

Brain Produce

Poems from the brain of
Stuart Thomas

Around the Corner

What's around the corner?
It is what you hope you'll be
A drunk in charge of a frigate
Or a puffin lost at sea.

Are you looking for a future
Or do you just see the past
What is this utter nonsense
Untie me from the mast.

The Train

I left it on the train
I was gonna make a pie
It was there for a moment
And then it left my eye

Tongue wrapped around a malteser
Hand clutching bacardi breezer
Who needs lamb chops
When you've got chocolate and alcopops?

Not a Fan

What an utter bastard
Why don't you just die
I've had it up to here
Would you like a cup of Chai?

Now here's the deal with the Chai
It's not what you may think
I've done something naughty
I've done something to that drink

It's full of all sorts of stuff
Toe nails and bum fluff
It'll rip out your guts
And toast your nuts

So swig this you dick
You fell for my trick.

Doctor Who

When will this show end
It must end soon
Put it out of its misery
Stop killing Daleks on the moon

It's run its course
It's over and done
You'd think by now
The Doctor would've won.

I know it's not football
Or some other simple sport
This is Doctor Who
There's more aliens to thwart

But please don't forget
It will happen soon
I don't mean to scare you
But there's Daleks on the moon.

A Mums Christmas

My mum wants a bath fizzer
It's perfect for that keen quizzer
A bath full of bubbles
A way to forget your troubles

She applied for the Chase
But no such luck
So she sits in the bath
Crying, with her rubber duck.