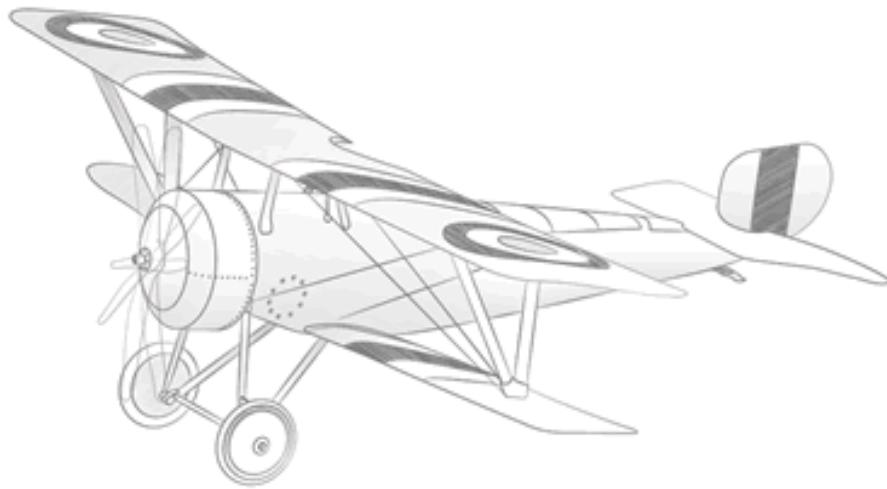


Anthology of grange_m



Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

Percy James MacGrangester lives in the East Midlands, in the County of Derbyshire. His poems are from his life's experiences and basic general knowledge of life .

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The Armistice

Shoot the horses and Pack your bags
Bury the dead and Lower the flag
Shed a tear for our fallen friends
War is over its come to an end
Sail away to the coast of Dover
Thank the Lord the war is over
To a land absent of young men
Where families will need to rebuild again
Our beautiful green land full of tears
Who will ever know their hidden fears
For that was war plain and simple
Not a time to quip or whimper
To tell our story and have our say
For our tomorrow they gave their today

The Thrill of the race

A beautiful horse standing still
Out of the wind but still with a chill
The start line beckons with a shot of a gun
They're off and away they run
Down to beeches and over the brook
With an ounce of skill and a ton of luck
Flat out now and down to the chair
The punters cheer some with despair
Hot and sweaty as he rounds the course
Ultimate speeds from this powerful horse

It's homeward now at the crack of the whip
Come on you beauty what a fantastic tip
Gallop away on the final straight
Like a rocket ship full of freight
The finish line is now in sight
Time to face the final flight
Dig in deep and go for the line
His body is so wet it gives off a shine

One last whip for the final yards
Who would have thought this was on the cards
But it's by a nose the victory is won
This beautiful beast of half a ton
A beautiful horse standing still
Out of the wind but still with a chill

All around you

I'm that voice in the back of your head
That little sound that wishes you dead
That voice that that makes you defy
Gives you the ability to make you lie
I'm the voice that will tell you to love
Then I will tell you to be free as a dove
I'm deceit in all its glory
With a temper and wit of ultimate fury
Im the one who tells you to cover your tracks
To upset people and never look back
I'm the one who tells you to steal
To cast out common sense at the spin of a wheel
I will tell you to bury your head
I'm all around you and I will be here until you're dead

The Presidents\' Poker School

I sit here waiting for the time to come
I have my whiskey and I'll have my fun
Trouble is coming on the morning tide
With Big Jimmy and Gerald hitching a ride
They come with many or sometimes a few
Ronny is the man Who doesn't have a clue
But then there's Ike who's white as a ghost
With his pointed chin and his blanked out pose
Then there's Bill who loves a smoke
And makes his fun out of simple folk
Dicky the master of tricks joins the show
With his side kick John who can be very slow
The George brothers next who like a drink
And make their money out of being slinked
Lyndon arrives with his persuasive wife
Who always ends up in trouble and strife
Finally comes Baraka who I like the most
He chews tobacco like he's eating toast
Then there's me the gambling ghost
My name is Franklin your ultimate host

My Creation

You're the apple of my eye the sun of my days
You're my creation and I will show you the way
I put flesh on your bones and lit up your eyes
I gave you the ability to look at the skies
I taught you to talk and made you smile
I gave you legs so you could walk for miles
I made you honest and to never tell lies
To be trustworthy in everyone's eyes
I made you read to take in knowledge
To be scholar and go to college
I armed you with skills to protect your life
I gave you confidence to find a wife
You're my creation my wonderful Son
My work with you is a job well done

