

O dear to Mrs. T.

Farewell your Magnificence, Mrs. T.
Quintessential englishman, and woman to boot.
From name through background to job and future,
T, shopkeeper, leader of shopkeepers to vice-regent?
Nothing more english than this career.

English, too, in simplicity of policy:
A chemical cross housewife view of the economy:
to stop inflation: stop adding money,
defend the Thatcher coin,
- you know it's in your pocket -
hard, brassy and thinks it's a sovereign.
Fiscal spending fixed to zero PSBR,
so sell the family silver.
Deregulation was a Thatcherite cry
- more product at a lower price.
Pity about the City,
where more money at lower price
fanned the embers of inflation.
11 years and three election victories
- accident or divine intervention?
but with the opposition out to lunch,
there was no alternative.

English, too, in paradoxical blinkered view:
In local councils and unions, intent on democracy
but in Cabinet and Parliament? Over our dead body!
Poll tax for council responsibility:
why not PR? Who's kidding who?
Deny and diffuse our authority?
Proportional Representation or Public Relations?
Neither cuts any ice with Nanny.

For the nursery, only orderly liberation,
with Nanny still the boss,
distinction 'tween boss and leader lost.

English, too, in Foreign Affairs:
(Please leave Dear Ronnie out of this!)
Continental Europeans there to be fought,
get our £billion back from Brussel sprouts,
manage our own money, ignore ERM jerks,
despise German engineering and money-technic
Krauts,
Jaguars for us, not BMWs or Mercs.
As for tin-pot South American or Arabian dictators -
teach them a lesson, too, on historic English manners.
Victory in '83, thanks to Galtieri.
Did he invade, or was he pushed?

What drove this mighty political beast?
Guilt or gilt is good enough for most,
but not for Mrs. T.
Right of Centre? Right against Wrong?
or just and simply right?
'appen that's enough, so long as others agree.
But if not - what then?
Carry on as before, eliminate dissent,
hector and lecture till idiots see sense,
and ignore them if they don't.
Howe long could this go on?

One final rant and rave too much:
some dead sheep, some brass neck!
Owzat went the cry. Not out, but In-gham,

with no debate. We'll fight till we die.
And die we did in the action replay.
And who was the referee?
The handbagger handbagged, the biter bit,
the death of English chivalry?
Or maturity of women's liberty?

Sighs of relief: now no penalty shoot-out
(nasty continental habit - not what it's about)
gasps of fear at retirement,
the lady not for turning: turned.
Tory stalwarts face cold turkey,
their drug withdrawn, their prophet burned.

Time for Major change, a new shepHurd?
or just Heseltime?
Will it take three to make up for one?
Three in one or one in three?
Divinity, fate or fluky?
Classic English enigma
with variations in the key of T.

And now - will it be Viscount T?
Britannia? Concord? might be better.
Airboss is a term that's fitter.
And what of Thatcherless UK?
Will the pound be worth what it used to be?
Will kids still learn their ABC?
Will good health still be there and free?
Will there still be a job for me?
And is there honey still for T?

David R. Harvey.

Percy Park, Nov. 1990