*Ode to my Computer*

**POEM MARK PATTERN**

*Your keys don’t require a door or a lock, \_\_\_*

*your buttons are done with a click, \_\_\_*

*your monitor monitors but isn’t a judge \_\_\_*

*for using a tablet and not being sick. \_\_\_*

*Your mouse waits quiet by my keyboard \_\_\_*

*for a scroll neither ancient nor cinnamon, \_\_\_*

*your web hides no spiders in the back yard \_\_\_*

*to make me squeal, shriek and flinch when I stumble in. \_\_\_*

*Your arrows don’t pierce and your bytes won’t draw blood, \_\_\_*

*your spam is not made out of bacon, \_\_\_*

*your memory is just so much better than mine, \_\_\_*

*(at least that’s if I’m not quite mistaken). \_\_\_*

*Your commands save and shift and control and escape, \_\_\_*

*your drives, without driving, zoom zoom, \_\_\_*

*together we could search for whatever we want, \_\_\_*

*without ever leaving my room. \_\_\_*

*My computer, computer, computer of mine, \_\_\_*

*I love you for reasons like these, \_\_\_*

*so please won’t you remember this ode \_\_\_*

*the next time that you go to freeze! \_\_\_*

by Pixie Pixel