

The Secret Globe Theatre Ayrshire

How can time alone do this?
I study the properties of the disease
It's amazing
In his dead uniform torn and broken
Sits a small god
As a boy I used to walk past this giant
As he stood sentry to his life
Under the dull arc of the street lights
Tight and cool
He invented the words
By having the tightest trousers
Toughest look
His bright pink jacket was a sign
Something was going down
Of course I missed it
While girls with bodies
As sharp as razors
Dulled themselves on him
He had it all
His own way
Outside the pub
Two hours early
Every greasy hair in place
The daily sports page open
At the racing section
Bleeding clues
To untold fortunes
His pose and act
A made to measure fact
He was king
O how could time alone
Un throne such a man
To the faded thing
Over in the corner
Waiting the barman who's known him all his life
Explain a second rate goal to two amateur madmen
And with his thick frothy pint locked safely in his shaky grasp
He raises his remaining hopes to his lips
A second placed god banished to the corner
With his late sixty odd and uneven years
Drawn tightly around him like a cloak
As the boys strut and crow
Their new found wealthy
And confidences
On a stage
Where he played hamlet
So well..