

A Little Opus

Little Comets

You feel the weight of imposition
Bear heavy on your own decision
Fate to face
They multiply
The crush of language
and the cedent schoolties
The subtle angels of tradition

Eton for portent
St. Paul's for context
Oxbridge for vision
No need to make this popular
One man for progress
One man for past tense
One man for vision
No need to make this popluar

With your school cap
Blowing in the breeze
It's about time
That we made education
Not a funnel but a wide line
Youth to neet
As gove to tact
1 million faces
That are staring straight past
This mix of ignorance
and Fission

Eton for portent
St. Paul's for context
Oxbridge for vision
No need to make this popular
One man for progress
One man for past tense
One man for vision
No need to make this popular

I'd rather starve
Than become a member
Of your old boys club
Sooner Depart
Than see the ascension of the bullingoon
Because I want to make a breakthrough
A tired addendum
To working hard