

In the Garden

The Fish

I SEE you in your garden pool.
You've got things right, I sometimes think –
 Doing nothing, as a rule:
 A life that's just a constant drink.

No catching trains at ten to eight!
No traffic jams to make you late!
No neighbours that you love to hate!
No mortgage round your neck – that's great!
 No party workers at your door!
 No television you deplore!
No cocktails with a crashing bore!
No underwear that makes you raw!
 No grave concern about the fox!
 No getting sudden mental blocks!
No need for putting back the clocks!
 No losing half a pair of socks!
 No worries over how you look!
No dreadful film based on the book!
 No doubts on that exam you took!
No learning that your dad's a crook!
 No letters that you have to send!
No forms to drive you round the bend!
No shopping queues (no cash to spend!)
 No wonder you're a placid friend!

You've got things right, I sometimes think –
 Doing nothing, as a rule:
 A life that's just a constant drink.
You're just the fish. I'm just the fool.
