

The Bard need not worry. His sonnet legacy is safe — for now.

This poem simply expresses my outrage every time I walk by the men's shirts section of a department store and see rack after rack of shirts sans pockets. Are the designers insane? And are the purchasers even more nuts?

I require *at least* one pocket – and more often than not I need **TWO! They are the equivalent of Batman's utility belt . . . and they give me the same sense of security and power.**

“Give me a pocket or give me Death,” sayith any **REAL man.**