

BUREAU DE CHANGE

It's time ravens were painted
Something other than black.
Fish mined to explode
From a trawlerman's catch.
And time the last surviving 'leapons'
In a Japanese zoo
Took the hybrid's revenge.

It's time the vote was given to ghosts.
Time we tried Natural Selection on robots.
And time the trees from your window
Burned from the roots.
And the lovely ravaged street
Of splendid swans
Is seen for what it is -a dull
Suburban route to cut-price, shops.

Isn't it about time we all cut capers!
And danced fandango and waltz
To the sleezy 'God Band'?
And time we stopped
Changing hearts
At the Bureau de Change.

Time we moved to the Sahara,
To the dried, dead sea's.
Took the high road to diamonds
And glittered each night,
A moment from sleep.

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