

It Can Be Fun To Pick A Bone

It Can Be Fun

So To Speak

If you did seek you sought,
If you did buy you bought,
To teach you taught, to fight you fought,
And when you've worked you've wrought.

And what of cough and bough?
And then of trough and sough?
There's dough and tough, and through and rough,
If that's not quite enough-

You could be pale and fair,
Or you could pay the fare,
One pear's no pair, a hare has hair,
Lord help the bear that's bare!

If now you hope that you
To English have the clue,
Try this for size and if you're wise
I'm glad that I helped you.

There is an angry row,
A row left by the plough,
You tie a bow or make a bow,
But listen to this now.

A grown lawn should be mown,
And if you flew you've flown,
A break you make or sometimes take,
That's my choice I must own. Goodbye.

Bewildered.

Grumbling under household burdens, bound for Bedlam very soon,
Hurried round to Home Electrics, hoping they would prove a boon,
Tried the ground floor, record venue, choice of up or down to go,
Once again I was frustrated, only radios on show,
Try the basement, that looks likely, maybe have more luck below.

Glad to take the lurching lift down, save my feet - now feeling tired,
Courteous salesman asked politely what it was madam required,
Told him that a home computer could save me from going mad,
Asked for details of its working, asked what practice I had had,
Showed me several kinds of hardware. Such a captivating ~~mad~~.

Hurried further down the counter where some spare parts neatly lay,
Showed me software, plans for menus, budget watching, game to play,
Ways to help with childrens homework, when to pay cash, when to hire,
By this time felt over-programmed, fled the scene with brain on fire.
Salesman must have seen me wilting, guessed that he had lost a buyer.