

HAIRDRIER

In height I am just five foot four & three quarters,
I'm blessed with a wife and three beautiful daughters
And all of my life I have wanted to be
A policeman (or policeperson, to be P.C.)

But they said "You're too little – we dare not employ you.
You might fool the crooks, but the lads would destroy you".
They wouldn't relent, despite my demands
So I took the law into my own soft, small hands.

I purchased a bright yellow waterproof jacket
(It's meant for a yachtsman – it cost me a packet).
And the milkman – a helpful, amenable chap
Gave me, for nothing, his second best cap.

To all of this somewhat unusual attire
I added my wife's dark brown plastic hairdrier.
And during the morning and evening rush hour
I point it at cars – I do love the power.

You should see their faces, they stand on the brakes
They slow down to thirty, each white knuckle shakes
As I write down their numbers upon my clipboard.
And nobody ever suspects I'm a fraud.

They dawdle back home at the pace of a snail
And wait for the summons to come in the mail.
For their licence to be taken and thrown in the bin
By the man with a Pifco that isn't plugged in.

I haven't, of course, told you all where I live –
And that's information I'm not going to give.
So you'll never know if the next copy you see
Is the genuine article, or merely me?

You can never be sure – was that cop a real cop?
Were you fooled by a hat from the local co-op.
Have you slowed to a crawl for a man standing there
With a wife and three daughters with slightly damp hair.