

ELFIE REIGATE

WITHER SPOONS (BS8 2NT)

Oh spoons! Dearest spoons!
Whither art thou two-pound beer?
My heart aches for prawn cocktail crisps,
Since the world turned so queer.

Remember how we'd congregate at the earliest hour?
With low setting sun we'd stay till the twelfth hour,
Come rain or shine (but most likely drizzle),
What a magical place was my boozier in Brizzle.

A pitcher of quintessential British life,
Sex on the Beach with the old trouble and strife,
Porn Star Martinis and Purple Rain,
Piña Coladas to transport us to Spain,

The alter upon which our good spirits were laid.
By the customary misery of every barmaid,
And 'Happy hour'?! What tomfoolery is this?
Every moment not spent with you is a moment missed.

The resident Brexiter at the end of the bar,
With his tales of many dangerous lands afar.
But who could have predicted the exit to come?
A global last-orders and the end of all fun.



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