

THE LOST PROPERTY WINDOW



A COLLECTION OF POETRY AND RHYME

BY D. R. SUMMERS

Copyright: D. R. Summers, 1983-2015

All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor may it be circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published. This eBook is licensed for the purchaser's personal enjoyment only and may not be resold or given away to others.

Produced by bamboo associates.

Preface

The 'Lost Property Window' is a collection of poetry and rhyme about the real and surreal, the mundane and the bizarre. Memories, objects, people, places, opinions, actions, prejudices, myths, legends... In fact poetry about life in which a touch of humour and/or irony reigns supreme... Usually...

Contents

People, places and things, lost or not, have been loosely separated into the following categories:

Life... With a Hint of Humour

1. Love D.I.Y.
2. Leaks
3. Call Centre Blues
4. The Perfect Date – An Amateur Mechanic's Dream
5. The Conscientious Cork
6. The Gyrowocker
7. Teddy Bears
8. A Real Room

9. A Twenty Line Poem

Human Nature?

10. The Ladies' Grand Excuse Me
11. The Emperor's Former Concubine
12. Thoughts of an Interviewee Unbound
13. Thoughts of an Interviewee Unbound – Revisited
14. Hillbilly Spiritual
15. Colour-blind Joe
16. The Street Lamp
17. 50 Years and Counting
18. Why We Are Alone

Natural Notes

19. Five Senses of Japan
 20. Avalon, New Jersey
 21. The Spider
 22. The Insidious Mr Plaque
 23. Encouragement
 24. Da Frogs
 25. The Wily Pheasant
 26. Springtime Symphony
 27. The Gardener
 28. The Compost Slave
 29. Breathing
- About the Author

Life... With a Hint of Humour

1. Love D.I.Y.

Do you love D.I.Y.? Perhaps you're one of those innocent bystanders who have better things to do with their time but are forced into action against their will...

D.I.Y. gives me the pip, it really is the pits
For God's sake I'm a poet not a guy who loves drill bits
I sit there in the evening, hoping for a rest
When some sadistic creature cries, 'It's time to change the nest'

So off I go 100 miles to find a B & Q
Fill the car with power tools and 20 kinds of glue
Then I need to order stuff from Paris or Hong Kong
It takes three weeks to finally come and when it does it's wrong

Now I'm ready to begin – like hell I am, old chum
The furniture needs moving and I have to pick up Mum
Dust sheets down, dust mask on, I'm poised to sally forth
Except I haven't got a clue what half the tools are for

Instructions – that’s the way to go, but there’s another hitch
They’re written by a Martian or drawn by ‘one-eyed Mitch’
The job begins, I’m on my bum, head stuck up a hole
Each screw I touch is rusted and the wood is full of mould

The new gear doesn’t nearly fit, the plaster just won’t dry
I cut my fingers, bash my thumb then dust blows in my eyes
Things look bad, they can’t get worse... But yes, they surely can
Now I’ve got spectators to scrutinize my plan

Oh joy, the wife and kids know all there is about new rooves
And my old Nan, God bless her, sighs, ‘You should use tongue and groove.’
The air is slowly turning blue with words I should deplore
But I’m so mad I strongly feel I can’t take any more

With scant good luck I muddle through, the job is somehow done
It’s not the best and there’s a mess – no one can call it fun
Next there is the autopsy: inspection by ‘the boss’
If the verdict’s negative, all hope in life is lost

To bring in tradesman, set things right, costs mucho Krugerrands
A ‘thumbs up’ on the other hand means building Disneyland
Still I pray to fail and pay the price
At least I’m off the hook
At last it’s back to peace and quiet, working on my book

2. Leaks

Professional or otherwise, it takes a ‘real’ man to plug a leak.

A man is not a real man
Until he’s plugged a leak
Those cunning little trickles
That make you want to shriek
A seeping valve, a dripping tap
How does it all begin?
The washer’s fine, the fitting’s tight
Though tempers are wearing thin

And so you try to fix it
With tools and cloths and grit
Yet somehow God’s against you
He’s wearing their team’s kit
A nut won’t budge and then it snaps
All seals are mysteries
Whoever dreamed up piping
Deserves no life of ease

Replacement parts? They’re out of stock

Designs have also changed
So now it's time to improvise
Before the wife's deranged
Putty, rags and fancy tape
Will surely do the trick
But just in case, a mop's the thing
You might not be that slick!

Success! The damn thing's actually stopped
You are the king of men
The kids are bored, the dog's asleep
But still you've scored a '10'
An afternoon of peaceful bliss
A victor's worthy spoils
But then a dreaded voice cries out
'Syd, now it's leaking oil'

3. Call Centre Blues

Remember your last call centre phone call? If not, here's a reminder.

Hello there, my name's Nadine
I have to find you on my screen
What's your number, what's your code?
Please confirm your main abode

I see this is your 15th call
You feel you've hit a big brick wall?
Oh dear, the form field won't advance
Please hold, I need assistance

So sorry that you had to wait
This system is so out of date
Why not explain it all to me
Then we shall see what we shall see

Yes, your letters *did* reach us
They probably caused quite a fuss
There should have been a swift reply
But postal problems are so high

Our engineer *did* contact you
I see, though, he's now off with flu
The parts you needed were dispatched
It says here, though, you sent them back

Shame you didn't ring again
Our courier has lost your name
Oh dear, the software's in a trance!
Please hold, I need assistance

So sorry that you had to wait
We're waiting for some new updates
I know you're angry... Please don't shout
No... My supervisor's out

If you could just repeat your name
I'll fill out all your forms again
Then we'll post them off to Rhodes
Where they can reinstate your codes

Perhaps while this is chugging through
I could describe our new 'Mark 2'
It's far more stable than 'Mark 1'
And you can choose - red or bronze

No, that's not true! I *have* a clue
Well, yes, you have the right to sue
Oh dear, the screen's completely blank
Please call again, and many thanks