

## *Idle Thoughts*

# *Shopping Mall*

A SHOPPING mall is not a friendly place.  
Hygienic tiles say *clop!* to every pace.  
Stilettoed mums with strollers cannot face  
Too long inside its clinical embrace.

It's warm — but cold, and what is more,  
If you have never stepped inside before,  
Accept defeat, because each superstore  
Looks most precisely like the one next door.

You're trapped, but at a crossroads you will see  
A sign that says, with barely hidden glee,  
Not where you are, but where you're due to be:  
That's fine — but did you *start* at Car Park Three?

Nothing's done to make the shopper feel  
At home — indeed, the whole thing's quite unreal.  
Escalators lined in stainless steel  
Are not designed to offer warm appeal.

A shopping mall's not friendly, not at all,  
And yet it rhymes with *pal*: that's British gall.  
Our transatlantic cousins, I recall,  
Are nearer when they link it with *appal*.

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