



WENDY COPE:

LASSO POET

By Wayne Visser

I've met a poet or two
While tucked under the covers
Or soaking in the tub
With bubble dreams of lovers

And sometimes in the park
I've heard them softly giggle
Or fumbling in the dark
I've felt their word-worms wriggle

But giddy-gum delight
Watch me do a jiggy jive
Upon this hum-drum night
I met a poet still alive

Her famous biting wit
With which she's known to poke
Is wicked when it's writ
But wickeder when spoke

Some say that she's besotted
Her words are strung like rope
But whether straight or knotted
You're bound to like Ms Cope

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