



The magnificent lives of Thomas

As Cleopatra faced her death she kissed the snake to blame,
The serpent's poison coursed her veins, oh she was off her game!
Famous for her beauty, though some manly features shone,
Her benders were quite heard of, and now this was her last one!

Makeup flawless, loved the drama, diva to the end,
She thought she was a living god, the rules she loved to bend.
Famous for her entrances her body she now left,
Her spirit racing onwards leaving lovers now bereft.

Sometime then in India, a life was to begin,
A peacock born to stun the world; so, Cleo jumped right in!
It didn't take the little bird too long to find desire,
He proudly strutted flashing all his feathers to admire.

Years went by and Cyril; that's the name of this fine bird,
Was trying to impress a mate and bad luck then occurred.
While showing off his vibrant hues, the truck he never saw,
Then splat it hit him, spirits rose, and Cyril was no more.

Forces travelled taking shape in many different forms,
An anarchist with plans to fight and rectify the norm'.
A fashionista with a lust for banging tunes and mischief,
A looney who lived in his van and lived to take the biscuit.

Souls were searching; where to next? Where was their destination?
All the spirits, high as kites while in reincarnation

Things got hazy, down they came - their souls would join as one,
Quite a handful they would be, but who could stop the fun?

Formed now an eccentric, no other quite like this,
Quite the grafter, bold as brass, a dress code you can't miss!
Words that shock or mortify can sometimes be his way,
But mostly with hysteria is how he likes to play.

Most that meet him won't forget the Thomas that I know,
His 'Bond-esk' voice and silver hair, he's 'him' from head to toe.
So when you meet him, be informed of how he came about,
And notice all the spirits that will constantly come out!