

ROSIE

By Tim Cleal

You're like the sun as it sashays through my grey great unwashed
net curtains. you're like Flora emanating around the room and
settling on the antimacassar like star dust
you sound like sunshine even when you're reporting on the rain in
Runcorn or the cats and dogs in Bucharest, the drowned cattery in
Cleckheaton, the natty curtains in Kiev
you've shone a light on the Only Fans stars of Afghanistan, the un-
vaxxed Ouighar in Wuhan, the kiddy winks in Sandy Hook,
the burning orphanage in Ingle Nook, the munchkins of Myanmar,
the marmosets of Madagas - car.
You've held a candle to Richard Branstone's pickled whiz bangs,
Elon's wonderful worn-out wrinkle, the merry twinkle in
Vlad Putin's eye, old Joe Biden's pregnant pauses Just
Stop Breathing's crackpot causes
you've delighted in the blown-out windows in the White House john,
the blown kisses of the black hand gangsters - going gone -
the going grey gangsters of grey Westminster,
the poisoned pie murders of Lower Ginster, the home run misses
of the Massachusetts Monsters
and the kiss goodbyes as the bomb doors open
You're there with the jazz hands, the pretty please, the wide blue
eyes and the alleluia views -
the chuckle in the mortuary, the goody goody tutti fruity chews
you've got the dead opposite of the blues
I want to be here when you report on the second coming of Jesus
Good News