

BLUE

Violets are blue, roses are red,

What must I do to get you in bed?

Brewer's droop, you say, all has gone slack,

It's been a while since I last saw your chimney stack.

No steam trains through tunnels taking me up the junction,

Just the sad flat-line of erectile dysfunction.

Ginseng and oysters won't cure your ills,

Why won't you consider those little blue pills?

I've been to the gym, I've toned and I've slimmed,

I've botox-ed, I've waxed, had my lady-box trimmed.

I tried to tempt with that 'Basic Instinct' moment,

No so much as a flicker, everything's dormant.

Perhaps 'Fifty Shades' is much more your bag?

Nipple clamps, whips, a gimp mask with gag?

Let's face it my darling, you're clearly unmanned,

And I'm no longer willing to give you a hand.

So I'm off to a party to play 'tarts and vicars'

In my push-up bra and my crotchless knickers.

I'm going with a bloke who I met online,

Good-bye my unrequited ex-Valentine!

(If you have been affected by any of the issues not raised in this poem, there is probably a Channel 4 helpline somewhere)