

Citizen Fish

"Scene 496: Caf? In Melksham"

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How now the rose in red and pink and white
Its petals soft as blades of metal
Melting in the noontime rays
And frosted cold again at night

How now the rose in sharpened thorns
Its underlying nature warns
That beauty holds itself above proximity:
A 'Do not touch' sign on it's stem
That, unconsidered' wreaks revenge
On those whose jealousy condemns...

Screaming baby in a caf?
A mewling child that will be wild
In it's persistence to inflict
Its misery upon the ear
It's times like this I get too near
To kids to ever want to be parental
On the verge of going mental
Shrieking spikes and lacerations
Ruining my concentration
Over there
Another angled child was dangled
From a chair aware of crying in the air
And walked away from mother's smile
To pass one on to the screaming child
Who seeing some consideration
Stopped it's wailing emulation
Of tanks on slopes with failing brakes
That other kid had what it takes

As we all like to think we do
But we just sit and let it pass
While this bright kid got off it's ass
And made the difference for us all
Just by being natural
Just by being natural

I doubt that kiddies name was Rose
It was probably something like Brian
But it knew what to do, the instinctive approach

And somehow it stopped the kid crying

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