

## *A Word*

### *Speakeasy?*

Say it softly, not to brag:  
Soldiers' shoulders shouldn't sag.  
And then proceed, without a fuss:  
The Leith police dismisseth us.  
Slightly harder, we agree:  
Me slitting sheet, sheet slitting me.  
Carry on, but only if there's  
Room for six sick thistle-sifters.  
Far easier, we must agree:  
I chased a bug around a tree.  
And finally, beyond a joke:  
The bloke's black bike's back brake-block broke.

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