

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Arthur James Marshall Smith**

**- poems -**

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## Political Intelligence

Nobody said Apples for nearly a minute  
I thought I should die.  
Finally, though, the second sardine,  
from the end, on the left,  
converted a try.  
(It brought down the house.  
The noise was terrific.  
I dropped my glass eye.)

Meanwhile Mr BaIdwin  
managed to make himself heard.  
He looked sad  
but with characteristic aplomb said  
keep calm there is no cause for alarm.  
Two soldiers' crutches had sexual intercourse  
on the spot with a little bit of fluff  
from a lint bandage in the firing chamber  
of a 12 inch gun.  
People agreed not to notice.  
The band played a little bit louder.  
It was all very British.

Arthur James Marshall Smith