

The Old Artist Likened to a Chair

Ray Watkinson

A CHEER ? aye, happen.
Lancashire farm Regency.
Young Pitt and Young Peel,
a time or two they met to talk TAX
while gaitered farmers' fields grew guineas
for daughters' drawing and piano-playing.

Solid elm she is, not a joint shaken;
spokeshaved and scauped to bare comfort;
hinder feet ground an inch shorter
with years of dragging on sanded flags
to the white-scrubbed table.

FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

– Theer lad, tek thi plate:
mind tha don't spill it.
A thick chop, 'taters, an onion
wi a gill o' sharp October to wesh it deawn.
That'll do thi good.

Aye; a cheer: not longue, not fauteuil –
nowt padded,
so look to find nother sixpence nor secret.
What tha sees is what tha gets
whatever tha met wonder

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