

Minstrel In The Gallery

Jethro Tull

The minstrel in the gallery looked down upon the smiling faces.

He met the gazes --- observed the spaces between the old men's cackle.

He brewed a song of love and hatred --- oblique suggestions --- and he waited.

He polarized the pumpkin-eaters --- static-humming panel-beaters --- freshly day-glow'd factory cheaters (salaried and collar-scrubbing).

He titillated men-of-action --- belly warming, hands still rubbing on the parts they never mention.

He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating one-line jokers --- T.V. documentary makers (overfed and undertakers).

Sunday paper backgammon players --- family-scarred and women-haters.

Then he called the band down to the stage and he looked at all the friends he'd made.

The minstrel in the gallery looked down on the rabbit-run.

And threw away his looking-glass - saw his face in everyone.