

and they do not guess the value of this secret.
They keep it to themselves as they lollop
on the moss

like so many donkeys on the Portsmouth beach.

Poor Aunt Sophie & the ~~the~~ holiday spinners.

She always pulled out her plaits with taffie
and we thought she was being so clever.

This rhymer prattles that & eat your bare feet
have souls of this man longing for understanding

But we all we think is "Lashy hasn't ~~been~~ with
Portsmouth yet sands!"

Succulent sausages

all in a row

watch them soon go.

Pandorous people

stand in a row

watching them go

busman & milliner

hangman & priest

gaze on the sausages,

mentally feast.

illegals & illegals Christians -

blood-thirsty lot,

longing for sausages