

'My Thingamajig' by Diana E. Backhouse.

I first met what's-his-name thingamajig
Whilst setting to sea in a two-sailed brig.
He swung from the mast which he'd gone up to rig,
Had the what-do-you-call-it thingamajig.
He wasn't too small and he wasn't too big,
Not human, nor monkey, cat, dog or pig,
But a what-do-you-call-it thingamajig.
His feet were quite large but his figure was trig,
He was ugly but said he did not care a fig,
That what-do-you-call-him thingamajig.
His head was quite bald but he wore a blonde wig
That had been fixed on by a welder named Mig,
Firm on the head of the thingamajig.
He was drinking ale from a four-handed tig.
As he chatted to me he kept taking a swig,
That ,now rather tipsy, thing-ing-amajig.
As, on the deck, in our chairs we did lig
He told me he really wanted to flig,
Be a pilot, a dare-devil fligamajig.
He took out a Vesta and lit up a cig'
When I said "that's not healthy", he took the hig,
Did that huffiest, puffiest thingamajig.
He leapt from his chair like a chirruping crig,
Got on his high horse, called me a prig,
That hopping-mad what's-it's-name thingamajig.
I tried to cajole him, I gave him a dig.
He relented, cheered up, then we danced a jig,
Me and that funny-old gigamajig.
When we got to the river, with a pin on a twig,
He caught some trout and a nice fat snig,
Then I dined in style with the thingamajig.
We reached the shore, had a ride in a gig
And rode to his home which was funded by thig,
For he was so poor, was that thingamajig.
The house was a dump but he wasn't called Stig.
His name was Zygo, his twin sister Zyg.
For I now knew a pair of thingamajig!
After rushing around like a fast whirligig,
All dressed in white with a flowery sprig,
I walked down the aisle with my wonderful, funny-old thingamajig.

