

A poem, not written from any expression of Republican sentiment, but with an eye to the passing scene, touching as it does on both the Royals and our peculiar summer - all gardeners will echo my observations there - entitled

Gardens of Flagrant Delight

Queen Elizabeth, upset by
vagaries of weather
(long spring, damp summer)
has forsaken
her even pink
for a more hectic hue
and frilly skirts.

Blousy as Fergie, she lolls about
shows everything - attractive, mind you
but for a Queen, de trop.
She won't stop blooming. Pick
a morning armful, and she's back again
turning all heads by sunset.
Such exuberance! Her royal namesake, who
always discreet and cool
has up to now refrained
from orgies, both flowery and lacrimose,
came out this year, declaring
her annus horribilis,
she almost wept - where was
the sheltering arm of Paul?

But for my skittish Rose
it's annus mirabilis, anything goes.

And for the Royals - who knows?