

Helen Mosley

Neighbour from hell or The Lament of Peeping Tom

SETTING: THE GODIVA CLOCK

On the hour, a set of doors which have the symbol of the Earl of Leofric on, open, and Lady Godiva naked atop her horse, rides out.

Above, a tailor - peeping Tom - appears, before covering his eyes.

Once, I was a tailor,
I would thread the finest thread,
pick out the brightest silks,
Gloried in colour and praise
Pointed out as a man of worth,
Men considered me honourable,

She rode by clothed only by her golden hair
how could a seeker of beauty resist?

They carved me from wood,
painted me lurid, vivid and crude
Frozen forever in a perpetual leer
Gave me a new name to hang about my neck
Put me up high
I'm a warning to all
Of the perils of temptation
Damned at the time, damned forevermore

Call it lust, if you care
Ever grasping after her

Temptation compelled me to look
Against all decency
stuck
in perpetual purgatory
I am more than I seem:
Not just lecher, spy, voyeur,
Your eyes upon me
as I am caught in the act

Castigated in the pages of history,
a moment of weakness,
As the bells chime the hour
I peep out and I ogle her still
Forever out of my reach
Compelled by a grinding
temptation to peek, just to see
Call it love or lust as you like
In the age of Me Too
I'm the neighbour from hell