**Litany**

When I was young

it was black and white,

right balanced left,

juxtaposed wrong.

It was all about definition.

Each position

had a perspective,

an objective

belonged

to a campaign to abolish this,

free that, cut the other.

Protesters had placards,

people held hands,

righteous and believing,

had opinions.

War was bad.

Slavery was wrong.

Tories oppressive,

Labour progressive.

The marches were long

As were the speeches

of trade unionists.

Then came new features:

Satchi and Satchi,

Clause 4 and Gucchi

in an explosion

grey entered the picture

fifty different shades

of extremism, greed

terrorism, free speech

and prayer.

Now we compromise,

build consensus,

mind health and safety,

observe political correctness,

shuffle corruption

between church and state,

look to the Corporate sector

for protection, absolution.

We flick, flit

poke from safe distance,

wash hands

rather than wring them,

close eyes not open them

Amen