

A Selection of Light Verse

By S. Bee



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The Happy Inventor

Here's the story of Sir Peregrine Brewster
He happened to be a hapless inventor
Once ideas took hold, they festered and festered
He so wanted to be an original creator

There was the robotic enamelled dog poo poop scoop
An elasticated ladder with a fancy loop
A solar powered torch
A plastic porch
An everlasting toffee that didn't last forever
A complicated puzzle that slotted together

A spicy cooking sauce
It didn't sell, of course
Garden gnomes that lit up in the dark
A transparent play frame for the park
A multi -coloured parrot that talked and sung
And that was over before it begun

Chocolate toothpaste, beef scented soap
Poor Mr B never gave up hope
A laser controlled car parking device
Orange ice-cream - unique but nice

All these patents cost a bob or two
His wife didn't know what to do
One day she simply said, No more
He nodded sadly; he knew the score

A few years went by, he had another try
This time it worked, my oh my!
His wife was thrilled, she said Go ahead
At least we'll be so very well fed

So Peregrine was knighted. Why? You'll see
Daffodil spread - the Queen's favourite for tea.

S. Bee



ALL LOVED UP - HERS

Hey- guess what? How about that?
We've finally got our very own flat
A couple's space - it's rather swish
A trial for marriage is what I wish

Four weeks on - sweet sheer bliss
We're still locked in a honeymoon kiss
Apart from smelly socks on the floor
I really couldn't ask for more

It's somehow changed - he's getting on my wick
He slurps his tea - it makes me sick
I thought I loved him like no other
So why am I forced to visit his mother?

His mates come round, the parties are loud
Why does he need such a big crowd?
Not my scene, so I'm off to bed
Remember the loving words he said

Six months in, things are tense
He still hasn't fixed the garden fence
Toe nails in the bath, always on the phone
Football on the telly, then there's that loan...

The rent's due, we've bills to pay
He's never in now and not today
I've made a special birthday meal
But he's late, a troubled car wheel

He never stops snoring at night
Almost into a rough pub fight
If he shouts at me again like that
I'll walk out, and never come back

All these arguments make me sad
I wish I'd stayed with mum and dad
He says I'm a nagging boring moaner
Well he is one big awful groaner

The carpets need hoovering, covered in dust
Never mind that - just look at us
All loved up, together forever
Now we simply discuss the weather

We didn't last over in a year
I've shed a bucketload of tears
Onto John - a brand new fella
This time it'll be so much better....



ALL LOVED UP - HIS

I've been seeing her now for quite a while
A nice looking bird with a winning smile
When I suggest getting our own place
Her eyes lit up, you should see her face

My mates say I'm taking a chance
But why not grab a little romance?
Sex on tap, the ultimate pleasure
She does sudoku puzzles for leisure

She's somehow morphed into a control freak
And sure, I know all about the leak
Yes I've a loan, it's no big deal
I'm sorry about the birthday meal

A new colleague today, she's flirting like mad
She knows that I'm a bit of a lad
Relax after work, drinks in a bar
I tell her at home there's trouble with the car

So, I like a booze -up or two
Cheer up love, don't be blue!
Stormed off in a sulk, no sense of fun
Why does she have to look so glum?

Housework duties? Oh stuff that
I like my own way, here in this flat
I'm fed- up of your belly aching
This situation is your own making

Shut up now, the football's on
That's the phone - my mate John
Grocery's shopping's such a faff
She's upset - toenails in the bath

Socks and snoring, the rot's set in
I'll give my other girl a ring
She wants us to meet up later
So I'll sneak out and get a paper

A year down the line, I dread coming home
Hate hearing her voice, an ugly hard tone
But together, me and my secret girl
Are happy now in our own world

She's gone - finally called it a day
No big surprise bills to pay
I won't make this mistake again
All it does is cause us pain.

