

NONSENSE

What a load of ...

How are you feeling?
Like a sponge in turps
eating a breakfast of air
and passing detritus

At least you are British
With Germanic influences
Ooo Missus no kisses
passed this way today

from a soul so sun burnt
that her peddled feet hurt
and she fell off her bike
to the grass of a toff

who'd hiked from Canterbury
and who said let's curry favours
with flavours of Indian takeaways
for the sake of our future days

So her being naturally adventurous
went along for the trip nevertheless
He respected her wishes
as they cooked special dishes

swept the sky with pie crumble and cream
for their surviving wish to beat dreams
They blessed paved grass verges
and spun like silk Dervishes
ending in limerick scheme

Anon

June 2015