

Lady
Double Take

EARTH has not anything to show more flair
(On a G-string) than your lycra-sliced *derrière*.
Your rear retreating is constantly giving
Sensational meaning to split-bevel living.
Meanwhile, round the front, your chestful of wares
Will show that it's apt that my lines come in pairs.
They're ominous orbs and it's clear that they ought
To be given some visible means of support.

Sans top, eh? St Tropez might not blink, we agree –
But heavens above, this is Clacton-on-Sea!
The sex that's in Essex quite loses composure
At daunting disclosure of double exposure.
They're hanging like bells and they wobble and bang:
Swing-a-ding-ding! You'd expect them to clang!
A stupendulous vision without globule warning
Has ruined the week, first thing Monday morning.

It's all much too much and too much much too soon:
They block out the sun when it's mid-afternoon.
A tentative glimpse makes a sailor go weak:
Ahead, *tête à tête* – and astern, cheek-to-cheek.