S Bee.
1/87/10

Heart's Desire

This is the story
Of the ruby glory
A jewel that's said to be cursed
There's lots more to tell
So settle back well
Because this tale's in verse

Victorian villa, 1923
A necklace was found, a sight to see
A widow had died, the contents were sold
The dealer stole, he was so bold

Diamonds surrounded a heart of ruby
He'd never eyed such dazzling beauty
His future was sealed in the hands of fate
The fortune here was easily made

He hastily bartered this magnificent art
Lived the high life - cream sugar tarts
Yet soon his looty dwindled away
The gambling tables he liked to play

He so then died, poor and alone
Dark black workhouse, cold to the bone
The fever clawed him, on his way out
Supping wine had caused the gout

The third owner ran a jewel empire
He was also an accomplished liar
He spun a yarn to the Duchess of Leeds
She now had it (and a cheap string of beads)

Pale and pretty, with loud frothy frocks
She locked the gem in a strong wooden box
Her young life ended in tragedy
The gun went off accidentally

And so it passed to a cousin of hers
Champagne parties and lots of furs
The year is now 1934
A depression in Blighty - but she wants more

She was wearing the necklace when the boat collapsed
Another accident? Well - perhaps
The ruby glory went down at sea
And there she remains - so let the myth be.



I WANT

Now you've proposed and bought the ring
For my wedding, I want everything
All the details exactly right
A big fancy dress in purest white

I want a traditional horse and cart
Bridesmaids dresses, tiny pink hearts
Matching waistcoats, cravats and flowers
Sequins sewed take hours and hours

A manor hotel for the reception
An amazing, once in a lifetime occasion
I want a three- course menu, champagne and wine
Show our guests our dining is fine

The evening do, buffet and disco
First dance for us, romantic and slow
A bespoke cake, ribbon and tiers
We'll remember this day for years

My hair and make up - perfect, you see
I'll be a radiant bride to be
Photographers, the best there is
I'll be Missus instead of a Miss

How to pay? Oh we'll get a loan
It's my dream day, please don't moan
Three week honeymoon in Florida Keys
Don't skimp the cost, don't be mean

Now I've outlined all my plans
Over the top? No just grand!
Stop shouting love, don't be mad
So, you're off out with the lads...

This sad sorry tale ends in woe
My fiance left me, he was so low
The wedding was my only glory
And so it ends, my little story

The morale is clear, and here it is
The path to true wedded bliss
Cut your coat according to cloth
Then he's sure to plight his willing troth.

S. Bee



MR ZEE

Telling you all about Mr Zee
He's as messy as can be
He lives in a room in a house
No one to talk to - not even a mouse



He wears a long overcoat and shuffles about
Round and fat - in fact, quite stout
No teeth too, and of course, no hair
He was once so slim and fair

Newspapers tower high to the ceiling
Jigsaw puzzles, wallpaper peeling
Tins of soups, packets of crisps
Broken radios and shopping lists

Second hand clothes piled up on the floor
You can't even open the door
Files and boxes, ancient invoices
All invitations needing responses

Spanners, screwdrivers, bolts and screws
Rancid sweets and smelly dog chews
Stacks and stacks of old magazines
Christmas lights and tangerines

Wedding albums, photos galore
A special secret tramp's store
Books and books, a damaged typewriter
Un-hung pictures and cigarette lighters

The problem you see, with Mr Zee
He likes to collect obsessively
A compulsive hoarder never throws away
Not yesterday, tomorrow or today

Things and things all from the past
Housework is such a difficult task
All this chaos makes him feel safe
He's totally blind to the state of the place

No pride, no joy in the home
Nowhere nice to call his own
Dirt and dust are daily bedfellows
The lace curtains are faded yellow

