

Mr Carter deals with the workers

I have some fellows round
to do some building work.
Four of them,
quite sexy in their own way.

I've done my prep –
buying the instant coffee
some people drink.

They all refuse it.

Shocked to my core, it's all I can do
to knock the price of the coffee –
almost a whole pound –
from the bill, and fire off
an email to their boss
about expectations not being met.

Later, one of them has only two sugars
in his tea. I imagine
he once read something.