(Not) Daffodils

(With apologies to William Wordsworth this time)



I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats along o’er aisle and shelve,

When all at once I saw some flour

A stack of golden eggs, and oil

Beside the salt, beneath the rice

Fluttering, enticing in the light.

Continuous as the prawns in brine

And Twixes next the Milky Ways

The loo rolls stretched in glorious lines

Along the margins of the aisle;

Ten thousand items at a glance

Rustling their packs in enticing dance.



The juice beside them gleamed, but they

Out-did the sparkling wine and cheese.

A shopper could not but cave

In to such enticing company:

I gazed – and grazed – but little thought

The cost to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In bored or restless mood,

The Flash or bleach or cleaning wipe

Reveal the things of more to do.

So then I grab my cup of tea

And knuckle down to more KP.