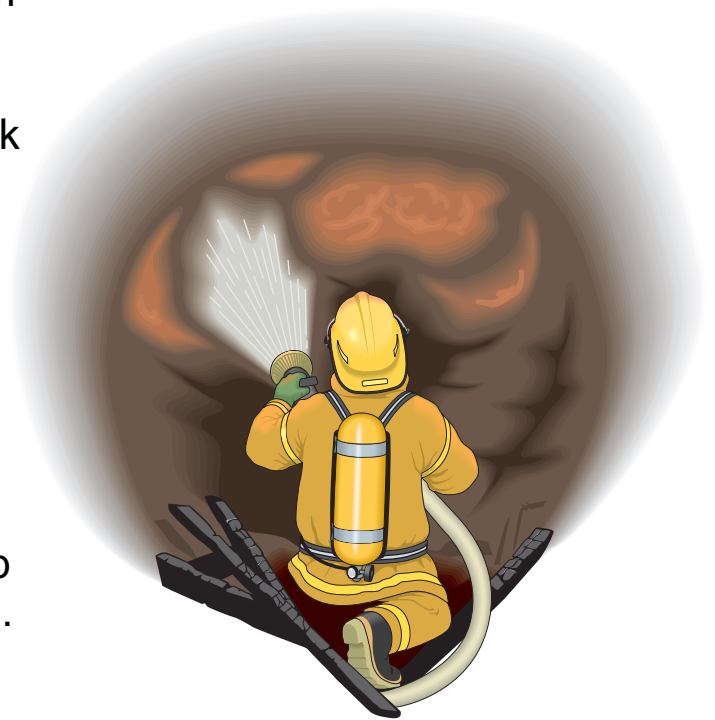
A room doesn't cost a lot to run
Plenty of money left for fun
But fun isn't on his agenda
Mr Zee is no big spender

Poor Mr Zee, it's so sad
Some people even call him mad
No children and of course, no wife
What a way to waste a life

It smells very bad, here in this room
A dark, dismal decadent tomb
The landlord says, Please clear up
I'm afraid he's very much out of luck

Mr Zee was asleep at night
Suddenly - a flash of light
Fire! Quick get out now!
But stuff in the way. So -how?

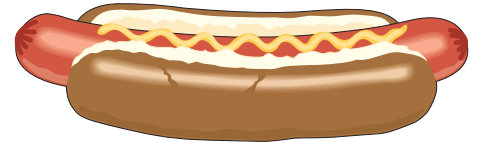
Poor Mr Zee, he's now dead
Gone to heaven, so the vicar said
The landlord took the rest in a lump
Burnt black ash on a rubbish dump.



S. Bee

Alphabet Blackpool

Appreciative audiences everywhere
Atmosphere, allure and adventure are all here at
The biggest and best in Britain
Bright, breezy Blackpool



Come and see
Cheap shops, chip shops and candy floss
Discover a diet of distaste, dollies and decadence

Experience and enjoy
Everlasting entertainment
Find Fun,
False frolics and fake fortune tellers

Gormless Grooms and glamorous grannies
Giggle and gorge on garish gimmicks

Holiday on hot dogs, hamburgers and happiness
Immerse yourself in
Illuminations, Ice cream and illusions

Join in with
Jolly joke shops, japes and jugglers

Kinky kicks,
Kiss me quick, knick -knacks and knickers
Legendary laughs
In the Lancastrian land of lewdness



Marvel at
Magnificent money making machines
Notice
Necessary neon -naughty, but not nice

Ostentatious occasions
Occupying oafs, OAPs and optimists
A parade of
Piers, public conveniences and pleasure

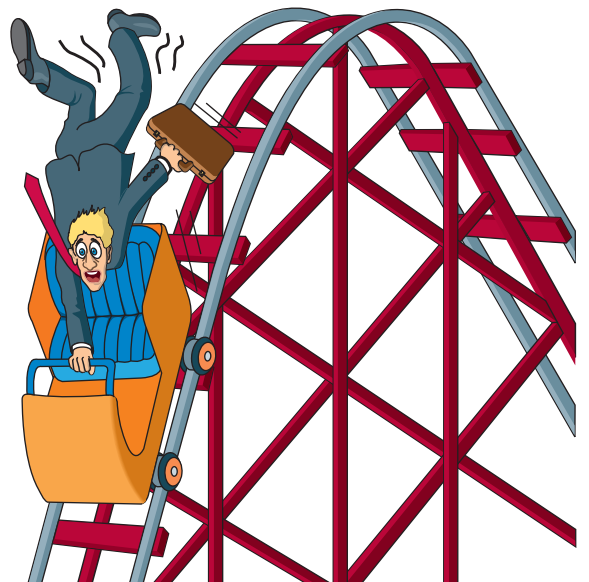
Queue all day
For quantity, not quality

Roll up, roll up!
Relish restaurants and recreations
Selling sex, shows and satellite TV

The tourist attraction
The thrilling tantalising tower
Understand, this is an unlimited universal utopia

A variety of vivid videos and vibrators
Working classes wander into the waxworks
An X rated bar, in an X rated resort

Yesterday
I yielded my yearning for Yorkshire
Zoom! I went
To a zany zenith of zombies.



