

Percy the Pirate

When people think of pirates,
They think of strapping men
With cutlasses and whiskers,
And names like Jake or Ben.

But Percy was a pirate
More fearsome than the rest,
Although he had no muscles
Or hairs upon his chest.

For Percy's secret weapon
No brute could ever beat,
He never was without it –
His pair of smelly feet.

When he was out marauding,
His foes he would out-fox
By rapidly moving
His boots, and then his socks.

And then he'd do a handstand
And wave his feet aloft,
And so upon the ozone
The whiff would gently waft.



His victims' eyes would water,
Their noses, they would sniff,
Then forcefully the fellows
Would catch the poignant whiff.

And falling down like nine-pins,
They'd all be knocked out cold,
Then Percy would relieve them
Of jewellery and gold.

Yes, Percy was a pirate
No brute could ever beat,
Who owned a ton of treasure
Thanks solely to his feet.

Colin West

