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