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Shame

Adam Brown

All are yelling but no one scrambles for air
One feels claustrophobic from a distance
Watching with unclenched hands
Cuticles peeling back of their own accord

Superfluous questions attract evasive answers
A cup of bile is passed back and forth
Refilled faster than it can be emptied
But most are gorging on the politics of *Masterchel*

Tone and substance are in happy harmony
When calling a man a bloke is an offence
Knowledge of language's history
Is a solid chamber of sand in Winter

At least a woman is still a whore
And with the gays can live in harmony
Over there in the paddock
Does that fit into a tweet?

No one is held to account to hold others to account
Why march for ideas when your seat has a cup-holder?

No one dies of shame
But you can be buried by it