

# A Glorious Day

Emma Pollock

1, 2, 3, 2, 2, 3

Our and Henry immediately  
The day you are dispatched  
And we'll get slaughtered  
Pines land up waiting  
And wine is bliss  
On the level and Henry will be giggling  
At how there is no need

To drop glue on your cabbages  
Up in the smog of North London  
And you have plenty of time  
To tend to your reward

Alone and hopefully weeping  
When she wakes up with someone  
Because of some yearning  
She explains as a tsunami  
Hamling in her heart  
And forget about her bones  
And the shape of her hips

As myself and Henry chuckle  
And raise our glasses high  
Poor Arthur, poor Arthur, poor Arthur

We'll keep repeating it  
Wishing we could see you  
Sitting with your middle water  
With your head in your hands  
Such a pathetic sight we reckon  
Sitting in your ramshackle shed

With only the wind to remind you  
Of the beautiful smell and grace  
As some other punter with no face  
Is the one who tortures you

Everywhere you go  
Even on buses  
Even in other cities  
Forever, forever, forever  
Forever, forever, forever