

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Bathroom Bathos

by Perpetual Motion, the poet laureate's brother

First came the plaster
By Paul, no one faster
Thought rest 'twould be easy
Won't even be greasy

A short walk in the park
But it got very dark
When I cut the cable
So I was unable
To fix up the flush
Which began a great gush
Though water in a flood
At least dilutes the blood
That great leak made me freak
It wasn't a trickle
A mickle or muckle
And it didn't do fuck all
To get in the bidet

By my lunch at mid-day

With far too much haste, crap
Gets stuck in the waste trap
The immersion heater
A sanity cheater

Plumbers mait did I hate
Bend a pipe, then I gripe
Cut a tile, needs some guile

Fix cistern to toilet
One more chance to spoil it
As it falls off the wall
Damn it's all cock and ball

So, was I just plumbing
Or going or coming
When it came to the end
I was clean round the bend.