

# The Miserable Macintosh

The hall is bright

Dust motes dance in the light

Children run in and out

Casting coats about

Limp and shabby, looking unhappy

No-one takes note.

What has it seen?

Where has it been?

Glad times

Sad times on the shoulders of fame

But never seen

Only last month it was out on the street  
Buttoned, belted – a good choice for  
“Meet and greet”.

But now- it’s so warm and dry,  
Not a cloud in the sky  
As they say.  
Oh! What a nasty day!

Coat sighs.  
Nearly cries recalling last November  
That time they lost the map:  
It went astray – What a day!  
All the while on his lap.

Hat has boasted of a walk outdoors –

Huh. Seems the luck is yours

Says coat. But wait! He sees a cloud again

- I do believe – at last! It's RAIN!