

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *X-Ray*

I'M waiting for an x-ray and I'm in a pale blue frock.  
They said to keep my trousers on, which mitigates the shock.

I'm sitting by a fellow and his frock is just like mine.  
He hasn't got his trousers, but his woolly socks look fine:  
They separate his pale fat legs from quite enormous shoes.  
We'd not have done much better, if we'd set out to amuse.

A clog dance or a sand dance would be just our cup of tea:  
Wilson, Keppel, Betty and, of course, my mate and me.  
But not, perhaps, this time around: they bring my mate a bowl  
He gobs in it profoundly, like it's coming from his soul.

We're sitting on our plastic chairs, each with his plastic bag,  
Containing what we really wear, when once we're out of drag.  
I'm waiting for an x-ray and I'm in a pale blue frock.  
I thought that I'd got problems, but my mate's been quite a shock.

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