

## **Fearful of the open mic: Laurie Wilson**

It took a bit of bribery  
To get me to the library  
And front up for another open mic.  
Although I may look cheerful,  
I'm really rather fearful;  
I'll tell you now just what it's really like.

You can't see that I'm taking  
Pains to stop my hands from shaking  
And I'm hoping that a fit of nerves won't spoil it.  
The butterflies are flying  
In my stomach and I'm trying  
To forget I maybe should have used the toilet.

It's really hard to craft a  
Poem that fills a room with laughter.  
I'm scared my flow of witty verse will dry up.  
For now, I cross my fingers  
But a nagging worry lingers:  
I can't look now, but did I zip my fly up?

I see the clock advancing  
And the audience are glancing  
At their watches, thinking 'Crikey, how much longer?'  
Although my preparation  
Did include a small libation,  
I should have made my whisky slightly stronger.

At last the final stanza  
And I'm pleased to say my hands are  
Almost steady, and the end is growing nigh.  
But I need a clever ending  
And it's no use my pretending  
That I've got one so I'll simply say good-bye!