

Floating on a Lilo

I am reluctant to describe the sky,

It is too large.

My car is neat and efficient

But sometimes I crunch the gears.

I wouldn't like to have to fly a plane

Though I enjoy looking at the plumes of jets.

They look so fluffy before they dissipate,

What lovely mattresses they'd make.

As kids we had a big green lilo.

We blew it up on the beach

And then in for a swim.

It was floppy, wet and lovely.

I wouldn't mind swimming down the sky

Leaving a plume of foam behind me.

We're not dead yet.

By John Yates.