

# thoughts he might have had whilst lying in a ditch, aged eighty something

Ayesha Chouglay

bloody hat, be getting sodden in t' puddle  
nowt I can do

she'll have put t'kettle on now

hat'll be soaked through  
got that in Market Rasen; that were a nice day  
wore her summer dress  
it drizzled all the while  
dried by fire in t'pub, pint for our troubles  
dog at our feet

God, if I died here  
I'd be a happy man  
if only I had my hat

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**Note:** This poem is loosely based on a family member, who did in fact fall in a ditch, aged eighty something. Being a hardy sort, the thing he was most bothered about whilst lying there was not being able to put his hat on.