

The Secret Life of Spoon

Hark how the cat does play his fiddle
 To rouse his master's cow and dog!
Look how they dance to hey-dum-diddle
 And those who watch are all agog
As more excited grows the heifer
So gaily skipping like a zephyr.
 She leaps a-sudden way up high
 So neath her hooves we may espy
The moon above th' horizon creeping.
 He hardly can believe his eyes,
 And blinks and gasps in great surprise
To see how high that cow is leaping.
 Oh how the dog laughs at the fun!
 I wink at Dish and off I run.

But Spoon from reveries was shaken.
 The drawer was opened; Basil sighed.
He craved for coffee. Spoon was taken
 For menial tasks - it hurt her pride
That to a mug she was transferring
Mere coffee granules and just stirring
 The water round and round again.
 "Must I," she mused, "always remain
"Within this boring bach'lor's kitchen
 "Where there's a place for everything -
 "The tea, the milk, the bits of string?
"Good grief, for freedom I am itchin'!"
 Then Basil put the spoon aside;
 Her mind to secret life did glide.

And Dish and I the kitchen scaping
 Now run across the neighb'ring field;
The moonlight all the while reshaping
 The things around us and concealed
Are many hazards; we're not daunted
And enter where they say 'tis haunted
 In Mirkwood where the shadows lie.
 We creep along; then we espy
Some Elves, who warn us we are straying
 Upon a dark and parlous way;
 "But come with us," they kindly say
And lift us up and thus conveying
 Us both, they journey through the night
 And bring us safe to morning's light.

Then Basil felt mid-morning calling:
 "Another mug of coffee's due."
To miss his fix would be appalling,
 For caffeine he could not eschew.
So Basil looked for mug and kettle
And found the spoon and did unsettle
 Her daydreams of her secret world.
 Around her in the mug there swirled
The boiling water and the granules.
 "I'm just," she thought, "his menial slave;
 "To stir his drinks ain't what I crave!"
Then Basil went to plant his annuals,
 So to the garden took his drink
 And left the Spoon alone to think.

The morning breaks in glorious splendor;
 Before us open fields we view.
So to the Elven folk we render
 Our heartfelt thanks and bid adieu.
Along a field we gently amble
And through the hedgerow we do scramble
 And come anon upon a stream.
 "But how to cross it? What's the scheme?"
I ask, and Dish says "Spoon, that's easy.
 Upon the brook I'll lie and float
 And you jump in; I'll be a boat!"
And off we go, though I feel queasy.
 When to the motion I'm attuned
 We strike a shoal and are marooned.

Then Basil came in from his planting,
 Got washed and thought about his lunch.
"A simple salad - how enchanting,"
 He muttered, "but before I munch
"Some soup I'll have. Now what to savor?
"Ah, this I know is full of flavor."
 He took poor Spoon; gave her a rinse
 And dried her ere he used her, since
He wished to avoid contaminating
 His soup with former coffee taste;
 Then Spoon into his mug he placed
To stir his soup while he was waiting
 As Spoon around the mug revolved
 Till all the powder was dissolved.

Oh look, there comes a friendly froggy
 To push us off this shallow reef.
The sudden jerk makes me feel groggy;
 But we are free! 'Tis a relief.
The stream runs on into a river;
It is so wide - my heart's a-quiver.
 "Be calm," says Dish. "You're safe with me
 "We'll drift on slowly till we see
"Before us in the sunshine gleaming
 "The sea in glorious blue unfurled -
 "The gateway to the mighty world!"
And so at last the ocean teeming
 With life so wondrous and so weird
 Has now before our eyes appeared.

Then Basil, having lunched, expected
 Postprandial coffee strong and black;
And Spoon once more by Bas selected
 Was rinsed and washed and then put back
Into a mug to start her stirring -
Her task predictably recurring
 The self-same hour day by day
 "Oh Basil!" Spoon did sigh, "I pray
You get a life; routine's so boring!"
 But staid was Basil in his ways;
 He'd never set the world ablaze
Nor felt the urge to go exploring.
 He hated any razzmatazz;
 Just calm routine suited our Bas.

And out upon the ocean sailing
 We travel many a day and night;
The passing seabirds we are hailing
 Until an island comes in sight.
Oh look! There comes a friendly raven
Who guides us to a sheltered haven.
 "Welcome," he says, "unto this shore.
 "And be at home - feel free - explore!"
And saying this, he goes off flying,
 While out I jump upon the sand,
 And Dish and I explore the strand.
'Tis lovely here, there's no denying;
 But inland let us make our way.
 Let's through this dappled woodland stray.

"Late afternoon - ah, let me see now,"
Murmured our Basil to himself.
"'Tis time I had a cup of tea now."
He took the caddy from the shelf;
And then a tea-bag Bas selected;
And Spoon did sigh as she reflected:
"When Basil thinks the tea is brewed
"Before the beverage gets too stewed
"He'll dip me in to effect removal
"Of bag and then the milk I'll stir.
The same things daily must recur
For all must be to his approval."
So Spoon went through the same routine
While Bas consumed yet more caffeine.

So through the woodland we do ramble
Until we meet an open glade;
Across the clearing we do amble
To rest awhile within the shade
Beneath a bong tree tall and splendid.
Anon our rest is gently ended
When Owl and Puss-Cat come our way.
"All hail, it is well met!" they say,
"For we have mince and quince in slices.
"Oh Spoon, so runcible, and Dish,
"Please let us use you; that's our wish."
So we oblige; the meal suffices.
When evening comes, along the strand
We foursome dance there hand in hand.

As night approached it was to slumber
That Basil all his thoughts had turned.
He must wind down that naught encumber
The peaceful rest for which he yearned.
To ensure his sleep be unimpeded
He thought a mug of cocoa needed.
So Spoon in mug the powder tipped
And then two heaps of sugar slipped.
When Basil poured in milk all heated
She stirred until he was content.
A final wash she underwent
For all her tasks had been completed.
Then in the drawer once more she lay
To await her double life next day.