

Poetry Series

David Rudd Mitchell
- poems -

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David Rudd Mitchell()

David Rudd Mitchell is an occasional poet. His poetry has appeared on BBC county radio, small press magazines, and web publications.

Carry On Larkin/G

They **** you up those scribes of old.
Who pilfered hard, then pilfered more,
Until there were no thoughts untold
And everything was "heard before"

They rhymed in "epic tales of man"
Until there were no rhymes unsaid
They raped the natural metaphor
Until the metaphor was dead.

Man hands on old ideas to man
It's hard to think of one yourself.
So shred your structure and your plan
And pick one off the shelf.

David Rudd Mitchell

Sensible Shoes

The paths are glistening like glass,
They make such pretty views,
But unless you want a bruise behind,
You need sensible shoes.

Not shoes that went to Oxford,
And came out with a pass,
But shoes that grip,
So you won't slip,
And fall upon your Argghhhhhhhhhhh.

David Rudd Mitchell

The Death Threat

Bond got the death threat,
At just after 3.
From a foe unperturbed,
By his Walther PP.

MD gave the bad news,
James did not respond,
For nature was saying,
You'll die Mr Bond.

A silent assassin,
His martini dry.
6 months if he's lucky,
His liver let die.

The credits are rolling,
And soon we'll all learn,
In words brief and shocking,
James Bond won't return.

David Rudd Mitchell

The Fleatles

Jop, pol, gol and fleago
The best Flea band by far.
And bound to make the big time
Says the Dayflea Star.

The Fleatles hum in harmony
With fleago on the drums
Whilst three sing out Fleas, fleas me,
One goes rat tum tum.

The Fleatles are at number one,
Almost everywhere.
So everybody sing along,
Flea loves you Yeah, yeah, yeah

David Rudd Mitchell