

SKY HANGERS

My name is Silkie
My sister is Milkie
Though no-one can tell us apart.
Identical twins
With happiness grins
And a fondness for raspberry tart.

We're told we're angelic
By friends of the cleric
Who envy our tumbling hair.
Our grace is divine
Our manners sublime
Our faces both rosy and fair.

We laugh when we think
Of the boys who go pink
And blush hotly whenever we pass.
And those feeling brave
A sly nod or a wave
By the tumbledown nook after class.

So pampered so far
But danger's ajar
Who lingers and lurks on all threes.
A cup of bad luck
Has suddenly struck
Our perfect small lives with disease.

My Milkie was first.
An ongoing thirst for her thumb
When no-one was looking.
Much to her dismay
One terrible day
Her digit fell off in the cooking!

But worse was to come
That left us quite numb

The Christmas we roasted a pig.
A hideous shame
But my hair caught the flame
And now I'm confined to a wig.

Oh Mercy, oh pity
Tis all in the ditty
But Fate was still waiting to cheat.
The cookie man sang
As he stopped in his van
Overflowing with sweeties and treats.

We gorged and we stuffed
We scoffed 'til we just
Couldn't feast our pink cheeks any more.
By then t'was too late
We both felt quite faint
And collapsed in a heap on the floor.

For a while all was still
Then a heart-wrenching shriek!
Pierced the air as we started to bloat.
We got bigger and fatter
T'was no laughing matter
As we slowly rose upwards afloat.

Two puffed up balloons
Soaring high all too soon
Milkie's hair streaming out to the sea.
But who could disguise
Those our piteous cries
Or knew we'd be late home for tea?

Now several days later
Was reported on paper
A phantasm glowing above.
Of shining gold lights
O'er Brighton at night
Filling dwellers with wondrous love.

And to this same day
Still sky hung we pray
For the time we can come back to kiss
Our dearest Papa
And our sweet gentle Mama
And our innocent childhood of bliss.