

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Ode to the Stable Bog

by Pauline Walden

A bit on the *small* side,
Water *always* at high tide.
Impossible to sit
For a comfortable - read of the paper;
One's bits tend to dangle
At just the right angle
To trail in the water
Amidst floating ordure.

So what's one to do
When needing the loo?
Pile books on the seat?
Now that's quite a feat
As the seat isn't level
And sports quite a bevel;
The books tend to slide
Splash! Into the tide.

So, the best thing to do,
When needing the loo?
Exert self control,
Find a suitable hole,
In the garden, of course,
Things can't get much worse -
Ah! but they do!

It's started to rain -
No! it's snowing again.

The wind's picking up
And our darling wee pup
Is chasing the sheep
Disturbing their sleep.
Thank goodness it's night,
No farmer in sight
Breathing fire and pellets
In squelching green wellies.

So it's back to the books
Be damned to the bevel!
What more can I say?
This bog is a devil!