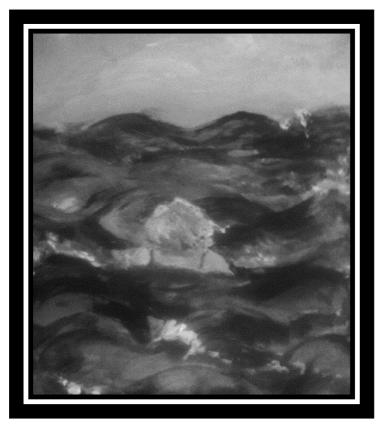
# Swimming with Endorphins Fran Isherwood



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Second Chance. You may need it next Dedicated to the memory of my wonderful dad Gordon Isherwood March 1933- December 2013

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Fran Isherwood

# Mine's A Pint

In a mill town in a monochromatic nation, she was born in between the publication of Cat In The Hat and Kathy Kirby's first EP. Her Dad, in a name book, was pleased to see that Frances meant "Free" and Mary, "Bitter" thus wetting the head of this first of the litter.

# A Long Time Ago In Manchester

I had a student holiday job as an usherette. One matinee, when the day was grey and wet I was inanely indulging in a vigorous swing of my spike- ended, ticket collecting string to punctuate my boredom-induced stupor. Out of the blue, in walked Tommy Cooper to watch American Werewolf by Jon Landis He towered over me, this huge man, this bear of a man with dark, untidy, greasy hair. I leapt right off my uncomfy, fold up chair. This famous face wasn't wearing his famous fez but when I took his ticket this is what he sez: "Thank you very much. Ah ha ha ha ha". And he was puffing away at a huge cigar. I said, "There's no smoking on the right hand side." He echoed, "No smoking on the right hand side". but that was exactly where he went and sat, smoking and laughing loudly. Just like that!

# **Ash Friday**

To the left, blue sky crowned with a meringue of white but, if you tilt your head back to unsteadying position you see someone's flicked their fag out on the top. To the right and ahead brooding clouds swirl above the flats. A bird's nest of nebulous grey hovers above the phalanges of what could be an Ash tree, pointing at the ashtray sky. I swear I hear a pigeon coughing like a 40 a day user. There are no planes to paint white lines across the sky So today, Mum's not gone to Iceland But that's ok- a bit of it came here instead.

# **Garden As Circus**

Windy Autumn day, overgrown lawn stands diagonally on end like teenage pop star's haircut. In dancing tree, a blackbird snaffles precious, remaining orange berries in yellow beak, balancing, fluttering, almost falling off fragile branch that flutters in its turn, intermittently tickling the washing line. I stare and silently dare the blackbird (let's call him Cedric) to tightrope-walk along the washing line. Alas, he refuses. Chicken. Not as if it would matter if he fell. No skin off his beak.

#### **Product Details**

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