

## PARTY RINGS

by MICHAEL FREARSON

Party Rings make a party the way  
Bloc Party *don't* make a party.  
They're like a smile in a packet,  
like Pimms & lemonade,  
in the back garden  
on a really sunny day,  
with all the fruity bits and stuff in.

The biscuit equivalent of a flying saucer,  
Party Rings aren't packing sherbet  
but those psychedelic pinks and purples  
were the closest I came to a trip when I was young.

Party Rings aren't just for children though,  
ohh no no no.

The vibemaker's weapon of choice:  
Party Rings at your soiree  
means people throwing shapes



Party Rings are like Disco-Funk for the Soul generation:

it doesn't matter what kind of party you're laying on -  
coming out party, staying in party,  
wedding celebration, Roman style orgy -  
Party Rings make a party the way  
Bloc Party *don't* make a party.

So when I finally stop treading water  
and decide to settle down with the good times,  
I'll put on a Spiderman costume,  
get down on one knee,  
pull out a Party Ring and say,  
"good times, will you marry me?"

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## BREAK IN AND LEAVE ME FLOWERS

by JO BELL

Neighbour, I was sleeping  
when you used your key this morning.  
I sleep lightly, but I never woke.

I came down in summer light  
wearing my surprised hair  
and my blue pyjamas  
to find the Bovril jar you like  
precisely in the middle of the breakfast table,  
its old mouth stuffed with  
brilliant bronze drysantennums.

Thank you, neighbour.  
This afternoon I used my key to your house  
and left you this poem.

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## THE NEW FATHER'S MISTAKE

by JOHN HEGLEY

In the hospital  
the new mother has agreed  
to assist in testing the worth  
of a new natal drug.

Soon after the birth  
the marvellous midwife gives me the relevant  
questionnaire to hold  
and proceeds to organise her patient's relative comfort.  
I mistakenly think she has told me to complete  
the sheet.

Inwardly I express surprise  
that my responses are of interest, but feel it best  
not to question the interests of modern science.

I proceed to give my answers in  
dutiful compliance.  
Marking is from nought to five  
depending on how intensely  
the phenomenon described  
is thought to have been experienced.

The following represents how it was for me.  
Headaches – nought  
Abdominal pain – nought  
Nausea – nought  
Shivering – nought  
Vomiting – nought  
Tiredness – five.

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## FOREST WANTED

by LYDIA TOWSEY

Must have:  
enough trees to burn a city;  
enough leaves to carpet the moon.

The successful applicant:  
will rustle in the dark like a fairy tale;  
will be at home in the story book,

be experienced in the fields  
of wait lying, comforting the lost,  
must know how to lay a line  
of small white pebbles.

Previous experience is desirable but not essential,  
as are: TV, Radio and Internet connections.

The successful forest must not be shocked  
by hysteria, must be in possession of palms  
to lay on shoulders, over eyes,  
to stroke and mend the broken spine with.

The forest - must have a clearing at it's heart  
or be prepared to make one.

It must have room.

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