

Mrs T.

(of Finchley)

One of Us, you represent us still:

The part of “one”, still yearning for the will
to cut through all discussion and debate,
from which so little ever comes out straight,
and force all our conviction into fact—
your example, was our earnest to act.
Our will in yours, was readily satisfied
by force and fight, in thrust, in power and pride,
by vaunts to which so many were attachés,
one “war-cry” or another, slogan-clichés—
the whip-hand of correction, face firm-set,
against all weakness, “the lefty” or “the wet”—
all doubts, disputes, distraction, indecision,
the “Iron Lady”, Great Britain’s single vision:
proud of her pride, proud of the Nation’s choice,
one kind of confidence, the level untuned voice.

You represent us still, a fact as hard
as any brass tak that you ever wanted to
get down to, everywhere, into your grasp,
and hammer home—bang-bang it, in the hole
so tight it never would come out again,
to keep us all at one, by Law and order,
to give your character, to a shapeless culture
Who made things hold, but could not make them whole.

So it was your, and still “The Nation’s” fate
conflicted in the history we create,
that some love you extremely, others hate.

Brian Lee
2000–2011