

The Week That Was *Who Would Have Thought...*

by Harry Dunn
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The year still has six weeks to run
And who knows what surprises remain,
Who'd have thought just forty weeks back
That Russia would launch - and seem to be losing
An ill-judged war in Ukraine.

And who'd have thought that a beloved old Queen
Would hand in her bucket and spade,
Making way for King Charlie the Third,
Happy and Glorious, long to reign over us,
A new monarch and a consort who must be obeyed.

And who'd have imagined that Prime Minister Johnson,
Would go to the Westminster back-bench ,
Replaced by a woman, like Cleopatra, Maggie, Calpernia,
Not a blue-blooded lady or a mad old spinster,
But a laced-up Truss, no less
The kind of thing that some old men need
To support their abdominal hernia.

So the Good Madam Truss, with considerable fuss,
Gave Merrie England six weeks of her service,
Fell under a bus,
And passed the baton
To Rishi Sunak, an Indian type of chap
With good economic credentials,
Because the Tories had a sad shortage of qualified men
And far too many inconsequential
And who would've guessed that Sleepy Joe Biden
Would survive long enough,
To give disgraceful old President Trump
A mid-term election rebuff,
If not an actual hidin'
At the two-year half-elections,
Which America continues to suffer,
As if once every four years still isn't enough,

They have this bi-ennial buffer.

And did anyone guess back in January
That our only tennis player half-great
Would retire in mid-career
To play golf, and probably gain weight.
So please come back, Ashleigh Barty,
While you're still young, hale and hearty
This isn't the time for a walkabout
Your country needs a true sporting hero
And surely that golf game can wait,
And Nick Kyrgios will always bat zero.

And who would have thought the ubiquitous Musk
Would soon be the owner of Twitter,
Twiggy Forrest's now in bed with Mike Cannon-Brookes
While the Board down at AGL
Has gone all twisted and bitter
And the Boards at our greedy casinos
Are the worst kind of corporate crooks.
Meanwhile, hackers - maybe from Russia
Invade Optus, through a half-open rear door
Like those hackers at Medibank Private
Demanding money for ransom, and more ,
Or they will publish your medical data :
Pay up or prepare for a Medico- Cyber-war.

And while all this stuff's going on
Who'd have thought that energy costs
Would keep on steadily rising
Despite those impossible promises,
Made in election-mad May,
Now broken - not the least bit surprising,
Because, dear deluded voter, that is:
The *dinki-di Australian Way*.

In years gone by, a newly-elected PM
Needed a US presidential meeting,
Visit the White House and shake the man's hand,
The American president provided

The hand-shake, the smile and the greeting;
Shake his hand, kiss his ass,
Kow-tow and grovel a bit,
But not so much now
Because we're so dependent on China,
And Premier Xi is a hard man to see,
According to Albo's minders..

It used to be Washington, LA. And New York
Where our PMs walked the Australian walk
And their ministers talked the American talk,
But our attention's now moved to Shanghai and Beijing

And the man we must meet, kow-tow and greet
Is the inscrutable Xi Zinping.
We beg him to lift his embargo
On Australian meat, coal, barley and wine
So we can increase our Chinese cargo
And Premier Xi says, if you don't mention Taiwan,
Human Rights, Uigurs, Hong Konk and Canton,
We'll all get along fine;
Now, Mister Albo, would you care for another won-ton?
Here – have a couple of mine.

All Together Now -

He's good for you and he's good for me
We all love China's Premier Xi .
Kow-tow to the king, the king of Beijing,
China's head honcho,
Premier Zinping!