

Elephant

Imelda May

There's an elephant in the room
And it's fucking huge
A prophecy of gloom
Looming larger than life

Of gigantuous height
In full plain sight
And right under our upturned noses
Luca bos poses

No trumping it's trunk
No growling or grunts
It's quiet
Big
There

Stillness impressive
Presence oppressive
Passive aggressive
Does powerful nothing yet

Enough to be felt, smelt
Knelt at the altar of
Pray, what shall we do?
Call emergency or London Zoo

Definitely don't stare
Or acknowledge it's there
Keep calm and carry on
Keep moving along
Though nothing is wrong

Make pleasant exchanges
Of weatherly changes
"Rain? I say!"
The proper way
Stiff upper lip

And all that
And chit chat
And be a good chap
And pass the sugar

"One lump or two?"
But whatever you do
Don't mention the elephant
In
This
Room!