

Contrasong

Egg

Gazing quite vacantly into space one day
Sitting up in my bed surrounded by
A few Sunday papers and their colour supplements
All of them superficially interesting
Happily unaware that somewhere somebody was aware
That somewhere somebody was awake and well
Undisturbed
Living on

Glancing quite speedily through assortments
Of horrible illustrations of atrocities
And apologies of editors but they felt
It was necessary for people to see the pictures

On no account were they attempting
To boost their paper's circulations
I felt a wave
Closed my eyes
Which was worse

Nevertheless I was I suppose
Quite at ease at home with my food
Brought up at intervals to my bed
With all the sympathy I could want
And with all the time in the world
To write thank-you letters to all the people
Kind enough to send Christmas presents
When they knew I was
Really very
Insignificant