

The Printed Word and I

By Andy Crosby

The printed word and I are not amused.
We peruse,
 Yet never get beyond the common lair.

The dandy prince and I both shake our heads
And instead,
 Reach for our artistic leanings for a crutch,
 Actually, in his case,
 A lovely long L.
 (When he's done,
 It's an exclamation mark,
 Par Excellence !)

The ink blot of a blighted mind and I
T h r o w our arms about each other and weep,
And hope,
And walk,
And clutch our anoraks over our heads.

The printed word and I have formed a revolutionary party.
You're invited,
 But promise not to write such guff.

The grandchild of History's memory and I
 Capitalise on our superior judgement.

Yet in secret,
Scan the lines of any phrase
That would set a songbird free amongst us.

In conclusion:
My dear companion - the printed word - and I
Are manifestly and categorically disappointed.
 (The printed word has since departed)

I don't know why this piece of shit was ever started.