

Bards in the Bog



Pee-Fever

I must down for a pee again, and I'm rushing to open my fly,
And all I ask is a public loo and a clean bowl by the by,
Now the door's closed and the paper's strong and my shirt tail's shaking,
And a grey mist clouds my twisted face, and my stomach's aching.

I must down for a pee again, for the call of my churning inside
Is a wild call and a clear call that cannot be denied;
And, oh! this will be a windy day and there's no denying -
That there's flung spray and blown spume and it's death-defying.

I must down for a pee again, for my bowels are in flagrant strife,
It's the only way to avoid a day with wind like a whetted knife;
If I hadn't had these extra beans I'd likely be sitting in clover
Now all I want's to get out of here when the long job's over.

Keith Adam

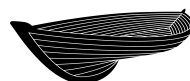
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