

## JOHN'S TROUSERS

On his way out to buy a paper,  
He found his wife's scribbled note;  
'Collect John's school trousers from the  
Dry Cleaners and don't forget to vote.'

His son's trousers triggered a twenty-year memory  
of his own days back at school...  
The only boy still in short pants...  
The taunting had been long and cruel...

*'Twelve-years old, still in short pants!  
Can't you afford trousers, Sonny?  
Your poor little legs are blue with cold!  
You'd better run home to your mummy!'*

His Dad had kept him in short pants.  
Said this would, 'toughen him up.'  
Dad's dream had been his only son  
would win the Boxing Cup.

The taunting led to playground fights,  
He'd fought back, tit for tat.  
But how could Dad have loved him  
to have put him through all that?

*Had Dad ever loved him?*  
If he had, didn't let it show.  
If only he'd won that Boxing Cup...  
**FORGET IT! LET IT GO!**

**His wife was right. Must vote today,  
for better or for worse...  
but the more important thing  
was to collect John's trousers first.**