

Peter Hammill, The Jargon King

He prescribes the subject
he proscribes outsiders
his terms have a golden ring.
He wants to find some order
quantifying chaos
in words that all the children sing.
He tabulates the lexicon
vocabulary minimised
bow down to the Jargon King.

All questions become so simple
if we eat the inane answer
if we all agree to ju-ju speak
we fit into the formula
we all without exception
approve the rule.

We don't understand
he must be clever
he must be clever
he must be right
he must be right
we don't understand

Closed the ranks and barricades
imposed the secret language
complexity all catch-phrased
word-drugged any anguish
pigeon-holed allusions
shut the vault behind us
It's an obvious conclusion
we'll be the chattels of His Highness.

Bow down to the Jargon King
and his minion code-words.

Here comes the reign