

## Barter-martyrs

Written by Dave Cartwright

Tuesday, 08 July 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Monday, 21 July 2008 16:29

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### (Auction fever)

*We attended many auctions at a green corrugated shed somewhere off Bye Street. I think Ledbury AmDrams also used it.*

Rubbing shoulders,

crushed inside

this shed we mingle; shifty-eyed.

Making orna-mental notes

amid the competition,

as numbered lots of polished oak

mirrors, chairs and books provoke

discussion; flippant, vague, well met.

(The bidding has not started yet...)

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Prompt at noon

the hammer cracks

attention! Avaricious packs

of maiden aunts and newly-weds

fight the opposition,

as bargain seekers, second-hand

dealers, traders (item-planned),

shuffle forward, pointing chins.

Hush. The bidding now begins.

Sideward glances, nodding heads,

fingers wave attention;

heads that twitch and limbs that itch

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take on a new dimension.

Nervous giggles, second thought,

intemperate fruition.

The auctioneer enjoys the sport,

(fifteen per cent commission...)

Astonishment

at prices paid,

euphoria at profits made.

shaken hands and hands that shake

at one more acquisition.

“Do I want it?”...“Did I need

“to sell it?” Always, “Yes”. Indeed,

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a sale of goods is bound to make

us manger-dogs, for money's sake.