

## *Mr. Dan*

**Alexandra Holmes**

Poetry

There was a bloke named Mr. Dan,  
He was a small and crumpled man.  
He wobbled through this world alone,  
Like something from the Twilight Zone.

Never one to blow his own horn,  
He worked until his pants were worn.  
And so he flew from room to room,  
Riding an electric broom.

There he wobbled down the road,  
Talking to Jim (that's his pet toad)  
Philosophising with the best,  
Pausing by The Pigeon's Nest.

So Dan and Jim, and the Barman, Ted,  
Spoked of all the times they'd shared.  
And after a pint of scrumpy mead,  
He wobbled off to his next deed.

His broom would always start first time,  
And it could turn on a plastic dime.  
With more horsepower than anyone's car,  
The cleaniest cleaner you've seen, by far!

Room after room after room after room,  
Mr. Dan and his wobble and a flash of his broom.  
With the "SPARKLE 3000" (way better than a Dyson)  
He could clean the whole world, even vacuum a bison.

Mr. Dan is still working, some might call it hell,  
But look at it sparkle, and it don't even smell.  
So when you're out somewhere and you stop and you think,  
Mr. Dan might be why the place doesn't stink.