

Bed

Modified Rapture

ALL praise to the man who invented weekends
And a Saturday morning in bed.
Today is the day that a kindly fate sends,
With no sort of duties ahead.

All praise to the loved one who ministers tea
From a bulbous and multi-pint pot,
With topping-up kettle that's handy for me,
And prospect of drinking the lot.

All praise for the chance just to stay where I am,
As I slow-sip the endless supply.
Don't talk of life's pressures: I don't give a damn.
Just let me have tea where I lie.

But no praise at all for the way I'm designed
Not to cope with a glorious thirst.
There's one very personal pressure I find:
A bladder that's likely to burst.
