

## JENNY BOULT

### AT THE MASSAGE PARLOUR

She sprayed him with pure and simple  
and turned on the sunlamp.

"Jeez, what is this?  
I'm no bloody Sunday roast."

"Take it easy,  
it'll start your blood moving."

He submitted and she splashed on  
half a bottle of patchouli  
and he turned over and sat up.

"What is this?  
first you oil me and warm me up  
then the hippy stinks all over me back.  
Where's the bloody shower?  
I'm done enough."

She shrugged and showed him;  
he left bellowing that he smelt  
like he'd been to a fucking whore house.