

Ode to a 10 pint puker

I Thought I'd write you a poem, to celebrate this special age,
21 years ago you came into this world; I hope there's enough room on the page.
My plan I know is not original, since you wrote a few lines of verse for me last year,
But I have to rise to the challenge, and see if I can make YOU shed a tear.

So 21 years ago you were sent, as a gift from above,
To your parents I'm sure you were a bundle of joy, and they showered you with love.
But I'm not concerned with all that, since as you know I don't do mush,
So over the next 19 years or so, I will have to rush.
Over that time you went to school, and got yourself an education,
Deciding somewhere along the way, that to perform was your vocation.
But your life was really dull, until a forgotten August date, when you decided that on tables
at Silvermere would you wait.
Up until that moment, your life just hadn't been going well,
But it all became fantastic once you came under the influence of "that" Michelle.
Therefore it's only of the last few years, that I can report on what you've done,
Due to alcohol much of it's hazy, but we've certainly had fun!

We've mingled at parties with the rich and famous, jetted off to locations abroad,
Okay it was only Magaluf, but that was all we could afford.
We've seen people with large craniums, and handled a very large ball!
And I've been there, with the help of your fake hair, to catch you and break your fall.
I've also been able to witness, some important steps in your career,
And then pulled off the boots in which you made those steps, after one too many beers.
I've introduced you to some eligible men, for instance a soldier, an accountant and even A Dick,
I've had the pleasure of holding your hair, out your face while you were being sick.

Over the past couple of years, we've done a lot of caring and sharing.
You've even had an impact, on the clothes I've been wearing.
We've wandered the streets of London, each wearing a crazy hat.
Oh and before I forget, I promise never again to scare your cat.
You've travelled the Caribbean Sea, singing and dancing on a ship,
When you're home you like to drink bottled Bud and I've heard rumours of handcuffs and a whip!
My space is running out, so I'll have to now be brief,
Have I mentioned yet that once someone said, that I had lovely teeth.

I think I've packed in as many memories now, as I feel this rhyme can contain,
The D Party I'm sure will create many more, by the way when are we next seeing Dane?
So whether there be a Disaster, and you find yourself as a damsel in dis dress,
Or if you just need someone to whinge at, when your hair is feeling a mess,
If it's a case of needing someone to talk to, if you're in trouble or stuck in PVC,
I'll always be there if you need me shouting, "For you WOO HOO I'M FREE"

Happy 21st Birthday
July 2001

