

Idle Thoughts

In a Spin

NO invention can begin
Competing with revolving doors —
Fiendish obstacles, designed
To discourage peace of mind,
By putting users in a spin
As they form reluctant fours.

Sometimes whirring quickly, they
Almost stop you getting in,
Sneaking up and thumping you.
Two-in-one, you shuffle through —
Because you find, to your dismay,
A moron's joined you with a grin.

Moron treading on your heels,
Breathes profoundly down your neck.
In your quadrant built for one,
Soon your charity has gone.
Your queue-for-two quite soon reveals
At its head a nervous wreck.

Thus encouraged, progress saw
Prospects for much bigger doors,
Conjuring a finer hell:
Get your trolley in as well!
Never managed this before!
Superdoors for superstores!

And what's more, in goodly band,
Pallid shoppers come in, too.
But the system's built-in fault
Ensures, when touched, doors simply halt.
People fail to understand
Pushing big doors is taboo.

Idle Thoughts

Looks of innocence abound.
Each implies, "*It wasn't me!*"
So polite, we don't complain;
Stop and start and stop again,
Run repeatedly around.
Will someone soon start serving tea?

Let there, please, be no encores
Of progress with revolving doors.
