

He never leaves the seat up ...

He never leaves the seat up
Or wet towels upon the floor
The toothpaste has the lid on
And he always shuts the door!

She's very clean and tidy
Though she may sometimes delude
Leave your things out at your peril
In a second they'll have moved!

He's a very active person
As are all his next of kin
Where as she likes lazy days
He'll still drag her to the gym!

He romances her and dines her
Home cooked dinners and the like
He even knows her favourite food
And spoils her day and night!

She's thoughtful when he looks at her
A smile upon his face
Will he look that good in 50 years
When his dentures aren't in place?!

He says he loves her figure
And her mental prowess too
But when gravity takes her over
Will she charm with her IQ?

She says she loves his kindness
And his patience is a must
And of course she thinks he's handsome
Which in her eyes is a plus!

They're both not wholly perfect
But who are we to judge
He can be pig headed
Where as she won't even budget!

All that said and done
They love the time they spent together
And I hope as I'm sure you do
That this fine day will last forever.

He'll be more than just her husband
He'll also be her friend
And she'll be more than just his wife
She's be his soul mate 'till the end.

This poem for Nell and Charlie
A married couple now
Is a token of the love they share
And the thought behind each vow.

HOW CAN THAT BE MY BABY?

How can that be my baby? How can that be my son?

Standing on rugger field, no more than six feet one

Steam is rising from him, his legs are streaked with blood

And he wears a yellow mouthguard in a face that's black with mud.

How can that be my baby? How can he look like that?

I used to sit him on my knee and read him *Postman Pat*

Those little ears with cotton buds I kept in perfect shape

But now they're big and purple they're fastened back with tape.

How can that be my baby? How did he reach that size?

What happened to his wellies with the little froggy eyes?

His shirt is on one shoulder but it's hanging off the other

And the little baffled person at his feet is me: his mother.

OH TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

Some day that's love a little boy
 And some say it's a bird
Some day it makes the world go round
 And some say that's absurd
And when I ask the man next-door
 Who looked as if he knew
His wife got very cross indeed
 And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
 Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does it odour remind one of llamas
 Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is
 Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
 O tell me the truth about love.

Our history books refer to it
 In cryptic little notes
It's quite a common topic on
 Transatlantic boats
I've found the subject mentioned in
 Accounts of suicides
And even seen it scribbled on
 The back of railway-guides.

Does it howl like a hungry Alsation
 Or boom like a military band?
Could one give a first-rate imitation
 On a saw or a Steinway Grand?
Is its singing at parties a riot?
 Does it only like Classical stuff?
Will it stop when wants to be quiet?
 O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer house
 It wasn't ever there
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead
 And Brighton's bracing air
I don't know what the blackbird sang
 Or what the tulip said
But it wasn't in the chicken run
 Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
 Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races
 Or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
 Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
 O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, it will come without warning
 Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning
 Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
 Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
 Oh tell me the truth about love.

W. H. Auden

SYMPTOMS

Although you have given me a stomach upset
Weak knees, a lurching heart, a fuzzy brain
A high pitched laugh, a monumental phone bill
A feeling of unworthiness, sharp pain
When you are somewhere else, a guilty conscience
A long, and a dread of what's in store
A pull rate for the Guinness Book of Records
Life now is better than it was before.

Although you have given me a raging temper
Insomnia, a rising sense of panic
A hopeless challenge, bouts of introspection
Raw, bitten nails, a voice that's strangely manic
A selfish streak, a fear of isolation
A silly smile, lips that are chapped and sore
A running joke, a risk, an inspiration
Life now is better than it was before.

Although you have given me a premonition
Chattering teeth, a goal, a lot to lose
A granted wish, mixed motives, superstitions
Hang-ups and headaches, fear of awful news
A bubble in my throat, a dare to swallow
A crack of light under a closing door
The crude, fantastic prospect of forever
Life now is better than it was before.

THE CELLULOID MAN

I wish I could find for I'm terribly keen
The kind of young man that you see on the screen
I've searched on my own but concluded I fear
That there simply aren't any at all around here.

