

## *Idle Thoughts*

# *Show Home*

SHOW homes are designed, one feels,  
Strictly for the down-at-Heals.  
When man comes to man's estate,  
Neither man nor mate can wait:  
Hatch a plot and start to live  
In what's called Executive —  
Too much mortgaged, cheek-by-jowl  
In a *très* posh goldfish bowl.

Variations on a theme:  
Hard cash goes down on a dream,  
Furnished, if you have the *nous*,  
So a home becomes a house —  
Brimming with designer lines,  
So it all with luck combines  
And you're nervous, ill-at-ease:  
Fear to sit on huge settees;  
Won't ask con man to take back  
All that damn' fool *bric à brac*.

How you wish you'd seen before,  
Show home box-room has no door:  
That's removed, so that, instead,  
Space is made to hold a bed.  
When we stay *chez* goldfish man,  
You'll explain it's Open Plan.

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