

Making the Wait-List

The List is an allocated set of names
Grouped together, politically arranged
Called many things like exclusive, intimate,
intricate, specific, Berlusconi's cabinet
There are the myths and there are the facts
There's a knife or two saved for certain backs
There's foxes and hens and tightly locked houses
There's claustrophobia outside it's so crowded
Lists are designed to satiate the selected
Inspire the ambitious, spurn the rejected
While they're known to achieve all the above
Should there be concern for consequences thereof?
The Incroyables wouldn't care, they dismiss irate
Being of the school of thought 'let them eat cake'
While the Bourgeoisie will tap their noses
Sniffing out trouble as opposed to roses
That trouble refers to a miscellaneous bunch
One-time tourist shoppers, Nouveau and such
At first waving their cash bold and imperious
Only to go grey and be branded 'not serious'
Their displeasure at times can be paralleled
By A Woman Scorned or unleashed Jezebel
And what about the fledglings emerging from nests
No pedigree or background from which to attest?

Mercurial as it is, given the privilege to collect
An appointed position you're one of the select
It comes down to certain aspects at the list core
Loyalty and history, but then there's force majeure
Outlaws exist to give uncomfortable reminders
That trouble is peripheral to societal blinders
And in this digital age it's the wild, wild west
Marketplaces crawling with cowboy capitalists
If you're on the list, you're on it and if you're not, you're not
Is this process of selection, natural or corrupt?