

### **To Mrs Mee, Flat 3**

Dear Mrs Mee at flat number three there's nobody here but us.  
We're quiet as mice and busy as bees so why do you bang and cuss?  
Your neighbour at number five is where you ought to moan  
They have late night parties 'til their friends go home.  
And as for the smoking, well, that's number seven  
And it's not tobacco he's growing so he won't go to heaven.  
The rubbish does not belong to us, you need to know,  
As we chuck ours from the window to the car park below.  
And that shouting you hear is from flat number eight  
Old McDougal gets upset when his nags run late.  
We'll admit to the bright lights as we need to have control  
While our son stays with us, as he's still on parole.  
We don't have night vision cameras so he wouldn't be seen  
Trying to creep out at night on another criminal scheme.  
He doesn't mean to be bad but he did someone in.  
It was a sweet old neighbour who complained about the din.  
So, we're a little bit trapped in the flat as we try to keep him calm  
And do our best to prevent him doing anyone any harm.  
He doesn't like us to go out so we have takeaways sent to the flat  
You already know what we do with the rubbish, so that's that.  
He can get very moody and he shouts quite a lot.  
He throws chairs at the wall and always hits the same spot.  
He's very fond of his music, which he plays loud in bed.  
He says it helps to drown out the voices he hears in his head.  
So, thank you for writing, it was a lovely surprise  
But please don't come knocking, it wouldn't be wise.  
Perhaps, if you have a moment, you could pop round to the Police  
Just to let them know everything's fine, since the boy's release.  
But, if they wanted to re-arrest him, we'd be tickled pink  
As he's hidden all of our pens and this colour is *not* red *ink*.  
Thank you. Your very grateful neighbour.

**Kevin Rowswell**