

Poetry Series

VICTORIA GEORGE
- poems -

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VICTORIA GEORGE()

Born in Hampstead, London. Married. No children, just pets. Love wildlife and writing poetry. I only started writing these poems a short while ago. I hope others think they're funny.

For info: Google have got it wrong. I am not a singer/songwriter/chanteuse. Google have confused me with the other Victoria George (the singer)

A Chocolate Teapot

I wanted a chocolate tea-pot
As a gift for a good friend's birth-day
But I did feel a bit of a clot
Searching for this on e-Bay

I found a chocolate giraffe
And a chocolate kangaroo
But they wouldn't give her the laugh
That a chocolate teapot would do

I decided to make one myself
And bought a huge Galaxy slab
Very bad for the general health
But for my plan was perfectly fab

I fashioned it into a pot
Melting it using some heat
Using kettle and water so hot
It really was quite a feat

This teapot I have to confess
Had lumps for handle and spout
And although I got in a mess
Was happy the way it turned out

My friend sent a note in blue ink
"My teapot is fab, may I say....
It wasn't as useless as most people think
I scoffed the lot in one day! "

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VICTORIA GEORGE

A Distastrous Day Out

On the beach in lovely Torbay
With wonderful clean nice fresh air
Just me, laptop and e-Bay
And a nice breeze blowing my hair

I stretched out on top of my towel
Then heard the most sickening plop
A seagull had committed a foul
Upon my faithful laptop!

The worst mess that I'd ever seen
All over the nice keyboard too
Tons of sh*t dumped down the screen
The whole thing was covered in poo!

I cleaned the screen with my towel
Making an even worse horrible mess
The air was quite blue and quite foul
Not ladylike - I have to confess!

Decided to go for a nice cooling swim
And splashed around for a while
I know this sounds so terribly dim
But I dried myself with my towel

I'd forgotten it was covered in poo
And dried my body and hair
It was only when I needed the loo
Found I was stuck fast - to my deck-chair!

The heat dried the guano, you see
And I know this sounds quite absurd
But I had to crawl to the sea
With the deckchair, to loosen the turd

The next time I go near the sea
I'm taking a selection of towels
A broolly, a mac and a big canopy
To safeguard myself from these fowls

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VICTORIA GEORGE

A New Diet

My once skinny hips - are now fat
My pants are far too tight
Now my stomach's not flat
Getting into my clothes is a fight

I bought a new book one day
Called 'Fat Cheat's Diet Book'
It said that fat just melts away
If you know which foods to cook

It said the way to lose the weight
Is to combine all similar groups
So then I made sure - that I ate
Pot Noodles and spaghetti hoops

Mars Bars together with Snickers
Lots of butter with cheese
Then one day my tight knickers
Fell right down past my fat knees!

I must be doing something right
For my drawers to fall down this way
That diet's really working a treat
And I'd only been on it two days!

Tripping over pants on the deck
I rushed to the mirror to see
My reflection I just had to check
This wonderful svelte brand new me

My golden bubble then popped
My elation suddenly sapped
The reason those pants had dropped?
My knicker elastic had snapped!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Addicted Dog!

My parents ran - a little pub
Outside of Colwyn Bay
Selling beer and wine and grub
Both smoked throughout the day

Their dog sat in that smoky bar
Inhaling all those fumes
The drinkers who would have a jar
Breathed smoke into the rooms

Their dog began to cough and choke
When smoking bans came in
The years inhaling all that smoke
Had strange effects - on him

Withdrawal symptoms - coughing bouts
His itches and his scratches
They thought that they would help him out
And try those nicotine patches

Now Rover's fine except these snags
He still has fleas and scratches
But they had to put him back on fags
To wean him off the patches!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

An English Country Garden (My Version)

I have adapted this classic song:

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow
In an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some that I know
Those I miss I hope you'll pardon

Wet underfoot and leaves covered in soot
In an English country garden
Newspapers torn and strewn across the lawn
In an English country garden

Ice cream cups and sticky buns
Burger trays and chewing gum
Lots of used coke cans in amongst it all
They're young and they're free
And they break off all the trees
In an English country garden

Litter, garbage in the yards
Little doggies calling cards
One scraggy rosebud peering through the weeds
Well I'll tell you if I dare
The council's just don't care
In an English country garden

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Be Careful What You Buy

I'm now so careful what I buy
From any gal or bloke
For once bitten, now twice shy
From pigs that are in a poke

It thought I'd buy a private plane
The price was pretty good
I only have myself to blame
It was a tool for smoothing wood!

I'd always wanted a country pad
A remote nice hide-a-way
So when I saw this lovely ad
I bought it right away

"Do you want a country seat?
This pad will do you good"
Yes you've guessed it, it was just
A bench made out of wood!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Best Friends

This is a true story with just a couple of modifications:

I remember my first day at school
It seemed like a day without end
Then a little girl sat on a stool
And asked if I'd be her friend

That girl and I became close
Became the best kind of friends
The summers I remember the most
Long summer hols without end

We lost touch when we were thirteen
We went our diff-erent ways
But I always somehow believed
We'd meet up again some nice day

Well I found my mate in the end
And arranged to meet at her flat
I expected to see my old friend
Small skinny girl with long plaits!

Instead she was big fat and round
With hair growing out of her chin
She weighed about 200 pounds
Had two buck teeth and a squint

She told me she suffered from gas
Along with fits of hic-cups
She told me not to light fags
In case the apartment blew up!

Tourettes was something she had
That thing where folk swear a lot
When we parted I felt very sad
Until she called me a twat!

