

Poetry Series

**Clum Hare**  
**- poems -**

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Clum Hare(20/12/91)

# Sick Of Adverts

Adverts? asks the television  
Again.

I switch it off

in a spasm of white noise  
and leave the scene.

Behind, it comes lurching out of the bath  
blood stained focus says  
adverts

Must have forgotten the freeview.

Unplug at the wall.

(Note; if you haven't seen 'Fatal Attraction' the bath reference may not make much sense)

Clum Hare

# Skydiver

In the stock exchange  
Hands in the air  
Glasses half-off  
Freefall  
The mountain range behind  
is echoed on her forehead  
And her hair parachutes outwards  
too late!

Clum Hare

# Trinny And Susannah

Your shirt says a lot about you.  
You must  
Hate it surely?  
'Yes I guess I must hate it mustn't I'

Heels for hooves  
and sharp suited tongues, shred me.

Hideous Susannah, hideous! But there's hope for him yet, its out with the old and  
in with the new.  
Why would you dress like that in the first place anyway?  
Bin it.  
Bin it

Pinstripes slice them  
And me

Darling, clothes are a reflection of the inner you. And these make you look like a  
chav, don't they? Tres chavvy.

By now they have known me all my life

I know we are brutal but honesty is the best policy. We wouldn't patronise you  
by  
lying  
would we Trinny?

When they've gone, I rescue the shirt.

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