

# The Language of Poetry

So ... now we've to abandon learning a lingo  
For there's no plane to Spain for us to play bingo  
We've to learn how to rhyme  
Well, there's plenty of time  
If that little blighter Corona doesn't get us first  
Or, with all of our pubs shut, we don't die of thirst  
Come on; let's give it a fling-o

Now, who shall we consider our bard?  
Someone who didn't find it too hard  
Yes! It's got to be Scotland's bonnie Robbie  
(He gave up farming for this very hobby)  
So, which of his poems was maybe his best?  
It's got to be Tam o' Shanter ahead o' the rest  
We'll play that as our first card

"When chapman billies leave the street ..."  
And "Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet."  
Eh! We're back to learning a foreign tongue  
And it's 'auld' Scots dialect or we'll go wrong  
Should we have taken "My luv is like a red, red rose"?  
That would have been a simpler prose  
Nah, back to England we'll turn our feet

Yes, we're back in good, old Geordie land  
Eh, that big angel looks reet grand  
But, wait a minute – "Whey aye man"?  
(Understand that, pet, if yo' can)  
Nay, man; Geordie'll be too hard to learn  
I'm thinking further south we must turn  
To where there's a language we'll all understand

I know which place will bring me cheer  
(Richard's deformed bones were found here)  
Though it wasn't Corona which laid him low  
But one from Henry's army struck the last blow  
Yet to make sure the Foxes don't again come top  
Corona has stepped in with 'football must stop'  
(You may have guessed – I'm from Leicestershire)

So, back to a language that I know  
Though invaders from London came to show –  
To show we should put batter on our bread  
Not on fried fish, as we'd always said  
And in Minder with 'sovs' they pay  
And speak to dogs and bones each day  
(But, somehow London seems to grow)

OK, in our poetic anti-viral trip  
Were there places we let slip?  
Like Blackpool with its mighty tower  
(Will Corona climb it or way down cower?)  
And I did promise Jasper Carrott I'd come  
Then completely forgot his bustlin' Brum  
Time to conclude and have a kip?

No, must mention Betjeman, he would fit  
Or, droll Pam Ayres with her quick wit  
And, goodness, the Welsh vales and a Dylan quote -  
"And death shall have no dominion" was a poem he wrote.  
Now, maybe with these lapses none will hire us  
To put an end to this spiteful virus ....  
But this kept me busy for a bit!