

November fifth

The rattle of small arms
The crack and blast of artillery raids
All these with child like wonder we celebrate
And gaze in awe at the crescendo
of those destructive lanterns

A four hundred year old ritual
as winters bite makes festive
the burning pyre
The safe sacrifice superficial
The past transformed to fantasy

And lives here that do not see beyond
to desert cities scorched
with manufactured destruction
Creating terror
as these same pretty colours blaze

My God how I hate
The fanatic Guy Fawkes
And this foolish day