

The Divine Comedy, Middle-Class Heroes

"Hello...
What have we here?
A young lady!
To what do I owe this pleasant surprise, my pretty one?
How may I be of service this dark and wintry night?
Ah, I see. You wish me to look into the future... your future.
After GCSEs, A-levels, university...
After your first badly paid job in advertising...
Okay, my pretty, just cross my palm with plastic,
And I'll see what I can do...
Wait!
The fog is lifting!"

I see oriental paper globes
Hanging like decomposing cocoons
While exotic candles overload
The dusty air with their stale perfume
And I see lentils, beans, seaweed and rice
In jars on the windowsill
And it ain't hardly enough to feed the mice
Running behind the lines of allergy pills

All these things will come to pass
When heroes of the middle class
Face up to their responsibilities

I see an Indian fertility God
He's got thirty seven limbs to spare
And tasteless tie-dyed tablecloths
That double up as evening wear
And I see naked bodies twist and turn
On the futon of dreams fulfilled
But their three-year-old kid seems unconcerned
He'd rather swallow all those allergy pills

I see unspeakable vulgarity
Institutionalised mediocrity
Infinite tragedy
Rise up little souls join the doomed army
Fight the good fight wage the unwinnable war:
Elegance against ignorance!
Difference against indifference!
Wit against shit!

My words fly up to heaven, my thoughts remain below
Words said without feeling never to heaven go...

All these things will come to pass
When heroes of the middle class
Face up, repent, and pay the price
For accidentally creating life
An oversight for which they must atone
And sacrifice their own