

DAY 2 (the Dog Blog) of the CV crisis

Bob sends an email to fellow 'crusties' in an attempt to keep them sane and busy:

"Inspired by the Bard of The Dairy House we are proud to announce the Great Codford Locked Down Poetry Competition (CTGCLDPC) which opens at noon today. The rules are simple:

1. Entry is not compulsory
2. Entrants must be over the age of ten.
3. Poems must be at least eight lines long (a sonnet, remember?)
4. There is no entrance fee.
5. Most poems will be in English, however, entries in other languages will be considered.
6. Poems submitted in Latin will be given special consideration by the judges.
7. Any attempt to bribe the judges will result in instant disqualification.
8. The choice of subject lies entirely with the author of the poem.
9. All entries must be received by not later than 231200MARGMT (for RAF personnel that means big hand and little hand on twelve next Monday)
10. The first prize provided by our sponsor will be a virtual Magnum of Moet & Chandon 1977".
11. Entries should be submitted to the Convenor at *****

Referring to the 'virtual' Magnum of Champagne as the prize, Crispin asked if a 'virtual' poem would count.

My Guvnor the Bard (Boring And Rather Dreary), replied at once:

*Yes, a virtual poem is acceptable
With old drafts placed in a waste receptacle;
It means poetry without a word
But remember the pen; mightier than sword!*

We liked your joke; ah what bliss

*To send you and yours a virtual kiss.
Keep well and try to turn your hand
To rhyming words, however bland.*

*And re your question about the virtual
Remember to keep all contact spiritual;
Give Bob's proposal some attention
Keeping Service rivalry to merest mention.*

*We all know when the comp will end
With talent displayed friend to friend.
Rhyming words is not that tricky
But I, of course, am a Clever Dicky!*

Crispin the Clever One replies:
*Some say it started in China,
Some say in the US of A,
It has arrived and is quite appalling
Making a mess of the lovely UK.*

*But Lo! There is some good news.
At home for some time I will be.
Spending some quality time again
With my mate, the lovely Penny.*

*We can do many things together.
Build bits to enhance our fine home
Maybe a waterfall, or extension
Or just a fruit bush and gnome.*

*Our love will be rekindled and blossom
Just like all the flowers in spring.
It will be great to be together
We can do what we like...anything.*

*We can romp around with no clothes on,
We could take a course in fine arts,
It will be a shame if we fail to enjoy
The odd game of snooker or darts
Maybe it won't be like that
Our love will be stretched and may pall
You may be watching from a distance
But you might see Pen climb the wall.*