

## Mr Steamed

I'm going to tell a tale of an, Alcoholic s demise  
From the first time that I met him, till he left for the skies  
How a clown became a jester, and finally a joke  
Rich man to a beggar, and finally he was broke  
He was sitting on a bar stool, his arse hanging out  
Ordering a chaser, to go with his stout  
Portly little fella, with Ginger grey hair  
A little over five foot, if he got off his chair  
Telling humorous tales, his voice booming loud  
With numerous jokes entertaining his crowd  
And every tale, whether falsehood or true  
Accompanied a pint, swallowed in two  
He had loads of money, I once heard him brag  
While eating a kebab, from a carrier bag  
And washing it down with a brandy or three  
He'd just finished work, and that was his tea  
Tea time to last orders became his routine  
Monday to Sunday and all in between  
And every penny he had he would spend  
On any one willing to be his drinking friend  
He sang karaoke and thought he was in tune  
As he had white birds flying over, Dover's Cliffs Blue  
And pitied the man, who said that's not right  
When he replied "who said pissed? I'll take them outside"  
Weeks became months and eventually years  
Poor Mr Steamed, never got grip of his curse  
Pockmarked and bulbous, his bloodshot red snout  
Texture of Satsuma, old and dried out  
Sat in the middle of his melon coloured cheeks  
Above blue tinged lips, and dirty black teeth  
Then diabetic, he'd gone onto gin  
Ok as long as he had enough spare insulin  
His personal hygiene, was long obsolete  
And his bladder let him piss down his legs to his feet  
He'd ignored all the doctors quoting their facts  
About the chance he had of facing heart attacks  
A lot of years before him he could see on this land  
As long as he had a fag and beer in his hand  
It was no diabetic coma, or his heart giving out  
Or his cirrhosis of the liver which was never in doubt  
The only thing that's certain is he ended up dead  
No suspicious circumstances, accidental they said  
Fallen down his stairs all alone in his home  
Must have had one too many while drinking alone

By Lee Haigh