

A detailed embroidery of a tree with a bird and a squirrel. The tree has a thick, textured trunk and branches. The leaves are dark green with a ribbed texture. There are several round, reddish-brown fruits hanging from the branches. A small yellow and brown bird is perched on a branch in the upper left. A squirrel with a black and white striped tail is perched on a branch in the lower right. The background is a dark blue color. The text "21 Poems, 21 Reasons to Choose Jeremy Corbyn" is overlaid in white.

21 Poems, 21 Reasons to
Choose Jeremy Corbyn

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Cover illustration: detail of Woodpecker tapestry designed by William Morris

Rubbish

We pull our little rubbish houses
round us for comfort
and squinch down

we're frightened
don't take our house away
don't swipe the foodbank food from our plates
great hands of the mighty
are greedy hands

we pull our little houses snuggle-close
their thin walls won't bear the wolfish breath
huffing our house down

we're scared
great hands fling us to the wolf
not even the straws belong to us

PENELOPE SHUTTLE

Penelope Shuttle lives in Cornwall. Two books are forthcoming: *Heath* (in collaboration with John Greening) from Nine Arches Press, 2016, and *Will you walk a little faster*, from Bloodaxe, 2017.

Poem For Jeremy Corbyn

(a parable of the signpost and the weathercock)

The weathercock is varnished gilt,
revolves in every wind.
The signpost marks the road that mounts,
the miles you left behind.

You've walked so far, your breath is short,
with jaded eyes you scan
a wilderness of spin and spite
to find an honest man.

A paper storm infests your street,
the words return to air.
You pause, undress some walking suit
and find there's nothing there.

Without a wind, the puppets sag,
the paper turns to dust.
Yet still, you'll walk a thousand miles
to find a man you trust.

MERRYN WILLIAMS

Merryn Williams lives in Oxford, was the founding editor of *The Interpreter's House* poetry magazine and is literary adviser to the Wilfred Owen Association. Her third collection of poems, *The First Wife's Tale*, was long-listed for the Welsh Book of the Year and a fourth is appearing from Shoestring Press at the end of this year.

The Work Ethic

Democracy is vulnerable to viruses,
health problems, cancers;
to having its legs blown away,
its tongue severed.

It can be seen on crutches at demonstrations,
on Zimmer frames in workplaces.

It never applies for a sick-note
or a chance to doss on a beach.

When depressed it thinks of its childhood
in Greek states,
teenage years in communes.

You'd think it would seek a pension
but it wakes daily to a bowl of porridge,
goes off to work whistling.

OWEN GALLAGHER

Owen Gallagher was born in Gorbals, Glasgow. He has family in Donegal and Leitrim and lives in London, where he worked as a primary teacher in Southall, London. His most recent poetry collection *A Good Enough Love* was recently published by Salmon.

The Tree Council

{Tolpuddle, 1832}

Under the sycamore's shade
our secret council gathered,
whispers joining the breeze.

We knew gentle blades would fly
just as others spread and grew
in the many places of the desperate.

The canopy enough to hide
our vows and our union,
our shares of the plough.

Six of us sat with promises,
knowing that to bend
was not to break in storms;

knowing that the masters
were experts with their axes ;
how easily resolve could be splintered.

There was a future, but no fruit
that we could reach and pick
to feed our needy families.

I spoke up, my brothers agreed,
each plan was a wind
to carry and plant those seeds.

MIKE JENKINS

Mike Jenkins lives in Merthyr Tydfil. He is editor of *RED POETS* magazine. His most recent collection of poems *Shedding Paper Skin* is published by Gwasg Carreg Gwalch.

The Line Forms, On The Right...

Tony the "peace-keeper", Tony the envoy,
Tony who did what George Dubya told him,
Tony who parties on arms dealers' yachts,
Tony would like a minute of your time,
so bathe in the nuclear glow of his grin
while he tells you with open-palmed sincerity
how Jeremy would be the worst thing for Labour,
just the worst thing ever.

Gordon of not even a full term in office,
Gordon who opened the door for Dave,
somebody rattled Gordon's cage
and he woke and growled and expectorated
"credible" and "electable" for all the world
as if he were either, then just for good measure
said Jeremy would be the worst thing for Labour,
just the worst thing ever.

Neil the orator, Neil the ideologue,
Neil who ducked the fight for the sound bite,
Neil who failed to stand with the miners,
who called us comrades but took a lordship,
Neil wants you to know he's pals with Andy -
Andy, the future of the middle ground -
and Jeremy would be the worst thing for Labour,
just the worst thing ever.

