The ‘ough’ poem

I wanted bread, so I made some dough,

The flour looked soft and white like snow.

I baked the dough to cook it through,

And took it out at half past two.

But the crust was just, just too tough!

I chewed and chewed the awful stuff.

After a while, I gulped and coughed,

Why wasn't my bread nice and soft?

I thought, was it the farmer's plough,

That ruined all the wheat somehow?

I sighed, walked to the shops, and bought

A loaf of bread - the softest sort.