**Seven supermarket trolleys**

Look at her over there,

with a lettuce in her trolley. 

She must be on a diet

if she likes that sort of stuff.

It’s her new year’s resolution

and it’s probably a folly.

Her meal-deal’s a carrot

and a sandwich filled with fluff.

Look at him over there,

with cans of Coke in his trolley.

He’s asking for trouble,

if he drinks that sort of stuff.

It’s a dentist’s nightmare

as it’s loaded with sugar.

But toothpaste and mouthwash

should be enough.

Look at her over there,

with tins of dog food in her trolley.

She must be loaded

if she buys that sort of stuff.

It’s the most expensive brand,

far too good for her hound.

But perhaps it’s for her

and her language is ‘woof, woof!’

Look at her over there,

with sirloin steaks in her trolley.

She’s not a vegetarian,

if she likes that sort of stuff.

She could be a competitor on

‘Come dine with me!’

But grill those steaks too long

and they’ll turn out tough.

Look at her over there,

with porridge oats in her trolley.

She’s obviously a health freak

if she likes that sort of stuff.

She’s believes all that hype

about whole grain oats.

But I’d rather fill my bowl

with sugar coated puffs.

Look at him over there,

with twelve roses in his trolley.

He’s hopelessly in love,

if he buys that sort of stuff.

Perhaps he’s saying sorry

for upsetting his wife,

patching up a marriage

all broken and duff.

Look at her over there

with her son in her trolley.

She’s not risk assessing,

if she does that sort of stuff.

He’s sitting on the panel

of the self-service checkout.

So the weighing computer

exclaims with a gruff:

‘Unexpected toddler in bagging area!’

**Arrgghh!**

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