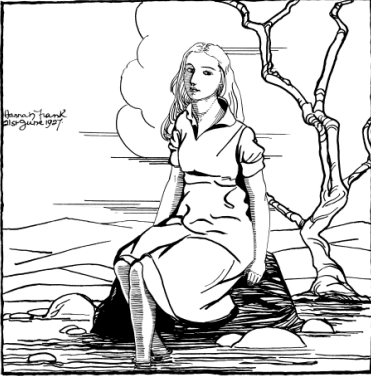


WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS



Well doesn't time fly when you're faking a smile?
You give an inch, they take a mile;
They say tit for tat and tooth for tooth,
But take an eye for an eye –
We're fucked.

All fingers and thumbs, and fists and knuckles,
Heavy hands make light work,
Falling ham-fisted like cats and dogs,
You think you're pyjamas –
You're bollocks.

We'll say we're happy as Larry and a dog with a bone,
Because those in glass houses should never throw stones;
They say home is where the heart is, but the heart is cold,
And when life gives you lemons –
Tough shit.

By Adam Burton, Eston, North Yorkshire.
The poem is based on the drawing **Untitled** (1927).