The Victim

The Angels of the Lord look down in sorrow
A pitiful site so hard to follow
The sadness of life takes its toll
How can love be so full
An empty feeling of utter loss
A life depleted thrown and tossed
A companion gone and blown away
To new life so far away
There stands the fool full of sorrow
In front of people maybe tomorrow
Judged and Juried
Conviction confirmed
Sentenced passed and Punishment awaits
Long known friends vanish and vacate
The fingers point and the tongues may wag
Rustling in the wind like a brown paper bag
Little do they know about my story
They simply make up their own Jackanory
I was a victim of an heinous crime
But now my lord vengeance will be mine

The Harlot

Why do you make feel so insecure
Is it because of the way you are
You're beautiful and have all the right intentions
But you're so manipulative and love the attention
You would drop your man at the drop of a hat
Why on earth would you carry on like that
Woman see you for what you are
They keep an eye on their men from a far
You get a kick from married men
Walking around like a broody hen
You're a flirt in a skirt that likes a bit of shirt
You don't really care who you may hurt
You tell lies and have secret liaisons
Having your deceptive way in some cafe Maison
Have some respect for yourself and others
Don't lower yourself to laying between every man's covers
Now you're getting old and your looks look stoney
Carry on like this and you will be incredibly lonely

Titanical Beast

There she stands this great big beast
Made of iron a mighty feast
53000 tones of shear power
With glass and carpet of pure desire
Laid down in Belfast for the White star line
With thoughts of grandeur that were so divine
Beautiful colours of red, black and white
Built by Harland and Wolff what a fabulous sight
You can hear those engines thundering away
No one will ever keep her at bay
The smell of new wood in all the rooms
All the crew exceptionally groomed
This was the ship that would never sink
Signed off fit in beautiful blue ink
But down she went on that fatal day
To the bottom so far away

Black Dogs

Comes the day the black dogs run
Barking and howling blacking out the sun
They have no manners and never care
Leave you laying in deep despair
They make you sad or so they try
Bring you tears and make you cry
They drag you down to the darkest depths
Your powers gone and you feel inept
No one knows the turmoil you suffer
Please help me you hear me utter
They make you drink a bottle or two
To numb the pain you have another few
The tablets help for another day
But soon they're back and you go astray
Here they come the dogs of hell
I sit here and I'm under their spell
End the pain I tell myself
Kill the dogs and send them away
So I may see another day

Art of Conversation

Just for once I want to be heard
Probably my demands you think are absurd
I listen to you I hear you cry
But in reality I let out a sigh
Some days I want to scream
Like a tormented reoccurring bad dream
Why don't you listen when I talk
You put your nose in the air and away you walk
It always seems I'm having a moan
But all you do is play with your phone
You seem to have me at end of a hook
Whilst all you do is look at Facebook
Am I so boring you hear me say
That makes you text night and day
All I want is an end to this clap trap
But all you do is message on What's App
But now I know the way it goes
A little bit harsh I think I suppose
It's not you're fault the way you are
You even Skype when you're driving the car
Is it because I'm being misconstrued
Or is it a case that you're simply rude

Why

The hat falls down to the floor
The mind is changed like he's a simple bore
The lovely evening will have to wait
He's number 2 in this climate
How can this be says the gentleman
I give my all there and back again
But you don't give a chuff about his simple life
Yet you say you love him and want to be his wife
You meet your old flame for Coffee and a chat
Without a care how do you think he feels about that
You make him worry and make him sad
Do really care about your poor old lad
Off you go with another lie
You say he's just a friend as time passes by
But all the time he's in your bed
That slippery snake who would have said
What about his wife does she really know
I bet she doesn't or I'm sure she would go
Well good luck you hear me say
You be very lonely some day

Second Best

Do you know what it's like to be second best
To be made to feel a spare part or simply a pest
When you're considered a second or sometimes a third
That unpopular feeling that's quite absurd
All the promises that don't unfold
I wish it was me that was made of gold
I'm that hard centred chocolate that's full of nuts
That's left in the box with its lid tightly shut
I'm the one that's dropped at the drop of a hat
I often wondered why you do that
I sit and wait for hours on end
Is this what it's really like to have a friend
Even the dog gets more strokes than me
I'm treated like an unwanted flea
It's like I'm that bad smell in the room
As if I'm a bringer of doom and gloom
I'm always here when you feel you need me
Like a love sick puppy you know I always will be
But to make a difference you need to make a change
You probably don't even notice how I'm feeling rather strange
Well I have something to say
You can meet your friend for coffee every single day
I'm fed up of feeling second best
I want to feel wanted like the rest
But I know that can never be
So I guess it will just have to be me

