

**Bourne**  
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## Dearest Diary

by Catriona Millar

My dearest diary, I'm feeling quite sad,  
I think my poor Philip is going a bit mad.  
It started last night – I have to confide,  
When he told me to turn my face to the side.

Until then I observed he'd been perfectly docile,  
Til I did what he asked and I showed him my profile.  
For an hour and a half he studied my face,  
And whilst scratching his chin, the room he did pace.

I was bored with this task and I longed for my bed,  
But the Duke asked me sternly to put my crown on my head.  
I said Phil, that's not funny; it's too late at night,  
But I agreed in the end to save a big fight.

Then things took a turn and the Duke became frisky,  
Which after his heart op I thought rather risky.  
As I sat there in profile his tongue came out quick,  
And the side of my face he proceeded to lick.

These amorous movements towards me felt good,  
I adored when my Philip got fired up and rude!  
But on asking him why he had made me so damp,  
He said he was writing a letter and needed a stamp!