

# A stoma speaks



**Tomas the Stoma** has composed a few lines on what it is like to live with **Clare Mee**

I woke up on a woman  
She didn't seem that pleased;  
I caused her lots of problems  
Especially when she sneezed.

I showed her my annoyance  
That I was also taken from  
The place that I was happy  
Connected to her bum.

We decided on a truce from then  
We would both do our part;  
She would do the cleaning  
And I would help her poo depart.

She cleans me very carefully  
With different creams and sprays;  
If she does it properly  
My bag will last for days.

I can't help being naughty though,  
Especially when she sleeps;  
I will fill the bag with lots of poop  
And that is when it seeps.

She jumps up out of bed and shouts:  
'You're such a bleep bleep bleep;  
You have done this once too often  
And disturbed my beauty sleep.'

I decided to be nice for once  
And stopped my messy play;  
I was very tired myself of course;  
I'd had a busy day.

She eats things that turn runny  
And things that can be red;  
She eats things that are smelly  
And wonders why I soil the bed.

There are times, though, that she likes me  
When I act all sweet and cute  
She will let me in the shower  
In nothing but my birthday suit.

I relish in the freedom;  
I love the clean fresh smell;  
The foamy soft light bubbles  
Make me poo and fart so well.

I know she doesn't mind this,  
As long as I keep it zipped;  
When she steps outside the shower  
I am meant to stay tight-lipped.

No pooping on the towel—  
No pooping on the floor;  
I'm to keep my side of the bargain  
And not spray up the door.

Then she will keep me in the open  
And let me play outside;  
While she finishes her ablutions  
I do not have to hide.

Just when she thinks she's done it  
And got me under some restraint,  
I do what I do best of course,  
And we fall out once again. **ST**