

The Talented Curse – In Verse

North Balwyn's got talent, or so I am told
By email from Greg – come forth and be bold
You can sing, you can dance
Turn cartwheels, and entrance
Your colleagues online to behold

Oh doom and disaster, those words from my
master
Strike fear and resistance in me.
Of talent I'm bare
There's just nothing to share
That others might welcome with glee

How can I escape this terrible fate?
Feign illness or go interstate?
But alas there's no plane,
Or how can I explain
That on Thursday I've arrived far too late?

Then just like a flash, I came forth with a splash
Of ideas - here's something to ponder
If only I could
Find another who should
Take my place as a talented wonder

My haste to the list of members I'd missed
Maybe one I could find to replace me.
Where should I start
Rather than dart?
Ah - page one of the orange directory

There's Adams of course, well he can discourse
In languages varied and many.
Maybe Francais
What's the word for g'day
Is it Spaniards who just say olé?

Still in the A's there's Duncan who may
Hit tennis he's known still to play.
But the thing we most love
From Ansell above,
Not condom, but clean rubber glove.

Next on my list, no I've not missed
John Burley together with Chris.
With them there's no doubt
Great wisdom they sprout
Of countries they've helped on their trips

Why Nino has talent which shows when he's
gallant
At Bunnings or Aussie Grand Prix.
But cooking on telly
It's awfully smelly
So doubt he'll agree to be me.

Maybe a feat by old President Pete
I'm aware he has talent that can
Fix a bike
But he's on a hike
Far north in a motorised van.

Now Eileen's a go, so compassionate you know
Of members with ingrown toenail
Or feeling unwell
Sad stories to tell
Could she us enchant with detail?

If not, who's next? Steve Greatorex?
Of him we know very little
Does he have vices
Perhaps he keeps mices
Or can show us his skills with a skittle

Nah

Alas I am troubled, despite my search doubled
For talent that could take my place.
Then in a trice
I know who'll be nice
So off to their dwelling I race

Knock knock there's Hortin, remember us
chortlin'
At multiple jokes of Who's There?
They'll fill the space
Of me to replace
Hooray I no longer care.