

THE LOST PROPERTY WINDOW



A COLLECTION OF POETRY AND RHYME

BY D. R. SUMMERS

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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...

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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

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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'