

Bourne to Write... creative writing workshops

Two Urban Myth Poems

by Paul Hunter

Urban Party Myths

They say it is an urban myth.
That no parties broke the rules.
What do they really take us for,
a bunch of gullible fools?

It is a working meeting.
You've not come here to schmooze.
So when you arrive in Downing Street,
For God sake hide the booze.

The Pandemic is at its height.
You've all worked very hard.
We all deserve some drinky poos.
In Number 10's back yard.

Let's enjoy the lovely weather,
with socially distanced drinks.
Don't forget to bring a bottle.
Don't worry what anyone thinks.

Let's order lots of cheese and wine
and maybe have some fizz.
Don't forget the party games
and organise a quiz.

Boris had a birthday.
We know that much is true.
Did they all wear silly hats
and was the bunting blue?

We know there was a cake.
Some say that there were two.
So did they light the candles
and sing Happy Birthday to you?

Witches and Warts

They say it is an urban myth.
They say it can't be true.
But I have seen with my own eyes.
This tale I'll tell to you.

I had an ugly wart,
that had grown above my ring.
I failed in all my attempts,
to exterminate this thing.

He said he was descended,
from the witches of Pendle Hill.
And he could cure my wart,
if I stood straight and still.

He took me gently by my hand
and whispered words I could not hear.
His eyes smiled to reassure,
that there was nothing I should fear.

My hand felt slightly tingly,
as he lightly touched my wart.
Again I saw his lips move.
“It's the magic I've been taught.”

When I told my doctor,
he laughed right in my face.
So now you believe in witchcraft.
You really are a case.

A fortnight later when I returned.
I enjoyed the look on his face.
As I had the last laugh.
It had vanished without a trace!

So tell me now is this a myth?
Or a weird concocted lie?
I am sure it is the truth.
But please don't ask me why?