

A Doily Play Form - A conversation Poem, December, 2024.

Two characters, Adrian and Vivian are seated at a table talking to each other.

ADRIAN:

Have you heard about the doily?

On the news, it's been.

You can't have missed it!

VIVIAN:

A doily! Can't say I have.

Never since my Grandma died, way back.

What about a doily?

ADRIAN:

Hit the headlines it has.

Something to think about, I guess.

A prize for thinking, anything.

Something conceptual.

There it was, a doily laid over a car

VIVIAN:

How was that?

I mean, who would have thought of that!

Who could have crocheted a thing that big?

It must have taken forever!

ADRIAN:

Artists do that kind of thing.

Then there was the car.
The artist had covered it with a doily.
All of it. Fancy that!

VIVIAN:
Not really, after all,
where on earth would I park the damn thing?
In my drive?
The wind would blow the doily off.
And I wouldn't be able to drive it, anyway,
all covered up, the windscreen, too.

ADRIAN:
I guess it would be difficult,
the windscreen being all covered up, like.
And the cars condition, who knows the state it was in.

VIVIAN:
Besides, what kind of car was it?
that's important, don't you think?

ADRIAN:
No one knows, it was covered, remember.
I don't think it was a Jaguar.
More a people's car I think!
I couldn't tell. It was covered alright!

VIVIAN:
Why a doily?

I mean, of all the worldly things!
To choose a doily!

ADRIAN:

To make you think about it.
As if you needed to. Artists do that kind of thing.

VIVIAN:

A kind of nudge to think. The cheek of it!
I think about this and that, all the time.
How big was the doily.

ADRIAN:

Large enough to hide a car, I guess.
It was covered alright! From the bonnet to the boot.

VIVIAN:

But why?
Why hide something so you can't see it?
Is it worth a thought to think about it?

ADRIAN:

Only the artist knows that!
Across cultural reference it was, or so she said!
There was music, too.

VIVIAN:

Music! Did you sing along to it?
Who was playing it?

ADRIAN:

I don't know. It was coming from under the doily.

Perhaps it was the music on the car radio.

Something to sing along to in Punjabi. Some Arabic, too.

VIVIAN:

I listen to the radio sometimes. I switch to Nomad Radio.

They play Somali music, quite a lot.

Some singing, too.

MP3 Somali. Oh, the instruments.

A little Indian influence, I guess. Just a little, mind you.

They're so different, so different.

And the playing.

ADRIAN:

I must try it sometime.

You can show me where it is, on the dial.

Do you understand the language? To fully get the point of it?

VIVIAN:

No, I wish I could.

Sometimes the station disappears.

Nomadic, don't you know.

How about the artist, Turner? Is he turning in his grave?

ADRIAN:

I hope he doesn't here about it! Break his heart, it would.

Strapped to a mast of a boat he was.

To experience a real storm at sea.

Now, that's what I call performance art!

VIVIAN:

That would have capped them all. Performance wise.
Pity, film hadn't been invented back then!

ADRIAN:

Just think, if films had been around then,
Turner wouldn't be the great artist he was, or is, today.
Just a film of him. Anyway, it might have been a raining.
Spoiled the film, it would!

VIVIAN:

Sometimes, it's just a little windy.
What a field day he would have had, though.

ADRIAN:

Yeh! He wouldn't have bothered to paint his storms at sea, though.
We wouldn't be able to see the art created by him either.
Now, it's all a happening, here on the embankment.
Don't you miss it now.

VIVIAN:

What! A doily that big! How could I miss it?
Did you see anyone lift the damn doily thing?

ADRIAN:

What on earth for... What's the point?
I mean, to see an old vehicle.

Probably an old banger no longer working.

VIVIAN:

Just to see the model of the car?

Just to be a little curious.

ADRIAN:

No, there was a notice by it. Please don't touch.

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