

## *Time*

# *Summer Living*

BARBECUE beyond the fence:  
Someone's got the neighbours in.  
Hear the raucous laughs commence.  
Sizzle smells will soon begin.

Barbecues at second-hand  
Have a flavour of their own.  
Taste-buds tend to understand  
What they're missing, what they've known.

Mute approval, proxy-wise,  
Blesses barbecuing's smell –  
But, alas, I realise  
This one is the one from hell.

What is wafting on the air,  
Now they've got the neighbours in,  
I can't help but be aware,  
Is the smell of paraffin.

Lighting up, presumably:  
Soon, the cooking will begin.  
Not at all: it's clear to me,  
First course must be paraffin.

Better times are in its wake:  
Sour aroma dies away.  
Optimism's my mistake:  
Nothing tempting here today.

It's as-you-were on laughter's swell.  
Malodorous effusion's in.  
Clearly, no one minds the smell:  
Are they high on paraffin?