

Sturdy Stool

The stool did stand, and on the stool, I stood.
For days outside, just wood against the wall,
Became a stool made from sturdy redwood.
And every day, the stool would stand tall.

The stool was a handy tool,
It could fold, and fit into tight spaces,
And many agreed that that part was cool,
You should have seen the look on their faces.

Along came the metal stool clink, clang, clank.
The metal was both light and sturdy too,
And came to replace the stool made of plank.
And to the stool of plan, I bid adieu.

The stool doesn't stand, the wood is rotten,
In the garbage it will be forgotten.

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