IAN HENERY

Moseley Golf Course (haiku)

Superb parkland course

Ensconced in barb wire and chain

For members - of course.

Moseley Golf Club (Edges)

The anticipated digital photographs came

WeTransfer

Edges of Moseley Golf Club, Clearly defined boundaries, Continuous and impenetrable.

The poet tries to write a poem

about golfers

Comically dressed in overpriced clothes,

Hitting little white balls

With big expensive sticks

And talking about it for hours

in hallowed parkland

Free from the stares

Of the great unwashed proletariat,

Ensconced behind their high fences.

The poet tried to write a poem

saw the metaphor

Current immigration policies -

Chain fences and barbed wire,

Refugees locked out of England's green and pleasant land.

The poet tried to write a poem

terraced housing

Lined up outside the parkland,
Foaming like a roaring tsunami
Held back by a strip of road.

The poet tried to write a poem
about edges
Was the fencing to keep out undesirables
Or the precious ones caged in,
Pure specimens free from contagion,

Working class plebs like the poet?

No poem written
About the immaculate greens,
A superb parkland course,
Off the grid - members only.

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