

More Holiday Inspired Writing

As I remember
It was the 29 of September
On a Charabanc to Manchester Airport

Kevin McClone, like a dog with a bone
Herded us through
with a whistle or two
As is the custom

We were flying Jet 2
To Menorca Son Bou
And a refuge by the name Valentine

We relaxed by the pool
As if in a dream
Yes it was all we could wish for

To walk in the hills and valleys
With our Julie's and Sally's
And dip our toes in the sea
With our clothes on maybe

We had our maid of Orleans
Who danced in her dreams
With no possibility of sleeping

New friendships were made
And quizzes played
Organised by two quiz wizards

And we walked- yes we walked
And we talked- yes we talked

We had tears in our eyes
Because we wanted to stay
At our bar on the beach
But the sun went down
It was all just out of reach.