

## **Holding Forth - The Politician's Speech**

In the hollow of the silence  
at the drifting of his word  
into the nowhere space  
beyond him  
across the stillness  
you could have heard  
the beat of the wing of a wasp.

A breathless pause  
noon in the desert  
the venue spotlights unrelenting,  
beads of sweat on his lips  
he stood clinging to a prayer  
his final sentence  
suspended in mid-air.

Then came the single clap  
like thunder to the fly  
a second like a ripple  
that echoed loud and more  
then sprung by a cry  
out poured  
the well of emotion.

The storm of applause  
and the standing ovation  
the deluge of whistles and cheers  
the doubts swept briskly away,  
arms aloft, a wave to the crowd.  
Acceptance. Relief. Joy.  
Votes.

The wasp saw his chance,  
launched his campaign,  
closed on his target elect  
and without any scruples  
got straight to the point,  
politically  
correct.