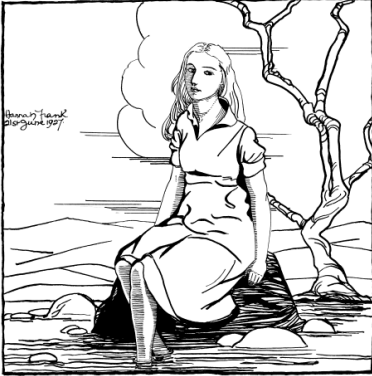


# WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS

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Well doesn't time fly when you're faking a smile?  
You give an inch, they take a mile;  
They say tit for tat and tooth for tooth,  
But take an eye for an eye –  
We're fucked.

All fingers and thumbs, and fists and knuckles,  
Heavy hands make light work,  
Falling ham-fisted like cats and dogs,  
You think you're pyjamas –  
You're bollocks.

We'll say we're happy as Larry and a dog with a bone,  
Because those in glass houses should never throw stones;  
They say home is where the heart is, but the heart is cold,  
And when life gives you lemons –  
Tough shit.

By Adam Burton, Eston, North Yorkshire.  
The poem is based on the drawing **Untitled** (1927).