

Malcolm Guite

Revelry

Come fill the cup, we've little time to drink,
The ship of state's about to plunge and sink,
Pour out the last of this Burgundian wine
Before those wretched wreckers draw the line
That severs, and condemns us to decline,
Before the best that Europe's vineyards yield,
And all the fruits of forest, farm, and field
Are lost forever in the coming dark,
Impounded in some Dover Lorry Park.
Uncase the Camembert, bring out the Brie,
The precious freight that crossed the sundering sea,
For soon we leave that fast-receding shore
And revelries like this will be no more.
Re-fill my glass, and this time with Champagne,
Drink down the last few bottles that remain,
As though delirium could dull the pain.
But out there in the dark we know they lurk,
We sense their stench, as stealing through the murk,
Mendacious bigots do their deadly work,
Those creeping politicians breathing hate,
Who prostitute the offices of state,
Reduce the common people to despair,
And laugh as they invest their funds elsewhere.
The lights are going out, drain one more glass
Reflect, despairing, that all things must pass.
Unless, emboldened by our revelry,
We make a stand against their tyranny
And, just before we stagger through the exit,
Discover that we might yet wreck their brexit.