

On the thirteenth day of Christmas my true love phoned me up . . .

Dave Calder

Well, I suppose I should be grateful, you've obviously gone to a lot of trouble and expense – or maybe off your head. Yes, I did like the birds – the small ones anyway were fun if rather messy, but now the hens have roosted on my bed and the rest are nested on the wardrobe. It's hard to sleep with all that cooing, let alone the cackling of the geese whose eggs are everywhere, but mostly in a broken smelly heap on the sofa. No, why should I mind? I can't get any peace anywhere – the lounge is full of drummers thumping tom-toms and sprawling lords crashed out from manic leaping. The kitchen is crammed with cows and milkmaids and smells of a million stink-bombs and enough sour milk to last a year. The pipers? I'd forgotten them – they were no trouble, I paid them and they went. But I can't get rid of these young ladies. They won't stop dancing or turn the music down and they're always in the bathroom, squealing as they skid across the flooded floor. No, I don't need a plumber round, it's just the swans – where else can they swim? Poor things, I think they're going mad, like me. When I went to wash my hands one ate the soap, another swallowed the god rings. And the pear tree died. Too dry. So thanks for nothing, love. Goodbye.

From [*Read Me 2: A Poem For Every Day of the Year*](#)