The Somme

Take the Schilling off the drum
If only I knew the pain to come
A final drink with all your Pals
Kiss and a cuddle with all the Gals
Off to war to fight the Crouts
With your kit bag and a ounce of snout
Cross the channel and into France
Then it hits you like blowing glance
This is war and it won't be nice
The warm summer air chills you like ice
Down to the Somme for the battle to begin
At 730 it would all kick in
Over the top at the blow of a whistle
Bayonets ready follow Captain Neville
He holds a football in his hands all is quiet no one speaks
With a mighty kick he boots it into next week
A gallon of rum lads to the man who scores first
He blows his whistle as he quenches it's thirst
Over he goes like a galloping Gazelle
Come on lads it's glory or hell
Then I saw him the dreaded Hun
He had the look of death and was about to run
I shot him dead he fell to the floor
By the end of the hour there would be many more
By 630 we were held at bay
Exhausted and bloody I had survived the day
Looking around I could see only blood
Dead men lay flat in the mud
What's the point someone shouted rather vague
This is all your fault General flipping Haig.

Lady of Business

The night is coming the girl is asleep and the lady awakes
She puts on her make up like decorating a cake
Where you going her mother questions
Out for the night she says without any suggestion
She dresses for business with anyone who cares
I bet if she knew her mother would despair
She leaves the house and adopts the walk
Some want sex others just talk
But business is business and it costs the same
Some like it rough some queue for the train
Men or woman she doesn't really care
Whatever their pleasure she does it with flair
She assumes the identity of Daddy's little girl
Who asks her to do things that makes your skin crawl
Some woman like to be the man and take her on all fours
With their huge plastic tools it becomes quite a bore
Some men are huge and it painfully hurts
Others are small with just a pump and a squirt
She hates the taste of their bitter seed
And punters who want to do the dirty deed
But at the end of night she goes to bed
Tossing and turning she tries to clear her head
For the next day she will be back at school
This is a business that's sad and cruel

Forever Here

Autumn is here
The leaves are brown and the sky is clear
I have lay in this bed for many a days
Staring at the window I'm feeling betrayed
I slip into sleep and dream of better times
I dream of being a child and nursery rhymes
I have such an empty life
I miss my family I miss my wife
I think of holidays to exotic places
Getting drunk and all the disgraces
I pray for the end but it never comes
I hear life outside and my heart beats like a drum
I wish my legs would carry me away
But these wounds hold me at bay
I am one of gods children who went to battle
I watched my friends slaughtered like cattle
I wish I could end the terrible dreams
That leave me crying and break the night with screams
I want to be carried away by angels to heaven
To meet my maker the god I believe in
If god won't have me the devil will
I could make my peace with the people I killed

Witch?s Spell

The scarecrows gather their pumpkin heads
There's a lot of banging from the garden shed
It's October the 31st and it won't be good
No trick or treating like children should
The evil witches have cast their spell
Unleashing the grassy scarecrows from hell
Total destruction of Halloween
On a grand scale that's never been seen
The scarecrows mission that they must complete
Is to capture children for the witches to eat
Into the cauldron they will go
With a pound of frogs chucked in with a throw
They will make a stew of great delight
That will keep them full until next Hallows night
But if you want to prevent their affray
And make the scarecrows go away
Find a picture of Donald Trump
Nail it to your door with a great big thump
But if you're scared they may still get in
Find a picture of Hillary Clinton

Bonfire Night

It's November the 5th, Bonfire night
There is plenty of banging and fires alight
Catherine wheels spin through the air
Rockets bang and give everyone a scare
But do you know the reason why
Why we light a fire and burn a guy
Four hundred years ago there was going to be such a bang
When a chap called Guido made a plot with his gang
In the Duck and Drake plans were made
To release hell in a religious tirade
The opening of parliament by the King
Was going to be the scene for a treacherous thing
When the King walked in and the politicians sang
Gunpowder would explode with a terrific bang
But loose tongues and untrustworthy friends
Would spoil the plot and bring it to an end
Guido and his mates would all be hung
Chopped to pieces and up they would be strung
For centuries past the plot would be remembered
On or around the 5th of November
So the reason why we light up the sky
Is due to a plot by a man whose real name was Guy.

