

## Future Of The Left "New Adventures"

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It started as a bet  
The story of a life  
Part engineered to fit the scenery  
He'd loved a racist once  
She kept a tidy house  
It must have paid much better in the seventies  
Back then you could be gay  
But in a manly way  
He held no truck with water pistols  
Alternative lifestyles  
Were for the middle class  
At worst they could write poems about their  
misadventures  
No real man could envy them that

Softly - suddenly

She'd started as an eight  
Then sunk into a ten  
He put it down to carbon dating  
The daughter had his laugh  
But not his smokers cough  
It must have been the lack of tar in heroin  
She took herself to Wales  
Excelled in telesales  
Cold-calling deep into the evening  
Her second husband came  
And left before the Spring  
It must have been the season for unhappy drunks  
Her father had a similar trigger

Softly - suddenly

I gratefully accept this blackeye, no one knows as well  
as me  
The value of consequences  
Do to others as you would have done to you especially  
if in doing so  
You find new takers

