THE RITZ

An elegy written on first reading that the Hotel was for sale.

1

A bird’s been flapping in the chimney
All the long day long.
Smoked salmon instead of eggs for breakfast –
Something must be wrong.
An Egyptian waiter has kissed a girl
In room number four-two-three
(Why the hell did she make such a fuss
Instead of calling for me?)
The Ritz may be falling like London Bridge
And I be a bloody fool,
But in an hotel where Victor ceased to rule
I would not wish to be.

2

It’s hot as hell and the windows won’t open
All the long day long.
It’s freezing and the heat is off –
Something must be wrong.
A yank’s been phoning all night to New York
In room number four-two-three.
Why the hell won’t he wait till morning
Instead of awakening me?
The Ritz is falling like London Bridge,
And I am a bloody fool,
But in the hotel where Victor ceased to rule
I would not wish to be.
3

I wait for breakfast ordered at seven
All the long day long,
Though the “tea” will be black and the toast will be soggy –
Something must be wrong.
They’ve chilled the claret and bombed the Terrine
Ordered by four-two-three,
And I quite forgot what I ordered them to bring –
It’s a far off dream to me.
The Ritz has fallen like London Bridge
And I weep like a bloody fool,
For the hotel where Victor has ceased to rule
It’s not the hotel for me.

1976

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