

JACK DINGLEBERRY

Recently while going through my live-in maid's room I discovered a collection of poetry by the much under appreciated Irish poet Jack Dingleberry. A collection which I had never seen before, called "Jack Dingleberry: The Dog's Bark". I am a great fan of Mr Dingleberry's work so I sat down to read it, knowing that I had at least half an hour before Conchita would manage to unscrew the hinges on the basement door. These poems moved me greatly and I almost didn't fire Conchita when she eventually did burst in on me in my state of undress.

I hope you find these poems as powerful as I did on Ketamene. Yours truly,
Lord Henry Crapwizard.

Short Article

Walking down O'Connell Street,
Cleary's clock,
Tick tock,
A young girl passes in her tight top,
Into Eason's and grab the Daily Mirror,
Porn underneath,
I think an old woman saw me.

Waste of Time

Toilet town,
Pants down,
Hurry up now Morse is on,
Sit there waiting,
I'd love a Jaffa cake,
Ah the seats wet,
Feckin' kids,
8 o'clock,
I wish I was dead.

Suicide Attempt

Take the sleeping pills 1 to 13,
Lay back on the bed,
I need to take a piss,
Puke on my face,
Bad taste,
A cry for help,
Pump my stomach.

Killing Time

A cup of tea,
By the gas fire,
The Late Late,
With our hands in hand,
My wife,
Enjoys the peace and quite,
Leave her snoozing,
Go out and find a prostitute.

Homework

A maths problem,
X, Y, Z, spells trouble to me,
I was never good at this,
Give me Geography any day,
But I can't let down that sweet little face,
Or her pimp will kill me.

Tender

Shh,
Don't cry,
You're putting me off.

Cornershop Man

O Cornershop Man,
Twenty Benson & Hedges please.

The Truth of Comedy

Nothing,
Everything,
Yaks on fire,
Explaining nothing,
Explaining everything,
Sleep with his daughter.

Life

Potatoes,
Beans,
Sprouts and carrots,
A lamb chop or two,
Pasta,
Biscuits, Cigs, Cans,
Dairylee Lunchables for the kids,
Worthers Originals for the wife,
Yoghurts,
Cheese,
This is a shopping list.

The Fox

Down in the woods the fox did run,
He didn't have a worry to tell,
Everyone knew he was swift and sly,
He had glossy coat and bushy tail,

And all the birds they did coo,
To watch that fox fly by,
Oh that handsome rascal mister fox,
He was their favourite boy,

"From Morn till Dusk I'll scamper and play,
But never with the same bird twice,"
Said he, "It's a burrow I do not need,
And to have a litter, I think, is a vice,"

But, alas, one night,

Pissed out of his head,
He kissed the owl,
And took her to bed,

She got pregnant, on purpose,
So he had to marry her even though he never loved her,
And she just hoots away all day, never shuts up,
God that woman, he can feel the bile rising every time she
undresses to go to bed.

Compiled by Mark Cantan and Davy Banks
