|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Well, me name is Séamus,  I could be famous,  But I’m so shameless,  Couldn’t care less if I tried.  Now you don’t know it,  A clandestine poet,  But I don’t show it,  I bide my time.  Not a sleeper,  More of a creeper,  Like a grim reaper,  I hang around.  A storyteller,  A rovin’ fella,  A wordsmith seller,  I ply my trade.  Now I could teach ya,  Some say a preacher,  Could be a feature,  The show goes on.  The words of wander,  That comes from yonder,  I’ll tear asunder,  That’s how I roll. | Communication,  A slow rendition  Alliteration,  I spread the word.  Forever careering,  And overhearing,  But never leering,  To catch a thought.  Plagiarising,  And super sizing,  Add a twist of lying,  To suit my needs.  Never sighing,  The words are flying,  I’m always trying,  To bend your ears.  The handy phrases,  I put on pages,  All the sages,  Have done before.  I feel a phoney,  All this baloney,  For your eyes only,  Ah, what the hell,  I’ve had a go!  *Seamus 2021* |