

Le Buffon*

That blaze of faded red hair
folds back over itself,
to cover a deathly white skull.
A sunbed face, punctuated by
bulbous eyes - sunk into white circles,
which those goggles cover each night.

You were voted in by many,
but answer to none. The baton
you were handed is held with disdain,
as you watch your land bleed.
If you could spell s-y-c-o-p-h-a-n-t
you might change your Party's name.

You're a buffoon of the apocalypse,
whose puffed cheeks and tiny mouth
weaponize an alternative truth.
A congregation trails behind
In an exaggerated slipstream.
Your answer to all questions is You.

Each night you appear is a funeral
for truth. You flail impetuously
at the world, withholding funding
when it is most desperately needed,
slagging experts for their wisdom,
pouring disdain onto debate and challenge.

As leadership is called for, you threaten
to drag your own people and mankind
into your dystopian myth.

Perhaps even your most blinkered
acolytes might surprise you when
those upcoming polls are finally counted.

**The English word Buffoon has its origins in Latin 'buffo' - clown, and Italian 'buffare' - a pull of
breath to puff up one's cheeks. Buffon is the French word, which for all its class, is a
fundamental paradox the leader in question.*

Craig O'Flaherty 2020