

## Old Timers Disease

There's a robber that comes in the day and the night  
he steales my words with fingers so light  
Their presence is called for but they do not appear  
the thief has been active again, that is very clear  
That robber must have a key to the door  
soon my word room will be no more  
I have decided to lay in wait for that awful robber  
and with my Websters dictionary him I will clobber  
He's here,I throw the gigantic tome at his head  
he drops, wriggles and kicks, he's not yet dead  
A Rogets thesaurus I prod into his solarplexus  
in agony he screams "That sure does vex-us"  
He spits words out at me like a storm of hail  
drinking a bottle of fizzy Braino, I weather the gale  
The elixier reinforces my old grey matter  
as words shoot from his mouth in a phrenetic chatter  
I absorb all of those words not one gets by  
this pilferer, now he is finished,he's soon to die  
With another bottle of fizzy Braino at my lips  
I watch him dissolve as through the floorboards he slips  
Off I am to build a safer word room,robber proof  
andI'll be on guard ,aint that the trufe  
Daily doses of tap dancing and bottles of fizzy Braino  
all will be amazed at my purple glow  
As mummy said to me as I sat upon her knee  
"If you don't use it  
you lose it".

David Sawkins