

PRIVY THOUGHTS

The "Smallest Room" is middle-class
For the place in which the well-filled arse
Rests upon its oval seat,
And likewise if you chance to meet
A person who the "Toilet" uses
(I've also heard "Make my Excuses")
Condemn them with that fearful louse
Who utilises the "Half-way House".
The questioner of "Where is It ?"
Quite plainly means "Where do you Shit ?"
The antipodean "Bog" or "Dunny"
Albeit apt, is far away and rather funny.
Some men among us use the "Gents",
Which doesn't really make much sense
When so applied to the other half
One gets the "Lads". It makes one laugh.
Please ! Another euphemism to avoid
That makes me seeth; my blood colloid:
Those Ladies who use the "Powder Room"
to "Powder their Noses", one supposes.
I'd like to condemn them to the doom
Of only doing so, when they "go".
The Latin "cloaca", used by Livy
Is now outdated -
So let's decide to use a "Privy".
This ancient word, uncommon now,
Should reinstated be somehow.
It onomatopoeicly
Suggests the privacy of pee
Closeted among the cloaks
One's private motions fart and croak
In delightful isolation.
Thus the idioms we use and shun
Tell the world how we relate
To our end-products or our fate.
And by this poem I raise a plea
Because anything's better than "Double-you-see".