

# **Ooetry**

by

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Published by William Cornelius Harris Publishing

In collaboration

with

Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

ISBN 978-0-9932293-5-0

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Second Chance

You may need it next

Dedicated to everyone who supported my creative energy and allowed me to spout forth! And those who thought I would come to nothing. Thanks to WCHP and Mark for help with editing.

## Extract Only

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## T'Anita in Perpetua

A' ter cumin' aht t'neet Anita?

A' ter cumin' aht t'neet or what?

A' ter gunna dance t'neet Anita?

A' ter gunna dance t'neet or what?

A' ter gunna hev a drink t'neet Anita?

A' ter gunna hev a drink t'neet or what?

A' ter gunna hev sum drugs t'neet Anita?

A' ter gunna hev sum drugs t'neet or what?

*Will thy hev an 'ango'er tomorrah Anita?*

*Will thy hev an 'ango'er tomorrah or what?*

*Will thah be coughin' 'n' rotin'*

*Vomitin' 'n' chokin'*

*Ere a neet o' dancin' 'n' drinkin', smokin' 'n' totin'*

Or will thah stay in t'neet Anita – or what?

A' ter gunna pull that Pete t'neet Anita?

A' ter gunna pull that Pete t'neet or what?

Or will it bih that Paul thar met last week Anita?

Will it bih that Paul or Pete t'neet or what?

Ar wish thar'd mek thih mind up abaht t'neet Anita?

Coz ah dunt wanna be a wallflower t'neet Anita!

'n' if thah guz off wi' Pete t'neet Anita

I'll fly off wi' Paul t'neet Anita

Only let me know befoor t'neet Anita

Coz ah need t'know whither to dress up hot or what!

*(Anita in perpetua font fun)*

## **Right Sid Fred!**

*(or..When Sid Vicious met Freddie Mercury)*

Said Queen Fred to Sid the Kid  
‘Aren’t you Stanley Ferocious  
Or something?’  
Sid had poked his head  
Into the Studio of the Gods  
Snorting, ‘Succeeded bringing ballet to the masses yet, Fred?’  
Queen Fred snarling grabbed his collar  
And promptly threw him out  
So sayeth Roger, Freddie’s little drummer boy  
‘And anyway that Sid was an asshole’

Whereas!

I reckon the quip from Sid with whip-like Vicious wit  
Was hilarious against the arty farts  
Sorry Darlings!  
Bash Street Kids versus Finishing School Toffs?  
I know to who my hat doffs  
‘We love our Queen’  
But prefer Sex Pistol Gods!

## Lock The Taskbar

*Scene: Bodies lain like vamps playing Bela Lugosi's Dead by Bauhaus – all pale faced, Goth, leather, done up with spray cobwebs? Then someone stirs, turns over, and another.....*

Corridor o' carpet  
Kentucky buckets  
Floor full o' bodies  
A sea of Leather jackets

Loads different hairdos  
Brassy hair spiked  
Some bottle black  
Some blue, some white

Orange and green  
Fire engine red  
Empty cider bottles  
Clash with Crazy coloured heads

We're all hungover  
In a Hammersmith flat  
Sat'day night, Sunday morning  
Trendy cats

*In my dream it's Combat Rock going round on the player  
All night long 'til the first punk wakes  
Tripping over bodies to turn the knob  
Hues and cries when a slob hocks a big gob*

*Dancing, laughing, drinking, having fun  
I was not alone in bedsit land  
Now in the present  
I'm back in the room  
Staring at my PC  
21<sup>st</sup> century gloom*

I was dreaming of the '80s  
Living in the '80s

Lock the taskbar  
Lock the taskbar





# Product Details

**ISBN 9780993229350**

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**Edition FIRST**

**Publisher William Cornelius Harris publishing**

**Published 12 November 2015**

**Language English**

**Pages 32**

**Binding Perfect-bound Paperback**

**Interior Ink Black & white**

**Weight 0.1 kg**

**Dimensions (centimetres) 14.81 wide x 20.98 tall**