

The Clumsy Existence of Ditzzy Ackhurst

Bare legged in bed lies Ditzzy Ackhurst, resting her often-loose head upon a shoe. In her most recent matchmaking, her bed socks have eloped with her hairbrush. Night without a gown she coldly clutches the laced leather pillow which too will have vanished by morn. In dreaming she is reunited with all she has misplaced; she lies lost in a pile of old, new, wet behind the ears, mismatch thingamabobs.

Ditzzy Ackhurst speaks:

Hello my dearest frock,
I hope you liked Bangkok,
Back from your honeymoon,
Please do come back home s...

Oh, magazine unread,
I want your two-page spread,
It would be such a peach,
To read you on the b...

Backpack from time ago,
My gosh I've missed you so,
Nowhere to store my life,
How is your loving w...

Reason not lost alone but gone with slipped rhyme and now slips time she returns to the season of summer and somersaults back into the salt of her broken cherry memory. Fourteen. She loses it to her electric toothbrush.

Ditzzy Ackhurst fizzes:

Ow, ow, ow,
Ow, wow, w...

Relieved to be released from replaying her release she drifts again, silly skipping to another timeline to watch the organist sound his songmaker. Listen. Ditzzy has lost its tune but still socklessly wiggles her toes in soundless time.

Ditzzy Ackhurst squeals:

Play another!

You can hear her bumble stumbling into another night memory. Deep within the starlight, wish I might, cache of sleepy time recollection, she once again sees the moons of her mother's cheeks. Only in the dark does she know their light and when she sunny-swipes clean her sleep crusted eyes, she will have unremembered who she once lost.

Mother Ackhurst teaches:

My love,
My sweet sweet dippy giddy Ditzzy girl,
Never forget yourself.

Ditzzy Ackhurst shudders:

But what if I do?

Mother Ackhurst soothes:

I am here,
And I will not allow it.

A new day. Ditzzy Ackhurst, watching the sullied pair of trousers hanging from the windowsill of Cherry house wave at her, realises she is not wearing pants. Glancing down at her lanky, weedy, Alaskan moose legs, she is met by her Pusskins, wrapping his elastic body around her calf.

Or perhaps the little ginger thing is Mr Binkles or Kitty Cat, Felix, Edwin, Catty, Bertrand, Percy or Wallace, for though she can no longer tell the difference she continues to pluck felines from the street in hopes that the next one she finds will be her missed and missing Pusskins. She scoops the kitten from its square on her chessboard floor and holds it up to her perusing yesterday-onion breath.

Ditzzy Ackhurst hums:

My dear Puss, is it you?
You have the orange hue,
But not green in the eye,
Please come back by and b...

Ditzzy returns the unfamiliar face to the boardgame tiles, tenderly fills nine mismatch milk bowls, and hopes that this ale will ail her lack of sardines. She puts a bowl in each black, white square and prepares for the pitter patter pawsteps of her marmalade moggies. As predicted sixteen keen kitty feet pad in.

Ditzzy Ackhurst purrs:

Checkmate.