

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!