

The Golden Common Shed

There's nowt more important for a man, it's said,
Than his own private space, better known as his shed.
Where he can go whenever he likes,
To tinker with motors, tools and bikes.
The list is endless, more added each day,
It's not really work, it's more like play.
The subject's not important it's just the fact,
That it's there he can keep his manhood intact.
No wives or partners, those 'worldly-wise'
To question, comment or criticise.
No! There he's the boss, in a masculine land
(Unless invited, all women are banned!)
But times are changing, there are new priorities,
And now we are seeing new 'shed societies'.
Groups of men, and now some women too,
(Although to be fair they remain the 'few')
Are combining their efforts, cutting down on their 'meds',
And are now forming groups of super-sized sheds!
We've one such group has here taken off,
Despite the tendency of others to scoff.
They started quite simply, in a practical way,
A committee was formed and all had their say.
Trustees appointed and rules outlined,
A search commenced, premises to find.
A temporary 'shed' was located, nothing too smart,
But reasonably sized, good enough for a start.
But other groups complained. "It's unfair!" They said,
"Our needs far outweigh the needs of The Shed!"
So the search recommenced for a suitable site,
With plenty of space - but money was tight.
So grants were applied for, with varied success,

**Some answered No! But a number said, Yes!
The local church rooms had a little spare land,
More than enough for The Shed Group to expand.
Some church members objected but the vicar stood firm,
(I believe 'brotherly love' was the relevant term!)
So with money to spend and site newly selected,
A number of suitable sheds were inspected.
A decision was reached an order was raised,
Building plans were carefully phased.
Foundations prepared, hard work lay ahead,
But at last there was progress towards the new Shed!
There have been some delays, they weren't unexpected,
There were differing views but all were respected.
On Shed sizes and colours some were emphatic,
But final decisions were all democratic.
There's not to be just one Shed, but three,
For work, relaxation, the odd cup of tea.
A small shed for storage, a definite need,
And two large Sheds for everything else, were agreed.
All seems set fair but let's wait for a while,
Don't forget, 'when men plan the gods only smile!'**

Dennis Dawes 2019