

# English is a Foreign Language

by

Alain English

Published by William Cornelius Harris Publishing

In collaboration

with

Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

ISBN 978-0-9932293-4-3

Copyright © Alain English 2014

All rights reserved

c/o Open Door, 224 Jamaica Road, London SE16

Second Chance

You may need it next



# Contents

Girdle Ness	5
The Ghosts of Old Pittodrie	6
The Highlander	8
Inferno	11
<u>Piper Alpha</u>	<u>12</u>
Theatre School	13
<u>The Legend of Annie Inglis</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>Baby Cry Room</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>Across the Dee</u>	<u>18</u>
Memory Swings	19
<u>When I Pray to God</u>	<u>20</u>
<u>You're Fired</u>	<u>22</u>
<u>Need to Work</u>	<u>23</u>
<u>Finding a Job</u>	<u>24</u>
<u>Interview</u>	<u>25</u>
<u>The Customers Complain</u>	<u>26</u>
<u>Release Yourself</u>	<u>27</u>
<u>Memories and Dreams of Soho</u>	<u>30</u>
<u>The Greatest Game of All</u>	<u>32</u>
There's Only One Jimmy White	35
<u>The Story of Palestine</u>	<u>38</u>
<u>Here's to the Losers</u>	<u>42</u>
We Are Shakespeare	45
Hurricane	48
<u>Ten Years in London</u>	<u>50</u>

## **Girdle Ness**

On the bench  
I land myself  
Some flowers placed  
Beneath my feet  
The white horse skips  
Along the bay  
It gallops past  
As I give way  
Surrendering at last to fate  
My fingers grasp at heaven's gate  
With weariness  
I come to rest  
Upon the rocks of Girdle Ness.

## The Ghosts of Old Pittodrie

In years to come, there will be some  
Who tell exciting stories  
Of wonders that could strike you dumb  
Fantastic football glories  
They'll breathe sigh for times gone by  
Their drink-fuelled tales will carry  
Their listeners to where spirits lie  
A place called old Pittodrie

In Aberdeen, cold, harsh and mean  
Pittodrie was its centre  
The stadium that stood had been  
A playground for adventure  
From granite streets there gathered fleets  
Of fans, it was an army  
That came to watch the wondrous feats  
Of football at Pittodrie

Their jeering rants and rhyming chants  
To hear them was pure magic  
Opponents came and wet their pants  
As fans became ecstatic  
But when the players lost their way  
The fans would vent their fury  
The angry, foul-mouthed things they'd say  
Would echo round Pittodrie  
The team was dressed in white and red  
The colours of the city  
And on the pitch they fought and bled  
With neither fear nor pity

The team took more than forty years  
To win a major trophy  
Success and failure, hopes and dreams  
They all embraced Pittodrie

With Joey Harper chasing goals  
Or Diamond posing dangers  
The team would relish making fools  
Of Celtic, Hearts or Rangers  
And Willie Miller, Eoin Jess  
Kept chasing all the glory  
The homegrown players were the best  
The greats of old Pittodrie

The coaches who have managed teams  
McLeod, McNeill and Turnbull  
They brought to life fans hopes and dreams  
Brought trophies by the handful  
But none can match the winning ways  
Of he who's known as Fergie  
The echoes of his glory days  
Still linger at Pittodrie

But all this happened long ago  
But still it's often mentioned  
The heroes all supporters know  
Immortalized in legend  
And on the coast you still can see  
The heroes in our story  
Courageous spirits standing free  
The ghosts of old Pittodrie.