Yet I see him to clear: in his bottle-green coat
His dark curly hair and the lack at his throat
The smouldering aspect, the curl of his lip
His boots of fine leather, his gloves and his whip.

At the lake edge where night-scented flowers commune
He is deep in the shadows and lit by the moon
I breathlessly see him step forward and wait
And under my bonnet my ringlets so straight.

I see his dark features suffusing with lust
As with stark administration he squints at my bust
With candlelight only to lighten the black
At the Inn he can take me to Heaven and back.

Not by carriage or coach, no by nothing like that
On a massive great stallion as black as your hat
On clattering cobbles it plunges and moves
In showers of sparks from its massive great hooves.

Charging like Pegasus over the gorse
Me and the man and the night and the horse
I know he is out there, so noble and fine
On BBC2 at quarter past nine.

I wish Fate would show some compassion to me
I want a REAL man like I see on TV
I'll wait where the night-scented flowers commune
At the edge of the lake: by the light of the moon.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note
The Owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 You are
 You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to Owl 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried
But what shall we do for a ring?''
They sailed away, for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose
 His nose
 His nose!
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill
They dined on mince, and slices of quince
Which they ate with a runcible spoon
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon
 The moon
 The moon!
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

The Young Visitors was written in the late Victorian age by Daisy Ashford when she was nine years old. The last chapter of her book describes the marriage of hero and heroine.

The abbey was thronged when Ethel and Bernard cantered up in a very fine carriage drawn by two prancing steeds who foamed a good deal. In the porch stood several clean alter boys who conducted the luck pair up the aisle while the organ pealed a merry blast. The mighty edifice was packed and seated in the front row was Mr.Salteena all in black and looking bitterly sad and he ground his teeth as Ethel came marching up.

There were some merry hymns and as soon as Ethel and Bernard were one, the clergyman began a sermon about Adam and Eve and the serpent, and Mr.Salteena cried into his large handkerchief and the Earl of Clincham kept on nudging him as his sniffs were rather loud.

Then the wedding march pealed forth and down the church stepped Ethel and Benard as husband and wife. Into the cab they got and speedily dashed off to the Gaiety. The wedding refreshments were indeed a treat to all and even Mr.Salteena cheered up when he saw the wedding cake and sparkling wines.

Then the Earl got up and made a very fine speech about marriage vows and bliss and he quoted several good bits from the bible, which got a lot of applause.

“I thank your lordship for those kind remarks” replied Bernard in clear tones. “I expect we shall be as happy as a lark and I hope you will all be ditto some day”.

Down sat Bernard while Ethel went up to put on some rouge and to change her wedding garment for a choice pink velvet dress with a golden girdle and a chic turban.

“You are indeed a charming spectacle” gasped Bernard, who also put on a new suit of blue stripes and some clean underclothing.

“Hurrah! Hurrah!” shouted the crowd as the pair reappeared in the aforesaid getups. Then everybody sprinkled them with rice and Mr.Salteena sadly threw a white tennis shoe at them, wiping his eye the while.

The happy pair went to Egypt because it was a warm spot, and returned from their honeymoon with a son and heir, a nice fat baby called Ignatius Bernard. They soon had six more children, four boys and three girls and some of them were twins which was very exciting. They called one of the girls Marie, because she looked slightly French.

Bernard loved Ethel to the bitter end and so did she him, and they had a nice house too.

To keep your marriage brimming

With love in the loving cup

Whenever you're wrong, admit it

Whenever you're right, shut up.

Ogden Nash

US TWO FROM NOW WE ARE SIX

By A.A.Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh
There's always Pooh and Me
Whatever I do, he wants to do
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh
"Well that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together" says Pooh, says he
"Let's go together" says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh
"Twice what?" said Pooh to me
"I think it ought to be twenty two"
"Just what I think myself" said Pooh
"It wasn't an easy sum to do
But that's what it is" said Pooh, said he
"That's what it is" said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons" I said to Pooh
"Yes, let's" said Pooh to me
We crossed the river and found a few ...
"Yes, those are dragons all right" said Pooh
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew
That's what they are" said Pooh, said he
"That's what they are" said Pooh.

