

"I've washed my curtains, swept the floors,  
Cleaned under beds and tops of doors,  
I've dug the garden, mowed the lawn,  
Laundered clothes I've never worn.  
I emailed friends and read Mantell,  
Wrote a novel – it'll never sell.  
Brushed the dog, annoyed the cat,  
Tried Salman Rushdie, where's that at?  
Tidied drawers, washed my hair,  
Can't go out, it isn't fair.  
What I need to keep busy,  
It isn't wine or something fizzy,  
What I want, my elusive goal,  
A slot at Tesco and a toilet roll."