So if you - decide to find friends

Take warning from this sad rhyme
Just let them be nice memories
Of a distant but wonderful time

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Blow-Up Dolls

In the grotty welsh village of Spall
Lives a shepherd doing feck all
His sheep he has eaten
He spends his time sleepin'
And selling his home made sex dolls

He's sold quite a few on e-Bay
A fiver is all they need pay
For their plastic pal
A real blow up gal
Life-like in every possible way

One day a buyer gave Neut-ral
"There's liquid all over my doll"
The shepherd said "Yes
I have to confess...
Before sending, I try out them all"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Buying On Ebay

I bid on a beautiful ring
With a very hefty price tag
But got outbid on this thing
So I bid on a Prada hand-bag

Someone had got to it first
And offered a lot of big bucks
So I bid on a Damien Hirst
And again ran out of luck

Everything I wanted to buy
Was snapped up under my nose
So I then decided to try
Bidding on some grotty old clothes

A tatty old bra and some pants
Yes someone outbid me on those
A glass case filled with some ants
And old ballet shoes with no toes

Lady luck was not on my side
My money I just could not fritter
Until I won this great prize:
A signed photo of - Gary Glitter!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Cyber-Sex

A kinky young man from eBay
Tried cybersex one fine day
Caught his c*ck in the works
Through his physical jerks
It got stuck in the D-V-D tray!

He'd already tried kinky things
With Ethernet cables and rings
With all this abuse
It blew a great fuse
His PC now needs re-wiring!

Another guy from Caerphilly
Tried it but felt a bit silly
He stood on a shelf
And inserted himself
And now he needs a new willy!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Dog Coats

I decided to make some dog coats
And flog them for dosh on e-Bay
Bought fleeces from sheep and goats
And got my idea under way

I made up my own lovely designs
And dyed the wool and the skins
I gave them nice spots and some lines
Some of them with nice fairy wings

I made zebra striped coats for a joke
Bumble bee garb for those little pugs
Made special ones for those sad folk
So dogs matched their cushions and rugs

An email turned up - made me smile
"My dachshund is long but so small
Please make him a cute crocodile
I'll pay you - anything at all"

She was going to a nice fancy dress
With dachshund under her arm
But events took a turn for the worse
Which caused quite a lot of alarm

"The guests caught sight of my pet
And they all had a nasty great shock
Major Creighton got his big net
They thought - he was a real croc"

Well eventually they all saw the joke
And ordered some stuff for their dogs
I made lots of cash off those folks
Now I also make outfits for mogs (cats)

I now have a sweat shop in Goa
And I employ small kids with low pay
I'm a million-aire entrepren-eur
And a Power-seller now on e-Bay!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Dog's False Teeth

My dog's teeth had quite bad decay
'Cos of all the sugar he eats
So I decided to look on e-Bay
And buy him new fangs for a treat

I saw lots of dentures and plates
But these were for humans I think
My dog was really a mate
But his breath was beginning to stink

He only had two rotten teeth
And these were mouldy and green
Lots of brown muck underneath
Worst case of plaque I had seen

I bought plastic teeth off e-Bay
To replace the ones fallen out
I got em and they looked okay
So tried them in my mutt's big mouth

He thought they were some kind of toy
And chewed them up in a trice
I wanted to tell him "Bad boy! "
But that wouldn't be - very nice

I decided that teeth wouldn't work
On a mutt they'd only look funny
When he wore em he looked like a berk
So decided he'll spend his days gummy

VICTORIA GEORGE

Drunken Dad

My dad loved public houses
Mum would scream and shout
She used to hide his trousers
To stop him going out

One day he needed strong red wine
But couldn't find his trews
He borrowed mine, I was only nine
So he could get his brews

My friends were at my party
Outdoors in the sun
They were - quite arty-farty
But we were having fun

There was a gasp and then I saw
A sight I won't forget
Dad was standing at the door
In pink bell bottom keks

I was his only daughter
And he had let me down
My friends in gales of laughter
Thought we had paid a clown!

My trousers snugly on his hips
But swinging round his knees
He did a pair of backward flips
Upon the trampoline

Well... from the age of thirty
He never drank again
My dad had gone cold turkey
And caused us no more pain

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Feng Shui!

I was reading an article today
In one of those top maga-zines
About a thing called feng shui
Those mystical forces unseen!

It said to clear all the clutter
Make all of my house quite pristine
Lose all the junk and the schmutter
Then my life will be oh so serene!

I filled up two skips in one day
Car boot weighed down with my stuff
With things I was throwing away
I wonder would that be enough?

At last my house was now bare
Just some plants and a Japanese mat
I sat down on my last lonely chair
How I missed all my lovely old tat!

Where was my cute plastic frog
And the cuckoo clock there on the wall?
Where was that brown china dog
That sat by the door in the hall?

I rushed to the dump straight away
Found empty space where my stuff stood
I decided to look on e-Bay
And buy as much tat as I could

Now my house - is back full of junk
My life's peaceful and very serene
That feng shui lark is all just bunk
For ladies who don't like to clean!

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Fiona The Rat

I had a tame rat named Fiona
I bought her last year on e-Bay
The ad said 'one careful owner'
So I was happy to take her away.

Fiona and I had such joyful times
We played games and had nice days out
Her favourite drink was tequila and lime
And her favourite food was steamed trout

One day as I was cleaning her tudor style house
I noticed she wasn't alone
It looked to me like a little grey mouse
Fiona had a babe of her own!

