

K E V I N H I G G I N S

The Voice of Reason

He wants to keep you talking
about the gold he's seen in those Romanian teeth,
while they sneak Liam Lawlor out the back door.
Whatever the "equality brigade" might say,
the dogs in the street know that gold
does not belong in teeth such as those,
but should be siphoned away Ansbacher style.
He only met Frank Dunlop once or twice,
is the innocent victim of a campaign of lies
by clever Nigerians armed with PhDs;
will do any gymnastics necessary to hide
the cut-throat razor he has behind his back,
until the time is ripe and it's one minute to midnight.