

Polling Day in our Village by the Sea

'Twas near my village by the sea
I walked one morn, my friend and me.
When there I spied forlorn, forgotten
A cray ring waiting for a cray ill-gotten.

To spare the owner jail .. or worse
I bad the busy poycs disperse
And took it up -- a princely find.
But then it drifted from my mind.

Further round that rocky shore
We spied a fisher bloke or more.
I love a chat. We sidled up.
"G'day" we said. They sized us up
.. and down .. my face turned red.
"Detritus from the sea!" I said.

And so we met. I must confess
Ex Speaker of the House no less.
Now here I am on polling day
With "how to votes" to give away.

And here outside my village school
They've all responded to the call.
Mums and Dads and lamingtons
A sausage sizzle, homemade scones.

We stand together munching cake
Our leaflets there for folk to take.
A migrant from across the sea,
Ex Speaker of the House and me.
We wave our leaflets sight unseen
One red, one blue, one tinged with green.

Now village folk are a wiley breed.
They don't need stuff from us to read.
They laugh and chat, exchange some goss.
You'd thing they didn't give a toss.

"What party? Where!" they say.
We need a barbecue today.
"You bring crayfish, you red wine.
And Greenie – juices from the vine"
"Forget this voting! Time to dine."

Much later as I ambled home
Through my village by the foam
My soul aglow from juicy vine
Or maybe cray, perhaps red wine.
Bobbing on the waves I saw
A paper boat, perhaps two more.
Would you believe that I had seen
One red, one blue, one tinged with green.

GRM's fair a-tales