

To a child asking why it's been burnt by phosphorus

The answer, dying child, is clear;
Quite simply you should not be here.
You trespass on our holy land;
How else to make it known: 'You're banned!'

But think upon it and rejoice,
You'll never grow to have a voice
Which utters hatred of the Jew,
Or a mind of antisemite hue.

Please forgive this doggerel truth,
We're not renowned for being couth.
Cold logic is our best resource,
I'm sorry if it's rather coarse.

Francis Clark-Lowes