

KAREN PRIDMORE

WHO WILL BE THE FUNNY MAN THEN?

It's my thirtieth birthday today
already
chunks of laughter
have been scooped
from my youth,
Peter Sellers
has had a massive

h e a r t a t t a c k

'The Mouse that Roared'
squeals in its cage.

Eleven times
we craned our necks,
funny
how we forgot to urinate
possessed
by the man on the screen,
even the twisties became

c
r u
n c h
l e s s

My younger brother
will be thirty
in five years,
I wonder who
will be scooped
from his youth
then,

now it's
Peter Sellers —
and all his wives weep
for lost alimony
as the heart of a Goon
tells the world to piss off!

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A SUBURBAN LOVE AFFAIR

He had blue-printed the weekend
skilfully,
for a 'Simple Simon' pieman.
The caravan park
had been paid in advance,
and
the Ronald McDonald meal vouchers,
to soften the spouse.
French letters,
multi-coloured, were purchased
in a bold sweat,
and
a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*,
to be recited
whilst plaiting her legal hair.
She had prepared
a simmering, weekend stew
and rehearsed her spouse softener.
She couldn't afford
Ronald McDonald meal vouchers
after finalising the never-never system
on the pink kimono from Woolworths.
The neighbours said it would never come off,
A last minute change in his shift stuffed it.
And miniature balloons,
multi-coloured,
took French leave
from a pie-factory window,
and exploded in the heat.