

# *This Letter's To Say*

by Raymond Wilson

Dear Sir or Madam  
This letter's to say  
Your property  
Stands bang in the way  
Of progress, and  
Will be knocked down  
On March the third  
At half-past one.

There is no appeal  
Since the National Need  
Depends on more  
And still more speed  
And this, in turn  
Dear Sir or Madam  
Depends on half England  
Being tar-macadam  
But your house will—  
We are pleased to say—  
Be the fastest lane of the motorway.

Meanwhile the Borough  
Corporation  
Offer you new  
Accommodation  
Three miles away  
On the thirteenth floor  
(Flat number Q6824)

But please take note  
The council regret  
No dog, cat, bird  
Or other pet:  
No noise permitted  
No singing in the bath  
(For permits to drink, or smoke or laugh  
Apply on form Z327)

No children admitted  
Aged under eleven:  
No hawkers, tramps  
Or roof-top lunches;  
No opening doors  
To bible-punchers  
Failure to pay  
Your rent, when due  
Will lead to our evicting you  
The Council demand  
That you consent  
To the terms above  
When you pay your rent.

Meanwhile we hope  
You will feel free  
To consult us  
Should there prove to be  
The slightest case  
of difficulty

With kind regards  
Yours faithfully,

