

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

An Ode

In praise of an everyday object

by Malcolm Walker

Without you I cannot live
Although your design is unappealing
No, the plaudits I must give
Are far more cunningly revealing

You are but made of plastic
Or a composite material
In shape profoundly inelastic
Functional and so imperial

Over twenty buttons I last counted
Neatly spread and multi coloured
Raised and conveniently surmounted
The signal fully covered

You have my approbation
I hope you love my touch
Access to any station
Whenever in my clutch

To you a fond salute
Imprinted in my palm

To all I cock a snoot
Your presence is a balm

You are deserving of bouquets
And each and every encomium
I am so full of praise
A veritable pelargonium

The power you have is implicit
Controlling on a whim
All mastery in my digit
Retain it through thick and thin

I must keep control
Release it at my peril
It forms part of my soul
Lose it and I am feral

Fast forward the boring bits
Reset with one press
Static is the pits
Frozen image inducing stress

Freeze a frame at will
Replay should you wish
Time to take a pill
Or to serve a dish

Whoever thought that Sky
Would engage your desire
Their service does belie
The absence of a wire

I do so love my remote
To flick from here to there
Here then is my quote
It is second only to my chair.