

Play the Fool Who's Fooling You

No matter what your walk of life –
taster of jam,
purveyor of ham,
or a prisoner serving twenty-five to life;
traffic warden, dog groomer, zoologist,
shepherd of the lamb,
or any kind of therapist –

don't forget to use your fool
as your emotional stool.
They don't teach you this at school,

but with your fool as your friend
you can go round the bend
and pretend
everything is fantastic.
Make your heart elastic,

'cause foolish makes you godly-wise,
like a deity in a nappy,
making everybody happy.

For a starter,
change your name to Frank Siddhartha
and sing with a swing,
if that's your thing.

Sit on the floor in a custard wig;
use a knife and fork to dig;
lick a frozen lamppost;
wear a dress made of toast;
ride around on a pot-bellied pig.

Talk French to a dog;
get married to a log.
Don't be harassed to feel embarrassed.
Do what makes you feel convivial.
Fart loudly on a jog.

We recommend wearing melons.
Everywhere you go, just tell 'em:
being good to your inner fool
helps your cerebellum.

Ignore any warning to be sensible,
because taking things too seriously
is simply reprehensible.

So don't think twice – or even once.
Being very silly is good for your bonce.

Group poem written with mental health inpatients.

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available at <https://www.robgee.co.uk/Bookshop>