

THE BAUBLES OF IMPORTANCE – CORONATION DAY.

Grand designs, pomp and ceremony, inherited wealth.

They know: that is what they stand for.

Entering the minds of every living subject.

That is why they exist.

Across the seas, a distant land, Americans love our ceremony.

They think they know this: 'That is what they stand for'.

Loving our idea of superior people, we are polite and deferential.

That is why those from other lands watch.

The day has come, the time for pomp, time to show off.

The royal ones know: now is their time.

We must salute and bow the knee, recognising royalty.

That is why they do it. But why do we?

Our glorious history of empire and conquest.

But this is what they know: not subjugated suffering.

For the story has been written by those who command the common folk.

That is what we and others learn.

Then there is a distant voice that comes across the water.

She knows: it is the route to fame and glory.

But first she must tell her critical story, gaining fame and money.

That is why she does it.

But they should join the celebrating throng, show gratitude and not offend.

But this is what they do not know.

So they write a book of censure, blaming others not themselves.

That is why those outside the bubble of importance frown.

The common people watch and wonder why the pantomime goes on.

Because they know for them the doors of fame are closed.

To such as us to tell our truths, for no-one's there to listen.

That is why some people feel they have no voice.

For us there are no baubles, we are not born to rule.

To be known by others beyond our kin.

We must reflect on our own silence.

That is why some feel, across our land, that we are merely numbers.

We feel condemned to a life of toil.

Because we must know our place in this world.

Instead we have the gift of privacy.

That is something to be treasured.

So on that special stately day, when the King ascends the crown.

To be known as the monarch of all he surveys.

Let us not forget the truth.

That the baubles of importance cannot reflect the riches of happiness and inner peace.