

The Theatre of a Sale

Now, I've been to many auctions in distant country towns.
The smell of grass-fed cattle brought from off the downs.
Heard the auctioneer sing their rapid monologues.
I've heard their loud crescendos over cattle, barking dogs!

I've seen their talking, waving hands bring up, then, up the price.
Usher in new bidder blood, before they hammer thrice!
A punter goes to tip his hat and is beaten by a nod.
Another scratches his left ear. He's beaten too.... by God!

The movement of the bidding, dances all around the crowd.
And, as if to match the tempo, the bidding too, is loud!
To be part of this theatre, I have a desperate need.
I have no pasture paddocks, nor stores of winter feed.

I wipe the perspiration, from my hot and fevered brow.
Aghast! I have the leading bid! Hell! What do I do now?
I fear arising panic has me vice-like in its grip!
I pray for other bidders, to shoot from off their lip!

Alas the bullseye on my wallet, makes a fast and deadly aim.
If I win this lot at auction, I'm in the cattle game!
Where will I put these ten heifers? I really must agist.
Was not aiming to buy cattle, but the sellers will insist!

I thought that I knew better and never would be caught.
But my hands came from my pocket and these cows, I now have bought.
I wasn't really bidding but I can't resist a show!
And while I was applauding, my bidding took the blow!

My ego took a battering, and I was not immune!
So now in simple modesty, I sing my humble tune!
Once, I liked to talk up my strength. My resistance I'd regale.
But was humbled by a sucker punch, "The Theatre of a Sale!"

So, let this be a warning, to novices one and all.
If you succumb to all the theatre, your pride will take a fall!
When the auctioneer builds atmosphere, then goes off like a rocket!
Keep your eyes and head so very still and your hands,
..... deep in your pocket!