

BATTLE OF THE BARGAINS.

Patiently waiting, their hearts palpitating,
they stand there in line, biding the time
til they open the doors at the multiple stores.
There's a mountain of stuff (there's more than enough)
and all at cut-prices. If spending's your vice
it's a chance to be rash and blow all your cash.
Pity the staff, for with costs down to half,
they know that the fight could go on all night,
so rugged so rough, so vicious so tough
are the customers when it is sale-time again.

Now an inspection; and then a direction
from the boss of the store on the campaign of war.
The troops are all ready (their nerves far from steady)
so off to your stations - and please watch your patience.

The moment is nigh - are you ready. Stand by!

With feminine flurry they push and they hurry
straight for the counter for somebody's bound to
be after the hat you've set your heart at.
Perhaps it's a dress costing two quid or less
you've come here to fight for, have waited all night for.
Barging and heaving (it's difficult breathing) -
tempers are frayed as decisions are made.

The January Sales are a blessing for males.
As the register clanks, they empty their banks,
Bruised from the shelves, they struggle for gloves
or p'raps it's some shoes they've come here to choose.
Whatever they seek, they'll find it this week.

For a coat or a cape, whatever your shape,
they'll find one to fit - no that isn't it.

From napkins to shrouds, the battling crowds
choose their new linen. I wonder who's winning.
"That's a nice sheet" but oh my poor feet.
"In with the oil, the machine's on the boil";
the best of us fail at a January Sale.

