

Bards in the Bog



Deep-fried Flip-flops

I love the sound
That old flip-flops make
(When they're covered in icing,
Custard and cake,
Then deep-fried in batter
And put on your feet—
When cool, of course)
As you walk down the street:
Burple and flumble and clatterly whump,
Snoozlepip, pitterly, patterly, glump.
Papperly, snapperly, swingerly swong,
Do wap a lop and a bing bang bong.


Rebecca Zugor

The Poet Partner project is putting poetry in toilets. Learn more at:

www.shetland-library.gov.uk



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