Lovereading.co.uk
Helping you choose your next book

You loved your last book...but what are you going to read next?

Using our unique guidance tools, Love**reading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre

Written by Mark Fiddes

Published by Templar Poetry

All text is copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is exclusive to Love**reading**.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre

Mark Fiddes



Templar Poetry

First Published 2015 by Templar Poetry
Fenelon House
Kingsbridge Terrace
58 Dale Road, Matlock, Derbyshire
DE4 3NB
www.templarpoetry.co.uk

ISBN9781906285xxx

Copyright © Mark Fiddes 2015

Mark Fiddes has asserted his moral right to be identified as the author
of this work in accordance
with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

All rights reserved. This book is sold subject to the condition
that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out
or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent, in any form
of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without
a similar condition including this condition being imposed on
the subsequent purchaser.

For permission to reprint or broadcast these poems write to Templar Poetry

A CIP catalogue record of this book is available from the British Library.

Typeset by Pliny
Printed and bound in England

Acknowledgments are due to the editors of the following publications in which some of these poems first appeared: *Live Canon Anthology* (The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre) 2014, *Frogmore Papers 84* (In the Valley of the Fallen) 2014.

CONTENTS

The Chelsea Flower Show Massacre	1
Solo Doloroso	3
Sons of the Golden Section	5
A Pathology of Work	7
The Eternal Recurrence of Northbound Trains	8
The Existence of Dog	10
How to make Pan Catalan	12
In the Valley of the Fallen	13
Keep Britain Untidy	15
From Siberia	16
The Night Watch Man	18
Have we won yet?	20
The Page of Revelations	21
This is not a scam	22

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 Moet
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.