

Poetry Series

**John Churchill**  
**- poems -**

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# John Churchill(Nov / 2 / 1951)

You can read all about me @

# A Bedtime Story

Quiet please, don't make a sound,  
let's see how long we last,  
no more whispers, no more shouts  
let's keep our lips sealed fast.

Fingers to your lips now,  
reminding them to shush,  
now that it's so quiet  
you can almost hear the hush.

It's time to start the story  
that helps you off to sleep,  
so rest your head and close your eyes  
and promise not to peep.

Once upon a time.....

(2005)

John Churchill

# Bobby The Snail

This is the tale of Bobby the Snail  
who lived all alone in a shell  
he wasn't house proud  
passed wind rather loud  
and gave off a very bad smell

Bobby one day was invited to stay  
by lovely young snail named of Nell  
but not before long  
her house it did pong  
of Bobby and his awful smell

She told him, you know, of that smelly B O  
and sent him back into his shell  
the next time he was seen  
he was spotlessly clean  
and he smells rather lovely as well.

2006

John Churchill

# Every Face Tells A Story

I never put my hand up  
and I never volunteered,  
drugs or booze is not a cruise  
it's no fun being here.

Thought I'd played my cards right  
I gambled wealth away,  
smoked that shit and drank a bit  
and now it's time to pay.

Life is oh so simple  
to a fool who's on the make,  
but please be sure you look before  
those dangerous steps you take.

All those sad, sad faces  
each has a tale to tell,  
for some it's just unpleasant  
but to others it pure Hell.

(2006)

John Churchill

# International Scouse Day

It's International Scouse Day  
and I've just flew in from Spain  
for a great big plate of my ma's Scouse  
then I'm off again.

Now it's off to Paris  
where in every house  
served up with the frog's legs  
is a great big plate of Scouse.

In Italy its pizza  
served with Palma ham,  
but today I heard them say  
you can order Scouse with spam.

In India its curried Scouse  
from Delhi to Bombay,  
Pakistan has Nan bread  
served with Scouse today.

China next the locals there  
treat you really nice,  
serving plates of lovely Scouse  
on a bed of rice.

In the USA its burgers,  
big stakes called Porterhouse,  
but keep that crap and put on my lap  
a giant plate of Scouse.

Tibet comes next, it's a place  
where Buddhists don't eat meat,  
today their having Blind Scouse  
as a special treat.

The menu now in Dublin  
is usually Irish stew,  
but today's the day wherever you stay  
It's a pan of Scouse for you.

Now I'm back in Liverpool  
and into town no fear,  
for a great big plate of proper Scouse  
and a pint of Cain's real beer.

(2004)

John Churchill

# Living On The Streets

It is pouring rain and freezing cold,  
these city streets aren't paved with gold,  
I'm sleeping rough and growing old,  
and 'move along' I'm getting told.  
Living on the streets

Haven't had a bite to eat,  
frostbite fingers, blistered feet,  
people passing on the street,  
and now the rain has turned to sleet.  
As I look for shelter.

Why did I leave, why did we split,  
should have made a go of it,  
was all my fault I now admit,  
can't blame her one little bit.  
I cheated on my dearest.

Don't pity me as you walk by,  
if you've never seen a grown man cry  
just take a look and wonder why,  
how I wish that I would die,  
Then no more living on the streets.

(2006)

John Churchill

# Motherly Love

A family is just like a cart wheel,  
and the hub of the wheel is the mum,  
and when things go wrong, it's not before long  
that it's mother to where they all run.

Your mother's the one that protects you  
who nurtured and fed you from birth,  
she is the one that for daughter or son  
would go to the end of the earth.

She might not be that good at spelling  
and at maths she's not very bright,  
but when it comes to good sense,  
don't sit on the fence,  
admit that your mum's always right.

Your mother knows just what she's doing  
when she lets your dad think he is boss  
If she wasn't there, he'd shout and he'd swear,  
and he knows that he'd be a dead loss.

So always look after your mother  
show her that you really care,  
give her the best, and thank God you were blessed  
with a mother who always was there.

(2004)

John Churchill

# Mr Rolly-Polly

Mr Rolly-Polly was a very greedy bloke,  
always eating fish 'n'chips and drinking lots of coke.  
He couldn't pass a burger bar or a hotdog stand,  
and every night at nine o'clock he'd visit Pizzaland.

One day while having breakfast, full English served with chips,  
something strange did happen, he couldn't part his lips.  
He tried to force them open but they were truly bound  
and when he tried to shout for help he couldn't make a sound.

Poor old Rolly-Polly, now in a state of shock,  
couldn't think of anything to make his lips unlock.  
Then at last he realised his mother's words were true,  
'The grease from all that fast food would turn to super glue'□

After many hours of bathing and pampering his lips  
he finally prised an opening in between his lips,  
Now the trauma's over and his lips are apart,  
a happy Rolly-Polly vows to make a brand new start.

Mr Rolly-Polly's now a very healthy bloke,  
he doesn't eat fish'n'chips or drink giant coke.  
He walks past all the burger bars and every hotdog stand,  
and there's no more nightly visits to a place called Pizzaland.

(2005)

John Churchill

# My Grandad

My grandad has great big ears  
and he's losing all his hair  
he always wears a cardie  
when he's in his special chair.

My grandad tells me stories  
when I'm sitting on his knee  
and in his cardie pocket  
finds a lollipop for me.

He's always telling funny jokes  
doing tricks and other things  
and I always have to laugh  
each time my grandad sings.

I love to give him cuddles  
hugs and kisses too  
my grandad really loves me  
and grandad, I love you.  
xxxxx

2006

John Churchill

# Never Again

Don't do me breakfast just yet luv,  
I'm staying up here in me bed,  
I've a mouth like a shot putter's armpit,  
and ten kids running wild in me head.

