ODE TO A TELEVISION SET

My TV is my mistress and my slave.
I turn her on and she returns the favour
With images of human bodies lying
On football fields and battlefields and streets
And, by the censors' leave, in others' beds.

If only she were powered from within,
My joy would be eternal. But alas!
A storm-uprooted tree has cut her life-line,
Compelling me to seek that lesser thrill
Which seems to have inspired other poets.