

## **The End of History**

The collar of his shirt was starting to choke him  
The zipper of his pants was making him squirm  
A little man convinced of his agenda  
At history's end with no page left to turn  
Brave ideologies are no longer needed  
And nothing new to be learned

A Utopia where no one is ever hungry  
Market forces that are always so benign  
Droves of starving beggars crossing the borders  
Found they could not live by bread and wine  
Send the 'dozers in, tear down demarcation  
And the wall falls tumbling down

Don't worry little beauty  
Stuff your face and rejoice  
See the headlines stream the loudest noise  
In four year cycles of doubtful choice  
Now there is no more need to protest  
Just do your job and don't second guess  
Thoroughly post-modern Miss

Sweat pricking at his neck but not his conscience  
Hand in pocket scratching with his claws  
He takes a final bask in all the glory  
And graciously accepts all the applause  
History can finally rest forever  
In its own designer vault

No more glorious dreams of truth and justice  
Even the air we breathe gets privatised  
And our ragged trousered philanthropist  
Flinches from the blows of each raw deal  
Rising tides swamps all but the biggest vessels  
Watch the sharks enjoy their meal

Don't worry little darling  
The modern age is here  
Trust the election promises my dear  
There is nothing left for you to fear  
Join the others and follow the line  
Pucker up those lips and you'll be fine  
Thoroughly post-modern girl