

The Whoopsie Do

A dog had left a whoopsie do
right there for all to see,
just up from King's Cross station and
nearby RNIB.

As luck would have it pavements here
are wide to some degree.
Most dogs pull owners to one side
and piddle up a tree.

But this one probably was a stray
and did his 'excuse me',
immensely brazen, on our path;
a crime most would agree.

We all stepped over, or around,
alertness was the key,
just up from King's Cross station and
nearby RNIB.

This morning Colin's train was late;
his thoughts were all at sea.
He had to stand from Hendon and
had cramp below his knee.

When stepping out on Euston Road,
he loved his MP3.
At peace thanks to the comfort of
his favourite CD.

Which meant his powers to scout around
for dangers in his way
were predisposed to concentrate
on songs by Doris Day.

'Que sera' her voice rang out,
'Whatever will be will be'.
Just up from King's Cross station and
nearby RNIB.

