

All Wound Up

By Bob Lock

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All Wound Up

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“You get wound up over nothing!” She said.

“Then, when I ask you to spend time with me,

You’re exhausted, oh so tired...dead.”

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She has a point, I'll admit to poor energy conservation.

I expend it on the silliest of things.

But not anymore. I'll keep it *all* for her, no deviation.

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Hmm... should I consider a new energy source?

Although I've managed so far with no problem,

I'm not averse to trying something new, of course.

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Solar panels are all well and good on a sunny day,

But what use are *they* when clouds fill the sky?

Do they help you chase the cumulus away?

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Though batteries seem a sensible possibility,

The acid they contain worries me somewhat

I'll rule them out, due to their volatility.

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Thermo-Nuclear-Power! Just the words alone cause awe

But I'd risk being stolen, turned to weapons grade munitions

Do I really want to become armament for the third world war?

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Nope, this little robot's sticking to clockwork

After all, she winds me up for nothing... that has to be a perk!

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