

**DTs**

**Stephen Watt**

Dear Tom Meighan,

Front-man of Kasabian, you could fill a stadium  
with an indisputable swagger – or the volume of lager  
you manage to put away during any night.  
You're a *muthafuckin' role model* to these kids;  
to the lads lapping up your lyrics,  
to the lasses licking their glossy lips,

but you don't know what to do with your fists.

It's like air is an enemy, sliced with microphone high kicks.  
Storms of temper begin like this  
until backstage loved ones take the brunt,  
thumped into the abyss  
where your adoring fans are hidden  
from your intoxicated anger  
and only the blackened eye of a CCTV camera

exposes what is missed behind the glamour.

Dear Tom – you may need to face Delirium Tremens.  
You will need to face your Devil and demons.  
You cannot continue to numb these feelings.  
You must abandon alcohol in order to be forgiven.  
Make it your priority to be a quitter  
and remember

history is only ever written by the victors.