

Red Long Johns Flapped Open



Red long johns flapped open behind my bum
Blood rouged mother's cheeks as we chased around
The house. My buttons undone meant that mum
Determined to spank as oft she was bound
She chased to chasten, her cane threatened pain
I climbed from dormer to a tree. A sigh
Escaped her red face watching her young bane
Slide down the trunk, run across paddocks. I
Fell buttoning long johns pulling on pants
And rested breathless by a five bar gate
Remembering her hot temper, her rants
Both knew I'd be back for dinner at eight
Now older, not wiser, meeker and mild
Mum spared the rod while not spoiling this child