

Why I Woke You

*Parody on an Irving Layton poem
of the same title, while enrolled
in his class at University*

I heard our two watches talking.
They talked a long time.
They talked in circles
All night to decide
Which was best at hours, yours or mine.

Yours was very proud, being new
And meanly mocked mine
For falling behind:
—No fault of its own,
Because I bought it second-hand.

My watch called your watch a bad name,
Your watch did the same.
“Now, wait a minute—”
Said mine, losing face,
“Darn digital, your number’s up!”

My watch hit your watch a backhand.
Yours gave mine the works.
Really boxed its gears.
That’s why I woke you,
To ask you what time it is, dear.

By Kathleen Moore