

OUTSIDE THE CREMATORIUM

After the crematorium service,
mourners mingled outside in the cold,
shared fond memories of the deceased,
ancient anecdotes...many re-told.

Then I spotted Uncle Frank
who I hadn't seen for many years.
'How are you, Uncle Frank?' I asked.
Now tales of woe assailed my ears.

*'To tell you the truth, I'm not too good.
Sharp pains shoot up my back.
My eyesight's isn't all it was...
I really feel I'm on the rack.*

*My legs are aching all the time.
Arthritis plagues me, night and day.
I can't stop running to the loo.
My Athletes Foot won't go away...*

*and now I've stomach trouble, too.
Having to watch everything I eat...
I can't say I enjoy my food...
I'm on a diet of Shredded Wheat...'*

Now, Uncle Frank's wife, Henrietta,
said---having listened, standing near---
*'In view of all these ailments, Frank,
I think we'd better leave you here.'*

Melville Lovatt

