

Meeting Oscar Wilde in Bilston.

When I met Oscar Wilde in Bilston
We swopped epigrams and wit
Then Oscar realised that I'd out joked him
More than a little bit.

But when Oscar laconically said you're
Bilston born and Bilston bred
My mood darkened and I rejoined do not
Quip thick in the arm and thick in the head.

He raised his fist and said in his posh
And measured London drawl
Beware or I'll give you a bunch of fives
And then I'll see you fall.

To placate his temper I said I'll get you
A pint of best Bank's ale
Knowing that with his love of alcohol
This ploy would not fail.

However later when I said if wit were
S..t you'd be constipated
He rounded with laughter saying that's
Made me feel amused and elated.

Oscar then said I know it's part of your image
To have Sam the Staffie as a suitable pet
But your diction and accent and speech
Is as rough as a ragman's trumpet.

Before you belittle the humble life of the ragman
I said, my dad collected tat and old iron
However, with hard work and avoiding the
Taxman he's got loads of gold sovs to retire on.