

TIDY MIND and PURE HEART
RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ

*I wish I had a tidy mind,
and purity of heart withal:
I might more easily unwind,
my spirit could less often stall.*

‘Arrange your files’ – I hear the call –
‘for, if you don’t, soon in a bind
you’ll be, till joys all choke and pall.’
I wish I had a tidy mind.

‘The PC’s always right, you’ll find,
and never willing to play ball;
to logic you must get aligned,
get purity of heart withal.

‘You want things right, but find a wall
insists, Here lies an alley blind.’
If not o’erwhelmed by bitter gall,
I might more easily unwind.

I blame that PC: ‘You’re unkind,
I don’t deserve this mess at all!’
Would my heart-mind just combine,
my spirit could less often stall.

‘Perhaps it’s due to Adam’s fall,’
consultant Eve at length opined:
‘Become pc; your PC shall
refine you then.’ And, thus inclined,
I wish I had.

25th June 2013