Oh why did I have that last larger,  
the room's spinning around once again,  
please turn out the light  
it's shining so bright,  
that it's blinding the cells in me brain.

I'm sorry for showing you up luv,  
I know you must be upset  
I'm easily led just leave me in bed,  
can you not just forgive and forget.

Your mothers not really a witch dear,  
and she doesn't fly round on a broom,  
so I hope and I pray  
she didn't hear me say,  
when she dies that I'll dance on her tomb.

Did the neighbours calm down in the end luv,  
they made twice as much noise as me.  
I frightened their cat  
and I'm sorry for that  
But I desperately needed that pee.

You don't have to keep coming up luv,  
just bring me paper and fags,  
then when I run out of reading  
I might just need feeding -  
I'll try one of those boil in the bags

(2004)

John Churchill

# School Bully

Horrid Henry Atkins  
was the bully of our school  
always causing trouble  
and acting like a fool  
the teachers couldn't handle him  
his parents didn't care  
he made our lives a misery  
it wasn't very fair.

Then one day it happened  
Horrid Henry met his mark  
the day he tried to bully  
Paddy Watson in the park  
but Paddy was not having it  
he'd taken all he could  
and with a punch right on the chin  
left Atkins in the mud

All the people in the park  
cheered and laughed with joy  
to see someone get the better  
of our horrid bully boy  
So Horrid Henry Atkins  
was the bully of our school  
but thanks to Paddy Watson  
he's now just a stupid fool.

2006

John Churchill

# The Knocking Shop

A bloody great big Knocking shop  
has opened down our street,  
A place where all the visitors  
like to go to meet.

It used to be a guesthouse  
with lots of different rooms.  
I've never been in myself  
it's just something one assumes.

Mary from the dairy's there  
so is Li-lo Lill,  
They supply the condoms  
as they're not on the pill.

Big Bertha fills the window  
a rather frightful sight,  
and she displays her full moon  
at 10 pm each night.

Titillating Tina also  
does her bit  
standing at the front door  
with her ciggy lit.

The local bobby often calls  
for a cup of tea;  
I think he gets some extras,  
But he won't tell me.

The parish priest and vicar too  
have called to say hello  
from what they've both been up to  
there's a dent in their halo.

The girls get paid a lot of cash  
it's just their way of life,  
I've just knocked and asked about  
a job there for the wife.

(Hope she doesn't read this)

(2004)

John Churchill

## The Knocking Shop 2

The Knocking shop now has a sign  
posted on the door,  
it says half price every Wednesday  
from ten o'clock till four.

Come in and try our sauna  
big Berther is in charge,  
she can deal with anyone  
from small to extra large.

Next we have the vouyers room  
with screens from wall to wall,  
and girls dressed up as French maids  
at your beck and call.

The 'Lay Down and Think of England' room  
is for our older clientel,  
run by Dainty Daisy  
Who's getting on as well (she's almost 69) .

Down stairs we have the Dungeon  
with chains and locks and grips,  
where leather clad Laura  
likes to flick her whips.

So remember every Wednesday  
when the shops close for half day -  
don't walk past the Knocking shop  
come in and have a play.

(2005)

John Churchill

# The Knocking Shop 3

Once again it's party time  
at our pleasure dome,  
you're sure of a grand welcome  
to make you feel at home.

Big Bertha's still the madam  
she knows a trick or two,  
and if you ask her nicely  
she'll do a turn for you.

Jane's our tattooed lady  
with pictures in most places -  
I think that her best features  
are a pair of smiley faces.

New this year we have a room  
for girls as well as boys,  
its full of bells and whistles  
and some very naughty toys

The Dungeon's had a revamp  
with clamps for every need,  
you get a studded collar  
and they put you on a lead.

Come along there's something here  
for every one and all -  
credit cards are welcome  
so come in and have a ball.

(2006)

John Churchill

# The Visitor

A friend of ours dropped in one day  
and asked my wife if he could stay  
just somewhere where he could unwind  
a place to leave his woes behind

He knew she was a caring soul  
who wouldn't leave him in a hole  
three weeks on and he's still here  
it's time to make our feelings clear

We took you in when you were low  
because you had no place to go  
when we go out to earn some bread  
you won't get up out of that bed

Get off your arse and do a bit  
instead of acting like a twit.  
You don't clean up or wash a plate  
your bedroom's in an awful state,

Walking around with my slippers on  
I'd have a drink but my beer's all gone  
We've had enough and to make it clear  
here's your bags - now piss off out of here

(2006)

John Churchill

## Tv Star.....Not Me

I thought I had the 'X-Factor'  
but my voice just hurt my ears  
I turned to 'Ballroom Dancing'  
but that just lead to tears  
Tried my luck on game shows  
but had no time to think  
as I was told by vulgar Ann  
'You Are The Weakest Link'  
So telly's not for me  
but that's not a major blow  
I'm sure that someone with my looks  
would suit the radio

(2005)

John Churchill

# What's Up Doc?

This hat's too small  
it's cold and dark  
full of kings and queens  
chirping birds  
spotted handkerchief's  
How's a rabbit supposed to get some sleep  
.....by magic

John Churchill

# Work

It's eight o'clock and I've slept in  
I'll have to let them know,  
got no time for breakfast luv  
I really have to go

On the bus and into town  
run through the pouring rain,  
into work for ten o'clock  
to get sent home again.

I'm sorry John we've got no work  
we have to let you go  
home again for half past twelve  
and never felt so low.

I told the wife she took it well  
but gave a little sigh  
so I pulled her close and whispered  
'cheer up luv, we'll get by

(2004)

John Churchill