

Stephen Robertson

A trifle

(with double cream)

“Poets have been mysteriously silent on the subject of cheese.”

—G.K. Chesterton

Dr Foster went to Gloucester
for a summer spin—
and liked a lass from Lancashire;
so milk-white was her skin.

In Cheddar Gorge the chaffinches
were twittering. The twain
with anglo-saxon attitudes
then to Caerphilly came.

They lingered long in Leicestershire;
red was the evening sky.
By Derby town they settled down
on purple sage to lie.

A Cheshire cat accosted them,
then walked his wild way
alone. In Swale- and Wensleydale
they passed the following day.

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
and such great themes as these,
talking they walked and walking talked—
but never once of cheese.