

BREXIT

HOW GOES IT?

As I type the opinions of some are changing. As I type others are digging trenches to defend red lines. As I type the redlines won't stay still. As I type facts are uncovered and facts are challenged. As I type new facts are being invented. As I type Boris is planning a garden bridge over the Channel and an electronic device for managing movement between the London Boroughs of Eire and Ulster (really the six counties).

As I type Theresa May is plotting her response to the bashing she and her clowns received at the hands of John Major. The betting now is that this will involve setting up a new Samaritans branch dedicated to supporting desperate Tory politicians. It will be modelled on the Cones Hot Line.

As I type Philip May is wondering where he left his tax returns. Did he, he asks himself, accidentally leave them in the collection box last Sunday? Almost certainly.

Gosh is it not a privilege to have a government with such a steady hand upon the tiller? We may be heading for the rocks but have no fear Captain May is not a quitter. Though the wind may change her course is set. She has chosen which rock to hit. Its that big one over there.

Hark, hark! Hear her war cry as it carries on the wind. "Strong and stable, strong and stable, strong and... strong... er ... stron... er...."

Sovereignty shall be restored. Once again we shall rule the waves: rule them while drowning.

Cliff Jones, St. David's Day 2018