

If Only: Helen Lyne

If only I'd been thoughtful
and made us leave the beach
before the sunburn prickled
where the sun cream didn't reach,
I'd not be getting cranky
with the kids and husband Bill
in this old and rusty Falcon
that's crawling up Spit Hill.

If only I'd been prudent
when parked among the dunes
with the Falcon's scratchy radio
playing true love tunes,
my dad would not have shouted
that I'd have to marry Bill
and we'd not be stuck in traffic
grinding up Spit Hill.

If only I'd been mindful
to always take the pill
I have no tribe of whinging kids
and a bum of size 10 still.
I'd see no upright finger
from red-faced, ranting Bill
who's abusing bloody morons
for clogging up Spit Hill.

If only I'd been wiser
and gone with Micky Worrell
in his vintage Lamborghini
to a picnic at Balmoral,
I'd be watching gridlocked traffic
from my mansion on Spit Hill,
looking down at this old Falcon
and the fool there next to Bill.