

Youth

by Val Lutey (with her permission)

I polagise if yew seen en afore but fer all they new friends I thought they might like t' read en 'gain.

What do'st ee think thee's doin' down thiere?

An' who's that git larrups with the spiky 'air?

I b'lieve 'e's got studs in 'is ears,

An' wha's that in 'is nose?

'e looks like they pigs up t' farmer Rowe's.

That bit a beard's like an' ol' nanny goat,

An' his jacket's as flash as Jacob's coat.

Well bless my soul. 'Ansome you say?

You got some funny notions,

You need glasses. Make a pointment t'day.

I seen you creepin' down th' 'edge

Like some hardened bull 'orn.

Were you geekin' at 'e with is head all shorn?

Seems 'e's a bray ol' trial to 'is weary Dad

I was frightened t' see 'im, 'e used t' be such a nice polite lad,

Now 'e tells more lies than Tom Pepper, of that everyone knows.

'is shirt's scat abroad, an jus' jus' look at 'is clowthes.

'E got rips in 'is trousers an' unlaced boots on 'is feet,

When we 'ad 'im up school 'is Mother made sure 'e was neat.

I dunno what 'appened 't'is fashion 'e says.

What turned 'im like 'at? 'ow'd 'e get t' look that way?

I'm behind the times my Gandaughter says,

But i'm sure, I dunno what goes on in their 'eads.

What happened to white shirts an' a nice little tie?

Bit o' Brylcream in yur 'air, an' a glint in y'ur eye?

P'r'aps I am old, but know what? I doawn't really care.

I like t' see 'em clean, an' tidy, so I could take 'en anywhere.