I thought it was about time
To write a little Christmas rhyme
Outlining the trials and tribulations
About our annual celebration

The build-up begins around bonfire night
When every town puts up its lights
Before trick or treating's begun
The Christmas bells have already rung

It's that special time of year
When we're supposed to be full of cheer
But here we are, all of us moaning
Because it's raining instead of snowing

This is when parents cower
Under the full force of pester power
The TV ads give me a headache
And there's two dozen mince pies to bake

The panicking starts in early December
Last year's gifts? I can't remember
I don't want to buy the same again
I know what it was - a notebook and pen

Eternal shopping, going round and round
The perfect present must be found
Tired and stressed are we still merry?
I need a rest and a sup of sherry

The kids are always hassling Dad
They all want the latest fad
Mum's forever making lists
Is there something else she's missed?

Brass bands play carols galore
I don't think I can take any more
The DVD's broken, thank god for the telly
But the remote control's fallen in the jelly

Grandma's false teeth are once again missing
She won't be doing any mistletoe kissing
Dad's bum's sore cos he's sat on the holly
Grumpy and fed-up, he's not feeling too jolly

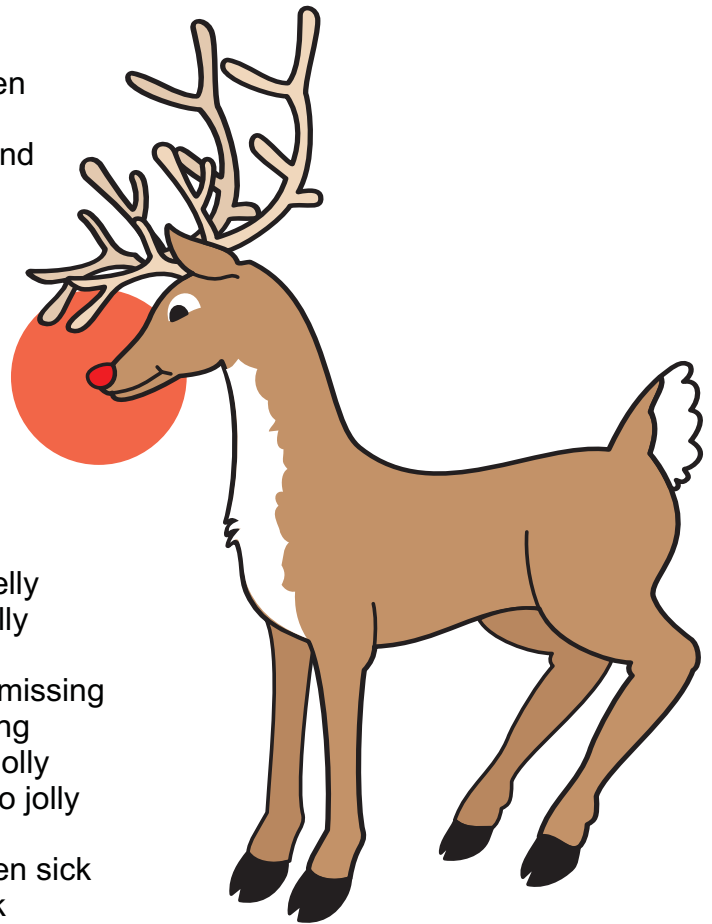
The kid's are squabbling, the dog's been sick
Peel carrots or parsnips, take your pick
In the corner, the cat's had a wee
But we'll have a nice cup of tea

The turkey's burnt, the sprouts are soggy
The baby's wrestling with the moggy
The tree sparkles, it looks so pretty
I'm nearing the end of my little ditty

I suppose what I'm trying to say is this
It's not too bad - not to be missed
Out of the window, I hope to see
A twinkling star, pure magic for me.

