

## Since my Valentine got a Computer



Since my Valentine got a computer  
My love life has taken a hit.  
Nothing I say is important  
Unless it's a byte or a bit.  
Before she got her new laptop,  
Everything was just fine;  
Now she says we can't talk  
Unless we both go online.  
"But honey," I said, "I'm attached to you;  
Love is what I feel."  
"That keyword isn't relevant,"  
She said, with eyes of steel.  
She clicked the keyboard furiously;  
The screen was all she could see,  
And then to my horror and shame,  
She started describing me:  
"Your motherboard needs upgrading;  
Your OS needs help, too.  
And you definitely need a big heatsink  
To cool your CPU."  
"Don't flame me, my sweet," I pleaded.  
"Not on Valentine's Day."  
"Fix the bugs, and I'll see," she said,  
While looking at me with dismay.  
"What ever you want, my darling;  
Whatever you need; you call it.  
I'll upload or download anything,  
And then I'll go install it."  
(Her hostile CD keeps replaying,  
And though I don't want to fight her,  
Is this what I want for a Valentine?  
I've been burned; can I rewrite her?)  
"Are you all hard drive now," I asked  
"Is there no software in you?  
Don't you remember the good times?  
Let our memories see us through."

"LOL," she said to me, chuckling.  
"You're nothing but adware.  
"I've got four gigs of memory;  
I've got no problem there."  
"Please, honey, we can save it," I said.  
"Our love means more than that."  
"That's not in my cache; we're going to crash,"  
She said, as she turned me down flat.  
(This woman has really changed;  
Do I really want to chase her?  
More and more I'm thinking  
It might be nice to erase her.)  
"Aw, honey, don't talk like that," I said.  
"Can't we just plug and play?  
I hereby accept default,  
And I'm yours, my love, come what may.  
My goal is to make you happy;  
I want to be your portal,  
But your sudden, distant coldness  
Would test the strongest mortal.  
If we need a brand new interface,  
So we can FTP,  
I'm your go along, get along guy,  
And I want you to stay with me."  
"If you want to get into my favourites," she said,  
And you want to get past my encryption,  
If you want to get through my firewall,  
Here is my only prescription."  
"First, put up your own Web site,  
And e-mail me when it's done.  
I'll check your page rank with Google,  
And tell you if you're the one."  
My life has become a real trial,  
Since my Valentine got a computer.  
If I want her to care about me again,  
I guess I'll have to reboot her.



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