

Idle Thoughts

The Long and Shorts of It

SOMEONE invented long shorts
That droop halfway down a pale shin.
They started in seaside resorts –
Then spread, so all Britain could grin.

These days, they are apt to defile
Town centres all over the land:
Kew Gardens, a superstore aisle,
Or the parks. I just don't understand.

Their wearer shows choice which lacks charm. He
Nevertheless makes us all smile.
He surely must know he looks barmy –
Needs a tuft to complete a shagpile.

He's profound consternation in khaki;
A visual affront. This is true:
The nondescript king of malarky,
Unashamedly spoiling the view.

But he gives me a laugh every day,
And his own attitude hasn't changed –
Not caring a damn what we say,
He just goes on looking deranged.
