

## Minstrel In The Gallery

Jethro Tull

The minstrel in the gallery looked down upon the  
smiling faces.  
He met the gazes --- observed the spaces between the  
old men's cackle.  
He brewed a song of love and hatred --- oblique  
suggestions --- and he waited.  
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters --- static-humming  
panel-beaters --- freshly day-glow'd factory cheaters  
(salaried and collar-scrubbing).  
He titillated men-of-action --- belly warming, hands  
still rubbing on the parts they never mention.  
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating  
one-line jokers --- T.V. documentary makers  
(overfed and undertakers).  
Sunday paper backgammon players --- family-scarred  
and women-haters.  
Then he called the band down to the stage and he  
looked at all the friends he'd made.

The minstrel in the gallery looked down on the  
rabbit-run.  
And threw away his looking-glass - saw his face in  
everyone.