Dear Don

Dear Don, I hope you're well.
How's things going one can never tell
Did it go well with our dearest Teresa?
I saw you holding hands and trying to tease her.
What's the plan with this big old wall?
Will the Mexicans pay the cost? That won't be small!
What you going to do with all America's foes?
I bet that little problem is keeping you right on your toes!
Anyway, I have a plan that will keep them all out.
It will certainly work, without a doubt.
Give your mate, Farage, a little call.
Ask him to send a selfie for the Oval Office wall.
Get it copied and put on every passport visa.
That will stop them coming and be a real red neck pleaser.
Just while I have you, I've been pondering a question.
It's not an accusation, but merely a suggestion.
I promise Don, there won't be another.
But is Boris Johnson your long lost brother?
Anyway Donald, I've got to go.
If there's anything I can do please let me know.
Just for the record, I think you're doing a good job.
Unfortunately the wife thinks you're a total knob.

The Fire.

Come inside it's warm in here
Put your feet against me and have no fear
Let me remove the terrible chill
I'll warm your soul until you've had your fill
I'll make you snug until you fall to sleep
You'll dream of sheep and little Beau Peep
You will never stir or even wake
I'll keep you warm like a freshly baked cake
But everything in life has a price
I'll do it once or even twice
I don't take cash or Chip or pin
Not even vodka, whiskey or gin
I want something better than that
I don't want conversation or easy chat
I can make you happy and satisfy your lust
But all the time in me you must trust
Are you prepared to do a deal
And sign the contract with a spiritual seal
I want something as dark as coal
If you let me warm your feet I will take your soul

The Aliens

The Aliens appeared in the afternoon sky
Such a shock for the Naked eye
Bringing invasion like a menacing Dragoon
In their space ships that looked like balloons
The people tried to talk to the alien beings
But a deadly silence was frighteningly chilling
Then it happened at a quarter past four
A terrible noise like a dragons roar
A weapon that produced a deadly flame
Shot to the ground like a speeding train
Fire engulfed the cities and towns
The fire was like a wave and the people drowned
By six o clock the earth was alight
Such a deadly surprise that couldn't muster a fight
Centuries of history were simply destroyed
Years of complacency that really annoyed
By eight o clock the world was no more
Burned by a being that travelled a far
Their work was done and away they moved
Silently into space to another planet they drove

The Oil Man

The black gold sits underneath the earth and sea
Owned by country's monopoly
At the flick of a switch a country halts
The people are so blind at the belonging fault
Why do we depend so much on oil
That thick black stuff that brings toil and trouble
The magnates have forgotten what it's like to be poor
Listening to whinging governments is probably a bore
Do they stop to think about the everyday man?
Who struggle to buy petrol not to mention a bean can
Countries are held at gunpoint for this rotten fuel
A despicable practice that is really cruel
But all the time people are dying of cold
Due to the cost of the extortionate black gold
People walk for days for a simple ration
Where is your decency and living compassion?
But a question I have for when it's no longer needed
When all the oils gone and been completely succeeded
An answer that will probably keep everyone amused
But at this time makes me confused
How will you get your daily bread?
Or care for your children and ensure they're well fed?
Will you become one of the many
Who struggles to survive always looking for a penny?
I hope that's not ever the case
And you never ever stare poverty in the face

The Invisible Man

There he stands the invisible man
No one sees him even if they can
He stays alone in his sad little house
He's given up talking so he's quiet as a mouse
His world is empty not full anymore
The pain on his face is not easy to draw
His heart is empty and kind of hollow
The story is sad and so hard to swallow
He's asked questions a thousand times before
With empty promises that have left him sore
What is the point the chap enquires
Shall I die right here and simply expire
The unhappiness shows in his dull sunken eyes
His cheeks are streaked with the tears he cries
The clothes he wears are ripped and torn
Even the suit he wore when he was just born
All he wanted was a simple little chat
But no one would listen or recognise that
Now his days are drawing to an end
His heart is broken and it will never mend
It's so easy to be avoided or ignored
To be judged insignificant and simple bore
If he could change one thing in his ability
It would be a man who was without invisibility

