

TOMATO SAUCE

Please sit here, and I will pour your tea.  
My, oh, my, what on earth are we teaching  
these boys!

We are supposed to be training them for a  
proper life in society,  
And just look at this tomato sauce bottle!  
Whatever is it doing on the table?  
I shall call the boy on duty in the staff  
kitchen.

Martin, Martin. Where is he? You know -  
he is in for raping his sister -  
But he is wonderfully well behaved.  
Martin, there you are at last.  
Kindly remove this bottle from the table,  
It is an offence to my eyes.

JAIL EXPERIENCE

Tony Newman

WERLS APART

Touching you  
is possible  
if I sit  
carefully focussing  
my telescope  
Between us  
set walls  
of prisms  
You are big  
from my end  
big and distorted  
(Is it the glass?)  
I am far away  
to your eyes  
(Do I look peculiar?)  
Here! Hold the focus  
gently  
Can you touch me?

CUNT

Tony! Tony!  
What a poem!  
Where is it?  
Which one?  
Where's it say  
Cunt?  
That's it!  
There it is!  
C - U - N - T.  
Wow - it's there!  
That's a marvellous poem,  
I love it.  
Read it out,  
Loud again.  
It's 24 hours  
solitary boob  
For swearing in  
this boys' home.