Stephen Robertson

Aitch or haitch

owed to the North of England

On rishi's watch, this is the sitch: we have a glitch, a bodge to bash. There is no stash of cash to splash, no stitch or patch to fudge or bridge the ditch we're in. So scratch the itch. Just slash, and switch a titchy dash of dosh to buses. Drop the aitch (ess too, natch).

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/