I decided to put them back in the wild
Fiona and son should be free
I found a big hole in the kitchen floor tiles
And they scampered away with some glee

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Fox Whisperer

When evening turns to darkest night
And stars are in the sky
When the garden's swathed in silver light
That's when my fox comes by

You will not hear a sound he makes
His feet are velvet plush
When from my hand the food he takes
I feel the gentlest touch

When first he came - I saw the fear
In those soft questioning eyes
But slowly over time - a year
My friend's become so wise

When he comes up to me so near
I think that he can tell
That he is loved and safe right here
And that I wish him well

I'm so grateful for this moonlit tryst
It's always a delight
It's something I would not have missed
This friendship in the night

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Fur Coat Toupee

I had a moth eaten fur coat
That had seen a much better day
I think it was made from a goat
I thought it might sell on e-Bay

I chopped it up into small squares
And hoped for some gullible mugs
To bald men without any hair
They'd make smart believable 'rugs'

I sold quite a few at the start
My plan was going quite well
But then really it all fell apart
When I received this abusive email:

"I tried this thing on, as you do..
It looked like a greasy black rat
When I went for a walk by the zoo
I was followed back home by a yak"

I gave all these guys my cash float
I just couldn't take all the abuse
I then found the label for my fur coat
It said "Ninety nine per cent moose"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Housework

Housework's such a waste of time
Cleaning all that filth and grime
You scrape and wipe the filthy glass
You shine and polish all the brass

I'd love to have a nice clean pad
But all this work seems very hard
You polish, Hoover dust and then
You need to start to clean again

I cannot ever seem to rest
This cleaning's put me to the test
When I sit down to watch TV
Dust and grime is all I see

Toenail clippings on the floor
Ketchup on the larder door
Dirty tidemark round the tub
All these things to clean and scrub

If I wasn't such a lazy slob
I'd just get on and do the job
Instead I sit on - my fat butt
Or go out strolling with the mutt

Should I give up and get a life
Or should I be a dutiful wife?
The problem isn't all that great...
I'll just sit down and contemplate

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VICTORIA GEORGE

I Must Stop Swearing

I wish I could stop swearing
It really is a vice
For people with good hearing
It isn't very nice

I bought a book on e-Bay
Entitled 'Help Yourself'
I read it in just one long day
Now it's gathering dust on the shelf

This constant profanity flow..
It turns the air navy blue
If I dropp some-thing on my toe
'Dear me' somehow just won't do

I feel a lot better now
I know what is causing these fits
I read about it in 'Now'
I've got a disease called Tourettes!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

I'M Too Ugly!

I wasn't feeling my best
Not looking the picture of health
So thought that I might invest
In something to cover myself

I looked on e-Bay for a hat
One with a veil might just do
But I thought I might look a prat
At my friend's week-end barbecue

Perhaps some kind of a tent?
So I went off to Millets to see
If they had one for sale or to rent
But they all looked too big - for me

Then I saw an ad on e-Bay
For a burkha in lavender blue
A few quids all I could pay
But the seller said that it would do!

I went into town that same day
It was 92 in the shade
The heat had me sweating away
So decided to buy lemonade

I decided to go for milk shake
At a café in the centre of town
Turned out to be a mistake
I couldn't drink through my gown!

I also needed the loo
So I just had to try and mince home
What do these muslim girls do?
The answer is still quite unknown

I decided that I'd had enough
When arse over tit I did fall
I went home and looked in the glass
Maybe I wasn't too bad after all!

I decided to put up with myself
Pimples and spots and black-heads *
That burkha was bad for my health
I'll just get a yashmak instead

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Jampot And Honey

I used to race pigeons for money
Two nice ones "Jampot" and "Honey"
They couldn't fly far
So I took them by car
And they'd run home - Okay, it sounds funny!

These running birds started a trend
Amongst pigeon fancier friends
There were now steeple chases
And long marathan races
'Cross fields, over hills and round bends

The para-pigeon races were there
For pigeons confined to wheel chairs
Those with no legs or feet
We gave wheels and a seat
Well we wanted to make sure it was fair!

There was a big race on - one day
So we took our birds ten miles away
Looked round for some foxes
Then undid the boxes
And the race had started - hooray!

Jampot and Honey were competing
In this prestigious of all bird race meetings
Running at their top speed
For 'Pigeons In Need'
But their glory in winning was fleeting

As Jam ran to the finishing line
We heard a sickening whine
A souped up wheelchair
Had come from nowhere
And ran over those two birds of mine!

Well that was the end of their glory
The race finished bloody and gory
Now they sit in wheelchairs

Have lifts for the stairs.....
And that was the end of their story!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Lord Munnie-Potts Stately Home

In the ancient old village of Twatt
Stood an impressive stately pile
The owner was Lord Munnie-Potts
Who lived there in very nice style

He was quite a senile old fool
And his servants hated his ways
He invented a lot of daft rules
Which those lackies had to obey

There were catflaps in all of the doors
Which the servants all had to use
They had to crawl on all fours
To bring him his meals and his booze

The servants got fed up with this
And all got together one day
They thought they'd take the p*ss
And sell his home on e-Bay

Lord Munnie-Potts lovely old pile
Was sold to a fellow called Toss
He turned out to be even more vile
Than their previous employer was

Mr. Toss bought the house off e-Bay
For around twenty million pounds
Made changes that very same day
He started by pulling it down

He put up a house made of dung
With solar panels up on the top
All eco-friendly and so easy to run
And the servants? -They all got the chop!

Those lackies plans had back-fired
They're all on the dole queue in Twatt
Their tenancy agreements expired
Now they're living in stables and squats

VICTORIA GEORGE

Male Drivers!

Male drivers - can be any age
Are chauvinistic toads
Responsible for all road rage
Think they own the roads

Company cars and sweaty guys
Too much testosterone
Zooming through those amber lights
Talking on the phone

Eating a McDonalds meal
Music blaring sh*t
One hand only on the wheel
These guys think they're 'it'

Old male drivers are as bad
Twenty miles an hour
Trilby hats some-times flat caps
Face that looks quite dour

They boast they've saved a lot of cash
They've never made a claim
Maybe not, but other's crash...
Trying to get past - them!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Me Me Me!

My problem is - I'm just too nice
No bad habits and no bad vice
I don't eat meat and I don't swear
I'm up myself but I don't care!

