

ODE TO A BELL & HOWELL

Oh, Apple, black and beautiful,
You have saved my bacon.

When my beige clone took fits,
Devouring its 6502,
Blasting the F8,
Paralysing my screen and drives,
Like a veritable swine devouring its young;

The well-aged black, deus ex machina,
Modestly appeared to do with fidelity,
All it was bidden to.

Thankfully, my beige is now restored,
Thanks to Sir William,
Peer in our Penzance.

The faithful black goes back to Jim - but,
"Lest we forget"
Or dare to point a scornful finger
In these latter days of IBM and Mac;

When it was needed
The Bell & Howell was there,
And should it ever require requiem,
Let the stone read,
"It was big enough to do the job,
And did it well!"