaces Task Force, and has been an adviser to the Commission for Architecture and the Built Environment (CABE) and the Heritage Lottery Fund. He is author of numerous books including *Here Comes the Sun: architecture and public space in 20th century European culture* (Reaktion Books, 2000). Worpole also edited *Richer Futures: Fashioning a new politics* (Earthscan, 1999) and the modern classic study of working-class literature, *Dockers and Detectives* (reissued by Five Leaves, 2008).

### The Philanthropists in White Trousers

As darkness descends  
So do the Council painters  
All robed in white  
They lower their cradle  
Pulley by pulley  
End by end unevenly  
A contraption of wood and ropes:  
The gods in the machine  
Have descended to earth

With embarrassed gestures  
Taking advantage of the dusk  
They discard and secrete  
Their celestial white apparel  
In a wooden hut of pots and brushes  
And disguised as mortals  
Disappear into the crowds  
Hurrying home from work

Their mission secret  
Their traditions philanthropic

By early morning  
Their work is done  
They count their numbers  
And ascend to heaven

*....More poems in the full download version*



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# Emergency Verse



## Poets in Defence of the Welfare State are...

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Anne Babson  
Sebastian Barker  
Michael Bartholomew-Biggs  
Anita Baxter  
Brian Beamish  
Jim Bennett  
Keith Bennett  
Charlotte Beyer  
D.d. Biretti  
Jan Bradley  
Peter Branson  
Alan Britt  
Leon Brown  
Norman Buller  
Nick Burbridge  
Daisy Cains  
Debjani Chatterjee MBE  
Keith Chopping  
G.W. Colkitto  
Mick Conley  
Alan Corkish  
Andy Croft  
Brian D'Arcy  
Will Daunt  
Lisa Davies  
Alan Dent  
Alan Doherty  
Rose Drew  
Liam Duffy  
Tim Evans  
Victoria Field  
Adam Fish  
James Fountain  
Naomi Foyle

Paul Francis  
John Gibbens  
Maria Gornell  
Bill Greenwell  
John G. Hall  
Graham Hardie  
Kevin Higgins  
Clare Hill  
Michael Horovitz  
Peter Hughes  
Dr Robert Ilson  
Tom Jayston  
Simon Jenner  
Philip Johnson  
Norman Jope  
Judith Kazantzis  
Pen Kease  
Tom Kelly  
David Kessel  
Mark Kirkbride  
Matthew Knights  
Prakash Kona  
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Alexis Lykiard  
Richie McCaffery  
Niall McDevitt  
John McKeown  
Jonathan Mackenzie  
Steve Mann  
Helen Moore  
Alan Morrison  
Mick Moss  
Andy N  
Stephen D. Nadaud II  
Alistair Noon

Nyerges Gábor Ádám  
Steven O'Brien  
John O'Donoghue  
Ruary O'Siochain  
Bobby Parker  
Duncan Parker  
Mick Parkin  
Mario Petrucci  
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Colin Campbell Robinson  
Lucius Rofocale  
Michael Rosen  
Guy Russell  
Philip Ruthen  
Clare Saponia  
Kevin Saving  
Mairi Sharratt  
Sam Silva  
Sam Smith  
Stephen James Smith  
Peter Street  
David Swann  
Barry Tebb  
NS Thompson  
Steve Thorpe  
Bethan Tichborne  
Xelís de Toro  
Lee Whensley  
Julie Whitby  
Brenda Williams  
Gwilym Williams  
Rodney Wood  
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Dan Wyke  
Tamar Yoseloff