



## Dust

In the beginning was the Word.  
Conceived by light  
and the power of brain  
it took to the air, our human breath,  
and through the soft and wondrous delicacy  
of throat and tongue and lip  
became sound and meaning.  
And the Word was with God  
and the Word was God  
and the same was in the beginning  
with God.

But an instant after the Beginning,  
unseen by God,  
the Lie  
stole into the garden  
like a shadow  
the shadow of the Word  
and slid between the fact and the fear,  
between the wonder of I and all that's outside of Me,  
and its tongue was forked  
and all aflicker  
and its eyes were cold and alert.  
Nah then, the Lie whispered,  
What gives 'ere ?

And there were gods in the garden, many gods -  
the true, the One, the one true God -  
and the many that were false.  
Nah then, said the Lie.  
I need some living space.  
To whose temple shall I offer my support  
in return for my breakfast  
my "daily bread" ?

And God the One, the only true,  
Creation itself, Alpha, Omega,  
the Creator of Matter, the Fact of Matter  
the Matter of Fact and Reality,  
made no answer to the Lie's deliberations  
and merely wept.

And all along the Lie knew  
its way to go and where to rest  
and slid by devious means  
to the gold-clad tower of a deadly  
god of human sacrifice  
called Me 'n Mine.  
I shall place myself  
at your service, O mighty  
Me 'n Mine and help you claim  
the garden for your purposes,  
your jealousies and terrors  
your hatreds and your pride.  
I shall help you in this great work  
of poison and pollution, ruin and degradation,  
in return for a daily spot of breakfast -  
and let me add that *more* than a spot -

a “full English” you might say -  
would encourage my loyalty still further  
to the point  
of not infrequent overtime.

They sealed their pact, recognizing  
the blood-tie. And the Lie became an angel  
in the service of Me ‘n Mine, a foul demi-god  
with gold-lacquered wings and that familiar forked tongue,  
an angelised recruiting agent  
an evangelist , a soul-stealer, a maker of creatures,  
creatures in thrall to Me ‘n Mine  
creatures of the Lie.

And following the customs of Middle Earth  
where Good meets Evil, light meets dark,  
they gave these captive creatures  
the name “orc” which, when registered  
and beamed onto a screen  
is always twinned with a virtual dot.  
Thus : *Joe Bloggs.orc* means we got ‘im  
we stole the soul of that Joe Bloggs  
and another one bites the dust.

And our garden once so fruitful  
turns to wasteland ever more swiftly  
*as another one bites the dust*  
to the glory of Me ‘n Mine  
to the glory of the Lie  
*and another one bites the dust...*  
*and another one bites the dust...*

So let us review  
a few of these dot orcs  
in their robot squadrons,  
these creatures of Me 'n Mine.  
Let them engage in a short march-past  
eyes right and glassily alert,  
clutching to themselves  
at an angle of sameness that spans the world  
their dread weaponry of the Lie.

And of course there's Trump.orc  
Or Drumpf, or Tromb, or Dromb,  
or drum or tomb or bomb.orc  
dealer in dust, in money, in lies,  
who favours towers which flag his name  
and feudal walls of delusion and fear,  
walls that divide and also confuse  
fact with fantasy and truth with lie.  
Where there are tired, poor and huddled masses  
there we find Trump.orc,  
strutting and twittering, making hay  
and puerile scenes of fire and smoke.  
Not America great again.  
Each breath he breathes  
America falls further from esteem  
and becomes a fearsome joke.

But let us look eastward now to find  
a lesser though similar joke.  
Please regard the Maybot.orc  
drifting uneasily down the street  
weak and utterly unstable  
on a gold-plated chariot  
drawn by three decrepit daleks.

And Brexit means Brexit  
and nothing has changed  
and red white and blue  
and stuff you, you and you.

But in fact and truth that chariot  
is a vast and noisome bubble of fart  
produced a short while back  
by half the UK population  
who felt let down and counted out  
following years of belittlement,  
“austerity,” unworthy leadership  
and then a foul feast of lies  
dished up by orcish fanatics trained in deceit  
and a venomous chorus of dot orc billionaires.  
It was a fart  
swiftly trapped by liars  
and forced into a cart-shape  
and then wrapped in a flag  
to make it look like a decision.

And the EU was not what it meant.

It was not the EU at all.

The EU was not it at all.

But Maybot.orc, seized that moment  
of national distress and manifest need  
and made it hers:

“The People have spoken ” she lied

in a hushed and reverential tone.

But it wasn't the People she revered.

Maybot.orc is a pious devotee

of dust and Me n' Mine.

“Listen to me,” she cried.

“It is I, the Maybot, who speak.

Here on this fart disguised as a chariot

I have come into my own.

And I shall bring global glory

to my fraught, distraught and tiny island

and I shall have control.

And I shall spray that dark tower

at the heart of Kensington

in a golden dust of denial. And I

shall bring back foxhunting,

grammar schools, aircraft carriers,

bows, arrows and the battle of Agincourt.

I shall bring back *everything*

and everything I restore

I shall cover in a golden dust cloud

of lie and denial. So let us now praise

the Lie and reward all liars

with tax breaks and the OBE.

For principle, competence and honour are dead.  
Me 'n Mine is all that matters in the world.  
Play that again, Sam. Mine and me.”

And in Maybot's noisome train, we must pay  
a moment's attention to BoJo.orc  
as he stumbles and fumbles along,  
our Bullington Braveheart of the lie.  
BoJo.orc makes jolly funny jokes  
in Latin and loves it when we look at him  
but if in some Etonian classroom  
he once was taught to tell the truth  
he forgot that lesson ages back.  
Bully bully bully, mutters Bojo.orc  
let Maybot just try to give me the sack.

And look, there's Gove.orc  
skipping about on the Maybot fart  
waging war on the "Blob", our teachers,  
wielding his long knives, that clever man  
wearing the livery of the Lord of Murdor  
and those other billionaire barons  
who've fought these many years  
to make this country mean again,  
in thrall to Me n'Mine.

Oh those billionaire barons, those global brothers in arms.  
They devote their lives to helping each other  
keep their fortress walls intact  
and a clean and peaceful community at bay.  
With their long knives out  
the barons range the public highway  
scattering gold dust, meat and wine  
on any procession around the world  
that marches for Me n' mine.

In the beginning was the Word  
and the word was the silence of God  
and a child unlooked for  
asleep in a stable.  
And the end when it comes  
will be the triumph of the Lie  
that pours like dust  
from the jaws of Me' n Mine.  
We shall end in flames  
in darkness and in disgrace  
not with a bang  
but a dust-filled whimper.

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