

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Picture This*

WE speak of peril which attends  
Staying overnight with friends.

It is time for you to hear  
Of danger deep in Worcestershire –  
A midnight blow we well recall,  
When picture slid from bed-head wall  
And then pitched forward, silent, neat,  
On Pete and Sandra, sleeping sweet –  
And how, at once, contented snores  
Gave way to mild surprised applause  
On finding they still breathed, instead  
Of lying there and being dead.

After all, their crisis came,  
Not in puny picture frame,  
But colossal, blockboard-mounted,  
Primed to kill them when it counted.  
And yet, untroubled, they contrived  
To make it clear that they'd survived.

She said *Ugh!* and he said *Eh?* –  
And lived to die another day.  
(And she explained, quite full of mirth,  
The wall had moved, but not the earth)

Clearly, Peter could not equal  
Aforesaid drama. As its sequel.  
Doorbell rang and there was Pete  
On the doormat, looking sweet –  
Sort of silly, quite a prat –  
Underneath a white tin hat.

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Yes, a real one, not a toy –  
A real one, white, did Pete deploy,  
Which claimed thereafter, be it said,  
Place of honour on the bed.

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