

Aunt Bella

Our Aunt Bella's frosty and terribly rude. No good trying to tell her
It just makes her colder. She'll fold her arms and glare hard
At you with eyes that'll make you cry. So why must we visit.
Not once a week, but twice. A slice of dry cake in

The unheated kitchen and glacial friction between her
And our mum make you wince. But since Uncle Henry
Departed this life, his wife unheated and sharp, "needs
Company" says mum, often glum having to spend

Time with a lady so nippy. "And lippy too" says Dad.
He won't enter the igloo. "Just who needs the hassle?" he'll
Say as we leave the warm glow, only to go where the
Reception is brittle, so little chance of a cosy chat.

We can hear Mum mutter, "Am I a nutter?
After all She's his sister not mine. It's time he came with me
She's his responsibility. Isn't she when all's said and done?"
But we wouldn't dare, to wear a frown. So,

We go with our mater, and later we'll moan about the
Time spent in Siberia. It's no cafeteria at Aunt Bella's
That's for sure, but pure agony. Not to mention the
Glassy stare, what a chill in the air when she opens

The door to the fridge that's her flat. So that's that.

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