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?