

## *Idle Thoughts*

# *Mediterranean Crews*

THOUGH I've travelled in the Med,  
I have never heard this said —  
But I really want to know. . .  
*Where do all the builders go?*

Apartments, houses, hotels, shops:  
Work begins, but then it stops.  
When it happens, no-one sees;  
It's as furtive as the breeze.

Floors, foundations, pillars, walls:  
The odd fact is, no-one recalls  
Seeing progress being made  
Where the evidence has stayed.

Builder's tactic goes to plan:  
Catch us at it if you can.  
And so, each day, we chance upon  
A lot more work not going on.

Apparently abandoned sites  
Rank high among the Med's delights —  
And every one, as I go by,  
Points metal spikes up at the sky,  
Reminding us, lest we forget,  
There's more to come. But not just yet.

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