

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



Here's a wonderful nonsense poem by Richard Whiting (in response to the Bagatelle Nonsense Verse Challenge in Issue 60) which for me almost makes perfect sense. The inspiration for it apparently came whilst 'sitting on a precipitous cliff on the Isle of Portland'. As yer do...

Simon Black

Clearly Nonsense

350 million fibs
squeezed onto a bus.
Virus that isn't coming
coming.
The NHS becoming
Our NHS.
Lapel Badges arriving
before PPI.
Aneurin is dead amused.
In a bid to free-up beds
the old are sent to care homes.
Positively successful.
They are clear
on the clarity
of rules enshrined in law,
until such a time
that they break them
and they become opaque.
What happened didn't happen,
even on the photographs
that prove it happened.
There were no parties
thrown in honour of birthdays
(and other un-birthdays).

Or quiz nights when everyone
was in the same room isolating
(until these things were proven
and adequate apologies issued
inadequately).
Answering a question with an answer
to a question that wasn't asked,
proves that Lewis Carroll
was an avid listener
to *Radio 4*.
The Home Secretary has been clear
that her generosity with plane tickets
is a policy neatly timed
to coincide with a paucity of flights.
The minister for Culture and Sport
reminds us that the art of incompetence
is fully funded.
She wants to see more people
on Britain's tennis pitches.
Oh how we laugh
when we hear this at the cricket rink,
where a long-leg at left-back
serves the ball to a scrum-half
who runs the length of the Thames
to touchdown at Chiswick Bridge.

Richard Whiting