

# The ascent of Man.

I was rather taken aback by TV news pictures from Glasgow at the height of the coronavirus pandemic.

Hoo marvellous has been Man's ascent!  
Where yince oor days in caves were spent,  
we noo flee freely roond the globe,  
and even outer space can probe.

Hoo great the progress o mankind!  
Hoo grand the products o his mind!  
And aw is there for us tae get  
wi yin click on the internet.

Wi godlike skill we heal disease,  
an solve Earth's mysteries wi ease.  
Withoot a doot, we humans will  
continue tae rise higher still.

But wait the noo! The ither day  
we saw a sicht that wuid betray  
aw fantasies o Man's ascent.  
Sic notions doon the pan suin went!

For through in Glesgae, in George Square,  
there umpteen thoosand clowns or mair  
convened tae caper, howl, an scream  
in honour o their fitba team.

They let off squeebs, an mad wi drink,  
tae climb on statues didnae shrink;  
an through the din ye'd hear some dope  
roar oot rude songs about the Pope.

The regulations that require us  
tae guaird against coronavirus  
were quite deliberately flouted  
as bowffin numpties bawled an shouted.

An social distancin? Nae chance,  
when true-blue bears cavort an dance!  
An whae'd be sae naïve as ask  
a Rangers fan tae weir a mask?

An when the cops the square had cleared,  
what devastation then appeared!  
Upon nae scaffie wuid I wish  
sic piles of junk an pools o pish!

So much indeed for Man's ascent!  
Five meenits through in Glesgae spent  
will let ye ken that in the West  
mankind has maistly juist regressed!