

## 57 varieties

Bradley didn't do Monday. His chutzpah couldn't cope  
so he put on the daytime telly and sat in his chair and smoked  
Mrs Somerby smeared her eyes and smothered a silent groan  
The mourners went out of the front door and left her on her own

Strange spots on a forearm and your hair is almost gone  
One wheel on your wagon though you still roll along  
The soul forsakes the leathered face and flees without a sound  
Two by two the animals are marching to be drowned

Philippa polished the sideboard and shined the varnish clear  
The birthday cards grew fewer with every growing year  
Uncle Patrick opened his eyes to see if he had a chance  
The doctor took a serious look and the nurse avoided his glance

Leaning into the lamp post under the sinking sun  
Three blind mice unable to see just how you run  
The rats are skidding from the ship, the waves are turning rough  
Four minutes' warning will never be enough

Mr Gallagher closed the gate. He would have preferred to care  
but he couldn't dig up the energy and he didn't really dare  
Reverend Robinson closed his eyes and prayed to higher powers  
The family at the graveside were fighting over the flowers

The panel's growing heavy so don't ignore your pain  
Five years of planning are curling down the drain  
Find a pair of scissors and you can own your death  
Six feet under the subsoil remembering your breath

Marlon took his mini down the valley in the rain  
He clipped the curb at sixty and he never walked again  
Stevie opened the Daily Sport and settled onto the seat  
They found him two days later with his trousers round his feet

Indifference and dust preserve the mess in which you die  
Seven types of ambiguity won't help you work out why  
The embers of the bandstand deface the open park  
Eight fits of agony wait for the hunted snark

Sheradene tried to run away. She couldn't run too quick  
Her pimp caught up in the car park and he hit her with a brick  
Shawn met up with the wrong friends under the underpass  
They held him on the concrete and they cut him with some glass

The taxi almost touched you, the electric's gone all wrong  
Nine lives are all you have - going, going, gone  
Lame tunes on a playlist, words that don't connect  
Ten shades of shit define your chance to resurrect

Jake went down the greenhouse to get his tomatoes sprayed  
The devil was sat in the garden shed waiting with a spade  
Jatinder took the telephone and she began to cry  
Death jumped out of the mouthpiece and punched her in the eye

Sick to your stomach, knuckles around the rail  
Thirty nine steps lead downward to the moment of betrayal  
Thin clothes in mean rain under a cardboard sky  
Fifty seven varieties of misery wander by

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