

## Alternatives

David Lindsay, February 2018

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
until he found some rain-filled friends  
I softly swore, then cursed out loud  
But daffodils soon made amends  
by dancing yellow and so proud  
and brought poetic dividends

They muck you up, your mum and dad  
I'm not sure that's entirely true  
Believing it's a little sad  
Can leave you lost and feeling blue  
Predestination makes me mad  
Surely it's down to me and you?

Before the Roman came to Rye  
He must have left his sweet abode  
Thought "Where am I, and how and why  
does England have such twisty roads?  
I'll make them fast, so we can fly"  
And then, of course, it went and snowed

'Twas brillig and the slithy tove  
was gyring in the wabe again  
He heard a tune and said "By Jove -  
what can it be, this sweet refrain?  
I'll shake and bake, 'til it turns mauve  
and drive the Jabberwock insane"

Whose woods these are, I think I know  
But let me give this useful tip  
He is a moody so-and-so  
and uses me for marksmanship  
He's improving too, so heigh-ho  
I don't cut through on my day trip