

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 aboot 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!