

Well, anyway, when I sat down to write, the words just kind of gushed out of my fingers onto the computer screen; but before I show you what I wrote I want you to know that Dr. Suess is not a relative of mine, at least he doesn't show up in any of the family history stuff that we've got, but this poem must have been mailed to me from somewhere in his neighborhood.

THINGS

By Robert Fitt, (with apologies to Dr. Suess)

If you want to be popular, handsome or strong or alluring, or pretty, or to just get along, 'THINGS' are the answer, the TV ads sing, you just need more 'things' and more 'things' and more 'things'. Things heaped up in piles that reach over fences and over the bounds of the army's defenses, that reach past the mushrooms and stodgy old toads, that reach through the valleys and over the roads, up over the mountains—so huge are their crowds—that they reach past the oceans and up through the clouds. The piles keep on upping until very soon the piles are so high that they reach past the moon.

Things that are glossy that glitter and shimmer or things that are dull, or a little bit dimmer. Things with rich texture that tickle the senses or objects that only pure pleasure dispenses. Things grouped in bunches or singly, or better, to show-off your body in a fine cashmere sweater. Things bought from E-bay or bought from the store or shopped in a shop 'til your feet are so sore that you look like a buyer that's ready to drop; but you can't, though the shoppers around you are stopping. So you shout to the shoppers—*"Come on, get a clue!—can't you see that I've still got some shopping to do!"*

And while things were piling, the piles got so vast that they blocked all the rivers, and plugged all the streams and corked up the geysers—and dammed all your dreams!