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The Last Word

by Paul Hunter

He always likes an argument.
He always likes to win.
He has to have the last word.
Or he'll kick you in the shin.

When you refuse to play his game.
He'll say that you're no fun.
But you can't have an argument,
when there is only one.

He often likes to have a rant
or enjoy a lengthy tirade.
He will then excuse himself.
"It's just the way I'm made".

If things get loud or serious
and someone calls a halt,
he'll say it's just a discussion
and nobody's at fault.

He likes to argue everyday.
The more heated it gets the better.
He'll chose his opponents carefully
as he does not want a vendetta.

The truth to him is flexible,
to be tweaked to meet his whim.
He loves to exaggerate
to ensure that you argue with him

When he suddenly stopped arguing
we knew he must be ill.
We watched him slowly slipping away,
of life he had his fill.

"Can I plump up your pillow
or straighten up your bed?"
"Won't you leave me to die in peace".
And that was the last word he said.

He was always full of fight and vigour
as he argued every day.
Now he looked so calm and serene.
His soul was on its way.

There were hundreds at his funeral,
swapping stories of their rows.
Solutions in animal husbandry and
the best way to milk the cows.

He'll try the patience of a saint
when he arrives at Heaven's Gate.
He'll argue with St Peter
but he won't take the bait.

No arguments are allowed in heaven,
so how will he spend his day?
Maybe he can persuade them.
There must be another way.

The rules were written in stone
as far he could tell.
So he put in for a transfer
to the place we know as Hell.

He can argue with the Devil himself
or one of his angry friends.
Everyone's ready to argue
and there's no need to make amends.

When he argued with the Devil.
He knew they were well matched.
He had to give him the last word
or he would be dispatched.