

The Photocopier Blues

by Smokin' Joe

*This morning I wait for my most unfavorite Xerox
Standing, waiting as I watch the lousy clock
My vain attempt to stay on schedule it does mock*

*Finally my turn arrives, just in time to jam and lock
Lock up – I swear under my breath – on it I place a pox!!!
I'm tired of standing in this tiny box!!!
With a machine whose only function is to be a roadblock
I feel silly and so I squawk at the box – UNLOCK !!!
By the time you work, I'll be ready to get my lunchbox!!!*

*Philosophically, I muse about this paradox
I may comment to those unfortunates within earshot – I get on
my soapbox
How can I outwit this machine – how can I play the fox?
Should I carry shamrocks???
Do I sneak up in my Reeboks???*

*What strategy will break this deadlock?
What unorthodox approach will eliminate this stumbling
block?
I give up – besides, I've run out of words that rhyme with ox
Oh, ...and take that stinkin' machine and in it,
stuff a sock !!!!*

