

GRAUNCHESTER

*God, I will pack, and take a train,
and get to the Midlands once again.
And of that district I prefer
The lovely hamlet, Graunchester.*

*For Booker people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile.
And Lasham men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth.*

*At Dorset they fling oaths at you
And worse than oaths at S.G.U.
And folks in Oxford and those parts
Have twisted cables and twisted hearts;*

*And things are done you'd not believe
At Dunstable on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have blanched and shot their kind
Rather than send them to the Mynd.*

*But Graunchester, Ah Graunchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there
Great clouds along pacific skies
And men and women with straight eyes,*

*Sleek Tutors, lovelier than a dream
A refuse pit, a murky stream,
And kindly little winds that creep
Around the top of our slag-heap.*

*The women there make wads and tea,
The men all swot for their Bronte C.
They love the air, they spurn the ground
And drive their winches round and round.*

*And when they get to feeling old,
They overshoot the field. I'm told.
Oh, is the static-water sweet
That laps around the launcher's feet?*

*Opens the bar from ten to three,
And are their crates of brown for tea?*