

France – Loire by John Broadhurst

Mesland, in the Loire, was our next trip.
We went there for one week at Whit.
We hired a static van
From the Esrong man.
The site was small with lots of trees,
The pool was cold to minus degrees.
There was an adventure playground
Where the boys could always be found.
It was very good
All made of wood.
The facilities were all brand new
So we wondered how the smell came through.
Investigation revealed the French plumbing trend
Was to make do without our own 'S' bend.
Therefore it was so very plain
The plughole lead straight to the drain.
The chateaus, on the other hand,
Were, though much the same, all very grand.
The Mesland area was a mass of vines,
So several mornings we spent tasting their wines.
The wine tasting group were a friendly bunch,
It just meant we all were half sloshed by lunch.

That holiday in 1983,
Remains long in the memory
As one of our better, less stressful trips abroad.
Most, in future, in poetic substance stored.