

The proxy voter.

The trouble with topical songs, as I've observed before, is that they don't stay topical for very long, and there are few things worse than listening to somebody droning on about something that happened twenty years ago because he feels it's relevant to his wee world. However, the principles behind this one *are* still relevant, and the event in question is likely to be revisited in the not too distant future.

On a fine September evenin
Aw the world lay still an dark.
Jeck had juist got off the last train,
An he went tae cross the Park.
He wis sunk in contemplation,
Deep in silent thought enmeshed;
He'd juist stowed his guts wi Guinness
An he felt quite weel refreshed.

Naw, Jeck wisnae strictly sober;
He wis blootered, tae be blunt.
An suddenly a queer-like shape
Materialised in front.
Nae coward wis Jeck, he'd drunk an focht
In mony a chancy howff,
But he faltered when the thing in front
Breenged up an shouted, "Bowff!"

Though his manly courage often
Had been proven at the test,
When this went tae grip him Jeck
Near had a cardiac arrest.
'Twis as strange an apparition
As a man nicht ever meet,
Aw shimmerin white fae heid tae fit
An covered in a sheet.

Tae further show that this
Wis nae mere man like ither gadgies,
The sheet wis covered wi rosettes
An wee political badges.
Upon his airms cruel heavy chains
Went rattle, clank, an clink,
An Jeck saw Margaret Thatcher's name
Engraved on every link.

The phantom trailed a ball an chain
Ahint him, an what's mair,
Upon the baw there wis embossed
The face o Tony Blair.
"Fear not, ma freend," the phantom cried,
"Fear not, an let me speak.
Fear not an let me tell ma tale!
Yer help I fain wuid seek."

"I wis a rabid Thatcherite,
An then tae Blair defected,
An juist afore I deed, I hoped tae see UKIP elected.
An as for Devolution, twice
Tae turn it doon I voted;
But somewhere in the Heavenly Spheres
Aw this wis bein noted!"

"An thus in penitential garb
For earthly sins I'm dressed.
Ma puir benighted sin-stained sowel
Must roam deprived o rest.
Pernicious politics in life
Have left me as ye see me.
But you're the man can dae the deed
That fae this fate can free me!"

"I need some kind obligin freend,
Yin that wuid let me send him
Tae go an cast a vote for me
In Scotland's Referendum;
An you could be the very man
The save me fae distress!
I pray ye, take this votin caird,
An cast ma vote for 'Yes'."

Jeck, moved by peety, took the caird
Tae sooth the phantom grim,
And in the booth on pollin day
He let on tae be him.
And as he marked his cross on "Yes",
He felt a quiet elation
At the distant clank o cast-off chains,
As a damned sowel fund salvation.