

Next Door

My mum says
The woman next door
Isn't a fly.

A huge bluebottle
Rubbing six thin legs together
Crawling upside down on the ceiling
Sticking her long nose into the jam.



My mum says
That buzzing and whirring and humming
We hear each day through the wall
Is only a Hoover.

If that's true, why
Does her husband scuttle
Over the floor on eight hairy legs
And build thick webs
In the dark cupboard under the stairs?

And why does Stan
Her eldest son
Buy huge cans of Deadly Flykill?

When I next see her
Zooming over the compost and dustbins
I'll have to ask her
Just what's SWAT!

David Harmer

It's Behind You! Monster Poems
by Paul Cookson and David Harmer