I'm nice to know - I'm not a cow
I'm really just the cat's meow
I don't do drugs not even fags
Have no wrinkles or eye bags

I'm fit and healthy - young at heart
I don't hiccup and I don't fart
I don't have pimples, zits or spots
I really am the dogs boll-ox!

My head is full of big - brain cells
'The font of wisdom' you can tell
The only thing I'd say is wrong
Is I do e-Bay all day long!

My name's Mimi - chose - it myself
It's strange why I'm still - on the shelf!
Don't know why - a mys-tery
I have the nick-name 'Me Me Me'?

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Mother Nature And Father Time

Mother Nature and Father Time
Are such a spiteful pair
Together they commit bad crimes
Of damage beyond repair

Like vandals they have stolen youth
And beauty from our lives
My body it now shows the truth
As middle age arrives

It's evident in my spreading hips
That once was slim's now fat
That pair have taken both my lips
And made them thin and flat

They've stolen all my copper hair
Just like a common thief
It's all become a sad affair
They've even got my teeth

I must assume that Ma and Pa
Don't need us to survive
No need to be attractive now
Just glad to be alive!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Multi Tasking

Multi task's a thing for gals
It's not a thing for males
We can talk to all our pals
While painting finger nails

Clean the house top to toe
While watching - the TV
Make some curtains, stitch and sew
Plant a few new trees

Run a business like Opec
Wheel and deal all day
Keep our stocks and shares in check
While chatting on e-Bay!

Paint the ceiling and the walls
While eating ice cream cone
Play with kids and kick footballs
While talking on the phone

Groom the dog, feed the cat
Go shopping on the bus
Buy new house...furnish that
It's all humdrum to us!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Mum's New Stairlift

I needed a stair lift for mum
But couldn't afford very much
So I looked on e-Bay for some
And found this one stating thus:

"You can't go much wrong with this
Turbo charged and ready to go
A second hand perfect stair lift
One careful owner, or so"

I paid 'Fred' two hundred bucks
And the stair lift was duly installed
But as soon as we it started up
It blew a big fuse and then stalled

We fixed those problems we found
And then mum sat down in the chair
It gave a large rev ving sound
Then suddenly zoomed up the stairs!

What could be wrong with that chair?
Maybe came from some faulty batch?
But it threw mum up in the air
And she landed inside the loft hatch!

We could have sued that guy Fred
For a million quid and a half
But we decided to thank him instead
For giving us both such a laugh!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Mum's War

My mother had a lovely war
Best time of her life
The months and days of '44
'fore she became a wife

She met a varied mixed array
Of handsome virile men
All down the Crickle-wood Palais
As it was known back then

She knew a lot of guys back then
Amongst them lots of yanks
For all these US servicemen
Hitler has her thanks

She was a young and pretty gal
A mere slip of sixteen
Friday nights she had a ball
She was the Palais queen

The band would play 'Ships Ahoy'
When she came through the door
She danced with every single boy
Upon that bright dance floor

Now mum is nearly eighty years
With good memory she is blessed
Remembering with joyful tears
When she was dancehall princess

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Blind Date

I bought a lamp and a tray
From a seller who sounded okay
We started to chat, and he told me that
He had a great job with good pay

He sounded like my kind of guy
Although maybe just a bit shy
A marine engineer with a showbiz career
As a hobby on the side

We agreed to go on a date
I must say I just couldn't wait
I opened the door and nearly fell through the floor
He looked like he'd slept in a crate

He was sitting outside on the wall
He was probably around five feet tall
A scalp mainly bare, with some ginger hair
And his suit was two sizes too small

I was in for a bit of a shock
His real name was Reggie Small-Cock
He'd told me that Shane was his stage name
He'd take me along for a look

We went to the "Apple and Fig"
Where he told me he had a gig
He got the hand mike, then to my fright
He put on an old Elvis wig.

He murdered some great Elvis tunes
Jailhouse Rock, Hound Dog and Blue Moon
I couldn't take more, I ran for the door
He came after me and he crooned:

"Love Me Tender Love Me Slow
Please don't run away
I know I'm just a a big Ze-ro
But love me any-way"

That sad little f*rt almost melted my heart
With his sentimental charms
Those puppy dog eyes, even with their red styes
Had me almost in his arms

When I sobered up I drank a whole cup
Of cold water laced with some gin
I went home, disconnected the phone
And never used eBay again

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Critical Mum

I've never needed enemies
Because I've got my mum
She tells me I've got saggy knees
And a big fat bum

She's always first to criticize
When I don't look my best
My biggish nose and biggish thighs
And my low slung breasts

I could say the same to her
But I can't criticize
She'll be in tears if I infer
Or mention her large size

I just say that it's a shame
I know I'm not that great
But she really has herself to blame
For her choice of mate!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Dog Teddy

I wish the reason could be known
To this mere mortal here
The secret must be God's alone
One heaven cannot share

I loved my little canine friend
With all my life and soul
I know my heart will never mend
This loss will take it's toll

Already it's been four long sad years
Since I saw my Teddy's face
I must have shed a thousand tears
In those two hundred days

I loved him from the day we met
A real life fluffy toy
To me he wasn't just a pet
He was my pride and my joy

To give our hearts, to love someone
Is to pave our way to grief
God snatched back my little one
Like some hard hearted thief

Those heavenly beings from above
They took him for their own
Please angels, wrap him in your love
And keep him safe and warm

Wherever now my Teddy lives
I pray the Lord to care
Please love and keep him safe and sound
Until I join him there

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Home Remedies

I was reading the paper today
A bit about home remed-ies
I'd make some to sell on e-Bay
After all, how hard could it be?

