Abort, Retry, Ignore

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,
Longing for the warmth of bed sheets,
Still I sat there, doing Spreadsheet:
Having reached the bottom line,
I took a CD from the drawer.
Typing with a steady hand, I then invoked the SAVE command
But got instead a reprimand: it read "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

Was this some occult illusion? Some maniacal intrusion?
These were choices Solomon himself had never faced before.
Carefully, I weighed my options.
These three were my only ones.
Clearly, I must now adopt one:
Choose: Abort, Retry, Ignore.

With my fingers pale and trembling,
Slowly toward the keyboard bending,
Longing for a happy ending, hoping all would be restored,
Praying for some guarantee
Finally I pressed a key -
But on the screen what did I see?
Again: "Abort, Retry, Ignore."

I tried to catch the chips off-guard -
I pressed again, but twice as hard.
Luck was just not in the cards.
I saw what I had seen before.
Now I typed in desperation
Trying random combinations
Still there came the incantation:
Choose: Abort, Retry, Ignore.

There I sat, distraught, exhausted, by my own machine held hostage
Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.
And then I saw an awful sight:
A bold and blinding flash of light -
A lightning bolt had cut the night and shook me to my very core.
I saw the screen collapse and die
"Oh no - my database," I cried.
I thought I heard a voice reply,
"You'll see your data Nevermore."

To this day I do not know
The place to which lost data goes.
I bet it goes to heaven where the angels have it stored.
But, as for productivity, well
I fear that it goes straight to hell.
And that's the tale I have to tell.
Your choice: Abort, Retry, Ignore.