

Question

Huish Champflower

“HUISH CHAMPFLOWER” I have seen.
It stands a world apart.
I found it in a magazine
And took it to my heart.

But I can't go and say hello,
For fear I'll be denounced
For all the ignorance I'll show
Of how this name's pronounced.

Bright-eyed burghers may despair
And turn the air quite bluish,
And tear their hair while standing there,
Because I've called it Huish.

“*Huish Champflower?*” they'll cry,
And say that it's their wish
That strangers always have to try
Their best to call it *Hish*.

And if not *Hish*, it may well be
They'll urge me at a push
To try my hardest, so I'll see
That *Huish* rhymes with *bush*.

But on the other hand (again).
What if there's a rush
Of irate locals to complain
I should have called it *Hush?*

And even then, perhaps I'll slip.
They'll drown my hopes: the *douche*
Will be applied with curling lip
And cries of “*Call it Hoosh!*”

Question

Two syllables (which may be one)
Provide a jolt that's newish.
That's why you'll never find I've gone
Along the road to Huish.

Amid the doubts, I stand appalled.
They've given me a jar –
But it won't matter what it's called,
If Champflower's *Char* or *Car*.

My life just hasn't been the same,
Since I discovered Whatsitsname.
