**Wearing Silk Pyjamas In An Aldershot Hotel** *by M V Williams*

The scarlet paint was peeling in the dingy B & B.

They had picked at greasy chicken in the local KFC

and she was feeling lonely and in need of TLC.

The bed was cold and creaking, with a damp and musty smell

but she wore her silk pyjamas in that Aldershot hotel.

They watched a Beach Boys tribute band to pass the time away

and the waves came up and hit them as they sat in dumb dismay

in a theatre full of pensioners far from surfin’ USA.

And the sound of squaddies fighting, getting drunk and raising hell

erupted in the street outside that Aldershot hotel.

And second-hand pornography filled up the bedside drawer

where lonely men too far from home had spent the nights before

and the small TV’s remote control lay in pieces on the floor.

But they were passionate and young, and loved each other well

and she wore her silk pyjamas in that Aldershot hotel.