

Annoying Neighbours: Helen Lyne

It was summer when new neighbours
bought the unit next to mine.
Their toddler and Blue Heeler
sent my spirits in decline.

Their balcony and mine face north
and whenever I lay stark
naked for a bit of sun
the silly dog would bark.

The man would rush to shush him
and across the wall he'd look
but I made sure the best of me
was covered by my book.

Old Bluey couldn't hold on long
and would do a massive poo
the very moment they'd turn on
their sausage barbecue.

No more sun for me that day
and I'd go racing in-
side to soothe my streaming nose
with a salutary gin.

The kid had temper tantrums
and screamed in ululations.
More gin was therefore needed
to calm my palpitations.

I warned my other neighbours
what I was going to do
and filled my outdoor plant pots
with high-grade chicken poo.

My Tannoy speakers I turned up
at a normal time for bed
and not possessing lullabies
I played the 1812 instead.

The woman doesn't speak to me,
she's lately looking pale.
With joy I see she's pregnant
and their unit's up for sale.

The building has a party
wishing good luck and farewell.
I'm glad we're all now rid of
the barking, screams and smell.

I've just met my new neighbours
and I'm sitting down to cry.
Five heavy metal musos mean
I'm selling. Want to buy?

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