

BS = Bob Scher
RW = Richard Wilbur

The Suffering of Small Things

(or we think we have problems)

Buttons button though it hurts;
Toothpaste suffers so it squirts.

Paperclips are born to trouble;
Starting straight, they end up double.

Light bulbs have a constant cough
From always going on and off.

Neckties shudder from their spots;
Ropes get tangled up in knots.

Pages bent by fingers, turn
Matches are always struck, then burn.

On pins and needles, feared by all,
No one pays a friendly call.

The soap that cleanses us, diminishes,
Until finally, it finishes. BS

Staples, sadly, have no use
Unless they suffer from abuse;
From the start, a staple's meant
To be banged upon and bent. RW

There comes a point when pens refuse:
They've no more blacks or no more blues.
Like their competitor, the pencil,
They, too, become a non-utensil. BS

Tacks, too, are mortal. Brass or not,
They can but rust and go to pot. RW