

## **Martin Robertson**

### **Royal Family**

Mary and Elizabeth  
each in her palace-cell alone  
notching up which heads shall fall  
if she can once ascend the throne.

Peaky brother at your books,  
cough yourself to paradise.  
Father, spin your choking web  
—you will rot there with the flies.

Insult-tinselling flattery,  
cat-and-mouse of proffered hope,  
pretend kindness. . . . Grind the axe,  
heap the faggots. Notch it up.