

Idle Thoughts

Westward Ho!

UNCLE Bernard used to go
On holiday to Westward Ho!
With Auntie Eileen, he'd embark
For that exclamation mark –
Where dog's-cock deeds of derring do,
With cutlass, sword and eye-patch, too,
Seem stirringly to strike a claim
For slap-thigh brigands in its name.

Like stout Cortez, whose eagle eye
Surveyed the ocean and the sky,
Uncle Bernard saw the sea
From his favoured b & b.
