

*My Neighbour's Myna*

No, of course I didn't mind.  
He was marvellous company.

No, he was never a shriek of trouble.  
I didn't even have to use the blanket.

But I was surprised when you rang,  
told me you'd be away another month.

No, Harry and I got on together fine  
chattering away till bedtime.

He's got the most beautiful eyes, hasn't he?  
No wonder he liked being opposite the mirror,

the one above my fireplace, the one  
I saw your car eventually come back in.

I'm amazed how quickly he picked things up,  
the kettle's whistle, spitting logs, the top stair.

Oh, and that *fuckfuckfuck* must have come  
from when I put the phone down on your call.

I'm afraid you'd ruffled my feathers.  
People assume that because I'm on my own

I have no life to speak of. Well, \* \* \* you.  
He seems to like that sound the most you know.

Perhaps you could pretend he's saying,  
*Look, look. Rook!* He's just as black. No, blacker.

You'll never guess what else he tried to do.  
Has he ever had a go at that with you?