

Retirement

For breakfast a pair of tasty kippers
Taken in old pyjamas and slippers.
Marmalade on wholemeal toast,
A shuffle to the porch to pick up the post.
Mostly bills, so rarely a letter
To ask you if you`re feeling better.
Then feed the birds and prune the roses,
By forks and spades, and garden hoses.

Now shall I get the bus to town,
Or shall I stay in my dressing gown?
Where the barometer says `set fair`
In the porch, in the heat, in my old deck chair.
Here where geraniums germinate,
I`ve a chocolate biscuit on a plate,
A library book and a cup of tea,
Radio Four, and a bumble-bee.

Lunchtime, still in my dressing-gown
Shall I cut my throat or watch Countdown ?
I`ve taken my medicine, rubbed on the ointment,
Checked for my next doctor`s appointment.
I`ve had my pills, and now I must
Renew my membership of the National Trust.
And if that isn`t too exciting,
I`ll swallow the lot and go down fighting!