



Under Pressure

I was cooking a stew one day
My friend on the phone rang to say
"Could we have a little chat"
I was all for a bit of that

We chatted for quite a while
I forgot the stew was on the boil
There was an almighty crash
Pressure cooker had blown with a bash

My friend on the phone could hear it too
The ceiling now was covered with stew
It was dripping on the floor
A mess to clear up - what a bore

My daughter was trying on something new
Didn't know about the stew
Thought a train had come through the house
Screamed as if she'd seen a mouse

The dog sat trembling in his box
He couldn't get out the door was locked
He was so pleased when I opened the door
The hot stew was dripping on his paw

My husband came home from work
Didn't know what in the house lurked
"Where's my dinner" he said without a care
"It's on the ceiling right up there"

It took so long to scrub the floor
Stuck like glue to the ceiling and door
I won't use a pressure cooker again
Couldn't stand the stress and strain

Margaret Marston