



Cleeve Prior Chroniclers

Changing Times

A thousand years, so what has really changed?

Cotswold stone still glows serenely in the evening's fading light
Sheep still graze unhurriedly as time slips slowly by
Villagers still make the weekly trip to church to sing and pray
And many still enjoy the pleasures of the pub at daylight's end

Country's armies still do battle to defend their land
And foreign despots rule just as they did before
But now politicians vie with media moguls for their sound bites every day
Spin doctors spin and tell us what to think

Where once was Bach, now there's Scary Spice
Teatime dances like the foxtrot and the waltz
Have been replaced by Rap and Karaoke sing-alongs in pubs
And mindless Musak muscles in on personal space at every turn

The internet beams the world relentlessly into our homes
Where all the information comes from I'm not sure
But now it's possible to shop for CD's, books and clothes
Without enduring all the push and shove of the high street stores

Dictionaries include all sorts of strange and colourful new words
Like Gobbledegook and Zit and many more
Where will it end, will there be Eurospeak?
"Good Morgen, Ya" or maybe "Merci lots"

Gardening, though no longer seems a chore
Even though the words of Chairman Titmarsh must at all costs be obeyed
But thoughts of Charlie Dimmock ease my aching back
And Carol Vordeman's on hand to tot up what it costs

"The Naked Chef" whips up some pukka food
And supermarkets now stock produce from exotic lands
That "Ready, Steady, Cook" has much to answer for
What was ever wrong with good old fish and chips?



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My wide screen digital super satellite TV
Offers limitless repeats from years gone by
Sport is viewed from angles once undreamt
With 24 hour news for couch potatoes every where

Yet somehow days themselves no longer seem so long
There never quite seems time to just chill out and take it slow
As everywhere there's jostle, rush and change
And all for what, to find the time to rush some more?

I strolled along and pondered on this worrying thought
And came upon a man out walking with his ageing dog
He seemed content to stride amongst the silence
With just his trusted friend to share unspoken thoughts

As evening fades once more and I lie in my bed
One thought persists which keeps me from my sleep
Have we progressed or not, who knows?
If ever I get the time, I guess I'll think it through

Ray Heath-Cleeve Prior