NEIL FULWOOD

Neil Fulwood lives in Nottingham. He is the author of the non-fiction book *The Films of Sam Peckinpah*. He's a member of the Alan Sillitoe Committee, who are raising funds towards a permanent memorial to be sited in Alan's home town of Nottingham. Neil's poems have been published widely in anthologies and magazines.

Migrant

This language sounds like mountains,
tastes like the flowering of gorse,
looks like nothing from my earth.
It is not green. It is not damp.
This language is spoken by despots,
is spoken by young women who chew its vowels,
is spoken by boys with sure aim,
is misunderstood by all.
This language is not my birthright.
This language is all I have to eat.

JO WATERWORTH

Jo Waterworth dropped out in the 1980s to be a Peace Camper and spent seven years living on the road. She has been writing poetry since then and lives in Glastonbury, Somerset. She is currently a mature student studying Creative Arts at Bath Spa University.

Bedroom Tax

Space is heavy, a weight to be slung across
a shoulder and hauled from room to room.

Space is hungry. An extra room devours a meal
or two a week, demands meat, more meat,
the choicest cuts.

Space sets a place at the table, tips you
from your armchair and will not let you rest.

Space is a thief. It rifles under your mattress
and through your cupboards, finds the jam jar
filled with coppers and complains *Is this all?*

Space takes your winter coat and cuts the sleeves,
picks at the stitching on your shoes until the leather
parts and rain pours in.

Space is a formula – a sliding scale
of jiggery pokery multiplied by fear.

Space says you have little and deserve less;
it expands to squeeze the air from your chest,
swells to fill the nothing left with space.

JACQUELINE SMITH

Jacqueline Smith works as an interviewer and lives in London. Her poems have previously been published in *Ambit*, *South Bank Poetry*, *Inkspill*, *Spilt Milk* and *Cake*. 'Bedroom Tax' first appeared in *South Bank Poetry*.

Broken Prayer

Jesus, we're walking inside spiritually abandoned cities
with men who have no concept of the soul,
who have chopped down your crosses to build bonfires
so that their wives may have somewhere to burn their discarded fat;
cities with no fresh water for baptism,
every chalice spiked by marauding hucksters
come to rape the face of humanity
and spit hatred into its eyes.

They have rewritten your gospels Jesus,
and now preach not of eternity and everlasting love
but of the power of the here and the now,
the denial of consequence for the sake of today,
building ivory towers and not caring
if tomorrow's children can climb the stairs,
if they can even crawl out of the shadows of the palaces,
placing malnourished limb in front of each other,
umbilical cords trailing like butchered kimono dragons without fire,
breathless babes of Babylon snuffed out underfoot
as Utopia bends down to smell its own shit.

Jesus, they're waiting to drop the bomb,
their bulbous, greasy fingers posed on the button
as all our green fields are pockmarked with landmines
rattling in the winds of heresy, sandbagging our minds,
making escape the impossible dream;
so we build artificial minds offering artificial escapism,
digital fantasies to console our weeping
and plant distraction into our living rooms:
a pair of blinkers for every man, woman and child
to turn away from the festering corpulence of bankers
and unseen pioneers of legislation
queuing up to jump through the loopholes;
there is no tiger leaping through the flame here,
our economic tiger lies dead in a pool of failed businesses,
with the vomit of sub-prime mortgages and toxic debt
soaking into its stinking fur.

Jesus, let us break through these firewalls of cynicism
holding the fools of mankind to ransoms
that can only be paid with our entrapped souls,
forced into gas chambers, singing to order,
singing in order to forget the kiss of monoxide,
by the order of faceless generals called prosperity,
civilisation, the great white American dream
wearing the mask of hope.

Jesus, we pumped our children full of gasoline
and left them matchbooks for an inheritance,
a generation of ticking cataclysms,
an assembly line of suicide machines;
parents defending themselves with ignorance
against these accidents of birth
stillborn in culture and still crying for their bottles.
We put sugar in their upbringing and hide the sting
of perpetual disappointment born into dawning reality,
ground their glittering rocket ships and piss into their milk.

