

## *Question*

# *Catalogue Fall-out*

CATALOGUES! The postman slings them  
On the doormat, in a pile.  
Every day, young postie brings them,  
Knowing that they're just a trial.

They offer me the chance to see  
What I can buy at home –  
A shopping spree that's travel-free:  
I need a metronome?

Rose trees (bare roots)? Toy owl that hoots?  
A warm and woolly coat?  
Gadgets, widgets, winter boots?  
A compass (but no boat)?

I take an age to turn each page.  
Loose leaflets prompt a frown  
And bring a sage to anguished rage:  
Why are they upside-down!

They do annoy me with this ploy.  
Most catalogues affect it.  
They all destroy a short-lived joy  
As soon as I detect it.

Unwanted postscripts to the tome  
Wherein they've been inserted,  
They simply clutter up the home  
And should have been diverted.

And as I say, there is a way  
They fortify my frown  
Before they pour out on the floor:  
Why are they upside-down?