I went scouting about in the park
And found the items I need
Dandelion, foxglove and tree bark
And other varieties of weeds

I boiled all this up in a wok
With feverfew and lem-on grass
I then cooled and siphoned the lot
Into bottles of navy blue glass

I sold it for ten quid a jar
As a slimming aid if you are stout
Ingrown toenails and nasal catarrh
And a cure for scabies and gout

I didn't know how it would go
But I managed to sell all my jars
All I can think is It just goes to show
How gullible some people are!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Mother!

You people out there I implore
Don't have your mum living next door
It seemed a good way
No rent she would pay
But the plan had a definite flaw

She nags from morn to sun down
Her brow in perpetual frown
Tells me what to wear
Which way for my hair
She forgets that I have now grown

She comes in now every fine day
Says she hopes she's not in the way
Sits down - paints her nails
And all that entails
Endless fags with cups as ash-trays

In the mirror looking for roots
Bracelets dangling - all bought in Boots
Gossip, slander, advice
She gives in a trice
While putting on lipstick and rouge

Now happy with powder and paint
Hair now teased and looking quite quaint
Comes tearful dia-tribe
Cos her cat had just died
Face like a martyrdom saint

Tells hubby gals get like their mothers
While proceeding to hitch up her udders
She gives him a leer
While slurping some beer
And hubby runs for some cover

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My New Bed

'Buyer collects' the advert said
For a lovely big four poster bed
'Brand new item mattress of foam
From perfect pet free, smoke free home'

When I turned up to collect next day
It was nothing like the ad did say
Upon the 'lovely new matt-ress'
Were old fag burns, cat pee and mess

Bedframe was sideways on the floor
Rats were nesting in the drawer
Ashtrays balanced on the frame
Ticking was black, mildew to blame

I pulled the filthy cover down
And found a corpse in it's night-gown
'Don't mind mum she died last week
I'm sorry for the dreadful reek'

That was enough I couldn't stay
I ran outside and heard him say
'Don't you want this lovely bed?
Shall I - send it round - instead? '

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My New Caravan

I bought a nice car-a-van
From a seller who was on e-Bay
He seemed a very nice man
So I was happy to take it away

I towed it back home with some glee
And then thought that I heard a shout
So I opened it up with the key
And a family of gypsies came out

They robbed everyone in the street
Their litter was thrown every-where
The kids ran around in bare feet
Causing havoc - but just didn't care

I thought up a good cunning plan
I waited till they were in bed
I then drove my new car-a-van
And tipped it right off Beachy Head!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Real E-Bay Name

My real name's Hermione Twatt
On my life it has put a real blot
That's why, I must say
I came onto eBay
And changed my name like a shot

I wanted to be Jasmine le Bon
But that one had already gone
I then chose Sharmaine
(I just liked the name)
But I decided on Alyssa Freefone

I thought I was on very safe ground
With a name with such a odd sound
But yes, some old bag
Had chosen that tag
Another name had to be found

I thought of Nicolette Plum
But it sounded like nicotine gum
Then for a game
I typed in this name
ethelweaser-mussolini-bigg-bum

I couldn't believe my red eyes
I really had a surprise
It came up "we're sorry
But please not to worry
Here's a similar one "big-fat-thighs"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Sailing Dog

My dog is a bit of a clown
He often pretends that he's drowned
When I dive in to save
This mutt from the waves
He's already back home lying down

I wanted to get him a coat
That inflated, so he would float
So I looked on eBay
Found one right away
A job lot, with an old boat

So Maxi and I then went out
Our seaworthiness was in some doubt
We started to sink
Both fell in the drink
Then I felt some-one pull me out

That dog had saved my sad skin
We both went home and had gin
then me and my Max
Made our own pact
To never go sailing again

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Tight Parents

My parents were just a bit funny
They were both amazingly tight
In order to get pocket money
Dad always put up a fight

I've still got my dad's I.O.U's
From thirty five - years ago!
At the time it gave me the blues
Cos I never had any dough

Christmas Eve nine-teen sixty eight
It still goes round in my head
Dad came back from work late
Told us Father Christmas was dead!

He told us that Santa was mugged
On his way to deliver our goods
Set upon by two nasty thugs
A pair of drug addled hoods!

I was asked one day at my school
What date my birthday was on?
I admit that I felt quite a fool
Couldn't answer - I'd never had one!

My parents told my class head
Don't tell her about the school trip
Say it's been cancelled instead
Please tell her this one little fib!

I know it sounds like a joke
When I tell it now - age forty three
But my parents were really too broke
To spend very much money on me (aaah)

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VICTORIA GEORGE

My Travel Plans

I decided to buy some cheap flights
From a cheap on-line travel shop
I wanted to see all the sights
In Bangladesh and in Bangkok

The price was too good to be true
So I did a straight 'Buy It Now'
When my booking slip finally came through
It said 'Computer says No....'

"Sorry we're now fully booked
For those particular spots
On the computer we have now looked
And this is what we have got.....: "

"A cold damp week-end in Rhyll
A coach trip to - there and back
A day out in Merthyr Tydfil
Or a couple of weeks in Iraq"

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Noah's Ark

Noah was telling his crew
"I know we're pretty contented
The trouble is - we've nowt to do
As TV has not been invented"

So for something to do
They built a lovely big boat
They filled it with animals out of the zoo
Then wondered if it would float

The floods came all in one day
Then a big storm, a real ship-wrecker
A hole in the boat then gave way
They shouldn't have brought that woodpecker!

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Old Elsie Clutter

Old Elsie Clutter decided one day
She had a few things she could sell on eBay
She sold a few knicks knacks, a few bits of tat
Got hooked on the selling and never looked back.

She started to sell everything in her home
The fridge and the cooker, and even the phone
She became a top seller, cream of eBay
You could say that old Elsie got carried away.

One day she was sitting in her empty flat
All had been sold, except for the cat
She looked at poor Tiddles, her faithful old pet
Then put him on eBay, without a regret.

