

## GRANNY

By Dolly Jones (1918 – 2015)

I'm about to be shown my house is a pigsty  
The children half starved and the garden a mess  
I know I'll be told that my ironing is dreadful  
No matter how hard I have tried to impress!

I'll be told that my husband is thinner  
Be questioned about what I do with my day.  
So what is this awful inspection I'm dreading?  
It's simply that Granny is coming to stay!

For Grannies are filled with wide beam vision,  
They spot all the dust on the top of the door.  
No matter how long I spend sweeping down cobwebs,  
Granny can always sweep down a few more.

All of the dirt in those dark hidden places,  
The fluff that sleeps silently under the bed,  
And peas that lie rotting under the cooker  
Come out and surrender at Granny's soft tread.

But Granny you know is a living computer,  
What knowledge lies beneath that blue rinse?  
It's Granny that makes lovely jam out of marrow  
And dinner for six from one tin of mince.

She knows how to get stains off the tablecloth  
Turn baby's colicky screams into smiles  
And Granny keeps cures in that bottomless handbag,  
For any condition from rabies to piles.

There's nothing that Gran hasn't seen in her life,  
She knows all the mistakes that a person can make;  
And spot all those marriages doomed for divorce,  
While the happy young couple are still cutting the cake.

But I'll say no more on the subject of Granny  
There's plenty I could mention but, you see,  
I know the time's coming before very long  
When my children are parents and Granny is me!