Seasons War

The King of winter drops to his feet
Queen Spring is here with her armardarous fleet
Undoing the decay that winter brings
Bringing in life as you hear the birds sing
Evidence of battle still lies in the shadows
Mounds of snow in the cold dark fallows
But the queen is quick with her paint and quill
Colours of the rainbow over the land she does spill
Animals jump and run all gay
But beware the king for he will have his say
We need to get to May before we hold him at bay
Prince Summer arrives on his chariot of sun
Shooting warmth from his powerful gun
Baking the earth like a gigantic cake
With an appearance that seems rather fake
Beware the brown lady the winter King's daughter
Planning revenge and orchestrating slaughter
Princess autumn will pave the way
Stripping trees and blowing them away
Clearing the land of beautiful life
Bring in decay with trouble and strife
The King he sits not far away
His time is coming and he wants his pay
His beautiful daughter has made him proud
Ready for the land to wear his shroud

Multi Tasking

Pots were crashing
Glasses were smashing
Water was pouring over the sink
Facebook was pinging
Smoke alarm ringing
Chaos was reigning supreme
Food was burning
Yoga she was learning
Multi tasking was attempted here
Dog is now awoken
Whilst things are being broken
When will this madness end ?
Doors are being slammed
Dishwasher being rammed
Another thing comes into her mind
Lists are being made
Whilst previous ones fade
Nagging is surely on its way
Clothes were being washed
The kettle is all boshed
Now there's water all over the floor
Rescue is here
Before the Pinot cheer
The day is saved again
To be a kitchen master
Multi tasking is not faster
So don't do it again

The Mariner

I am a sailor from times gone by
This story I tell with a tear in my eye
A sailor boy I was pressed with a bang
A naval career at the blessing of a gang
 The world's oceans I sailed far and wide
I served a king that I couldn't abide
I was thrashed with the cat
For stealing fat
We hunted whales for food and oil
Killed pirates and raiders we enjoyed the spoil
We lived for the prize and the coin on the drum
Whilst drinking French brandy and naval rum
We fought the French all over the sea
Whilst watching water as far as we could see
The ocean was cold in the dead of night
It made people die without a fight
I observed the sun setting in a beautiful sky
The dolphins leapt and brought a tear to my eye
A swashbuckling adventure I did live
For another life, what I would give
I hope one day I shall return to home
But till that day this Ocean I shall roam

Painted Smile

The painted smile appears like a rose
With gleaming colour and a big red nose
His flappy feet slaps when he walks
He only acts and never talks
His yellow wig is gold like a fire
But making people laugh is his only desire
He gets great pleasure from entertainment
Holding his audience in great containment
But underneath the makeup is a sad old grin
With torture of pain like a sharp jabbing pin
He knows nothing can help him with his life
No money or car or even a wife
His darkness his depression that holds him at bay
With horrid thoughts that comes everyday
No medication will help this clown
Just cheer and laughter and a hideous frown

A New Hope.

A massive flash
Followed by a tremendous bang
Making the tide of life ebb away
Exposing a hidden sand of broken dreams
Small pools of water that hold memories, remain
Ripples boil, stagnate and never evaporate
The wind blows increasingly stronger
Blowing me gently towards the great unknown
The once glowing sun turns grey with ashes of sadness
Song birds fall silent and fall from the sky with burnt wings
The beast that lurks in the shade consumes the corpses
Painted shadows of children appear on the wall
Money with no value burns whilst coins melt to a molten mess
Watches stop as the world shudders to a halt
Laughter turns to screams with a menacing tirade
A dog turns to ashes whilst a burning pram rolls in the wind
The fire of a once sleeping dragon engulfs the world
The ever present stench of roasted death fills the air
A poison follows that brings an illness that will last for many years
The now ancient scorched earth is void of green plants and trees
Except there is one hope
A pink flower peeps through the ash
A beautiful lady dancing in the gloomy sunshine
Her prickly leaves to defend her charms
She is the start of something new
This is the alpha after the omega
A beginning after an end
A new hope

Pool Hustling Presidents.

Here they come with their wooden sticks
The presidents are back with all their tricks
It's time for a game of good old pool
Who will look daft and play like a fool
I'm in says Lincoln, with his black top hat
He polishes his cue like he's pruning a cat
The peanut man Jimmy, enters the room
When he pockets the black it goes in with a boom!
The cigar smoking Clinton orders a whiskey
Better not tell his wife he's come with Lewinsky
The Georges rack the balls with prestige style
But when Dubya counts them it takes him a while
Baraka jokes about the size of his cue
But with his accurate aim it will see him through
Ike wants to break and he won't be second
He's going to win or so he reckons
Dickie is here with his pool hall tricks
He can hide the balls as quick as a flick
Ronnie fouls and pockets the wrong ball
It's all in the game he says with a drawl
Ford is slow and takes his time
You can hear a clock tick and occasionally chime
Johnson and Kennedy want to play doubles
But when the Roosevelt's agree they know they're in trouble
As the smoke clears from Wilson's pipe
There's a new chap chatting a lot of tripe
The new member of the club is leaning against the panels
He's almost broke after paying Miss Daniels
Finally Washington wins with a tussle
You've got to watch these presidents when they try to hustle

The Thief.

