**I suppose I’ll never know!**

Look at him over there, with the black, bushy beard,

thinking he’s trendy when really he’s weird.

Why would you want a ring through your nose,

tattoos on your arms and fingers and toes?

Why would you want to wear that shirt,

wobbling like a penguin and looking like a Blurt?

I suppose I’ll never know…

Look at her over there, with the shocking pink locks,

stomping in her bovver boots and long, stripy socks.

Why would you want a dress like that,

when you’re not even slim, you’re incredibly fat?

Why would you want to look like a ghoul,

attracting negativity but thinking you’re cool?

I suppose I’ll never know…

Look at him over there, with the big fat belly,

wobbling around like an enormous jelly.

Why would you want a shaved hairstyle,

looking like an extra from Jeremy Kyle?

Why would you want your fingers full of rings,

dripping in gold, like Pharaohs and Kings?

I suppose I’ll never know…

Look at her over there, with the jewel in her nose,

dragging on a cigarette, polluting her clothes.

Why would you want to inhale that stuff,

when factory smoke is probably enough?

Why would you want to spend all your cash,

on lethal toxins and volcanic ash?

I suppose I’ll never know…

Look at me, over here, courting poisonous lovers,

judging sacred books by their colourful covers.

Why would I want to treat people like that?

When my own life’s a tyre all punctured and flat.

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Why would I want to criticise strangers,

reflections of Jesus, lying in mangers.

I suppose I’ll never know…