Let's frighten the dragons" I said to Pooh
"That's right" said Pooh to me
I'm not afraid", I said to Pooh
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons" ... and off they flew
"I wasn't afraid" said Pooh, said he
"I'm never afraid with you".

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh
There's always Pooh and me
"What would I do" I said to Pooh
"If it wasn't for you" and Pooh said "True
It isn't much fun for One but Two
Can stick together" says Pooh, says he
"That's how it is" says Pooh

WARNING

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter
And I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more flat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay the rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph

WEDDINGS

If you go to a wedding, here's what it means
No one wears trainers and no one wears jeans
Your best new clothes are all that you wear
And everyone in your whole family is there
Even some cousins that you've never known
And the grown-ups all say "Oh, how much you have grown!"

So everyone's sitting in one big room
(except Sally and Richard, the bride and groom)
Then all of a sudden things quieten down
And music starts playing and people turn round
And really slowly, Sally walks in
And she's prettier now than she's ever been.

She's a bride and she's really great looking today
(when normally she looks just kind of okay)
She walks in and stands with her dad for a while
As Richard her boyfriend, awaits in the aisle
His hair is all combed and he's wearing a tie
And then Sally's mum starts to sniffle and cry.

And now it comes time for the "get-married" part
The Registrar says that we're ready to start
So she talks and she talks about serious things
Then their friend Chris steps up holding two rings
He gives one to the groom and the other to the bride
Then his girlfriend, Janaki pulls him aside.

Then Sally and Richard kind of look at each other
And another big sniffle comes from Sally's mother
And Sally and Richard put on the wedding rings
And they talk and they promise each other some things
They promise that they'll love each other a lot
And help one another no matter what
And be with each other the rest of their life
Then the Registrar says "Now you are husband and wife".

Then everyone's in such a big happy mood
And you go to a party with very much food
Where you dance with some grown-ups and drink some wine
And then do a conga-dance in one long line
'till Sally and Richard drive off in a car
and everyone's thinking how happy they are
So we all yell goodbye and throw handfuls of rice
Then the whole thing is over. Weddings are nice!

Will I have to be SEXY at Sixty?

Will I have to be Sexy at Sixty?
Will I have to keep trying so hard?
Well I'm just going to slump
With my dowager's hump
And watch myself turn into lard.

I'm no going to keep exercising
I'm not going to take HRT
If a to boy enquires
I'll say "Hah! Hard luck squire!
Where were you in '73!"

I'm not going to shave my moustaches
I'm just going to let them all sprout
My chins'll be double
All covered in stubble
I'm going to become an Old Trout!

My beauty all gone and forgotten
Vanished with never a quibble
I'll sit here and just
Kind of gnaw at a crust
And squint at the telly, and dribble.

As my marbles get steadily fewer
Must I battle to keep my allure?
Have I still got to pout
Now my teeth have come out
And my husband has found pastures newer?

Farewell to the fad and the fashion
Farewell to the young and the free
My passion's expired
At bedtime I'm TIRED
Sexy and Sixty? Not me.

YES, I'LL MARRY YOU, MY DEAR

Yes, I'll marry you, my dear, and here's reason why
So I can push you out of bed when the baby starts to cry
And if we hear a knocking and it's creepy and it's late
I'll hand you the torch you see and you investigate.

Yes, I'll marry you my dear, you may not apprehend it
But when the tumble-drier goes it's you that has to mend it
You have to face the neighbour, should our labrador attack him
And if a drunkard fondles me, it's you that has to whack him.

Yes I'll marry you my dear, you're virile and you're lean
My house is like a pigsty, you can help to keep it clean
That little sexy dinner which you served by candlelight
As I just do chipolatas, you can cook it every night!

It's you who has to work the drill and put up curtain track
And when I've got the PMT it's you who gets the flak
I do see great advantages, but none of them for you
And so before you see the light, I do I do I do.