

## THE LITTLE PLUMBER'S MATE

He was a friend of mine Bill,  
the little plumber's mate;  
and every day to the job  
he came bloody late.

His tools were stolen  
from others on the site;  
and every lunchtime alone  
he flew a silly kite.

He was a bastard of a kid,  
in trouble was he ever;  
you couldn't tell sure enough  
if stupid was or clever.

At four o'clock he would drop tools  
and head toward the trains;  
he couldn't stay at work  
with a tonne of chains.

For plumbing, pipes and the rest  
he didn't have the brains;  
imagine how hopeless  
he was with the drains.

But fair's fair, faults and all,  
he loved to be a plumber;  
although pipes didn't have,  
for him, size or number.

Alas, that day – poor thing –  
worked alone in drains  
which collapsed upon him then  
because of heavy rains.

And so, at the funeral  
the friends had to appear  
and after it all at the pub  
got stuck into the beer.

He was forgotten by all,  
    until a darkened night  
from my bed, like a shot,  
    jumped I in a fright.

Before me stood, what I thought,  
    an angel in white –  
two metres tall – with wings,  
    emblazoned in light.

He left me numb and speechless –  
    - In mouth felt the bile –  
he looked at me in a bemused  
    and calming gentle smile.

He said to me that he was sent  
    to earth in much a hurry  
and me to heavens with him  
    as passenger to carry.

So, the two of us had left  
    heading to paradise;  
he seemed fast and very deft  
    and very much wise.

Into a court he took me then,  
    atop a great stair;  
around lawyers and men;  
    and sat me in a chair.

Spread in a row on a bench  
    evidence for the case –  
a hammer, pipes and a wrench –  
    and water in vase.

Into the court then came God –  
    - donned in a purple gown –  
and then with a slight nod  
    the lot of us sat down.

All grew quiet and still  
    as out of the drains  
the little friend of mine, Bill,

was brought along in chains.

Into a cage then he sat  
like he didn't care;  
he looked like a little rat –  
a sight bloody rare.

I was let into the box  
- evidence to provide –  
by a bailiff big as an ox,  
( his sneer couldn't hide ).

Telling the truth I resent,  
don't like black-white;  
the truth that's halved and bent  
is colourful and bright.

Funny a thing, then I thought,  
as ready was to fake,  
a bible nobody brought  
the oath thus to take.

Goody oh goody, what a luck –  
- must be divine fate –  
the truth shall I now muck  
to help a little mate.

Over the rails took a look,  
smiled at little Billy;  
as usual he looked a sook;  
a bastard small and silly.

( Storyline : Apparently little Billy was a plumber's mate in Paradise and crossed, in error, the water pipes with the gas pipes and blew up a big chunk of the place. Therefor the poem and its storyline may be deemed unfinished. The court process, charges, examination and verdict may still need to be described. Putting down these events escape my imagination for now. Anyone else may continue with it ).

Poem by Peter Savvides ( written in the 1980's ).