Through the key hole I spot this man
He's walking around whilst drinking a dram
I will have to take it very slow
When he settles, in I go
Up to the bedroom and hide under the bed
I will have to be quiet as if I'm dead
Then when he's asleep my work will commence
I'm after anything with a price that's immense
Jewellery is the favourite and easy to sell
The household silver goes just as well
Even the cat or the family dog
I'll pinch anything if it's easy to flog
But what shall I do if I get disturbed
Will I beat in his head or would that be absurd
I could do a runner and get the hell out
But what if he catches me with a great big clout
Then there's the plod, the boys in blue
Who will chase me down and stick like glue
They will bust my ass and lock me away
I will be doing porridge day after day
Or should I think and not go in
I could walk away, free from sin
But a crook I am, simple and fair
I love the risk and the ultimate dare
I'm not a bad man by any means
The ultimate thrill is always in my dreams
Perhaps today I should have a good think
If I go in this house I will be in the clink

That Special Box

A box of chocolates is such a surprise
But to your diet they are great demise
There's more than one, in fact they come in pairs
There's even more when you go down stairs.
They tempt you with their sexy smell
The thought of their flavours is simply swell
That little voice in side your head
Will it be soft centred or toffee instead?
Let's try the orange or the Lemon cream for starters
Stay out the second layer or she'll have your guts for garters!
Then there's that strawberry cream that's sweet as a bell
Much better tasting than the Caramel Well
Oh my word, the praline square!
Should I have two or will that be unfair?
There she stands, the hazelnut whirl
Her rigid erect nut stands out like a curl
It's desperate measures the butterscotch is last
Like two ugly sisters they won't be gone fast
Chew off the chocolate and sling it at the dog
He'll be on it like a leaping frog.
I look around like a cunning fox
Before I move onto the second layer of the box
I lift the plastic shelf out of the way
My hands are trembling as I throw it away
To boldly go - I quote captain Kirk
As I give the box a good old firk
Disappointment hits me like a shot in the eye
I'm so sad I think I will cry
I feel like Scott when he stood at the Antarctic
Utterly distraught and very apoplectic
To my horror, the strawberry creams been eaten
It would appear I've been truly beaten
Wait a minute the box is almost full

I contemplate a plan through my chocolate drool
That voice came back in a pennywise fashion
Eat them all before she comes back in
Down they slid like expensive oysters
The box was empty like a cathedral cloister
On my gosh what have I done?
I need an idea or I will be seriously undone
Quickly thinking, I staged a plan
Then it hit me like custard flan
like a galloping horse out of the fog
That naughty animal - I will blame the dog!

The Fly

I spy with my little eye
Said the buzzing creature that resembled a fly
I watch your life from up above
As I swoop around like peaceful dove
I see the games that you play
What you do when your husbands away
Your money is safe under that floor
But if I were you I'd lock the door
You dance around naked all through the house
Whilst under your fridge hides a mouse
I see you bathe and wash your hair
Whilst I sit on the ceiling and have a good stare
I listen to your music that seems rather hip
Watch you drink vodka with a great big sip
I smell your face whilst you're asleep
Watch you dream of little beau peep
I lick away at horrible things
They say I'm harmless because I don't have a sting
When you put out your dinner I see my chance
In I go at a speeding glance
I lick away with my mucky tongue
Spreading disease so it all goes wrong
I watch you lay down and be terribly sick
Before you bend over like a broken stick
I'm waiting my time like a good little fly
My meal will continue when you die
Oh my god she's got a rolled up newspaper
Swings it around like a window draper
She catches my head and down goes this midge
I fall on floor in front of the fridge
Then out he comes this snarling mouse
There will be no more buzzing around this house
Inside his belly and I open my eyes

An Aladdin's cave with such a surprise
I'm not scared and certainly won't freeze
I quite like the smell of Stilton cheese
So this is a story about the fly of the house
Who was hit by a newspaper and devoured by a mouse
Now I live in a wet warm belly
Full of surprises that are lovely and smelly