

COMPETING WITH CONSCIENCE

Open your eyes now and get out of bed,
There's nothing on Tuesday to fill you with dread.

So what is the first insurmountable chore,
Venturing out, going through the front door.

No, you must have a wash, you're not fit to be seen,
You can't go like that, you have got to be clean.

Who's going to care if I've used any soap?
It won't make a difference to how I will cope.

What's that you are wearing? You look such a mess.
Couldn't you find a more suitable dress?

What does it matter if my clothes are all worn?
No one will notice the lining is torn.

You forgot to have breakfast, you know you must eat
If you're going without you will faint in the street.

It's too hard to swallow, I can't keep it in
Those two buttered crumpets can go in the bin.

You're hopeless and helpless, an absolute wreck
It's a good thing I'm able to keep you in check.

I'd rather you didn't, please leave me to rest,
I'm not going out now, I feel too depressed

Susan Greenhalgh.