

## Question

# Theatre Visit

HOW many times does man repeat  
An awesome process, filled with doubt,  
When aiming for his theatre seat,  
To enjoy an evening out?

Can the social whirl produce  
Refined revulsion, quite exquisite,  
To match the civilized abuse  
Contained in any theatre visit?

No helpful course provides instruction  
That guides a fellow when he sees,  
Without a formal introduction,  
That he must climb a row of knees.

Edging sideways while repeating  
Apologies with dazzled eyes,  
Past pre-ordained dress-circle seating,  
Paved with mini-skirted thighs.

Should their owners choose to stand,  
He cannot fail to be impressed,  
In the Wolverhampton Grand,  
*Tête à tête* with vest-top chest.

Sometimes knees are too arthritic,  
Locked and painful, cannot move.  
Let me past, 'cos I'm the critic,  
With prejudice I need to prove.

Can the problem be much worse,  
If I have a gangway seat?  
Certainly, it's in reverse,  
With me the yo-yo on my feet.

## Question

Indeed, a gangway seat is worse,  
If this is what harsh Fate decrees.  
Cough conceals the muffled curse,  
Swapping bumps with unknown knees.

Greet the next one, smile disarming,  
*Sotto voce* swear less sweet.  
She's leaning forward, most alarming.  
Face-to-bust, I overheat.

And still they come, the trampling tribe.  
Some say *Thanks* and some say *Sorry*.  
Some adopt an ill-judged jibe –  
Hunters all who've caught their quarry.

But now at last a hush descends,  
Expectant for the main attraction.  
With luck, the knee-knock nuisance ends;  
Yields to less absorbing action.

I'm bruised in body, mind and soul.  
Emotions jarred, I claim my seat.  
I've elbowed to my cushioned goal,  
Refusing to accept defeat.

Mankind can never hope to know  
Why theatres think they need a show.

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