COLD COMFORT

Behold, the Grandad figure’s sad position:

Shivering beside the Land of Ice;

Not the outlet of the opposition,

But at John Lewis’ Partners Paradise.

The air was chill; his garments seemed so thin,

The cold was reaching down into his marrow.

He felt as low as he had ever been.

Who’s to save him; the odds are getting narrow?

Up springs this Damsel who will comfort his Distress;

The palindromic Universal Aunt, (or is she Niece?**)**

Anna, forget the King of Siam, more or less,

Here’s someone whom it won’t be difficult to please.

A padded jacket from this bloke (don’t know his name),

A complimentary slice of chocolate cake,

A cuppa, and he’s nearly back into his frame.

Lessons learned, for everybody’s sake.

Flowers, chocks or drink are such a hassle;

At Waitrose you’ve got everything,

Just like taking Coals up to Newcastle.

A poem – now, that’s a different song to sing.

Broadcast it in every manner

Fly it on the highest banner

From Aberdeen to Alabama

From Isle of Bute to Isle of Bara

Put it in my forward planner

Print it on my sharpest scanner

Stick it on my old bandana

And play it on my Grand Pi-aner

***Thank you very much, dear Anna.***

*Roger Shakeshaft. May 2023.*