

What Shall I Write? by Jackie Jacques

So, I've joined Creative Writing
Thought it might be quite exciting
To exercise the brain cells
Stave off ennui and dark spells
Resuscitate a neuron
But I'll have to get a move on
The Final Deadline's looming
Will I make it? Is there room in
The script that's my life story?
I don't ask for fame or glory
Just to know I'm still a player
Though my hair is ever greyer.
Shall I start to write my memoir
Tell the secrets of my boudoir?
Would I hurt too many feelings
With all those dark revealings?
Had a stab at cosy crime
And it took up too much time
Was instantly forgettable
And probably regrettable
Should I stick to family sagas
With love among the Agas?
Could I turn my hand to funny
And make a pile of money?
Or shall I write a poem –
In the style of Blake or Cohen?
So clever, deep and telling
Full of angst and finer feeling
Or Pam Ayres might be my guide -
In your face, wi' nowt to hide

Then there's rap and lyricism
Words of meaning lost in rhythm
And who remembers lyrics
Midst the dance and atmospherics?
Make up words and hum along
Not so the bard of song
Forget Shakespeare if you dare
His words are everywhere
But I can't compete with him
So, for me, it's sink or swim
And doggerel is better
For the U3A Newsletter!