

Table Wear

Miss Cordelia Fineminster rose.
She rose from her chair in her fine-scented lair,
she rose to her feet and she rose in the air,
she flew to her window and looking out there . . .

She saw us all splitting our selves into pairs!

So she railed and she ranted,
She fumed and she spat,
She wished it were other, for surely then that
would be better and finer, more onward and up,
than pouring our selves into pink and blue cups?

So I'm thinking of George and of Smuggler's Top,
of you finding it needful to swap round the name
of the flyer-to-safety,
the saver-of-days,
can't they each be the other, won't we please mend our ways?

So she wrote down a book and she set it all out,
and I hope that it's good,
cos I'll buy it no doubt.

CHARLES DURNING