

## Antisocial

"Come to a painting session" they said  
It's fun and will help you clear your head

Something inside me was screaming NO  
But out of my mouth came "I'll give it a go"

So much chattering, so much racket  
As Chas and Dave sang 'Yak yak rabbit'

Squashed in the corner, needing a wee  
Can't get out for the life of me

Jabbering on about illness and pain  
Moaning about the wind and the rain

Happy Shopper coffee, nasty cheap tea  
Long life milk, It's guaranteed

Gossiping on about family rows  
Photos of grandkids "Oh we're so proud"

Sniffing and coughing, paint brushes tapping  
Slurping of coffee and lips were a smacking

Clicking of pens, scraping of chairs  
Health and safety, more questionnaires

Chewing and sneezing, voices so loud  
Telephones ringing (shouldn't be allowed)

Everyone else seems to be coping fine  
It's not their issue, but seems to be mine

This is the last time I'll come to this place  
If rather be home where it's quiet and safe

I'm going to leave, I'll creep out sneakily  
I don't like courses, they're far too 'peopley'.

I'm irritated, flustered, angry - it's woeful  
I'm going back home to be antisocial