DONT SWIM IN THE ABYSS  
  
Surely the village is full of pus-ridden danger?  
I have finished, I think, writing, have lost any   
inclination to go back to work or order my life;  
Dylan Thomas is dead drunk down in South Wales.  
  
We are both in tears but the evening is free   
and you are forgiven. Pigeons are more reliable.  
Now to investigate your not-a-holiday report  
from the mouldy decaying country you live in,  
  
the claims to have been speaking to gravestones   
although you are never as drunk as you make out   
to be: one, possibly two, mugs a day, two cups first.  
All delicious, though I don't swim in it. Wet pools.  
  
I'm not the first one in the world to embellish   
my life and lie to make it better. No postcards   
have arrived; how does one go about that? I am  
finished being as ridiculous as borscht on toast,  
  
the world is a better place without us. OK, I'll take   
your stuff. Sorry, feeling downbeat; whatshisname  
says who would want to read that load of rubbish?  
Push me off the edge: it is a bloody lovely moon.  
  
  
Rupert M Loydell