

Alphabet Soup, 2021

by Harry Dunn

received 12/5/21

In which a bewildered Inverloch geriatric supplies answers to a number of questions nobody asked - questions like ' what does A stand for ' - in alphabetical order.

A stands for Anderson, as in The Inlet
The place where Inverloch stands ,
Home of the Inverlochers
And other lawless bands.

B stands for Bowling, that's Lawn, not carpet or ten-pin
And upon my soul, the House of Bowl
Was created free from original sin
Until they opened the member's bar
And that's where we came in!

C stands for Covid, a turbulent child,
Sent down to punish the wicked,
Along with the meek and the mild:
Somehow it got out of the bottle
And it's now running rampant and wild.

D stands for Dementia ;
It happens when your brain retires,
An illness it could very well suffer
Before your body expires.

E stands for Exam - as in - nation,
For old men who can't pee any more
They call it the Digital Rectal
And they know what they're looking for;
Then take some outrageous liberties
With a poor man's fundament freckle,
Where no man has gone before.

F stands for Future, if you still have one
And P stands for all that's passed,
Of course we know all the old players,
But the future is yet to be cast.

G stands for Global Warming,
It seems that our world's getting hotter,
And of course you'll perspire if you stand near the fire
But don't worry about all that sweating,
There's plenty of Kleenex and blotter
So that's what I'll be hoarding,
As the planet gets hotter and hotter.

H stands for Heroes, and the bravest of deeds
Of the type which gets into the papers,
But most of us still look away if it bleeds,
We avoid the real heroes, along with the tossers
Just in case some didn't really deserve
Their awards and Victoria Crosses.

I is for I, first person singular - me
And there isn't a soul now living,
Or ever likely to be
Who's as close to perfectly perfect
As this little chickadee!

J stands for Jury, the one that's still out
On how we should live out our lives;
Is it best to avoid all the things that we like,
And live on and on to a hundred,
Or is it better to chance our luck,
Occasionally run amok and amuck,
And cark it at seventy-five.

K is for Killing - judicial of course,
Those monsters kept safe in our jails,
Even though they declare their heart-felt remorse,
Or should we just have them put down,
With all the pain and the guilt that entails?

L is for Ladies, or should we say women,
The fair sex, hope of the future;
They grow stronger, live longer
And some men just can't live without them,
Ladies - we have to salute ya,
And yes! there does seem to be something about them.

M stands for Mischief, which some men get up to
When they're out and running around,
Wine, women and song, unless of course you're a woman,
In which case you've had all the luck,
And it's champers and scampers and diamonds and furs
And it never seems to cost you a buck.

N stands for Nature and Nurture;
We must preserve our flora and fauna,
And not leave it all up to the Greens,
And if we don't nurture our precious koalas,
They'll follow the Thylacenes.

O is for Origins, like where did we come from,
Apart from our dads and mums:
Well, we're all descended from monkeys,
Like those shameless old chimps at the zoo
Who flaunt their shiny red bums
And pelt us with monkey-poo.

P is for Prostate, it makes you weep -
And all we who have that condition
Never get an unbroken sleep;
We're up several times ev'ry night,
Then back into bed, wide awake,
To count some more bloody sheep
And never to make a mistake

Q is for Quarantine
Where you 're locked up for a while,
In case you contracted that virus
Luxury cruising the old River Nile,
From Luxor back to Cairus,
But at least you travelled in style.

R stands for Ratbags and Rascals
And politics has more than its share
Just look at Somanurek / Kelly
And there's plenty more of them out there -
Politics' soft under-belly.

S is for Seniors, to which group we belong,
We never get flustered or fuss,
We're told we keep singing the same old song
But if there's anything that you'd like to know -
Just ask one of us
While we still know all the answers,
So there's nothing we'll need to discuss.

T is for Tranny - Transvstite that is,
Those chaps who frock up to look girly:
God only knows why they'd want to do that,
Knowing how ghastly they're going to look,
Especially the butch and the burly.

U is for Umbrage, and we take it quite often,
When we know that we've been had,
Like when we pre-pay our funeral and coffin
And the price we've been charged
Makes us Umbrous and Mad,
As mad as a junk-yard boffin.

V stands for Vanity
And we all have a bit
So, no matter how worn and neglected
We still like our old trousers to fit.

W 's for Women,
Not 'Ladies' or 'Guys'
And the older they get,
The more they get wise.

X is for Xtra -
We all want a bit more;
Just look at old Rupert
He's on bride number four.

Y stands for Youth
But it's wasted on young 'uns
Who really don't need it
And ain't that the truth,
But why can't we bank it, until our old age
Then draw down, when needed, this bottled- up youth!
What a great innovation
And we'd all be happier senior cits,
In a youthful seniors' nation.

All hail the Gerontocracy

Z is for Zero,
The year I was born
Or so it seems when I look in the mirror;
And the aged man staring back at me
Looks weary and worn,
Escaped from a different era.
He looks more vacant than sanguine and sage,
No longer fired-up and maintaining the rage
- A practise somewhat over-rated -
And when he's too old to remember his age,
They should get him carbon-dated.