Jesus, they stuck paper money in their pipes
and used the future as a match.
We have forgotten our prayers
and soon our tongues will lie mute
from the lack of progress in our protests,
lying down with legs open and spread cheeks
allowing the pistons of industry
to pump crude oil through our assholes and into our hearts;
we're motors running on spitefulness and gluttony,
drowning our babies in the bubbling slick
and erecting our temples around the oil wells,
lining the pews with holy barrels,
a measurement of society's worth.
We will weigh the value of human life
against the oil fields and gold mines
and find that the minerals outweigh us all,
minerals that have the extra ballast
of tanks and bombs behind them.

Jesus, all our heroes have been cemented over.
We carry debt now as our burden, instead of across,
and sling our shoulders low
against the cost of modern living,
where bank accounts mean more than accountability,
interest rates mean more than interest in your fellow man.
We've been baked in the oven of transgression,
burnt skin cackling out like Tantalus,
beseeching and crazed by eternal thirst.
Surely now is the time for your judgment.

COLIN DARDIS

Colin Dardis is a poet, editor, arts facilitator and mental health advocate. His work has been published widely throughout Ireland, the UK and the USA. He is the founder of Poetry NI, editor of *FourXFour* and *Pen Points Press*, and hosts the popular Purely Poetry open mic in Belfast. www.colindardispoet.co.uk

Standing To Deliver

(To the tune of the song by Adam & The Ants, 1981)

We're the dandy ruling class,
we earned our chops at Eton;
our Daddy's cash makes such a splash,
our 'O' Grades take some beatin'.
The devil take your National Health,
your Single Mum exemptions!
We'll cook the books, call you the crooks,
and then call an Election!

Stand and deliver!
Your money, for your life —
Ha!

Read it in The Mirror!
From Pontefract to Fife —
Ha!

We're the dandy ruling class
devoid of all compassion.
Pensions, schools and libraries?
Just one more thing to ration.
So what's the point of austerity
with backs already breaking?
It's all a bluff, to grab more stuff,
a class war in the making!

Stand and deliver!
Your money, for your life —
Ha!

Read it in The Mirror!
From Pontefract to Fife —
Ha!

Even though your unions scold,
the finance sector's mine:
all mine.

We're the the dandy ruling class,
so tired of dole queue losers!
Of overflowing prison yards,
of wasters, chavs and users!
You're the lazy working class —
there'll be no revolution —
so take a hike, get on yer bike
or face life persecution!

Stand and deliver!
Your money, for your life —
Ha!

Read it in The Mirror!
from Pontefract to Fife —
Ha!

And though your business plan is bold,
the tax breaks will be mine:
all mine.

Quack, quack:
That Corbyn's a quack, quack,
That Corbyn's a quack, quack,
That Corbyn's a quack, quack,

Stand and Deliver,
your money and your life.

(Original song written by Adam Ant & Marco Pirroni.)

ANGELA T. CARR

Angela T. Carr is a widely-published poet. She was born in Glasgow, now based in Dublin. In 2014, she participated in Poetry Ireland's Introductions series, was shortlisted for the Patrick Kavanagh Award, and won the Allingham Poetry Prize. Her debut poetry collection, *How to Lose Your Home & Save Your Life*, was published November 2014, and her work has been broadcast on RTE Radio One. www.adreamingskin.com

Explanations of War

See all those bright lights whizzing around in the sky-
They are only the stars throwing a party.
And the shaking you feel beneath you,
The shaking that jars your teeth and your bones-
That is only the way the earth dances.
And the bangs and roars, the cracks and blasts and booms-
These are only the sounds of little spirits tuning their instruments.
And the horrible wailing that rises and falls, rises and falls above the buildings-
That is only the rooftops shrieking their envy that they cannot fly off.
And the high fires that climb above the rooftops-
These are the rejoicing souls of our city flying to heaven.
And the black clouds of smoke blotting the beautiful woman of the moon-
These are our dark acts evaporating.
And you my child, lying still in my arms,
Lying stiff as a mould of ancient clay,
You my child, you are only sleeping.

DAVE LORDAN

Dave Lordan was born in Derby in 1975. He now lives in County Wicklow, and is editor of Ireland's leading alternative literature blog [The Bogman's Cannon](#). His most recent poetry collection *The Lost Tribe of The Wicklow Mountains* was published by Salmon last year.

On Your Unsuitability for High Office

“you loved me as a loser, but now you're worried that I just might win”

Leonard Cohen

for J.C.

