

Morning/resident/Afternoon/YEOVIL/Evening

Sunday morning after prayers,
St. Marks across to countryside,
Walk for Montrose/Meadow,
Between sun that has long gone,
And solar tail vibrations,
Lend knowledge,
Borrow steps,
With siblings left then right,
Pale foxes until Sunday lunch trot,
With egg forgotten quiche,
Induced sleeping Dads lie,
Mrs. Mills and board chocolate games.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
It's eaten off my face,
I had to have two stitches back,
To keep my smile in place.*

Why as youth do choose,
From the hill to the roof,
As to floor for the roof
Only one sided explored,
And the beeps to summon us home,
Twice cocooned times scene three,
Bob Kane Harold fungus stolen Lucas,
Backward fire escape over cattle market,
No fee,
Leaders grab on steps fly by,
3 minute before warning joy and cartoon,

Under the staircase with cushion and food,
Like my Grandfather's pattern.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
Overlooked by the infirm,
It growls and creeps and sleeps and snaps,
And this is a concern.*

Selling cheese in bygone vicarage,
Garrotted fun for kids,
The rank cold odour,
The faces hatted smiley,
Slow tick of time splashes mite on cave floors,
The conversation mumbled and London,
No compensation,
Then the new town,
Alien landings and broken elevators,
So much space to play.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
Get to the hospital quick,
Anticlockwise turning,
Spinning 'til you're sick.*

Returning to Grandparents,
From Dorset oblique,
All lights and sparkle,
From hung ancient gardens now shielded,
Nature reclaimed and nurture green,
Mask lights that steal stars,
Roundheads and Cavaliers,

Battle hard and fast in lay closed by,
I wasn't there,
Haves and have mores.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
It'd sleep there for the night,
It prowls its lair for weary prey,
And devours it on sight.*

Guardian of Barwick,
Fleetfooted ran,
Atop spired arch and door of black hidden,
Adorns once district arms,
Hiding in the hedgerow
Off two towers of three,
Now unadorned and blazing warm pink stone,
The most famous least still to seen,
Piglets in the layby,
Dogs snapping at their backs.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
The farmyard is its ground,
It lays around in place from place,
And hardly makes a sound.*

As Dad toils in the house,
To Glenville Post Office,
Dispensing fuel in funnel,
Shiny coin and emerald serpent,
Closed before allotted age,
Tooth side sweets from license reached above,

The longest journey the shortest legs,
Crossing and one alone,
But there and as a cold Father waits,
Warm hands off tea,
Counting seconds until sleep,
They've never not come back.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
I've heard that it sings hymns,
Joy to the sky joy to the ghost,
And joy to those all within.*

Across the manicured face wide net,
Eggs is zero clock is 15,
Scream two brothers side pistoning,
Lance bi-crossed handle,
Shielding dust and pan plume of brush,
Nearly caped to fly and chimney hidden.
To Lamb's curbed hide and chandelier seek,
Must goals move as adults journey,
Balls catch back to bounced corner point,
Widened road and widened Thorne,
Crumpled roof Flood brand new 1990,
Zombies arrived but we're long gone.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
He sees you pick your nose,
And freeze your face in ugly when,
East then west wind blows.*

Green and whites rule the roost,

Though blue and white were West,
Half meat broth drink time,
On glorious surrounded by locomotion small,
In bar watch CHiPs and Vimto drink,
Then home in time past bed,
Cleaning boots and greasing studs,
Mud knife flicks once buttered,
After grass until Sunday tried quiet,
With egg forgotten quiche,
Induced sleeping Dads lie,
And the poisoned rabbit drinks tea.

*There's a monster lives on the roundabout,
It wasn't there before,
It won't be there soon afterwards,
As it melts into the floor.*

Vermouth fuelled Hendford race,
Hedged in fallen dorsal toads sped by,
The Duchess' husband is after sport,
And fists fly more than thoughts,
Reclused until Tuesday's Garden,
Equal cars awake distant rounds,
With dogs snapping at my back,
I'll let lying pigs dream and sleep until 3 days gone,
Dance in the artist houses sparkle,
Carry bouncing back the dream of doors,
Named kiss royal and grass and muddy,
Sent to Coventry no really,
Wrecked seat as music cried and again,
Fixed car not to black mountain,

With no sweat burning bright in nocturnal woods.

There's a monster lives on the roundabout,

It strives without a care,

It's been with me since who knows when,

I wish that you were there.