**Choice Wars**

Behold this bountiful harvest of cereal

To grace the supermarket’s breakfast aisle;

Wheat, such basic raw material,

Has spawned these foodies to beguile.

The Parkinsonian’s looking for his Corn Flakes;

Can Wheat Flakes, more or less, be just the same?

What about Bran Flakes, oh, for heaven’s sakes,

Is this my usual under a different name?

He then allows his blinkered eye to wander-

A sight, kaleidoscopic in its range,

Of shapes and colours crafted to bewilder,

To make the simple shopper go for change.

Some to make you grow; some to stop you ageing,

Some to make you go; some to keep you waiting.

Some to make you tough; some to make you nice;

Own brands in the mix; cheap at half the price.

Our shopper reels from side to side to side

Spoiled for choice, or rather, spoiled by choice

How on earth will he be able to decide?

When from behind, there comes a kindly voice:

Go for Corn Flakes, stick while you’re still winning

Tried and trusted all your life; listen to your minder.

This is not the time for change, back to the beginning;

Hard luck, but I think this way is kinder!

Pity, though, I liked the sound of Cocoa pops.

Next week then, OK then - see you in the shops.

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