The minute they realise
you might succeed in changing
more than the occasional
light bulb in the new
old community centre,
where the anti-apartheid
meetings used to happen;

the late Lord Lambton
climbs out from between
two prostitutes and into
the next available issue
of the Daily Express
to urge votes for anyone
but you; Earl Haig

gets up from his grave
to bang the table and tell us
you've not successfully
organised enough death
to properly understand
Britain's defence needs
in the twenty first century.

The Telegraph mutters
into its whiskers about your lack
of experience – how you never once
so much as successfully destroyed a bank;
as former comedians gather
in darkest Norwich and Lincolnshire
to speak of your beige zip-up jackets.

LBC Radio exclusively reveals your plan
to give each failed asylum seeker,
and anyone who's ever
taken an axe to a child,
their own seat in
the House of Lords;
the same day, The Spectator
gives retired General
Franco space to expose your
long term associations
with known vegetarians
and Mexican importers
of fair trade coffee.

While on Radio Four's Women's Hour
the former editor of the News of The World
and Dame Myra Hindley agree:
the last thing this country needs
right now is you.

KEVIN HIGGINS

Kevin Higgins was born in London and now lives in Galway, Ireland. He was a member of
Edmonton Constituency Labour Party 1988-91, and recently rejoined the party as an overseas
member. Kevin's fourth poetry collection, *The Ghost In The Lobby*, was published by Salmon
last year.

Humility

They did not hate the poor. Their houses were not extravagantly big. They did not drive gas guzzling four by fours; may have liked good food but never wasted it.

They did not spend a year's normal salary on champagne, or spend their evenings in Canary Wharf bars. They may have been numerate but they never fiddled sub-prime mortgages.

They didn't demand tax breaks, would not even consider making special pleas, did not expect others to pay for their mistakes, never sold their friends public property.

And they certainly do not run the country.
I am absolutely sure, they do not run the country.

RUTH AYLETT

Ruth Aylett teaches computing and researches artificial intelligence and robotics at Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh. She jointly wrote the collaborative online epic Granite University, performed with Sarah the Poetic Robot at the 2012 Edinburgh Free Fringe. She has been published by Envoi, New Writing Scotland, Poetry Scotland, and anthologies from Bloodaxe Books and Doire Press.

Resurrection

I have a dream that one day
armies will shoot with songs instead of bullets
generals will shed uniforms for the saffron hues of Hari Krishnas
Buddha will hold conference calls between New York and Geneva
St Francis will cradle again the birds of Assisi
even insects will have no reason to fear us
Lao Tsu will return to expound on mountains
that freedom never crowns conquest
never plants flags beyond borders

The dead will rise to expose
those who killed innocence and blamed the innocent
those whose lies hatched our hatred and turned us into murderers
those who will hear their grim laughter
silenced by their cries of spontaneous confession

Machiavelli will erase *The Prince* as a fraud
Wolfowitz will tell us all Neocons
are trapped in the chaos of the clueless
the Kennedys will unmask their assassins
and spend a week granting absolution
to plotters who never imagined it possible

Isaiah will weep with joy as Ariel abandons Dimona
and its shell is claimed by sands of the Negev
Wahhabis, spellbound, will intone
the poems of Rumi; Shia and Sunni
will greet each other with kisses of kindness
while sabres of rage remain sheathed
and the sacred book's lions
lie down and purr to the licks of lambs
in a Kabbalistic Bride's Reception
of jungles, forests and fields redeemed

Nuclear arsenals will explode with a pop
harmless and hilarious as clouds of balloons bursting
we will at last hear the trees speak
tell us why they are rooted
and how their quiet peace
resurrects flowers and leaves

Ghandi will walk with Jesus on water.
They will hail the resurrected dreamer -
Martin Luther King -
while he hauls into his boat
constellations of fish
with silken nets of starlight

JACK GRADY

Jack Grady is a member of the Ox Mountain Poets, based in Ireland. His poetry has appeared in journals in Ireland, the United States, France, and the United Kingdom.

Voting Intentions (a congenial exercise in secrecy)

It is an act of communion, that slip
posted in a tin-black mouth.
The don't-blame-me defence for years to come.

Once perhaps the everyday note to milkmen,
under empty bottle, weighed down by habit.
Its order sometimes blurred by rain.

Or maybe a love letter's captive thought,
long pondered, with aching hope sent off.
The entreaty hidden beneath a doormat.

Or just the random prejudice of a moment,
clutched at, like a tabloid spread
in sudden ill-wind swept up and flailing.

Then, within a flimsy booth, set down
in two fleeting strokes of thick, soft pencil:
our only choice, this folded curse.

