

## THE CLUMSY CONSUMER REPORT

My finger's cut as I open a can,  
A plastic bag claims a tooth.  
The crimped-closed edge of a frozen pan  
Finds I can be uncouth.

The canopy that covers the ham  
Might yield to a bayonet.  
Designers closely studied the clam  
But they aren't happy yet.

To greater, rarer heights they aspire--  
Impregnable wraps for cheese,  
And seals for nuts and cakes that require  
Three engineering degrees.

My bread reposes behind chain mail;  
I spring the flap with a thud.  
My sandwich contains my fingernail--  
And look-- is that ketchup or blood?

Inventors should get deserved acclaim.  
Would all of these masters stand  
To bow to the clapping due their fame?  
And then--would they give me a hand?