

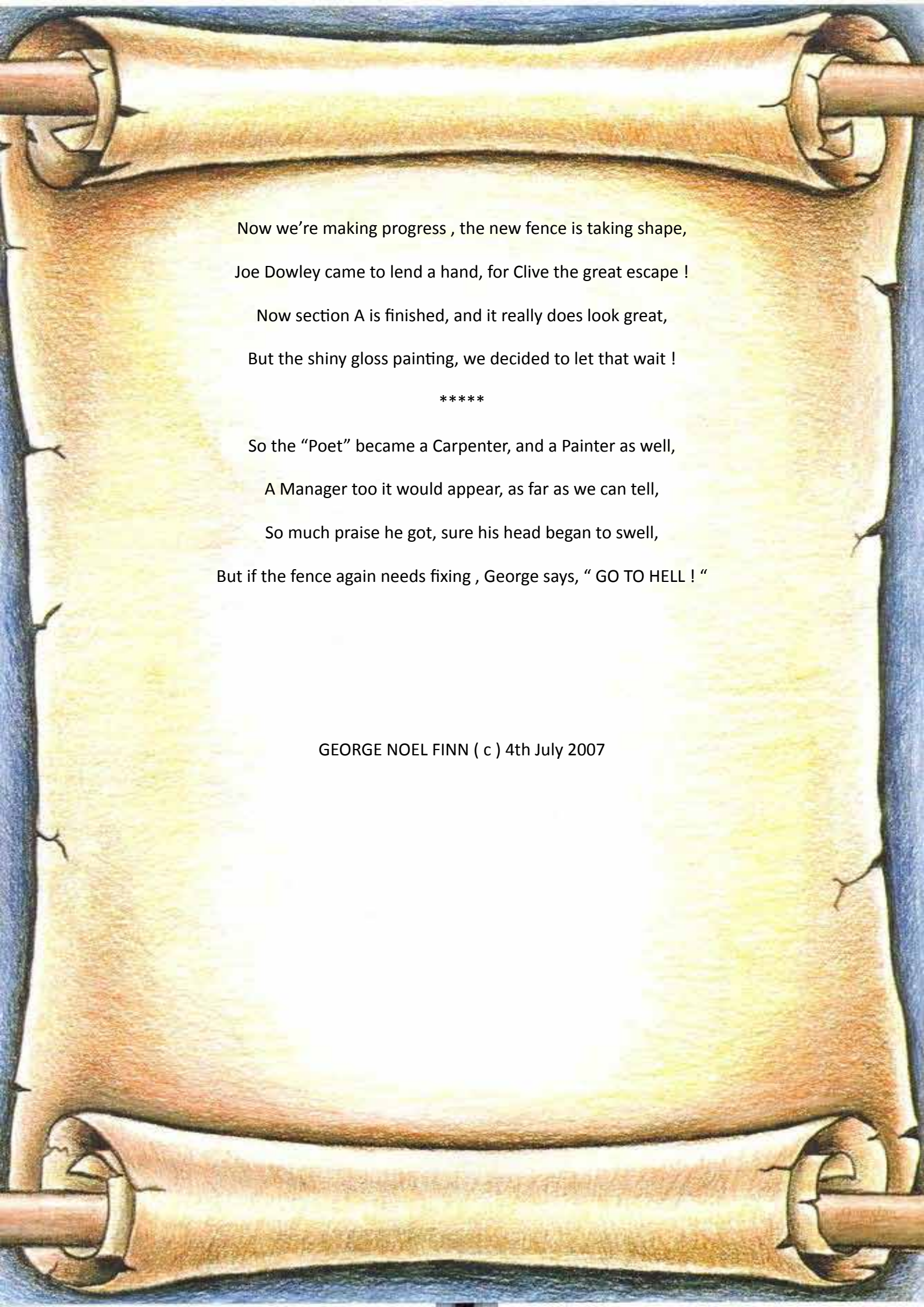
The Picket Fence

George said to Guy one day, I'll try and put it right,
But little did George know just then, how long that it would take,
It was worse than chasing that wily bird, The elusive corncrake !

So anyway George started , he took away the rotten wood,
Merriman said only leave the bits, you think are really good,
George took away the cross beams , and many an upright too,
But the dammed old Picket fence, was rotten through and through !

But now the job was started, no turning back that day,
But what remained of the battered fence, precariously did sway !
The new wood was ordered, Kevin McCormack to help our need,
For Kevin no brown envelope , No ! just another generous deed.

Screws and paint were ordered too, and delivered to the site,
Then the real work began that day , to try and make it right.
First there was the painting and then some wood cutting too,
And the best part of all, as George finally learned to screw !



Now we're making progress , the new fence is taking shape,
Joe Dowley came to lend a hand, for Clive the great escape !

Now section A is finished, and it really does look great,
But the shiny gloss painting, we decided to let that wait !

So the "Poet" became a Carpenter, and a Painter as well,
A Manager too it would appear, as far as we can tell,
So much praise he got, sure his head began to swell,
But if the fence again needs fixing , George says, " GO TO HELL ! "

GEORGE NOEL FINN (c) 4th July 2007