MARK CASSIDY

Lumber (an elegy for the Welfare State)

Because you've grown and grown -
too tall, too broad, too thick -
so we shall cut you down.

Because your spreading mantle
does darken all our plot -
so we shall cut you down.

For your ambition upward,
though long since trimmed each year,
means we must take you down.

No more that thrash of branches,
in spring storms spilling
graceful rain from your lopped crown.

No more our summer refuge
under your shady dappling,
leaves by breeze all fribbled.

No more the autumn tableau
of patchwork turning,
green to amber then to red.

No more, when lastly naked,
will full moon rising
silver tissue paper skin.

Yes, old friend, we are intent
with rope and screaming blade,
limb by limb to bring you down.

And then your trunk, disabled,
is creaking hinge of life
before the door is slammed.

Out from piles of fallen bark,
ladybirds diverse escape
the diamond fissures dark.

Where once they paused, pigeons
fly through empty space -
the enclosed light let loose.

So, stump apart, now lawn
is level playing field,
while in the ground roots pulse.

MARK CASSIDY

From Birmingham via the Isle of Wight, Mark Cassidy now teaches Radiography in Portsmouth, where he lives with two rabbits, seven trees and the rest of his family. His poetry has appeared in various European magazines, including *Skylight* 47 “probably Ireland’s most interesting poetry publication”, and may also be found on his blog, *Fractures*. During the late 1970s/early 1980s Mark was a supporter of the Clause 4 group within the National Organisation of Labour Students.

A Primer in Game Theory

When you walk to the end of the pier
make sure you're not alone

and when you turn
make sure he turns first

because in a world, where breath is cheap,
words are simply that.

When he offers gold,
ask for bread

the crumbs to line your pockets,
the crusts to sharpen your teeth.

MAURICE DEVITT

A graduate of the MA in Poetry Studies at Mater Dei, he is the recent winner of the Trocaire/Poetry Ireland Competition 2015. He has been placed or shortlisted in many competitions including the Over the Edge New Writer Competition, Cuirt New Writing Award, the Listowel Writers' Week Collection Competition and the Doire Press International Chapbook Competition. He has had poems published in various journals in Ireland, England, Scotland, the US, Mexico, India and Australia and is a founder member and chairperson of the Hibernian Writers' Group.

All The Men Went

All the men went
to the mines and
my grandfather carried
a canary in a small cage.
When the bird expired he
chose to stay as the others
rushed to air.

At his funeral Mass in
the church he never
entered, a choir sang
Danny Boy that was his
drinking song. No one
understood his choice
to lay beside his pick
and sleep; but I had
spent a night in his home
when I was small and called
down for his company.

He lay beside me
and explained how
the light that reflects
through a prism is a true
division of a miracle and
this was joyous to him to
know and he described
the tracks of carts carrying coal
and the flashing lamps of fellow
miners and he recounted, touching
my hair, the Iliad and Apollo of the sky
on a knee, firing arrows in single
beams.

He was without vice: but when the
elevator ascended from the shaft
in daylight savings time, grand-
mother told me he disappeared to
Illinois for sale and tasted the rich black
soil of Illinois with a spoon. I think,
and write, of ultra violet and infra red

light that vibrates in every kind of
molecule, even cloud drops, in
a music for grandfather and choice
mythology.

Charles Bane, Jr.

Charles Bane, Jr. is the author of *The Chapbook* (Curbside Splendor) , *Love Poems* (Aldrich Press) , and *Three Seasons: Writing Donald Hall* (Collection of Houghton Library, Harvard University). He created and contributes to The Meaning Of Poetry series for The Gutenberg Project, and is a current nominee as Poet Laureate of Florida.

Final Act

I feel the world is urging a Shakespearean drama
While a semblance of reason slumps on the screen
History proves brute inclinations mold thoughts
The organism of earth at war with its own brain
Like trees at war with soil--soil at war with water
Doom is the final act that perversely arouses minds
We romanticize this eternal play of an apocalypse
With man taught to fight on his patriotic island
'Til neutral waves crash naturally on neutral earth
We scream hate from our sad isolation of culture
Yet we don't see the main island--culture of one
Earth alone. Floating--a pebble in a ubiquitous brook
We are truly an island, but ignorance narrows scope
Into inlets of our blinding enclaves; of the whole
Filling clear water with murky blood of dark fervour .

