

# Poetry

By Trevor Bailey

## The Court is Pleased

Oh! as your Honour pleases!  
Your Honour is *such* a wit!  
Your funny funny wheezes?  
*Sui generis*, we submit!  
It demeans us not one bit  
when we chorus as appeasers:  
Oh! as your Honour pleases!  
Your Honour is *such* a wit!  
At law school you copped teases  
as a boring little tit;  
now from Wills to Dust Diseases,  
we groan through teeth that grit:  
Oh! as your Honour pleases!  
Your Honour is *such* a wit!



## The End of Silk Road

Article in *Sydney Morning Herald*, 4 October 2013. New senior counsel were announced the same day, but the article concerned a different drug of addiction.

Your years of slogging up the hill  
have finally found a stop;  
your tears from floggings at the mill  
have finely raised a crop  
of blooming opportunities  
to practise what you preach;  
but will new-found impunities  
put charm beyond your reach?

A harder-working weaver one  
is sorely pressed to name,  
and fabricating can be fun  
when spinning is your game.

The Spinners' Guild has recognised  
the virtues of your gift  
- for 'also rans' they organised some short  
to add to shrift -

so arrogance you must eschew  
within the elite band,  
now the union's christened you  
a worthy Leading Hand.

Yes, bid farewell to woollen stuff  
and say hello to silk!

With overalls quite flash enough  
to show you've found your ilk

among the workers at the loom,  
now you can say with ease:  
'I so deserve the largest room  
and need the largest fees!'