

CHEESE ON TOAST

Within the realms of Orpheus
One star's in the ascendance
The only goal permitted
Is achieving independence

We don't just do the drama –
We don't just sing and play.
They couldn't just teach drama
And then let us go away.

No, the Orpheus guards won't let us
Disappear into the hills
Until we prove we've mastered
Independent living skills.

You can't live independently
Till you can truly boast
That within our life skills kitchen
You can serve up cheese on toast.

That doesn't sound too difficult
It's not a Sunday roast.
But there is quite a technique
To producing cheese on toast.

The first time that I tried it
It blew over in the breeze –
I didn't mangle cheese on toast
I managed toast on cheese.

I could work a kettle tipper,
Open up a bag of flour,
But toasting cheesy bits of bread
Was still beyond my power.

I forgot all other subjects
I was totally engrossed –
And one day, quite by chance, I made
The perfect cheese on toast.

They said – you'll have to leave now
You're better off than most –
You've gained your independence
You've conquered cheese on toast

They made me move into a flat
Somewhere on the south coast.
And there, for three meals every day
I lived on cheese on toast.

No-one would come to see me –
You can't be a great host –
If every guest for dinner
Has to eat just cheese on toast.

It's not a balanced diet –
Cheddar cheese on Mother's Pride.
So after years of cheese on toast
I sadly, one day, died.

I had a lovely funeral.
I'd asked to be cremated
In a coffin made of sliced bread,
Topped with cheddar, finely grated.

Now in the lifeskills kitchen
You may sometimes see my ghost.
Throughout the night, all deathly white
Preparing cheese on toast.

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