



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

March- June

Mostly Naff Manny Haikus: 5 - 7 - 5

Yet more corona diaries

By Roy Woodard

Because she loves me



she buys digestives
because, I do not like them,,
waistline kept in check

She has her faith



glass on worktop edge
to catch an unwary soul.
'but I fuss too much'
[evidently]

Self-isolation

day two and I am
considering an apple,
that's how bad it is

Manny at co-op [24th March 2020]

no toilet paper
only soya milk, couscous,
no toilet paper

He sleeps [just because it's enigmatic

doesn't mean it's meaningful]

no planes, cars, people
to stir pink apple blossom,
dog waits for summer

Grandson [one year old]

Anelio plays,
[there is]
new snow in Vedegheto,
[he is]
far from home, from home

That's how it is

we keep our distance
we hope it is someone else,, ,
that is how it is

Me, you, us, them

a leaflet arrives
the vicar wants volunteers
support those in need?

Roy 66 ½

do I risk my life
to deliver medicines
to eighty year olds
[I mean, if you think about it, they have zero chance
of dying at 79, like being on the home stretch on
the Ludo board, while I've got maybe a quarter of
the board to go]

'Release the peas'

'cod tonight' she says
tells me like it is a treat
and,, 'we have some peas'

The vicar always rings twice

[I missed the first call]

asks, will I get two lemons

for Mrs Dunstan



Bored,, I decide to reposition the router [1]

trusting memory

I disconnect the cables,, ,

no TV tonight

Not a Haiku,, bored, I decide to reposition

the router [2] To the tune of: 'if you're walking
out at night'

♪ if you're moving your router tonight , , ,

Be sure to check, you've a photo just right,, , ,

Because, if you forget where the cables might be

There'll be no telly tonight for you to see ♪

Manny gets the post from the mat

she picks up the post

washes her hands with care, then,,,

opens envelopes

Jesus Manny!!!

April 3rd 2020



Mannys been shopping,,

digestive *and* ginger nuts now

who ^[the fuck] buys ginger nuts!!!!

[Manny says she's throwing them out,,,

-the ginger nuts- she doesn't like them either]

So it's about day twenty

and Manny takes pleasure in pointing out the skid marks -my skid marks- at the bottom of the pan,,,, this has been going on for some while now,,, you should know that I am, in general, a careful man about such matters,,,,- about most things to be honest, I look both ways, I rarely overtake, I avoid rough pubs,,, - but I am, I should say,, particularly well trained in this area,,,, toilet seats are usually left in the down position, all dribbles are tended to,,, I check after flushing for any signs of my presence, I am,, for the peace of mind of any possible future partner,, , pretty much domesticated.

First of all I denied,,,, this was of course an instinctive reaction, I know that,, but honestly,, I felt unjustly accused,, I'm sure I had checked,,,, then it sank in that it was me,,,, all mine,,,, I should explain,, I certainly tried to,, that I had checked on flushing but the bleachy stuff Manny puts in the cistern had foamed up so I could see nothing,, I had planned to check again after I had done my teeth and the foam had settled, but it simply slipped my mind,, as things do these days. This is not an excuse so much as an explanation,, but Manny didn't want to hear any of it,, ,,, 'there's only one explanation' she tells me,, 'and that's it came out of your backside,,,' ,, well ,, facts are facts and hard to argue with at the best of times but ,, trying to save some face,, explaining that it was an accident and not intentional and I complain that these -'these skid mark lectures' had only started a few months ago after I had mentioned that she had been leaving 'floaters' lately and that I was a good boy most of the time, and that 'the floaters' , girly as they were,, had only been mentioned ,, , not to embarrass her ,, but as a kindly word to the wise because the kids were staying and she would be embarrassed. 'I was trying to be considerate' I tell her 'and you're just out for getting your own back,,,,.'

Manny seems to be on a roll,, and she's laughing,, which means either I've amused her -I hadn't- or she was about to win,, ,, the coup de grâce I think it's called,, 'You only told me because you thought the kids would blame you for it,, the floaters,,, not me,,,, , that's the reason you told me,,,,'

*you know, sometimes I reveal too much of myself

*I ask Manny if she wants to read this but she's too busy right now.



Manny having a pancake after

[polite version]

Day,,, , whatever and we,,

~~[Bognor writers]~~

are producing bad [really bad] poetry

This is intolerable,

how I suffer, more suffering

what is it about covid-19

that turns your everyday normal
ordinary people,,

[people you could be standing in line
with at the Co-Op without any hint
of their true nature]

into really bad poets,

[even if they are self-published]

I mean,,,

just cos it's a tale of woe and

occasionally rhymes,

- eyes - dies,

death bed - now dead,

etc.

,,,,,

no matter how tortuous,

[if you get my thinking]

why does all this get forgiven

in this,, in this

time of , coronavirus.

Honestly folks,, it , doesn't

always have to mean it's,,

ever worth the inking.

All the canaries

[It's easy if you're 'comfortable']

Lockdown is over

we watch all the canaries

go back to their work

Happy clapping

[Or; If a tree falls in the forest and
no one is there to hear, does it
make a sound?]

Demonic Cummings

'we're all in it together'

claps from far away

BBC,,, ,

Stop with the feel good stories

Stop with the awful poetry

Especially stop the social clapping

[If Boris thinks it makes us feel that we're all in this
together,, well we are not,,, ask Demonic when he
gets back home]

We are not America [thank god]

or Italy

or Spain

[where they do those kind of things spontaneously,
with generosity, with some grace]

Let's have some reserve

a little common apathy

some good old British

snarky contempt

I'll settle at a pinch

for
black humour
or just plain irreverence
its what we do.
Let us tut loudly for the whole world to hear.
Let us put away our pots and pans
Say it loudly, we're Brits and we sneer.
Look,, its obvious,, , , ,
Boris is shifty,
Demonic,, a hypocrite
The government,, , wank

* Manny doesn't like this one,,, she says it's,,,
[she hesitates],,, she says it's like listening to
me droning on at the telly, and besides,,
[hesitates again],,, she's heard it all before..

♪**Didn't we have**♪

[Obviously to the tune of ,,
Didn't we have a lovely time
the day we went to Bangor]

♪a love-ely time
the day we went to Barnard.

A beautiful day,
we had lunch on the way
the day we went to Barnard.
We had to be quick
'cause Mary felt sick
and we had to find somewhere
to take her [not home]
Oh didn't we have a lovely time
the day we went to Barnard.
Such a beautiful day,
we sung all the way
the day we went to Barnard.
Oh it makes me so livid
when I think of the covid
the day we went to Barnard.
Such a beautiful day
Cos,
We've got somewhere to stay
and we're out of the way
the day we went to Barnard[♪]

**Only to be song under
'exceptional' circumstances**

♪It's a long way to County Durham
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to County Durham
With the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to County Durham
But no vir-us there!♪

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