

# This Vicious Cabaret

David J

They say that there's a broken light for every heart on  
Broadway.  
They say that life's a game, then they take the board  
away.  
They give you masks and costumes and an outline of the  
story  
Then leave you all to improvise their vicious  
cabaret...

In no-longer-pretty cities there are fingers in  
kitties.  
There are warrants, forms, and chitties and a jackboot  
on the stair.  
Sex and death and human grime, in monochrome for one  
thin dime,  
But at least the trains all run on time but they don't  
go anywhere.  
Facing their Responsibilities either on their backs or  
on their knees  
There are ladies who just simply freeze and dare not  
turn away  
And the widows that refuse to cry will be dressed in  
garter and bow-tie  
And be taught to kick their legs up high in this  
vicious cabaret.

At last! The 1998 Show!  
The ballet on the burning stage.  
The documentary see  
Upon the fractured screen  
The dreadful poem scrwled upon the crumpled page...

There's a policeman with an honest soul that has seen  
whose head is on the pole  
And he grunts and fills his briar bowl with a feeling  
of unease.  
But he briskly frisks the torn remains for a  
fingerprint or crimson stains  
And endeavours to ignore the chins that he walks in to  
his knees.  
while his master in the dark nearby inspects the hands,  
with a brutal eye,  
That have never brushed a lover's thigh but have

squeezed a nation's throat.  
But he hungers in his secret dreams for the harsh  
embrace of cruel machines  
But his lover is not what she seems and she will not  
leave a note.

At last! The 1998 Show!  
The Situation Tragedy  
Grand Opera slick with soap  
Cliffhangers with no hope  
The water-colour in the flooded gallery...

There's a girl who'll push but not shove and is

desperate for her father's love  
She believes the hand beneath the glove maybe one she  
needs to hold.  
Though she doubts her hosts moralities she decides she  
is more at ease  
In the Land Of Doing What You Please than outside in  
the cold.  
But the backdrop's peel and the sets give way and the  
cast gets eaten by the play  
There's a murderer at the Matinee, there are dead men  
in the aisles  
And the patrons and actors too are uncertain if the  
show is through  
And with side-long looks await their cue but the frozen  
mask just smiles.

At last! The 1998 Show!  
The torch-song no one ever sings  
The curfew chorus line  
The comedy divine  
The bulging eyes of puppets strangled by their strings

There's thrills and chills and girls galore, sing-songs  
and surprises  
There's something hear for everyone, (reserve your seat  
today)  
There's mischief and malarkies but no queers or yids or  
darkies  
Within this bastard's carnival, this vicious cabaret.