

The girls of first floor Brueton Place

The girls of first floor Brueton Place
Are lovely, pure and fair of face.
Eleven sharp each lockdown day
Their chairs appear along the way.
Each maiden comes to take her place,
So full of charm, of wit, of grace.

They chat, they laugh, they reminisce,
Remember days once filled with bliss.
Supplied with coffee, chocs and treats,
They lounge with ease upon their seats
And talk of better days to come
When this dread scourge is passed and done.

On subjects far and wide they chat
From childhood dreams to Bet's straw hat!
Of holidays in blazing sun
And plans for ventures still to come.
To solving sundry aches and pains
They all apply their active brains.

And so, on each succeeding day
They chat along the alleyway.
Their talk is not of doom and gloom,
But hope that better times will bloom
And happy days will soon appear,
to bring us joy, to bring us cheer.

By Ron Webb