

I met a four the other day
And this is what she dared to say,
"I'm so much better than a three,
The whole world wants to be like me.
Where would we be without a chair, or table or a perfect square?
Nothing but stale air - so there!

Ohhhh, those stupid, stupid fives,
With their curved out butts and bulging thighs
Flat heads!
Ones are done, ones are done!
They're just no fun.
Twos? No better, they are super dumb.
They make me want more valium.
Flotsam and jetsam all in one."

She spewed her poison on the rest of them,
The six, the seven and on through ten.
She's a bitter used up numerate who's better days are gone.
I could barely wait 'til she was done so I could move along.

She continued.

"Drat! It's late, I simply have to go.
I need to get my fractions done, split ends, you know.
I'll see you around some time, like in a pound of butter,
A deck of cards, or in a quilters shop"

Her self image was of "Her Highness"
I was glad to see her leave.
She was followed by a great big minus
And I was quite relieved.

Kath 7/12