She even got rid of the clothes that she wore
Old saggy knickers and knackered old bra
Wrinkled old stockings, shoes with no soles
An old pair of corsets, a grey vest with holes.

Old Elsie now had nothing to sell
If she had any teeth, she'd have sold those as well
"I've got nothing left and my work is all done
I may have f*** all but I've had lots of fun"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Our Names

We've all been given a name
Which some of us really don't like
Our parents are so much to blame
I think some of them do it for spite

Our names can date us for sure
So others can tell if we're old
It's a pity we have to endure
This way we're all pigeon-holed

Chloe and Zak are cute tags
Paige and Brooke are young birds
But Elsie and Dot are old bags
And Gladys is too old for words

Just imagine the future's old folk
With names and Kylie and Jude
It really sounds like a joke
I hope that I'm not being rude

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Performing Fleas

Last week I bought performing fleas
From someone on eBay
I opened the box and, if you please...
The blighters ran away!

I searched for them here
and I searched for them there
Those little bugs had gone
Then I saw - a white dog hair
Walking on it's own

I got the mag-ni-fier out
And then my jaw did drop
A flea was riding a uni-bike
Using the dog hair as a prop

I'm not sure where the others are
But Ive scratched my skin to hell
I'm using calomine lotion by the jar
And aloe vera gel

I've looked in my clothes,
I've looked in my hair...
Perhaps these bugs can fly?
My advice to you is just 'take care
And be careful what you buy'

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Plastic Drawers!

I used to sell hot tub spas
To folk with more money than sense
Then I tried selling bras
But didn't get much recompense

I decided I need a new scam
Something to draw punters in
I couldn't sell goods worth a damn
So thought I'd invent a new thing

I started to make lin-ger-ie
From netting and old bits of lace
They started to sell right away
Hey ho I was back in the race!

I tried some different techniques
To encourage my undies to sell
I started to make all the briefs
In plastic - to keep in the smell!

I sold them to gals and to guys
To ladies and also to gents
And one day to my surprise
I read this feedback com-ment

"I'd never worn these pants before
They feel strange next to my flesh
But I love my new Tupperware drawers
They keep things so nice and fresh"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Poems

A poem is not poetic art
If it doesn't rhyme right from the start
If they don't rhyme just like they ought
They're just a lot of words and thoughts

Rhyming words can be a curse
To put your feelings into verse
The skill of putting thoughts to rhyme
Makes reading poems so sublime

So poets would you think again
Before you even raise your pen
Anyone can write nice words
Is rhyming them really - so absurd?

Some of the poetry that I've read
Can make sense only in their head
Reading it's a waste of time
Shame it doesn't even RHYME

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Pooh And Tigger

One day Pooh Bear said to Tigger
Why don't we open an account on eBay?
Our funds will soon get much bigger
And we'll have hunney to eat every day

Their eBay address was: it-tickles
They started to sell that same day
They sold some nice home made pickles
But Marmite - they couldn't give it away!

It was all going well and they started
To have lots of money to spend
But a fool and his dough are soon parted
They decided to bring in a friend

Eeyore joined them on eBay
To give them financial advice
He thought their stuff was a give-away
And they really should bump up the price

The buyers stopped paying their money
And Pooh and his friends were in debt
"There go our dreams of our hunney
We're back to marmite and bread"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Poor Old Mum!

Another true story - which may not be funny to anyone who doesn't know my mum!

I popped in to see mum today
She lives in the house right next door
I asked if she was okay
And could I help with some chores?

She sat down when I came in
Saying how she needs a new hip
She looked pretty frail and quite thin
Said her back was giving her gip

Into the kitchen I went
Asked could I cook her some-thing?
"Yes, a little light nourish-ment....
Just two pork pies and some gin"

"Also, while you are there
You can fry me two eggs and some ham
A few toasted slices of bread
Don't stint with the butter or jam"

I asked should I do some house-work
She feebly replied "Oh yes please!
I'd do it myself if I could...
But I suffer with arthritic knees"

"I'm a martyr to all my complaints
I know that I don't say a lot
But my corpuscles, arteries and veins
Are now quite totally blocked"

"My digestive system's packed up
I can only eat meals that are small
Light nourishment's all I can sup
I'm surprised I'm still here at all"

I then got the brush and the mop

And started to clean round about
I told her I'd be going to the shops
Did she want a Chinese take-out?

"Just sweet and sour pork for today
With chow mein with lots of fried rice
A side dish of chicken satay
And a dish of spring rolls would be nice"

"Thank you for cleaning the tiles
I'm off to the tea dance with Gus
For a spot of light exer-cise
By the way, you've forgotten to dust"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Rhyming Poetry

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Royals At Ascot

The royals were having a joke
Laughing almost fit to near burst
Zara said "Let's all have a bet
To see which of us can look worst? "

"We can all go to Ascot today
In the very worst clothes we can find
We'll sure be a motley array
I'm sure that granny won't mind"

Then Eugenie, Zara and Bea
Found an woodwormed ancient old trunk
Filled up with a nice vast array
Of all kinds of clothes and weird junk

They found some old mini skirts
And cardboard they made into hats
A couple of silk fifties shirts
And coats that looked like door-mats

Bea said "Oh what a good laugh
We're a strange collection of folk!
All three of us look pretty naff
I do hope the press get the joke"

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VICTORIA GEORGE

Selling Herself On Ebay

There was an old slag from Killay
Wanted to sell herself on eBay
She couldn't be bold (or so she was told)
So she had to be clever and say:

A "chest" of "drawers"
And two big jugs
Are what I have for sale
A box for tits and lots of bits
Are yours if you are male.

French lessons and a lovely shag
Pile carpet can be yours
You could snag a designer bag
If you walk through my doors

I'm a seller with a top notch crutch
Some bedding with cheap frills
So come along, it won't cost much
Just a fiver to pay me bills.