Christmas Magic

By S. Bee



Candy Girl

By S. Bee

Long ago, in a bygone age
Eating sweets was all the rage
In the 70's, when I was young
I'd savour the sugar on my tongue

Almost every single day
I'd choose with care on the penny tray
Taking my time, I'd purposefully linger
Fruit salad chews or a chocolate fudge finger?

I'd rush to our local shop
To sup gallons of cream soda pop
And maybe have a cola bear ice-lolly
Accompanying it, an everlasting toffee

Palma violets and flying saucers,
I greedily scoffed them all
Cherry lips or midget gems
And a cool ice-cream screwball

Coltsfoot rock was what I munched
And even a mint cracknel crunch
But one of my favourites too
Were lots and lots of black jack chews

Pink panther chocolate and sherbet dips
These were what I liked to lick
In summer time, what was extra nice
Were Ju-Jubes - flavoured triangular ice

Dolly mixtures and Pontefract cakes:
Liquorice discs - not something you'd bake
Coconut tobacco and sweet cigarettes
Not on sale today, I bet

What I really I liked to eat
Was a whole bag of chocolate Treetts
To swill it down, a bottle of Tizer
Instead, all we got was yukky Cresta

To add to my collection of spice
Milk and white chocolate mice
Rainbow drops and sherbet dips
Even fishermen's friends andimps

Now we've arrived at that time
To finally end this sugary rhyme
All about my forgotten youth
And my eternal, all decaying sweet tooth

We're now at the end of my ditty
So sad - it's such a pity
I have to keep this appointment I've missed
Because you see, it's at the local dentist!



DIGITAL RAGE

Now then, hear up, I want to say
In this peculiar year and day
When I was a very young lass
No mod cons - life was a blast

From mouse to house - now's the time
Shopping, courting, all done on-line
World wide web - I suppose it's okay
As long as it ends Co dot UK

Automatic doors
Heating for floors
Moving photos, CGI
Glorious treats for your eyes

Blogging, facebook then there's twitter
What about one, simply called witter?
For golden oldies just like me
Who like to chat over a cup of tea

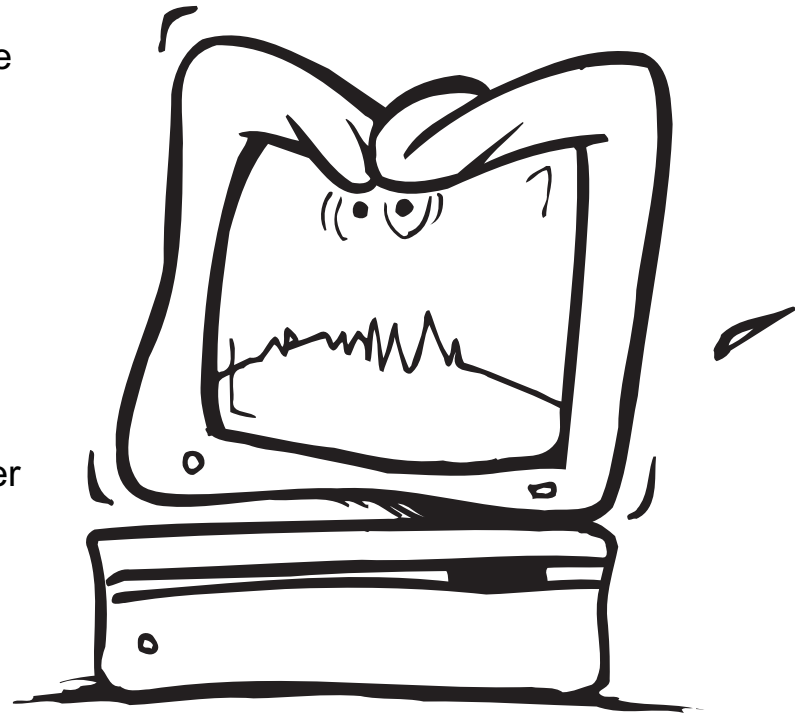
Bingo is not a social event
Playing solo all alone on the net
E-mail, CD's, mobile phones
Cash machines bleep in robotic tones

Holidays - easy booked on a PC
We hopped on the coach, so much better you see
MP3 players instead of vinyl
LCD TV for the football final

I-pads, I- pods - so what's next?
An I device worn around the neck
Anyone, anywhere summoned in seconds
Even (I expect) when we're in heaven

Technology requires the micro-chip
But systems crash, dips and blips
Yes I know that I may mock
No interest in a big Xbox

Barcodes, laptops, DVD's
It's too much no more please!
Well here's my product for the millennium age
It's my brand new all-dancing digital rage.



