

*Lady*

## *Bird-watching*

MODERN maid, if maid you be,  
What a joy can fashion be,  
For those who simply wait and see!  
We've never understood your knack,  
In full-length skirts in funeral black,  
Of giving modesty a try –  
With full-length slits that rise thigh-high.

Yet other times, your breasts loom large  
From their deep *décollètage*,  
While your navel, belly's eye,  
Perky-peeps and seems to try  
To make us think its owner's got  
A feature most of us have not –  
Because your skimpy fashion stops  
Inches short of trouser-tops.  
And while it clearly never rankles,  
Trousers rarely reach the ankles –  
Yet shorts you sport are prone to be  
The sort that come below the knee.

And yet, of course, we don't complain  
Of foolish fashion, in the main –  
For on the beach, amid the throng,  
You're mincing artlessly along.  
Wearing buttocks and a thong.

\*\*\*