

Chancellor Angela Merkel: *a Celtic satire*

Anthony Stephens

She leads all Germany. Wagner's vision splendid
trots through the gore of the party-room, choosing the slain
like fruit for a glacé tart. 'No Bavarian
quinces this time round! Imagine: poor, dear Chirac
broke a filling on that sour Stoiber!' But as well she's
Catherine the Great – and guess who's coming to Stralsund:
yes! Bush no less! All the star-force boys togged-up as peasants,
happily lining the empty streets, waving flags,
folk-dance the Great Friend by. No girls in the act?
But how would Bush notice, when next to him Angela
outshines the rest of her sex? – whispers sweetly:
'My Potemkin, my pumpkin, my strudel!' into
the President's ear... What a shame it's turned off.

Meanwhile Germany greys. Not even a Grand Coalition
can get them breeding again, and always: more and more Turks.
Angela has the Nation's top chemists all slaving
on Project Late Afternoon, a *Schwarzwälder Torte*
so aphrodisiac that even affluent singles
will go it like rabbits, while unused condoms uncurl
amid cake crumbs and spilled coffee: her legacy to the Nation.
'Shall I call it *Donner und Blitz* or *Coup de foudre*? Such
a strain to be *so* European – *and* keep the place clean!
And pensioners – more and more piggy-back on one worker!
What's wrong with the joys of motherhood? It's subsidised!
God knows: they've been told off to show me surrounded by kiddies:
the Nation needs procreation – just nibble this cake!'

'Schröder left messes – him and his Russian gas! – he made too
many of them Germans, just for filling the schools
with offspring who can't learn grammar! And mess multiplies:
the banks are all selling each other over the border;

Volkswagen's gone to Brazil and Mercedes in Mysore's
using child labour – more plum cake for *Spiegel* to scoff!
And – all the time – the yeasty deficit rises; scandals,
turncoats, critics sour the mix. The West's still cruel
to the East, health's too dear, Brussels is brutal – really, I've so
little time to bestride the world stage, waving my spear,
like the Valkyrie I am – let alone ride! Such a shame Wagner
left out the Grand Coalition. At least I'll be offstage
before *Götterdämmerung*, calming my nerves – baking cakes!