

Classy verse from Global Village

Matthew Mitchell

Printing Jenny

Printing Bibles is Jenny's daily chore,
Or rather, stacking wads of India paper
As the press revolves them out galore.

Today it's Genesis and all that caper—
Catch a modern girl listening to snakes!—
Still it's a job and, viewed through the vapour

Of four o'clock tea, has got what it takes,
That is, nice pay, nice hours, no coming the boss.
Only an hour before knock-off, which makes

Three-quarters really, then off to the Cross
To meet Dan with his guitar and scooter,
Who says her lips are sweet as candy-floss.

Jenny's not sure these tight jeans really suit her
But for pillions and jive they're ideal.
Dan's picked up lots of tunes without a tutor.

Silly of him last month to go and steal.
He says he got that passionate in clink!
But, as the mags say, how to know love's real?

There's Rachel, who was told she'd get a mink:
She's had the kid adopted and she's back
On Cost Accounting, but it makes you think.

Jenny chucks the last heap on the binding stack:
Scriptures for those whose faith is on the cool,
For those who burn or twist upon the rack,

For many a bell-resounding mission school,
For best-seller export to the States:
She leaves them with her mug, her only tool,

And hurls her sixteen summers through the gates.