

THE CLUMSY CONSUMER REPORT
Glenna Holloway

I'm a gentle soul, relaxed and mild;
I love my fellow man.
But there's this stuff that drives me wild
And shortens my life span.

I go to build some midnight snackage--
That's when my trials begin--
Getting the goodies outa the package
Thoroughly does me in.

My finger's cut on a zippered can,
A plastic bag claims a tooth.
The crimped-closed edge of a frozen pan
Finds I can be uncouth.

The canopy that covers the ham
Might yield to a bayonet.
Designers closely studied the clam
But they aren't happy yet.

To greater, rarer heights they aspire--
Impregnable wraps for cheese,
And seals for nuts and cakes that require
Three engineering degrees.

My bread reposes behind chain mail;
I spring the flap with a thud.
My sandwich contains my fingernail--
And look-- is that ketchup or blood?

Inventors should get deserved acclaim.
Would all of these masters stand
To bow to the clapping due their fame?
And then--would they give me a hand?