

'A Likeable Bloke'



PAINING BY JUSTIN PEARSON: 'HEY, NO PROBLEM'

OIL ON CANVAS, 2006x228,

2006

POETRY WRITTEN BY SANDY CLARK, 2006

'A LIKEABLE BLOKE'

Danny McGee was a likeable bloke,
he was good for a drink and a bludge of a smoke,
a brickie by trade
all the dough that he made
was disbursed – he was usually broke.

Now Danny had fashioned a sort of a shack
on the edge of the town, at the end of the track,
and he filled it with things
such as bricklaying brings
and a motley assortment, in fact.

But then he met Trixie at Paddy's Hotel,
on Pole-Dancing Night, which he knew very well,
and she dazzled his soul
with her use of the pole
and the things that she did, he won't tell.

So Danny and Trixie had pizza together
and soon he was hoping to further his pleasure,
but Trixie held out
for commitment, without
which she said that he could not undress her.

Now Danny was sure he was doomed to be chaste
until Trixie suggested she move to his place,
she was sick of the 'burbs
and her mum and her words -
he agreed with inelegant haste.

She packed up her stockings and costumes erotic,
the tassels and feathers they said were hypnotic,
and a piano received
from a patron relieved
with performances, labelled exotic.

When Trixie arrived she examined the dwelling:
the décor, the garden – it pained her in telling,
she couldn't concede
to lascivious deeds
in this house – had he thought about selling?

Now Danny was shocked at the nerve of the dame
and he opened his mouth, then he closed it again
when he thought of her thighs
and her chest and its size
and he wanted to tame that terrain.

So Danny looked round for a better address
that was spacious and posh and was bound to impress,
with two bathrooms at least
– and the price just increased –
and he got no relief from the stress.

But then he located the ultimate prize,
a house with impeccable style and size,
with a pool and a bar
and a bathroom with spa –
but he said it must be a surprise.

And then he attempted once more to seduce her,
with champagne and chocolates he tried to induce her
to let him explore
where he hadn't before,
but she slapped him and called him a boozier.

Then Danny arranged for a mate and his truck,
and Big Bob from the pub – he was awfully stuck,
and the neighbour but one
said *of course* he would come
if he could, and was cursing his luck.

When the big day arrived the conveyance was late,
and Big Bob was hung-over and ruing his fate,
and the neighbour but one
well he *still* hadn't come
until Danny was in quite a state.

And when he attempted to marshal the crew,
Trixie came out and was making a blue,
and the blokes stopped and ogled
her robe where it wobbled
around – as they hoped it would do.

So Trixie gave orders – her language was terse –
to load up her gear, the piano on first,
but the helpers were chatting
and drinking and prating
and Danny was sure he would burst.

But once they were loaded, including the 'spouse',
he announced a new plan, though he felt like a louse,
and despite expectations
and strong exhortations
they dumped her at mother's old house.

Then Danny turned round and he said 'I suspect
that there's grog at the pub that we need to inspect',
and the labourers, three,
thought it best to agree
to assist him, as you would expect.

And much later on, in amongst all the yap,
they demanded the story, without all the crap,
and so Danny admitted,
that house - he'd bullshitted,
it never existed in fact.

So Danny went back to his ways, I'm afraid,
he'd refound his freedom but *still* not got laid,
but because he still missed her
and might not resist her
on Pole-Dancing Night he crocheted.

*

Sandy Clark November 2006