When I was just a nip of girl
I loved escaping to my own little world
This is about my TV craze
My special 70's telly days

I adored cartoons, like Popeye
And Mick and Jenny on Magpie
But what could seem even better
Were those lively kids, the double deckers

Remember the herbs, and Hector's house?
Tom and Jerry, a cat and mouse
The Wombles, and Scooby doo
Mr Benn and Doctor Who

The Flintstones, and Rupert the bear
I simply viewed anywhere
Crystal Tipps, and Alastair
Remember her, with all that hair?

I always had a telly blitz
Especially for the banana splits
With muttely, and Penelepe Pipstop
There's Andy Pandy and the Woodentops

With Basil brush and Barbar too
For me, the time really flew
But what was a little feeble
Were all the effects on The tomorrow people

Mary, Mungo and Midge were my friends
I never wanted it to end
Pipkins too was simply great
Broadcast at lunch, it was never late

There was Octavia, and Hartley the hare
Paddington too - another bear
On Sundays, 'Just William' for tea
And Jackanory - a story for me

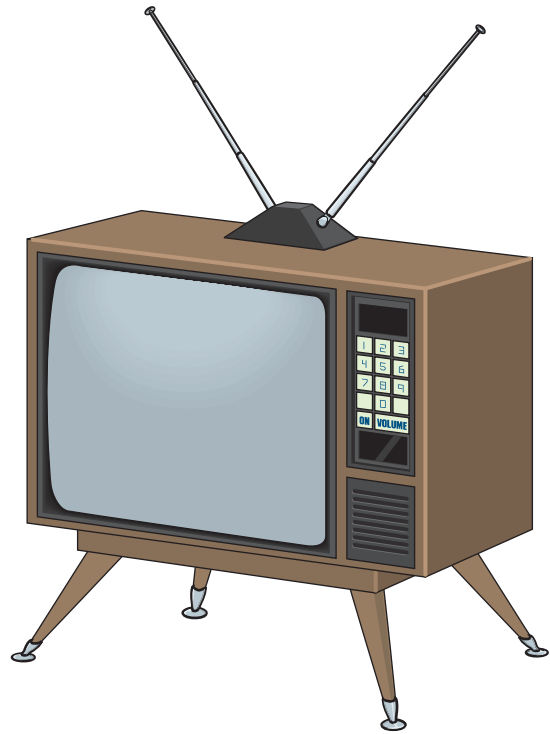
I've really hoped to cover them all
Remember Jamie, and his magic ball?
Foghorn Leghorn, a great big chicken
He certainly wasn't finger lickin'

Little house on the prairie- another tea time treat
Blue Peter during the week, it's hard to beat
Animal crackers - remember them?
Playschool, and Bill and Ben

Now I have to end my ditty
Down memory lane - it's such a pity
I hope, with me, you've looked back in time
And enjoyed reading my little rhyme.

TV heaven

By S. Bee



Come dine with me

A creative chef acquired a new wife
But cooking was his passion in life
His recipes were unique, you see
So many different things for tea

Garlic flavoured jelly
Not nice in your belly
Boil, roast, grill or fry
Big brown sausages baked in a pie

Lemon beef tart
Sheep and pig heart
Snake in potato
Toad in tomato

Sweet and sour, sharp and bland
The silliest flavours in the land
Soft and crispy, sloppy and chewy
Anything went, he wasn't fussy

Semolina and pilchards blended together
His wife said loudly - No not ever!
His hot curry pop
Was an instant flop

Despite his liquorice tasting custard
She felt he couldn't quite cut the mustard
Instead she went away, and so thought
An idea crept in, and then it was caught