NICK RUSH

Nick Rush a 20 year old college student with a verve for poetry. Nothing satisfies him more than writing and reading. He says "The truest pleasure is when it all comes together, and apart all at once."

Concrete

These cities of ours with their beautiful bridges;
Hide the concreted-in poor with their half-empty fridges.
These cities of ours with churches and steeples
Employ politicians who don't know their people.

Those sons and daughters; whom poverty destroys
Deserve higher-education; dignity for all unemployed.
Working women and men earning respectable wages,
A decrease in crime: fewer prisoners in cages.

Those beautiful rural places with streams running through
Lack opportunities where people could grow;
Need a better flow of money so moral is high
Instead of suicidal men who'd prefer to die.

Those beautiful features in villages and towns
Are paid with the taxes of people wearing frowns –
Forced to eat from reduced shelves of supermarket waste
Unable to shop at local farmers markets and fetes.

Now: the right politician for improvements arises
Jeremy Corbyn; here before our eyes
Ready to gather more taxes from the super-rich,
Take our homeless out of their ditches.

HELEN HARRISON

Helen Harrison is originally from the Wirral. Her poems have been published in: *A New Ulster*, *North West Words* and *The Bray Journal*. Her first collection of poetry *The Last Fire* was published during 2015 by Lapwing.

Backing the wee man

He's not Blair. He's not Brown,
He's not any of the other clowns.
He's not a war criminal,
Nor a multimillionaire
From telling other criminals what they want to hear.
He's just a decent sort of a wee man.
In these times they are hard to find.

Now the crowd I used to run with, the rrrrevolutionaries,
They will be gearing up,
Getting out the mega phones,
The wee man is not clear on this,
The wee man is not clear on that.
And I have no doubt they are right.
Myself, like all of them, I used to know
everything about everything.
But the question is this,
How come there are tens of thousands following Corbyn,
And the rrrrevolutionaries are a bit thin on the ground.

Maybe there was after all something
We did not know.
I never did know everything and never will.
So with a bit of humility
wee Mister Corbyn I am backing you.
Sure I will watch you.
But not with the eyes of a hawk.
Not with the eyes of an arrogant
rrrevolutionary predator
But the eyes of somebody who wants you
to make some changes for the better.

Now do not get me wrong.
I am still revolutionary, just not rrrrevolutionary.
The years have educated me a bit.
I know now what I did not know before:
I do not know everything,
But do know that dialogue is more important than monologue.

that my ears are just as important as my mouth.
So good luck Mister Corbyn.
Stand up to the monsters.
Do your best.
Give the working people a fair shot.

JOHN THRONE

John Throne is a former member of the Administrative Council (National Executive) of the Irish Labour Party. Former member of the International Secretariat of the Committee For a Workers International. He now knows less than he knew then and is so more knowledgeable. His novel, [*The Donegal Woman*](#) (The Drumkeen Press, 2006) will shortly be available as an eBook.

Jeremy Corbyn - Weapon of Mass Destruction

Come all ye Labour generals of yore, time to dust
off the old medals and go to war. A new crusade:
chemical, biological, nuclear - this time the enemy
has it all - puts Terminator in the shade: a sharp blade,
this one! He'll blow us all into next week, he's lighting
the fuse even as we speak; this is not baloney - take it
from the trusted lips of Gordon, Neil and yes, Tony.

The fiend – his disciples gather now at fabled Mordor
in North Islington, (do not consult your A to Z for the
nearest tube - everything in that borough is underground.)
A paradise lost, regained, yet forever lost in its own
subversive way. In fact I used to live there once, strolled
from Tufnell Park to Holloway; can bear personal witness
that the area has its share of eccentrics, rebels, fallen angels
and those generally unhappy with their lot; superficially
not unlike most places, the familiar faces of every street
and town; unfortunately for hawkish eyes the lie of the land
reveals no exotic desert sand, no satanic oil wells to claim -
no mountain ranges where terror often dwells. Don't be fooled,
there is a whiff of fire and brimstone all the same, after all
the so-called ordinary citizens have voted this dark knight in
for the last thirty two years. But they are distracted innocents
and anyway too many; single out their leader - He is to blame!

PETE MULLINEAUX

Pete Mullineaux lived in Islington, north London for several years. He now lives in Galway, Ireland. He has published three collections: *Zen Traffic Lights*, (Lapwing 2005), *A Father's Day* (Salmon Poetry 2008) and *Session* (Salmon 2011). A new collection is forthcoming in 2016.