

always

a kid kicks a ball against a sky-blue plaque as his mom calls him in for tea
and as he turns he feels a breeze against his neck of some long-forgotten victory;
a rattle of a turnstile from the past he never knew whispers to let the ghosts go through
a shuffle of feet, a chanted beat
the distant song echoes a brave man's dream.
you can dig up the turf and take the ball
but you'll never break the heart
you'll never beat us all;
and as the crowds gather
days of history embroidered in their scarves
pint pot conversations - games of two halves
the passion remains in the blood and the veins and the fight goes on...

far from here - in the boardrooms,
the cigar smoking back-slappers instigate comfortable chats over expense account suppers
wielding pens like swords that scythe through a century of tradition
clinical, cynical acts of sedition
deals with a city's blood splattered across the desk
until there is absolutely nothing left -
a once proud statue hangs its head in grief
muted, helpless in bitter disbelief;
from a decade of decline to the present day
as the money men and councillors turn away
from the club without a home
and still...
the fans march on, unseen, unheard, alone
but they'll always be there
they will always be there

aka The Archbishop ©2018