

# THE WEEK THAT WAS (July 12)

by Harry Dunn  
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Six weeks in and Albo still enjoys  
The traditional honeymoon,  
That happy time when new brooms sweep clean -  
Then reality sets in,  
And party-time is over for all the girls and boys;  
The national debt looms large on treasury office screens,  
And someone has to pay  
For all that Covid money, the hand-outs and vaccines,  
It helped us through the crisis,  
But no-one can relax  
The coffers are running out of cash  
And we *have* of course been promised –  
There will be no new increase in tax!

So, what to do? asks treasurer Jim Palmer  
Do we renege on some expensive schemes,  
- John Howard's non-core promises -  
And face the voter's wrath and drama,  
Or do we raise the possibility  
That some pre-election dreams  
Might have to be delayed - a year or two at most,  
While we repair the budget;  
And *then* we'll introduce those costly schemes,  
As and when we judge it.

Year three seems the ideal time  
To spread some government largesse,  
'Of course we needed time to clean up  
Our predecessors' mess.'...  
That's how governments operate Down Under,  
No matter who's in charge,  
Because our elections are tri-ennial,  
There's no long-term plan of any kind  
So is it any wonder those single-party states  
With their five and ten-year plans  
Are leaving us behind -  
Perhaps it's time for us to bite the bullet and re-write  
Our three-yearly electoral system manual.

Meanwhile, up north in old Sri Lanka,  
That used to be Ceylon,

The economy's in crisis, badly bent or busted,  
And in Colombo, there's so much going on  
The PM's house was looted, then set ablaze,  
There's riots in the streets, so he's resigned and fled,  
The third in recent days,  
But in the poorer slums and streets  
No-one's being fed.

But for the lucky few, all is normal and serene  
For the moneyed folk in down-town Galle,  
Where the Australian cricket team  
Had their hour of pride, winning number One,  
The pride before the fall.  
And then we got well and truly done,  
But there's no problem if you're rich and love your cricket  
In the cricket-mad Sri Lankan  
Seaside city, Galle.

Last Friday, a dark day in Japan,  
Shinzo Abe, a big name in modern history  
Was assassinated by some crazy little man,  
And did this sad event make front-page news  
In Melbourne's Herald-Sun?  
Not at all, it's just another minor Oriental mystery,  
So if some long-forgotten local crime, League Football,  
Parish Pump and Harver Norman's offerings  
Are *not* your only focus,  
Forget the first ten pages in the Sun,  
Go to page eleven and you'll find  
The Abe story. Single column,  
Beside a football story, about a Saints supporter,  
A magistrate no less, legal, dignified and solemn,  
Same page, same weight,  
But the Abe story's shorter!

But all's not lost, at least not yet  
And things could still be worse:  
Take a look at Blighty and behold the latest victim  
Of the Tory P M curse.  
There was Cameron, May, now poor Boris Johnson  
All falling on their swords  
And a brand-new conga-line of lemmings  
Outside Number Ten  
All declaring they couldn't possibly be worse  
Than the hero they elected, then pretty soon ejected

For better or for worse:  
He'd been a major disappointment,  
And only half of these new hopefuls  
Are, in appearance, name and gender  
Proper English-*men*.

In the mother of world parliaments,  
Where democratic rule was long ago installed,  
A term at Number Ten, directing common men,  
Seems to be a three-year job, at best,  
But before we make unkind comparisons  
To Sri Lanka, Post-war Italy or some troubled Afrikana  
Take a little look at our own Down Under mob,  
Where PMs seldom manage to survive  
Long enough to be recognised by other leaders  
When they 're swanning overseas  
Shaking hands with presidents  
And having pictures taken  
While they hob and nob  
With the current White House residents.

So, while Boris has his problems in Westminster,  
The titans of the courts  
Play their endless matches out at Wimbledon  
The home of international tennis,  
That most genteel of class-less sports,  
And Australia has an unlikely court contender  
For the Gentleman's Tennis Singles title,  
A quiet, unassuming chap named Kygrios,  
Soft-spoken, but competitive and vital,  
He learned his tennis etiquette from McInroe  
Whose famous mantra, when chatting with refs and umps  
Was "You cannot possibly be *SERIOUS*  
You half-blind ass-hole chumps"  
Or words to that effect, and always put on quite a show.

And for half the people watching  
Including us down here in Oz,  
There was much equivocation,  
Some even tried to put the moz  
On our unlikely tennis hero,  
So, did we really want Nick Kygrios to win  
Or did some Aussie rebels prefer the big Croation,  
And if so – was it an act of treason  
Or just a venial sin?