

When
London
Finally Gave In
And Started
To Love

Ernie Burns

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In collaboration

with

Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

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**c/o Open Door, 224 Jamaica Road, London
SE16**



Second Chance

You may need it next

Dedicated

Wendy, Amy, Jason, David and

Mortimer Button

I.M

The Wizard of Skill

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London Undone

London has undone
More than it has made
But in the clamour for the glamour
That is a willing price that's paid

No one thinks it will be them
Who is not going to be saved
But London has no care of that
It is just the way it is paved

London has undone
Many buckles and buttons
And killed people and called it fun
But that is London
Lovely London

The Day I Met Dave At The V & A

He stands there looking pensive
Even tense

Like he had lost a tenner
But had only found ten pence

“Hey!” I shouted up to him
“It’s not such a disaster.”

But he didn’t answer back
As he is only made of plaster

As an example of renaissance culture
He stands very tall

And it is a widely held conceit
That his genitals are small
But that is at least eight inches
And that is not small at all

So, Dave, remember
It may never happen
And if they talk behind your back
Well you are big enough to slap ‘em

Too Much Money, Not Enough Grace

Surrounded and bound by Savile Row stitches
I cannot suppress an urge
To pick at their insecure twitches

As we pass a pub in Temple
Called 'The Witness Box'
Their rich laughter sounds thin
Over their gin cocktails

That defines their disciplines' exploitation
The polite terror they inflict
Accompanied by the spittle spit
That expresses their passions
As it hits us in the eyes
Those snorts rise
And their performance turns into palaver
They get in a 'lather'
While consuming consolation

"This is the life, nice kids, nice wife,
Nice whiff of the slice of cake"
The little more they deserve and take

A greed that turns hatefully
Away from the victims in its wake
"Oh, It's all right I can step on you,
I am wearing an Italian designer shoe"

A New Poem By Ernie Burns

The problem, if there is a problem
And there is a fucking problem
When seen In the cold hard light
Of the glamorous spotlight
The 'so called' problem is...

And
Whilst It can be mis-seen easily
During the dancing little jigs

Or
If riding
On real horses
Pretending a life wholly natural
The grooms following, brandishing shovels

"Oh, how delightful! There will be a ball after all
It will be covered in all the pest periodicals.
I meant to say 'best', dreary me"

(To be read in a mock worthy accent)

(Everything in brackets iterated)

The refrain, a terrible, well-trodden cliché
Ricocheting from lip to lip
Frankly with so little self awareness
It is fucking scary

It should be called 'The Journalist's Twist'
That light jazz motif to play at soirées

That refrain is giving class a bad reputation
With those fuck you beats
And off melody

Back to the problem
And it is, that we believe there to be a solution
When there isn't even a question
How stupid!

Real

It...Is...NOT...real
It must be said
Repeated
This is not real
As the knife goes in
Into the seams
On reams of paper
Thin forearm skin
Bleeds on black and white
Bleeds on in libraries and files

This is real
Not understood

Real
Not filled with meaning

And you learn eventually
You have to say to yourself
Keep on
Keep on saying
This is NOT real

Elevated To Artist Status

All he saw was a sack
Of caca, rubbish, total kack
So, he threw it out the back

That it was art did not factor
As he stuffed it in the jaws
Of the trash compactor

To this Sasha Craddock stated
That this performance must be fated

As an example of a master work
And not the action of a stupid berk

So, he was elevated to artist status
Because he chucked away art
Like it was the peel off potatoes

Bad Day

This is a 'worse' day
It holds 'worse' for me
And I fear more 'worse'
Is bound to appear

Because 'worse' is a curse
That scares my 'Okay'
Muscles it out and packs it away
It is going to be a terrible day

Because 'worse' is a bad listener
It does not care when I say
In a stern admonishing tone
"Bad day! Bad!"
It runs off...

Making people think I am mad
Talking to a day like that
And all I will get today is 'Worse'
So, how I will feel today is bad

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