

Stuck on You, by Pam Ayres

I miss my lovely wife, she's gone, I've lost her, that's for sure,
Bees have tampered with her brain; she is besotted, she's a bore,
She talks a different language; it's all gibberish to me,
With her Modified Commercial and her WBC.

She's working in the shed, I am a very lonely chap,
She's making up the frames, going tappy-tappy-tap.
I get no smile of greeting as she nails another batch,
Her mouth is full of gimpy pins. They might go down the hatch.

Every time I see my wife I think I'm going to choke,
She is permanently trapped in an engulfing cloud of smoke,
We'd apples on the branches once, that's how it used to be,
Now great swarms of honey bees are hanging from the tree.

I see a stealthy figure in the dingy undergrowth!
I catch a flash of metal and I swear a mighty oath,
"A terrorist" I cry, and leap up brandishing the poker,
To see my wife emerging with a hive tool and a smoker.

My spouse was cool and fragrant; once we cuddled and we kissed,
Before she took the veil and called herself an apiarist,
She drops her suit and doesn't care what anybody thinks,
It may be smoke or sweatiness, but either way she stinks.

I miss her company; we don't do anything together,
She takes her bees to Scotland; they go camping in the heather,
Then, when they come back again, her one and only topic,
Is honey Caledonian and glories thixotropic.

When buying birthday presents I am overwhelmed with gloom
She's not a gal contented with a bottle of perfume,
Her needs are very complex. Can I find? Can I afford?
A solar wax extractor, straining tank and Snelgrove board?

Autumn is upon us; bleakly now the leaves are lost,
The hives are cosy in the cold no matter what the cost,
Varroa has been taken on with remedies assorted,
Mice are disappointed; Woody Woodpecker is thwarted.

My wife's on the extractor and the house looks like a slum,
She makes me wind the handle which in turn rotates the drum
Thickly in the warming tank we watch the honey pour,
With hands stuck to the table and with feet stuck to the floor.

Now from our endeavour, see the product, see the fruits,
Of summer days spent sweltering in reeking gloves and boots,
By tanks of golden honey we are richly reimbursed
I'd give my wife a cuddle... if she had a shower first.

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