

I'm a Door-to-Door Poet,
and I know that sounds quite crazy,
but this could be worse though:
I could be the Avon Lady.

I'm not here selling potions
to give you magic skin,
I just want to ask a question
that I hope you'll find exciting.

In school they taught me poetry's bust,
wrote by toffs who've turned to dust
on country manors, deathly shrouds,
serious lords and fluffy clouds.

I found it quite hard to relate,
I grew up on a rough estate;
walls thin as paper used to trace;
the clouds an endless tone of grey.

I want to make poetry exciting,
like bungee jumping, but less frightening,
and what I'm here to ask about
is this canal next to your house.

Tell me about Bridgewater.
OK, maybe not the whole of it.
I'll stick it in a poem,
or at least have a decent go at it.

Maybe you go sailing there,
watch dragonflies at play.
Maybe you know facts
on how the aqueduct was made.

Maybe you fell in once,
turned an Oompa-Loompa colour.
I don't know, if I decide for you
then it's much duller.

So cheers for listening to these verses
I hope I got across my purpose.
Don't slam the door, don't be nervous,
the Door-to-Door Poet is at your service.