

My Old Computer

Lately I've made it a pastime
To set down in verse my vexations
For my own satisfaction, but also
To entertain all my friends and relations

My old Dell was once more misbehaving
To the point where my patience it tried
And the folks at the store where I took it
Suspected some virus inside

To fix it might involve quite an outlay
Hardly worth it because it's so old
Should replace with a new one that's faster
All this at the store I was told

So I bought one that they recommended
Little suspecting the troubles ahead
For the new ones must be nursed into running
With directions that would boggle your head

They're written in a technical jargon
Needing passwords I don't even know
(Love to meet the joker who wrote them
And tell him or her where to go!)

After hours of clicking "Accepting"
(And for what I could not even guess)
I finally examined the fine print for
All those features I'd so blithely marked "Yes"

Well it turned out to be a sly scheme
To trick me into buying more stuff
But with my patience already worn thin
By that time I'd had more than enough

So I sent out a call of distress
To daughter Abbie, and Simon, grandson
And thanks to these two skilled technicians
We at last got the damn thing to run

But that's when my woes really started
While uttering oaths reprehensible
I found the new screens of that bugger
Absolutely incomprehensible

So back to the dealer it went
On my Dell they did virus-erase
It now sits again by my side
Displaying its familiar old face

It doesn't have all the new gismos
And as for speed, it can't fly
It may be showing its age
Ah, but then, so am I

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