

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT

The grate god Sleep
Runs after me.
He reeches out
And caches me,
Then lifts me in his arms
And jentlee kisses me -
Or so I dreem.
And rite a poeme about him
For my teecha.

Show reeds it and then
Laffs and laffs and laffs.
The tears cum. She laffs sum more.
So I laff too.
The hole klass laffs like mad.

I ask the teecha why she laffs so much.
She ses; "You can rite
But you carnt spel!" Then starts to laff agen.
I say:"If I make pepul laff and yel
Mabe it dusnt matta if I canot spel."

And so I run away
And she runs after me.
She reeches out
And caches me,
Then lifts me in her arms
And jentlee kisses me -
Or so I dreem.

D J Brindley