

## Poets, Painters, Singers, Actors, Entertainers and Lion-Tamers

We poets, painters, singers, actors, entertainers and lion-tamers  
Ever out there parading our pain while feeding our needy egos  
Self-obsessed, suitably stressed and in such an awful mess  
Knee-deep in therapy and someone please take care of me me me  
Darlings, you just can't possibly imagine how it is to be so very special  
It must be wonderful to be drab-normal in a house without mirrors  
Listening, for a change, instead of talking about one's self all the day  
You see, us chosen few who sometimes do seem so very many  
Have a duty to lead and be followed with every word swallowed  
By such a tiresome unattractive public who smile and wave and gawp  
And we try to be nice though of course it does conflicts with one's thoughts  
Dearies, they can't even begin to feel our burden of being so superior  
But truly, how could we honestly be expected to mix with the inferior  
Oh, the expense of dressing up so as not to look at all like them  
Then add the endless dietary fads so that we at least don't share their flab  
We poets, painters, singers, actors, entertainers and lion-tamers  
Weighed down by fame and the precarious currency of names  
I mean, just imagine if The Wolseley said that they couldn't fit us in  
Or some horrid ageing stewardess made us turn right on the plane  
These are the sort of things we have to live and die with each day  
Just the dental costs alone so we can smile our capped display  
And of course the critics who love to take our art and tear it all apart  
Who turn us inside out and break our poor delicate porcelain hearts  
It's such a dreadful burden we bear as we bare our souls to the world  
While the public intrude on our lives and delight should we ever unfurl  
And when the press write about us then it's always so vindictive  
But then when they blatantly ignore us, why it's even harder to forgive  
So we worship the golden triumvirate of the holy me myself and I  
Three hard-done-by mortals each one needing to be immortalised  
We poets, painters, singers, actors, entertainers and lion-tamers  
We bear our gifts of talent proudly and who could rightly blame us  
As we suffer for our art of becoming rich and rather wonderfully famous  
While the pleb-public somehow presumptuously think they own us  
Just because they've queued and splashed out some petty cash to see us  
We're not cheap objects to be passed around while they coo and discuss disgustedly  
Oh hasn't he aged? Oh isn't she small? I much preferred the earlier works  
They're overpaid, a bunch of fools, ciphers dressed up in shirts and skirts  
He used to be funny, she once sung in tune, the paintings have lost their colour  
He forgets his lines, her poems never rhymed, I just don't know why they bother  
So, where's the praise, the loud applause, in this age of attention deficit  
How about cheers, or a thank-you my dears, because you're the ones who so benefit  
From us poets and painters and singers and actors and entertainers and last but not least  
the lovely irresistible lion-tamers