

Soul

Written by Nick Alexander

Sunday, 07 September 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Saturday, 06 September 2008 11:56

Soul

They say the body

is the temple of the soul.

She was

A good-templed woman,

Liked to get a bit of worship

Under her belt.

There were queues

To use her pews.

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Heart and soul

Of gold,

She was

Frank

In sense,

De-myrrh indeed.

Many a soul

On many a foot

Learned to lapse

In her apse;

In devotion

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To kiss her,

On the whole,

On her soul.

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Some Bugger's Been Fiddling With My Toaster Setting

Some Bugger's been fiddling with my toaster setting;

It's most upsetting.

It's clear it's not impinged

Upon the bread; that's hardly even singed.

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Some Bugger's been fiddling with my toaster setting;

Visitors need vetting.

It surely was a raid well planned,

Just a subtle sleight of silent hand.

Some Bugger's been fiddling with my toaster setting;

They must be letting

All and sundry out to roam

About my kitchen when I'm not at home.

Some Bugger's been fiddling with my toaster setting;

What's the betting

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That a fool has thought to tread

Where Angels rush in to toast their bread.

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Video Link: [Excavations of Eternity](#)