

Flysheet

I've never seen a human poo that wasn't floating
It was like it had been beached
In fact I thought I was the only person that had been to the toilet
That was before I came on Fly Sheet
I never knew that my bones could ache
Or that bits of me could get so cold
The mist in the forest beckoned Arthurian myths
Whilst bits of me started growing mould on top of mould
That was of course until the sun came out
I'd never felt such religious gratitude
And on our trip to the petrol station to get cokes and crisps
I realised the shift in my attitude....
Like we were living green and crisps were the antidote
Rather than the other way round for a change.
Ethics? We had as many as trees
We had children, love and squabbles
The Forest Commission wanted to stamp out the rhododendrons
But I thought this was discrimination
Sycamores too, because the oaks were in charge
With silver birch as home secretary
And the Forest was inundated with plenty of ferns
Some said to be unemployed
But as a group on Fly Sheet we completely enjoyed
The nature and we discussed it
We chased the crisp packets until we caught them
We talked about unbiodegradable latex balloons
We made latrines and ate a lot of chick peas and cous cous
And a lot of the time we talked about poo – or farts a well known by-product.
We sat round the camp fire and sang songs together,
We made shelters and got soggy feet
We ran around and sang and signed and shouted
On our week together on Fly Sheet.