

Too Messy for Nessie

There's a terrible mess
On the shores of Loch Ness
Where the monster's been chucking her bones.
There's bonnets and sporrans
All tattered and torn
And a pile of chewed-up mobile phones.

There's socks and there's shoes
And bits of canoes
And they've turned a bit slimy and green.
There's flippers and goggles
And venture scouts' woggles
And the fins from a small submarine.

There's camera gear
Piled up over years
Rusting away on the shores
And there once lived a man
On the shores in a van
Now all that is left are the doors.

Now you might think Nessie
Is terribly messy
With her rubbish and piles of old bones.
So stop trying to watch her
And stop trying to catch her
It's her place, just leave her alone.

By Donald Nelson