

POSSUM PIE

by Harry Dunn

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A true story of tragedy and heroism at the Inverloch Bowling Club,
retold with a small amount of poetic licence.

Some said it smelt like rotting seaweed,
Others mentioned porker-poo,
Someone said it must be rats, recently deceased,
Or perhaps a blockage in the loo;
But on one thing they *were* agreed,
That awful stink turned seasoned bowlers off their drink,
And they knew not what to do.

Some chose to drink outside,
Others not at all
While that evil smell persisted,
In the bowlers' temperance hall.
And the source of that ungodly reek
Must be located and removed;
This much was clear to all.

They removed some ceiling tiles,
Several members were involved,
But the source of that pervasive smell
Remained a matter un-resolved,
Until a vital clue presented
Two meters from the door,
In the form of wriggling maggots
Which appeared upon the floor.

This was just as guests arrived,
And paying guests at that,
A bunch of barefoot bowlers,
Come to dine and bowl and chat.
"MAGGOTS," screamed a lady,
"I can't abide their looks and smell,
Is this a bowling club," she cried,
"Or have I gone to Hell?
And are they about to poison us,
In this bowling citadel?"

MAGGOTS - The word, like wildfire spread
Ladies, horrified and reeling,

“This place is full of vermin
And soon we'll all be dead!”
Cried another one, with passion, fear and feeling,
“There's *millions of them up there*,
And they're dropping from the ceiling,”
Another lady said.

“Now, please calm down, dear lady,”
A soothing voice implored,
“We have the situation well in hand,
So go out there and bowl for your reward,
On our Bowls and Boozing Wonderland.
Just keep your knickers on, my dear,
And your dinner will be ready,
On time, as promised and as planned,
I promise - there's nothing here to fear.”

A vent was prised from outer wall,
In the area suspected,
And Mickey B, the bravest man in town,
Inserted his right hand, completely unprotected,
In that stinking cavity, entirely sight unseen,
Then withdrew it, full of possum parts,
Long dead, maggoty, infected,
Mighty putrid and unclean.

“Ye gods,” cried Michael B,
“Bring me yon bucket, quick,
I'm about to lose my lunch,
I am awful, awful sick.”
And he shook his crawling hand in great disgust:
Please now spare a thought for hero Mick,
For no greater love hath any man than this -
That he lay down his lunch just for his friends,
And no! He wasn't on the piss!

Now things are back to normal
At the Invy House of Bowl,
The rotting remnants of that possum-stew were quietly whisked away:
Removed, I say, blowflies, maggots, possum pie and all,
But we know, one day, we surely can rely
On the occasional wriggler con- descending
From that ceiling possum-pie,
And of course the day will come

When another passing possum
Moves in there, when it's time for him to die.

And when this tragedy occurs, as it one day surely will,
Don't ask Mickey Bowman to reprise his grand heroics
For Mickey is no dill;
He's now retired from maggot-wrangling,
Although he still knows how to do it,
But he seems to lack the will;
And if you should meet him in the street,
By all means raise your hat,
Kiss him if you wish, but please don't shake his hand:
I wouldn't go near *that!*