

Sarah Attfield

WHAT A ROTTEN SONG

She won't listen
to Cockney bullshit
stories of one more
triumphant knees ups
muvver brown!
give us a sing song
all around the piano
knees up muvver brown!
just never mention tripe
and fresh water eels
wriggling with heads off—
under the table you must go
bodies slit
white silver shining in
market day light
ee-i-ee-i-ee-i-o!
and she won't buy into
the hokey cokey
fish and chips stout
and if I catch you bending
those good old
back street/knitting needles
bent bone/hankies full of blood days
I'll saw your legs right off
blind to those days
so good before—
just old now
knees up! knees up!
don't get the breeze up
knees up muvver brown!