

DERMOT THE DOLPHIN

Dermot the dolphin plied his trade
On the western River Yar
Convinced he'd never make the grade
As an able-bodied Tar

It wasn't the fish he wanted to catch
(Though he couldn't resist a few)
His ambition was to match
The glories of the view

Dermot had admired long term
The works of Constable
But once, when treated to a perm
At Fred's of Dunstable

His head was turned by his first glance
Of works by J M Turner.
He felt he'd entered upon a trance
And joined up as a learner

At the Island College of Art
At Yarmouth, by the Quay
Where his tutor tried to impart
The basics of artistry.

Dermot the dolphin honed his skills
His canvas on his easel
But he couldn't afford to pay the bills
Of landlord Wilfred Weasel.

He tried to live by verse and rhyme
But couldn't master rhythm.
His tutor lent his paradigm
(Or was it para dig um?)

So Dermot dolphin plied his trade
On the western River Yar
Taking snaps of grockles on the esplanade
With a Polaroid cam-e-ra.

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