

An English Creation

What a mess, this oldest democracy
Feels the same, just another autocracy
The minority rule, in the main
The majority mutter, all in vain

No legitimacy, a system like this
Promised reform, pre-election bliss
No credible mandate, from the people proper
Wasted billions, more humans suffer

Extremes of the right, extremes of the left
Both the same, daft but deft
A must to vote, for one and all
Make it proper let other things fall
All votes to matter, its no imagination
People will trust in just representation

Sixteen for all, not younger still
Whatever the age, for maturity thrill
OK for sex, OK to wed
School to leave, tax to dread
Can fight for country, even be dead?
Get the call, with a warring cry
Stand and be counted, go down and die

No need for royal or regal elite
Leave well alone in grandiose retreat
The lords in their chambers, also delete
Time to be modern, meaning in debate
At last a society, that's become first rate

A legitimate democracy
No place for autocracy
No silent majority
No deprived minority
No parish or county, to bumble around

To hold a bounty, no feet on the ground
Let regions assemble
No Westminster need tremble
Let districts mature
Local voices for sure

No regional compartments
No Whitehall departments
All civilians to serve
Where locals deserve

Look long and hard
Just history's best
Keep what we need
Discard all the rest

No religion in law
No birthright, no flaw
Let no one decide
How another abide

Let spirit be free
Find own soul, and see
Any church and spire
Any individual may desire

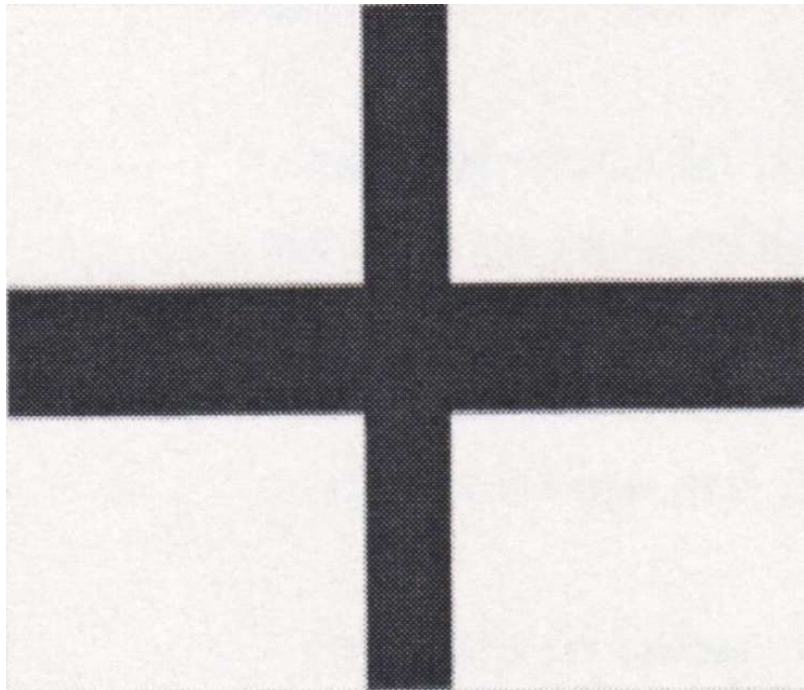
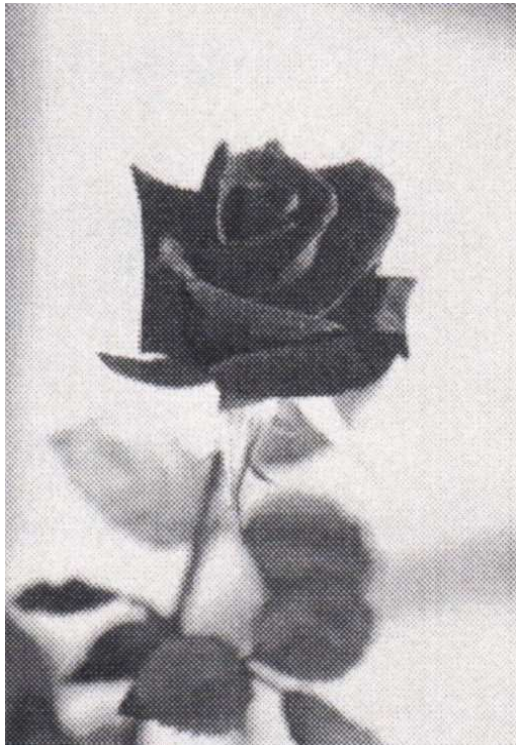
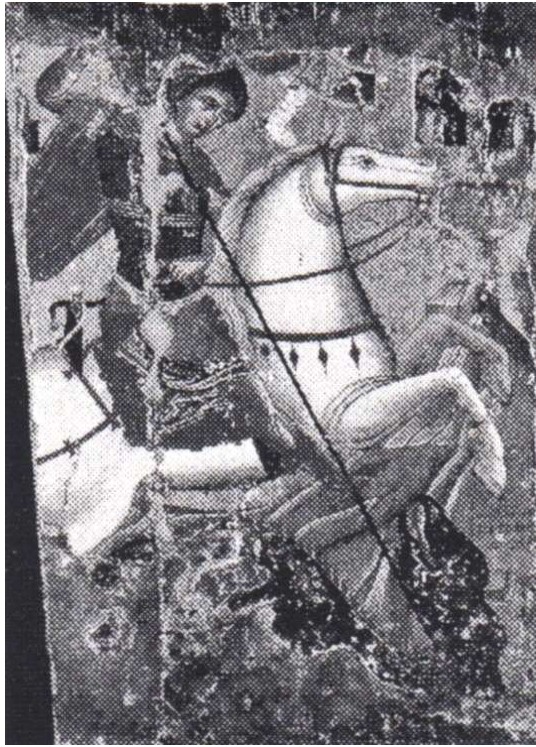
Let the media debate
Be open and straight
Moguls and clowns, barons a jest
Editors freedoms, readers judge best

No idle members, awaiting a crate
Secret ballots, open debate
No crosses to bear, no baggage to carry
Speak out and free, no whips to harry

The nation to steer, the regions in gear
Districts to manage, keep order no fear
National mandarins be there none
Regional boffins, same too, all gone
Administer no doubt, robust local clout

No party line to follow
For no one, such a hollow
Let other nations be
Irish, Scots and Welsh, go free

Fine English Parliament, broad-based and stout
Regions maybe, with political clout
Truly legitimate and just, a democratic nation
A first for England, a wonderful creation



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