

A word in his ear

Written by Jeff Garland
Monday, 20 December 2010 12:48

(Described as perhaps the Island's sole surviving native thinker, Ealish is writing a verse epic: The Will of Tynwald. A Child's Guide to Manx Politics. She lives in Bride, breeds Salukis and rides Suzukis)

Ealish Voght

Who's the fellow that's never alone –



courted and flattered, well fed and sleek?

Why, he's the Minister's brother in law:

he is a power behind the throne.

But what does he do, what is he for –

nodding and grinning, nothing to say?

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Drops a few words in the Minister's ear –

birds of a feather – need I say more?

Does money change hands, oiling the wheels,

fixer and grifter, those back room boys?

I wouldn't say that, we're honest folk here:

in a family way, he just does deals.

Is he above and beyond the law?

A scandal, a sin, a crying shame!

No, he's decent enough, and what is more,

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Triple A rated by Standard & Poor,

Nod and a wink, a word to the wise,

under the counter and underhand?

It's sensitive stuff, you must understand:

ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

So no charisma, but knows the score,

hits the ground running, gets up to speed?

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I wouldn't say that, he's no ball of fire,

yet steady enough, feet on the floor.

So truth will out, a bit of a bore:

He's nothing to look at, beige and grey.

Yes, he's very like his brother in law,

the Minister, as I said before.