SO MUCH TO HATE, SO LITTLE TIME – by Troy Banyan

A conversation with a fool,
A wobbly leg upon a stool,
A leftover piece of DIY kit,
Anything that just won’t fit,
A traffic jam where nothing moves,
Except a horse with laughing hooves,
Or a bike passed back a mile or two,
The smug cyclist as he passes through,
A zebra crossing on which is either or all,
An OAP, school snake, or child with ball,
A car-park with its barrier stuck,
Someone who says “that’s just my luck”,
A string of pens devoid of ink,
A ‘well-done’ steak that comes out pink,
An itch that when scratched still remains,
A 'success' with good looks but no brains,
Bureaucracy that has just gone mad,
Things that are good now termed as 'bad',
Likewise when 'wicked' instead of just nice,
As annoying as a wrongly marked up price,
Ministers who just blatantly lie,
Torrential rain when it should have been dry,
Not being served when stood at a bar,
People who shout at me from afar,
The saying 'there's nothing worse than that',
For something as trivial as a spat,
Very uncomfortable underwear,
Those who mistake a glance for a stare,
Fruitless searching on the net,
The saying “he’s more than just a pet”,
In fact there’s so much that makes me moan,
Which is probably why I'm so alone.