**The unpublished poets’ day out**

Well we got the van; could not afford the coach.

A couple of mattresses in couch mode.

Served us well

In the hell

Of the transit.

A meeting of others

Similarly in tatters

Of notes and scribbles.

We were at the Xerox level

Of publishing.

Just friends you understand;

Nothing personal.

We hitched the Brown ale:

A similar tale.

They had Vin Rouge in cases.

We get the tops of Newcastle Brown.

They split their nails on the waiter's friend

We started to fart

About our art.

They minced and winced about their chintz.

As a communal come together

It did not work.

Nothing of the aching angst:

this is a More of the cheques banked.

We retreated; full of beer;

They continued to leer.