

An Ode to St. Austell Hash.

May 25th 2009

Sorry this is late

But reports were my fate

So you lot had to wait

For this important date!

We all grouped at the Western Inn

For a hash that was going to begin.

In the rain we all stood brave

Ready to start the run that had been paved.

A down down before we could begin

For Flora as we wondered where she had been.

She came with her dog Millie

Just in case Limpit was a bit silly!

Off we went through St. Austell

Hoping that the hash wouldn't be awful.

The first hare for the day was Not a Full Shilling

Who had promised the hash would be thrilling.

The second hare was Clay Tits

Who said she would show us the good bits.

The hash halt was very delicious

Although Imerys thought we were vicious.

Then it was all downhill on back to the pub

As some of us wanted more grub.

There were down downs outside

For those who showed their silly side

Bypass, Haphazard and Brussels for getting stuck on a train

And also for PMT who had started to complain.

PC69 camped 3 a breast?!

Shi'ite hit his head and needed a rest.

Seaman Stains had a blind date - was it great?

Dopey got lost but who cared a toss!!

Knickerless couldn't make the hash

Limpit's oral work took some cash.

Stainmaster saw no sawdust because in flour it was set

Sneezy Sleazy did a trek.

Hooker on her arse she fell

And the earth tremor shook us very well.

Blue Rinse for advertising shoes

Hope they came in twos!

For the hash and pub there were scores

But my counting had the flaws!

So goodbye from this poet

Who didn't even know it!

PMT Laureate