

His Hour Come Round At Last

Kevin Higgins

“What’s the alternative?” Condoleeza Rice

The Central Bank has declared a moratorium
on new sitting rooms and laughter, all relics
of the bygone bourgeois age known as
the week before last. The dog starts to hum
something by Woody Guthrie. These
are our Grapes of Wrath days. We’ll
pack what we can into an old jalopie;
from now on live in a black and white
photograph by Dorothea Lange.
Tomorrow, we’ll hang.

People will look at us in museums;
wonder what it was like
to be here, watching the guy
who’s spent the past twenty years
turning himself on with pictures
of queues for government issue
Cup-a-Soup, blowing his nose
on other people’s sleeves
reach for the alternative economic strategy
he keeps in an old Aldi bag;
when you’d rather anything
than live in a world where
he has a point.

Kevin Higgins was born in London in 1967 and grew up in Galway City, Ireland. Two volumes of his poetry have been published by salmonpoetry: *The Boy With No Face* (2005) and *Time Gentlemen, Please* (2008). The latter is reviewed by Siobhán Campbell in *Democratiya 15*. His work also features in the anthologies *Short Fuse*, *Breaking The Skin: New Irish Poetry*, *100 Poets Against The War* and *Irish Writers*

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Against War. He has reviewed poetry for *Metre*, *Books In Canada*, *Poetry Quarterly Review*, *Vallum*, and *Canadian Notes & Queries*. His poem 'Letter To A Full Time Revolutionary' was published in *Democratiya 14*.