

## TWO OLD DEARS

By William Davies

Her manicured coffin-shaped nails, pointed daggers  
On bejewelled fingers  
She squeezes a visit to the tanning shop  
Then in for a spot of lip-filler at the posh shop  
Newly opened down the road  
Checks out her six pack in the shop's reflection  
Then changes direction

Walking home she hears two old dears  
Their derision ringing loudly in her ears  
"look at her" they whisper-shout  
"all fake tan and is that a trout-pout?  
Youngsters these days all vainglorious  
Take themselves all too serious  
These days they all wanna be Katie Price  
They are all insubstantial and not very nice"

She walks up the driveway, opens the door  
Shouts "Nanny I'm home"  
Finds her Nan on the floor  
Tenderly helps her into her seat  
Makes her a cuppa and a small bite to eat

Nan won't hear of the doctor being called  
Just to check all is well  
Says "I'm just a bit shaken chick  
And bruised where I fell  
Take more than a tumble  
To get the better of me  
I'll be just grand with  
My nice cup of tea"

She holds her nan's hand and tells her about  
The od dears' unkind comments  
And the "trout-pout"  
Her nan puts her hand on her Granddaughter's knee  
Says, "those old biddies know nothing  
About you and me

You lost your mother, my daughter  
And I took you in, They know NOTHING  
By judging your lips, or your skin  
You look after me as I once looked after you  
We all have a hero and my hero is you".