

Strictly Farrow and Ball Rooms

Pale Hound. Alfie the border terrier has never been anaemic but he stays put in our hall. Pale hounded by our walls on the landing and stairs which are out of bounds for all hounds.

Green Ground. Grow where I sow and mow. Dark Ground where I dig and nurture; where compost helps consummate the seeds and manure adds its bulky texture to the 'dig for victory' cause as I talk and harvest and feed the family.

Hay. No not me; wrong spelling, but the dried grass. Far more valuable to the farmer: unless it was "Hey!" as his cabless tractor toppled.

Flickering Bulb. Twitching my eyeballs as night falls and daybreak is far away.

Nanna's Pearls. With broken string but all there and smile at me from the lidless jewellery box on mam's dressing table.

Quiet Interlude. Elusive window of precious time; phoneless, kidless, dogless, mindless.

Cooking Apple Green. Dilly dilly, cooking apple blue, when you are baked dilly, your core will be too!

Cat's Paw. 'Ingratitude thou marble hearted friend,' sharper than a cat's paw as you saw when I scratched you. Or will you settle for a light breeze forming ripples on the water?

Clunch. Neither clinch nor clunk, click and no free lunch to get you through listening to this. Just have another biscuit and smile.

Cord and String. What a thing to combine the two to fasten your shoe or tie your boot or attach your pictures to walls of the same two colours.

Verdigris Green. In our plastic poxed, polystyrene riddled world, Verdigris is as rare as copper but not as rare as a 'copper' on the beat. The added 'Green' is a bonus for prosperity and verging on posterity into the bargain.

Ball Green. Who gave a toss what colour it was? It was hard and round. The pitch was bald brown. The two captains were in the centre circle. This toss of the coin was what really mattered. The Ball, Green for Go and score!

Dead Salmon. What would John West have thought of this shade of mortality on our walls? Salar the salmon, the noblest of fish. Salmon Pink is a happier shade but too common methinks for Farrow and Ball.

Mole's Breath and Elephant's Breath. The ultimate combo to set the pulses racing. Two walls apiece and just sniff the difference.

Railings. Railing at the railings, knuckles white with rage, eyes filled with tears in the gap your young son squeezed through and crossed the line without looking.

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