

FAT? THIN? TALL? SMALL?



How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, & went his way.

Fat? Thin? Tall? Small?
I do not know.
Approaching ... Slowly
Tiptoe Tiptoe
My first day to work with the Sultan.

I do not look.
A horrid sight.
And the smell – Oh Gosh.
It was as if 100 dustbins had been poured over this man.

I do not speak.
I'm just a girl.
A speck of dust on a dark mattress ...
The bottom of the chain.

I do not listen.
The squeak of his puny chair.
The gurgle as he drinks his wine.
The screech of the plate as it is tossed aside.
The chew as he grinds the poor lamb ...
At least it's at peace.

“Sauce!” He bellowed like an angry gorilla.
Terrible!
How can such a vicious and vile,
Old and overweight, rude and raging man be ruling us?
“Don't bite the hand that feeds you.” I replied.
It was a mistake.
I had said it, I could not pretend.
I knew, right then, that was my end.
Fat? Thin? Tall? Small?
I'll never know.

By Andrew Vettraino, Netherlee Primary School, Glasgow.
The poem is based on the drawing
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp (1928).