

Hooligan

Thirty yards the no man's land, between the battle cries
Taunting arms are waving on the forward battle lines
Adrenalin is pumping, the air's electrified
Innocents in the cross fire find a doorway in which to hide

A hooded hulk struts forward, barrel chest, arms spread wide
Shouting loud obscenities at the advancing rival tribe
A scarf to hide his features, pure hate personified
Calls on his little minions to battle at his side

Stuttering the advance closes the gap to twenty feet
Each side trying to force the other to retreat
A young man breaks the ranks as his emotions overload
Thinks he's in the light brigade as he runs headlong up the road

The crowd disburse before him, avoiding his flailing arms and kicks
Realising he's surrounded, he turns around and slips
And before his hands have had a chance to break his fall
Someone takes a penalty using his head as a soccer ball

With a shout, both armies saw the kick as a signal to engage
Flesh and bone fiercely colliding, in the releasing of the rage
Bricks and bottles fly through the air in an Ariel bombardment
Casualties are falling fast, from both sides in all departments
Baseball bats and pool cues, indiscriminately swung
Building up illusions that this battle can be won
But before either rabble finally takes the upper hand
A surge of blue enters the fray and the warring clans disband

By Lee Haigh