

Foolish at last!: Laurie Wilson

There wasn't time for fooling
In the fifties style of schooling.
My school was run with military precision;
My hair was neatly parted,
My socks pulled up and gartered
For spending hours perfecting long division.

And afterwards surviving
In the world of nine to fiving,
Relentlessly pursuing seniority;
Success in my profession
Discouraged the expression
Of foolishness; I gave it low priority.

But now in my retirement
It's almost a requirement
To satisfy my need for some adventure.
In fact it's sort of coolish
To be seen as acting foolish,
As long as people don't think it's dementia.

I'll let my hair grow shaggy
And dress a little daggy;
I'm foolish and I'm not afraid to show it.
I've lost track of the hours
I'm photographing flowers,
But worst of all I think that I'm a poet.