

## Waiting for the sentence

Published: January 14, 2026, 9:47 am

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It strikes me that I am not alone in feeling mute this morning.

We are, as a country, waiting for our prime minister to declare she has made an agreement that almost everyone (her included, I suspect) knows is dire for the country and, come to that, its partners, but which she can see no way round.

I feel as though we are waiting for what seems like an inevitable death sentence to be passed and we are all already praying fervently to whomsoever we might believe in for at least a stay of execution; a successful plea in mitigation on sentence, or better still, a retrial.

But we have no clue what might happen. And execution might still be possible, in the form proposed, or something still more grizzly.

It may not be a great metaphor. But it's what it feels like

It feels as a result like the day to take the dog for a long walk with a pair of binoculars hung round my neck. There has to be a better world than that of politics out there, surely? .