

# The Week That Was

by Harry Dunn  
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So we're about to get a brand new Queen and King,  
Properly crowned and consecrated,  
An honour that His Majesty, King Charles the Third  
Has long and patiently awaited,  
And even more auspiciously, we'll soon have  
A brand new regal Queen,  
Not just a plain old Queen Consort,  
But a plain old fully-titled HRH  
Crowned by the Archbishop or his Dean.

The new king's forefather, Charles the First  
Lost his head in an ancient royal thriller  
And in a way his modern namesake Charles the Third  
Must have lost his too when he fell for Mrs Parker-Bowles ,  
Who will soon be our Queen Camilla.  
And will she, the newly minted Queen  
Be respectable and wise,  
Like her illustrious predecessor,  
Or will she always be remembered  
As the wicked witch who plied her occult arts  
To engineer the sad demise  
Of that poor besotted Prince of Wales  
And Diana, Queen of Hearts  
And will Harry, erstwhile Duke of Sussex -  
Or is that plain old Harry Windsor,  
And Uncle Andrew, formerly of York  
Be also present, without partners,  
And doing royal work  
Or will they be kept well out of sight, hiding in the tussocks,  
And will the Australian delegation swear allegiance,  
Or will they look the other way,  
Knowing that the reign may be a short one,  
If those republicans have their wicked way.

And will Australian barley soon be back on Chinese plates  
And their drinking mugs be overflowing  
With Hunter Valley plonk,  
And will our oysters soon be scoffed from gilded China plates  
When Premier Xi's impressing foreign dignitaries,  
Or just chilling out, Beijing - style  
With a bunch of Politburo mates.

And must I endure yet another year of barley broth  
And vats of local chardy and sav-blanc,  
Consumed, of course, to show our solidarity,  
With local barley-growers,

And the blokes who make the plonk;  
While the Chinese vent their wrath.  
They're teaching us a lesson in respect;  
Next time we challenge the Celestial Kingdom,  
Ignoring our unimpressive weight and size,  
Let's not forget our producers and exporters  
And how that makes us look in Chinese eyes.  
- Next time we'll know what to expect.

Now, back here in the land of Oz,  
We have some dabblers in semantics,  
And Ladies Choice, Barnaby Joyce,  
Last of the great romantics,  
Is trying to score a few brownie points  
By mispronouncing the PM's name;  
Calling him Alba-naze, (rhymes with mayonnaise)  
Let us hope that Barnaby (rhymes with Carnaby),  
Doesn't start a round of tit-for-tats ,  
Adding Aussie cringe to Aussie shame  
With his freshly-dropped cow-pats.

In Africa they've got famine  
In Eastern Europe they have war,  
There's bloodshed in Sudan,  
Mass shootings in The States,  
This month no less than four,  
And someone threw a smoke-bomb  
At the PM of Japan,  
As world news, of course this hardly rates,  
So the news-hounds would like to see much more.

But down here in *She'll Be Right*  
In the lower South Pacific,  
We have problems of our own  
Financial, to be specific  
Our national debt's horrendous,  
So taxation must increase or services diminish  
And there won't be much relief  
Until income exceeds expenditure  
For a decade or two at least,  
And no-one really knows where this will finish.  
So, don't expect a hand-out from Jim Chalmers, on federal budget night  
And be prepared for cut-backs from our Premier, Daring Dan:  
Never mind the things he promised in November,  
Only fairies believe all that polliès say  
When they're in election mode, and on the gravy train,  
Because they don't expect us to remember,  
But we should be ever-thankful that we live our lives down here,  
And how lucky we are just to be alive,  
And *able* to complain  
While we're crying in our beer!