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The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre

Written by Mark Fiddes

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The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre

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The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre

The butterflies get in for free,
like the Queen, *ex officio*.
For bankers it's a hundred quid
per slick Savile Row carapace.
Same again for their *plus guests*
cocooned in crushed silk Gucci
thrilling to every sip of Moët
and the quadrille of canapés.

We follow a late Red Admiral
through the Fiorelli trelliswork
over the Swarovski fountain
jetting Perrier and rose petals
to the Fragonard tribute swing
that put the W in horticulture
styled by the crimping, pimping
manicurists of Bulgari.

Circling the Prada ha-ha
we alight in a cash-scented glade
cooing with fresh bonuses.
Here they will raffle gilded tickets
to paradise, Wagner and the moon.
A locker room of matey autographs
will be auctioned, faked by agents
in limos speeding between deals.

And it's all for Race Horse Rehab.
Watch the Oligarchs take the lead
past the Hedge Fund boys by a Rolex
snapping up Lord Coe's lucky shorts
and a small village near Cambridge
before the pheasant shoot with U2
goes to the Emperor of Tat
on whose sweatshops the sun never sets.

The air, swollen with generosity
now bursts in thundering ululation.
A Saxon thane shaking with battle-axe
stumbles from the shrubbery.
“Fukka!” he snarls, like he's lost his keys
before hacking through the buddleia
to the juice bar where gap year waiters
smoke their final cigarettes.