She got a sale from a randy male
He paid by bankers draft
He didn't wish to use Paypal
(They'd given him the shaft)

He couldn't wait to see his date
He turned up right on pact
What he saw made him explore
the Trade Descriptions Act

When he got back he got the phone
And called up in a rage
I'd been told that she was young and bold
But she'd knocked decades off her age'

"I didn't expect a gal from the Ritz
And I did expect some some sleaze
I didn't expect so see slack t*ts

And a belly on her knees

“Her veins were like a roadway map
Her cellulite was gross
Her big fat bum weighed half a ton
And her teeth were in a glass”

He called his bank on the attack
but they told him 'Please get lost'
He couldn't get his money back
So he just had to write it off

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Shopping List

Whilst making a new shopping list
I realised that it was in rhyme
Not a purposeful thing, I insist
But randomly writing each line

I'd put "ice cream and chocolate flakes
Bananas and battenburg cakes
Pizzas and chips
Big bags of crisps
And a couple of strawberry shakes"

I looked at my list with dismay
What was I thinking about?
What kind of list is okay.....
With Crunchies and Mars bars left out?

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Smelly Old Bess

I opened an eBay address
In my dog's name, smellyoldbess
She sold quite a lot - of tatty old grot
To buyers who want something for less.

Looking for fortune and fame
I'd taught her to type her own name
I'd thought that a dog, with a bit of a slog
Could learn a few things at this game.

It was going so well, so I thought
Until I came home early and caught
Bess on the phone - or should I say 'bone'?
Doing what? It was anyone's guess.

I checked my accounts - all cleaned out
I had been scammed out of all of my cash
I looked under the bed - and then I saw red
Bess had got a huge Bonio stash

To my alarm there were six legs of lamb
A pig and a big Edam cheese
A huge sack of biscuits, a ewe and a ram
Plus a ruddy big moose and it's fleas.

All I can say - if your dog does eBay
And you allow it free reign on the phone
Don't be too shocked if your accounts all get locked
And you lose everything that you own

The upside of this is smelly old Bess
Has been kicked off the screen at eBay
I think I'm to blame, I have to confess
Now she lies in her basket all day

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Supermarket Etiquette

Supermarket etiquette - is there such a thing?
People shoving others - and grabbing everything
Screaming brats with mums and grans
Pushchairs, wheelchairs, double prams

Trolley leaners are a pest - clogging up the aisle
Dirty trousers and string vests, lazy and so vile
Kids In Need - of - a good slap, irritating folk
Mums on phones, talking cr*p, isn't it a joke?

Checkout bints sitting there, just like battery hens
Queues are getting longer - while they chat to friends
"What's this like? What's your sign? What is your cat's name? "
While I'm fuming, tenth in line, going quite insane

Pushing trolley out to car - wheels going different ways
To find some joker's parked his car - just an inch away!
Empty car park - just two cars - standing side by side
This is the type of mindless clot - I really can't abide!

If you think that this is you - a supermarket fool
Who doesn't follow plain good sense and etiquette type rules
Please give a thought to basic - manners that you flout
And could you please - stay at home - when I'm going out!

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The Duvet

I wanted a nice new du-vet
And chose one in lovely white cotton
I bought it last week off e-Bay
But it turned out to be pretty rotten

It was described to me as brand new
'An item fit for a queen'
But it looked to be covered in spew
And had a toenail stuck in a seam

I thought I'd just give it a scrub
With a bit of Persil and Shout
But as soon as it went in the tub
A con-dom came floating out

I contacted the seller and said
"This du-vet is not as described
It doesn't look good on my bed
Your description was chock full of lies"

He told me he was so sorry
But listing these things is a drag
He told me to return the unwanted duvet
With the bits in a separate bag

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The E-Bay Cd

Bought a CD off ebay today
Two quid is what I had to pay
It was covered in grime
And some kind of slime
I should've just thrown it away

It was Kylie Minogues greatest hits
Cover picture showing her t*ts
The booklet was stuck
With some kind of muck
When I pulled it, it just fell to bits

I asked for a refund on price
Because this item was `not very nice'
He said "Here's your dough, I've gotta go
I'm looking at Beyonce's big thighs

VICTORIA GEORGE

The Fool And The Silly Prat

The fool and silly prat went to see
If they could find a pea green boat
They signed onto eBay - it was free
Then they began to gloat

The fool said 'Silly, I think it's clear
We can get our boat for free on here"
"How can we do that, my honey? "
"We'll buy it then claim back our money"

They surfed away for a year and a day
Til they found the perfect boat
They haggled away and got their own way
Delivered next day for nowt.

A PayPal dispute was opened in time
By these two nasty young crooks
They managed to claw back every last dime
With not a stain on their books

For a laugh a good measure
They badmouthed that seller
Whose feedback had been pretty good
He's now in the gutter
With no bread and butter
Mobile home where his house had once stood

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VICTORIA GEORGE

The Homing Parrot

It is now, with certain regret
That from eBay I bought a new pet
And, so I bought - a parrot that talked
Cost fifty quid - what the heck!

It was such a pretty blue bird
But it did sh*t a lot of green turd
It arrived in a crate, it just ate and it ate
But it never said one ruddy word.

I kept it for one whole fort-night
It did nothing but gobble and shite
Then my fat feathered mate
Made good his escape
Said this, as he flew into the night.....

"You silly old bint, you now are so skint
For buying this fine feathered fowl
I'm off where I came, what a good game
I'm goin back to my owner.... for now"

It seems that this man had made a real scam
From constantly selling this bird
This flying rat - he knew his way back
To the home he really preferred

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VICTORIA GEORGE

The Literary Agent

I once wrote to a literary agent
Saying I wrote some good po-et-ry
I said I wanted his comment
Could his give his advice for this free?