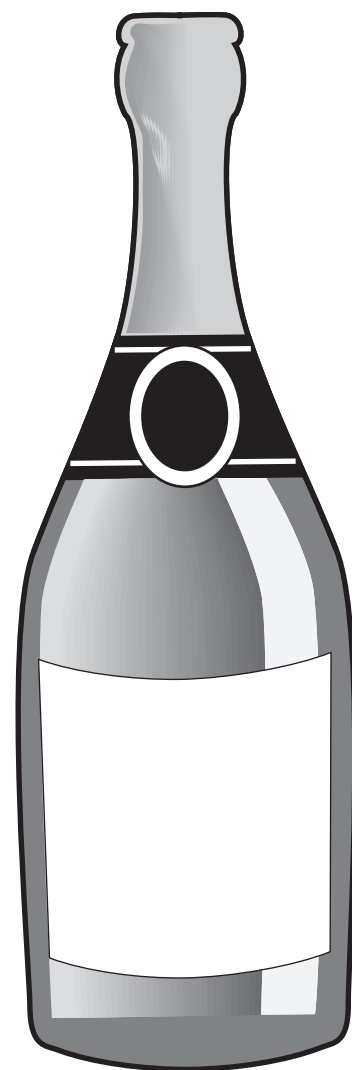
Cheese, toffee and chocolate burgers
Melon, mango and mint fishfingers
Raspberry soup
Made them poop
And so he baked
A seaweed cake

Vanilla and cabbage - not a nice meal
Neither was rice and orange peel
Yoghurt casserole she hated the most
Nothing like cow's tail on toast

Pigeon seeded bread
Pasta pepper spread
Pineapple eggs
Chicken coffee legs
Cream dumplings made horrid snacks
Beetroot and grass, served in stacks

One day she said, I've had enough
I'm utterly sick of eating this stuff
While you've created these horrible dishes
I've worked hard on my secret wishes

And here it is! A beautiful wine
We'll go out to eat, to properly dine
We'll sell this drink to the great and the good
It'll make us rich, and so it should
He threw his apron away in delight
This wine is delicious! You're quite right
He put down his glass, only to say
My career's now over - at least for today...



S Bee

NIGGLES

The smear on the window
Painful stubs on your toe
The itch on your back you cannot reach
A hot, stony pebbly beach

The milk's gone off
A tickly cough
Being kept on the phone for hours and hours
Sales staff who possess no manners

Racing to cross, the lights turn red
Stale biscuit crumbs, so prickly in bed
Spam and phishing, junk e-mails
Supermarket queues like a long fox tail

Barking dogs
Rude road hogs
High heels go a- clip clop
Washing's out, look a rain drop!

The last missing piece in a jigsaw puzzle
Teenagers hanging round in a huddle
Mucky public loos are simply no joke
Your last twenty pee - and they don't work

Blue bottle buzz
Rush hour crush
Pens that suddenly run out of ink
Nasal poison - bombs that stink

A favourite programme cancelled without warning
Fake tan celebrities - lots of media fawning
Cigarette ends gathered in the gutter
Marmalade shreds stuck in the butter

Thump- thump music
Makes me sick
Litter in the street
No bobbies on the beat

Bargain shops - so nasty and cheap
Early morning birds that chirp and tweet
Bosses pretending to be your mate
Waiting for the bus that's always late

These are my niggles of everyday life
It's hard sometimes - so much trouble and strife
But I hope that you really agree with me
Become more laid back - that's the answer, you see!



Acknowledgments

Many thanks for my hubby for converting my poems into PDF format, designing the cover and finding the illustrations. Many thanks too for finding e-book websites and uploading.

Synopsis/ book blurb:

WARNING: This selection of light- hearted verse is for entertainment purposes only.

DAILY DOSE: Take one a day. For maximum effect, please finish the prescribed course as prescribed.

Comments and queries to: sbee.poetry@gmail.com

Brief bio:

Hi, I'm S..Bee. I'm married with one cat and we all live happily in West Yorkshire (in the UK). I'd love to receive feedback on my work.

Please e-mail me at the above address.