

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.