

## Paragliding Again the Other Night

My wife blamed the cheese,  
a smoked stilton blue.  
It seems that I said, quite sincerely,  
*come on, my dear, just slip in,*  
not quite the right words,  
for paragliding  
but they did convey a sense of calm.  
It would appear she declined  
and I was alone with a sense of silkiness  
that smelled of talcum.  
Somebody was puffing great pink clouds  
and I had no choice but to glide through.

In the morning, fresh, fragrant hail  
danced against our windows.

I will go south next winter.