Paupers at the Castle

Proud sandstone turrets,
A splendid sight indeed.
Gatehouse, moat, portcullis,
Plush lawns without a weed.

Now a five star grand hotel,
Impressive tapestry walls,
Four poster beds and bridal suites,
Stag’s heads in the grand hall.

A site for costly weddings,
A real expensive place,
Where only upper middle class,
Would dare to show their face.

If the walls won’t stop the paupers,
Then the price tag surely will.
Two months of benefit payments,
Wouldn’t even touch the bill.

The aspiring middle classes,
I would say, a bit like me,
Would have to save a decent while,
To partake in snobbery.

But for folks with kids called Trixie,
Poppy, George or Trin,
This place is just the ticket,
To drink expensive wines within.

The menus there are flashy,
No burgers made of horse,
Undersized the meal, oversized the plate,
Mixed with pretentious sauce.

But one day peace was shattered,
By a couple from poorer lands,
They seemed quite clean and though polite,
Didn’t wear designer brands.
Their taste in wine was suspect,
Their perfume, rather crude,
And despite their "please and thank yous",
Their being there was rude.

There were people who should be there,
On their pims they almost choked,
When confronted by the presence,
Of these poorer sort of folk.

I was witness to this,
My wife and I were there.
And I have to say that the presence of,
These chavs just was not fair.

They spoke a tad too loudly,
When they laughed it made a din,
I really think these poorer plebs,
Did simply not fit in.

Then they caught me looking at them,
My disgusted painful stare,
I think they knew my thoughts,
And that I wished that they weren't there.

And then it struck me suddenly,
My ego took a fall,
The riff raff I was looking at,
Was the mirror on the wall.