



SATURDAY

After the wedding guests have left, Marion comes in to clean the church

It had been quite a do apparently

Up from London

Parked posh cars behind the pub

Strolled over to the church as though they owned the place

Over graves as though they were

Familiar

Moss Bros brings out the worst in people

says Marion

Our village kids gawped of course

Wish they wouldn't

The flowers limp now. Yet still reek florist sweet

Pity

says Marion

They never last till Evensong

Did you know the family?

Their house became the Nursing Home

Nice boy the groom nice boy

But the bride

Mouth like a sickle

The Ten Commandments frame the South Aisle

Do not kill

Comes in at number six surprisingly

Followed by adultery

Joe Richards

Joe Richards is a playwright living in Devon.