

**Hammill Peter****"The Institute Of Mental Health Burning"**

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It was the first day of July;  
no wind breathed in the sky  
when a pin-striped suit  
saw that the Institute of Mental Health was burning.  
He stood upon the corner  
where the sun was warmer...  
looking across the street,  
he moved the shackles on his feet  
as the Institute was burning.  
Flames were roaring, singing like a thunderstorm;  
smoke was pouring straight up to the sky;  
windows smashing, Gothic doors and lintels fall;  
timbers crashing and we both know why.  
Nobody else came by to stare;  
you see, they didn't really care.  
Can't call the fire brigade -  
none of them had been paid  
and so the Institute was burning.  
Throughout the city, people say it isn't pretty,  
everyone agrees, and everyone feels glad;  
doctored brains celebrate and everyone waves their

chains...

It's a pity they're all mad.

The Institute of Mental Health

spontaneously killed itself.

Ashes to ashes

and dust to dust:

my chains began to rust

as the Institute was burning, burning, burning.

(Chris Judge Smith

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