

Question

The Great Washing-up Mystery

THE dishwasher, although well planned
For getting crocks so squeaky clean,
Deprives me of the need to stand
And wash them how they've always been.

And this in turn means there's no joy
Of bafflement in washing up:
No cause to muse as I deploy
The tap to sluice a well-washed cup.

Bemusement always used to grow
When flowing tap had filled the bowl
And been switched off – for overflow
Still scurried down the drainage hole.

Perhaps ten seconds, it would go
Brimming from the bowl – and yet,
In all these years, I still don't know
The answer I'd so like to get.

For though my crocks are squeaky clean,
It haunts me like the crack of doom:
Just where's this surplus water been?
Not in the bowl: there isn't room.
