

## **Pillars or pillows 2505**

Did I hear you rightly?

Pillows or pillars?

Never mind,

I can decide for myself.

I'll choose the two of them

for good measure.

Social rules are there to break.

Where on earth do you get

Breakfast, lunch and supper.

Only at the top tables.

Never invited! Never mind,

Neither have the rest of us.

Breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

People in the middle.

That's right, The middle-class.

Neither here or there!

Satisfied to a degree.

But not entirely.

Breakfast, dinner and tea.

How that defines you.

But who cares? You certainly don't!

Anyway, hereabouts,

people carry on a talking to their friends.

Are you a pillar of society?  
Or somewhere, in the middle?  
Or just a playwright.  
A working class one, finally  
to put the working class,  
there, to the front for all to see.

The high and mighty  
still around, they are,  
in Pin-striped suits.  
And the shoes,  
Always notice their shoes.  
They notice yours alright!  
And the tailored, Savile Row suits.  
They're a must.  
Bowler hats or top hats.

Being sighted at the races.  
Loosing heavily at times.  
Never mind,  
you can afford it.  
If not, you can  
a wander, down the street,  
and join the dole queue.  
Fancy that?  
From a Kensington address,  
to a slum in Slough.  
And Mrs. T.  
Came down against the unions, she did.

Oh! How they loved her.  
Sold the council houses, she did.  
Things, she didn't own. Theft, I called it.  
The Poll tax brought her down.  
Housewives had to pay. They hadn't any money.  
Where's the justice there?

Let's go for pillow talk!  
Edwina, and the man,  
a Prime Minister alright,  
As for his father.  
Received a long applause he did.  
Nightly, too.  
A circus performer, was he.  
traditional values, don't you know!  
A pillow was there, no doubt.  
A pillar of the establishment, too.  
Not in grey stripes, this time.  
An image in grey he was,  
there in a spitting out image

"He was, a gentlemen," she said.

"Am I doing it right?"

"Yes, carry on Jonny."

You're not so grey, now are you?

"Am I still doing, well?"

“Yes, yes you are Prime Minister.  
Yes! Yes!”

A couple of minutes later.

“I have to get a speech finished  
for tomorrow.  
All ready and dusted.”

“I understand.  
You can call on me any time.  
I’ll be there if needed.”

“Thank you, dear Edwina.  
I value your support, you know that.”

After the egg incident  
there was no promotion for Edwina,  
Just an auto...  
Autobiography, that is.  
How the press reported  
the lack of judgement

Further back,  
there was Jack Profumo!  
Kristine Keeler and the Russian.  
Mandy Rice Davis and more  
to stately homes they were invited.  
Naked swimming in the pools they were.

Denied it, he did.  
The Duke of this, or that place.  
“Well he would wouldn’t he,” said Mandy.  
Valerie Hobson, was in with  
the Werewolf of London.

Pillars along the façade  
at the British Museum.  
“A waste of space,  
blackened, eye sore,” I say.  
People disagree, I know.

I can, into my pillow, weep.  
there, for the spoils of a great empire.  
How the mighty, do decline.

In your diary place:  
The Chelsea Flower Show.  
The Royal Academy Exhibition  
Lords for cricket.  
Wimbledon.  
In the right order for sure.

Anything else in your diary?  
Not yet, still a waiting  
for the invitation, I am.

And don’t wish yourself,  
for heaven’s sake,

Back in earlier times.  
You might find yourself  
pilloried in stocks  
being pelted with rotten  
vegetables or worse.

So carry on regardless.  
with your status in life,  
you can become, a starving poet,  
an artist in the garret,  
or, at the very least  
a very rich influencer.

© Terry Miles 2025.