I enclosed a very good sample
Of some of my literary art
I told him it was just an example
Of poetry straight from the heart

Today I received a reply
And opened the letter with glee
Then there were tears in my eyes
When I read what he'd written to me:

"Dear Madam I can only presume
You have sent this stuff by mistake
I would also have to assume
That you must be some kind of flake"

"Your ditties are vulgar and crude
I'm afraid I just don't get the joke
The content's horrendously rude
They'd offend any reasonable folk"

"These poems are not very nice
Your grammar is just short of sin
I would hope that you'll take my advice
And chuck all this smut in the bin"

I read them again late last night
I had thought they were poetic treats
But I had to admit he was right
I'll never be Browning or Keats

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The Nail Clippers

I was browsing around for a gadget
For trimming my long finger-nails
I bought one from someone on ebay
It arrived next day in the mail

I turned it up to it's high-est speed
(My nails were all pretty rough)
I noticed my skin had started to bleed
And then heavens! my thumb, it flew off!

I phoned the man who had sold it
(Holding the phone in my bandaged paw)
I got this rec-orded message
So I think it had happened before...

"One should not put ones fingers
Into this mechani-cal device
But if medical problems should linger
kindly seek med-i-cal advice"

My fingers aren't looking quite as they should
To be truthful they're looking quite vile
I've now decided that in future I would
Just use a stand-ard nail-file

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VICTORIA GEORGE

The Old Gender Bender

This 'poem' is actually totally and completely true and really happened to me a few years ago. I still laugh just thinking about it. Wicked really.

I once bought a load of LPs
That I saw ad-vert-ised on eBay
With my purchase I was very pleased
It had been a very good day

I started to look through these discs
And suddenly started to laugh
Because I came upon this:
A letter with a photo-graph

The letter said "This one is me
Looking the best that I can
I think I look good, you'll agree
For a guy who's now a wo-man"

"My chest is not very big
About 34B I suppose
I wear false teeth and a wig
But I'm not too bad, as it goes"

"I hope you will want to write back
Enclosing your own photographs
Maybe we can meet for a snack
And possibly share a few laughs"

I recognised this guy from the pics
He used to clear out our drains
Back then he was seventy six
And crippled with rheumatic pains

He always had a damp fag
Clamped onto his lower lip
His skin was in permanent sag
His clothes came out of a skip

I laughed and laughed till I ached

To see this guy in a dress
Then I could see my mistake
It was more sad than funny I guess

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The Unopened Box

I was browsing on e-Bay's job lots
When I found an interesting thing
It said "This unopened box
could contain all manner of bling"

"Nobody knows just what is inside
The key's rusted into the lock
Whoever buys this may have a surprise
May have a nice pleasant shock"

I bought the box and just couldn't wait
To have a good look inside
I broke the lock on that old wooden crate
And had the strangest surprise

A white wedding dress and a beautiful fan
They looked to be quite unworn
Some sad sweet love letters sent from a man
Strangely, most of the letters were torn

Then two golden rings in a satin lined box
Told me all that I needed to know
I then closed the lid and replaced the old lock
And buried the box in the snow

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The Wags Party

The bimbos were having a party
Those footballers girlfriends or WAGS
The do wasn't too arty-farty
Just Bacardi breezers and fags

Victoria B said to Colleen
"That dress looks just like a rag
If I looked like you I would never be seen
Without a brown paper bag"

Colleen replied "My dear Vic
Your years have taken their toll
Your dress is such a bad fit
Did you steal it off a toi-let roll?"

"Those silicone t*ts are a farce
Your hair must have come off a yak
We all hate your smug skinny arse
If you smile your face just might crack"

They all then got into the fight
Hair and nails flying every which way
The cleaner then swept up that night
And sold all the bits on e-Bay

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The Wedding Gift

I wanted to buy some friends a nice gift
For their wedding, some time away
The happy couple had given a list
So I decided to look on e-Bay

The bride and groom were so hard to please
So I really was - very stuck
Any gifts of food should be gluten free
They were both allergic to nuts

No gifts of nylon or fabrics that itch
No cotton or items that crease
No fur, maybe lace but only hand stitched
Wrapping paper from sustainable trees

No household utensils or things for the home
Nothing for - the garden or shed
They didn't want clothes
Had plenty of those
Nothing blue, green, yellow or red

I looked in the shops but had to give in
I was feeling so very heart-broken
Then I found the most perfect thing
I bought them a lovely gift token!

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Tooth Whitening Kit

A bought a tooth whitening kit
Because my gnashers were brown
It really was money for sh*t
Cos' that chemical kit let me down

I'd seen the ad on e-Bay
And admit to having some doubts
"Get whiter teeth straight away"
But mine just went brown and fell out

I'd suffered for two weeks or more
With plastic tray and some paste
Until my gums be-came sore
And I totally lost sense of taste

Now I'm a toothless old hag
Don't want to smile any more
Having no teeth is a drag
Sucking my food through a straw

My mouth is almost bereft
Of pearly whites inside my gob
Although I have one wonky tooth left
It's not really up to the job

That guy was a liar and cheater
And was the worst kind of thief
Now they call me One-eater (Juanita?)
Because of my absence of teeth

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Wimbledon

I used to love Wimbledon so
With Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe
Now it's just a big pain
With gals from the Ukraine
They're all interchangeable now

The game used to have lots of zest
Not just about who played it best
It was pure TV delight
To watch them all fight
But with such - a lot of finesse

Borg wore the Wimbledon crown
McEnroe threw his racket around
Becker's joy when he won
Nastase's sense of fun
While Connors was centre court clown

Pat Cash (for me) caused a foul
When he blew his nose on his towel
Federer's real good at hitting
But his habit of spitting
Has me - emitting a howl

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