

Coventry

In Coventry Town a miller found dead
Some thought someone had poisoned his bread,
From questions in the pub it was far more sublime,
He had greedily guzzled five bottles of wine.

So before you judge his incapacity to be a winer
Witness Frankie Whittle saw his great inability as a climber,
For it wasn't the wine that killed him stone dead
He'd jumped up the waterwheel and fell on his head.

Mr Michaels' Potboiler Poetry

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