

ODE TO AN EDITOR

Here I sit, in my ivory tower
Where my pen does wield such power.
Qualifications, I have not
I just know how to stir the pot.

Pitting neighbours against each other,
Who cares for fact or reason?
On towns and cities in Grey Bruce
It's always open season.

I tend my gossip garden well
While reporters dig, dig, dig
They with hopes for the day
That they can make it big.

What use are facts and figures?
They sell us not many papers
Truth and justice have no place,
I just need to fill some space!

These pesky websites too have power
I cannot reach them from my tower
Oh well, another war I'll start
With arrows sharp—straight to the heart.

The Inn's the thing whereon I'll start
Support a lot by artsie farts
If you want to see this "Inn" thing work,
Just send your hard-earned cash to Burke.

I've stirred the pot, now it's your turn
Some of you may never learn.
Uncle Jim can write the notes
Not just use what other's wrote.

My ivory tower, it could be higher—
It's not so high as I aspire.
This little pond will have to do
Other offers there have been so few.

And so I'll stay in my ivory tower
Where "I" know I still wield the power!

To speak in prose is not so tough
Just give it a try—you're good enough!
Who is this bard, you ask to see?
Is it a he, is it a she?

Unlike the editor I do know it
That I'm not qualified to be a poet!

Anonymous

RECEIVED

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ARRAN-ELDERSLIE