

My Oh My...

My Oh My...

By : **ben hardstaff**

I WROTE THIS POEM ABOUT BRITAINS BINGE DRINKING CULTURE...



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My Oh My...

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My oh my...what shocking sights on friday nights

Our thirsty towns and British cities see.

Like circus clowns, do girls that love attention,

With trowels and brushes, render faces shy.

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Lashings of lipstick - Mascara galore.

Their fashionable passion displayed to all.

High are the heels, and short the skirts,

Of young and old outrageous flirts.

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At midriffs bare, and hair so Barbie blonde,

Men stand and stare, with mouths agape, and drool.

Boisterous boys cajole and talk the talk,

Whilst hand in hand, to dancefloors, lovers walk.

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Beneath powdery shadows, eyes alight,

As little Miss. Swish spies Mr. Right.

Mobile numbers and saliva exchange -

The start of a digital fairytale.

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Like records, heads and bodies spin for hours,

As d.j's play, and pump out vinyl beats.

My Oh My...

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With cigarettes and alcohol in hand,

(A toxic combination) others stand.

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As closing time approaches, bar bells ring,

And burly bouncers strut like bullish kings.

Like sheep, the drunken crowds are herded out.

Some walk and talk, whilst others scream and shout.

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The rain drip drops and the town's chip shops

Feed ravenous late night revellers.

A battered sausage assuages the pangs

That bang in the belly of the drunkard.

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Hunkered in corners of doorways, dry,

Girls surrender to bladders about to burst.

For most, these sights are simply the norm.

For sensible souls, a first.

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The hoi polloi, and drunken thugs,

Start to holler, and spit expletives.

Then tempers fray, as cells decay

In the minds of those whose liquor is mixed.

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Like killers uncaged, full of venom and rage,

Do plastic gangsters launch affrays.

Fleet feet and fists of the furious fly,

My Oh My...

Toward God knows who, and for God knows why?

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But above the towns and city streets,

resideÂ one-eyed silent witnesses.

Undercover lenses, locked in a box.

It's Big Brother Britain - We're all being watched.

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So in the midst of the mindless violence,

A silence strikes as sirens near.

Then out pounce coppers (the criminal stoppers)

Onto brawlers bathed in bright blue light.

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Middle fingers linger at the boys in blue,

From the fools that fuel this hullabaloo.

Most receive warnings or penalties fixed,

But theÂ gobby jobs wake in a freezing nick.

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With hungover heads, and egos bruised,

Flashbacks occur, and memories fuse.

No saturday morning bacon and eggs,

Only weak tea, toast, and a scrambled head.

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