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Partial Truths And Other Lies

(A Children's Book For Adults)

by

Martin M. Simons

PART 1

About The Author

Science Rules

Fifteen hundred quarts of beet juice
pumped into a rat.
Rat then died,
so no more beets for me,
and that is that.

My Thing

That's mine, I said, so please don't touch.
It's not as if I'm asking much.
I earned my stuff with toil and sweat,
and I don't want it touched just yet.
You see, I never meant to share,
with you or others, here or there.
It's just for me, to grace my shelf.
I plan to keep it for myself.

So if you see it layin' 'round,
don't pick it up.
No! Leave it down.
I want to keep it, ever more,
to covet, cuddle and adore.
It's mine, you hear. It isn't yours,
or his or ours, or theirs or hers.
The thing I'm trying hard to say,
is do not take my thing away,

or else prepare to meet your fate,
incur my wrath, and feel my hate.
Do not, I pray you, screw with it,
or I will surely throw a fit.
I'll get my gun, and load it full,
and then the trigger I will pull,
and you'll be dead, as dead can be,
and it will still belong to me.

Publish Or Perish

I wrote a book of poetry.
Oh, I was pleased, indeed,
but could not find a publisher,
with time enough to read.

I sent a hundred copies
to a hundred different houses.
One of them said, "no".
The rest were quieter than mouses.

I felt that there would be no chance,
my efforts to succeed,
unless at least a few of them
would take the time to read,

but that is not so easy
in the publish perish game,
so I was unsuccessful,
up until this idea came.

I sent my book to only two,
with cover note attached.
It said that you must read this book,
or you will meet your match.

A burly guy named Louie
will be knocking at your door,
and he will ask you questions,
numbered 1,2,3 and four.

They'll all pertain to this here book,
you're holding in your hand,
and if you cannot answer him,
your death is his command.

Now, if you take this note,
and try to contact the police.
I'll show that it's just fiction,
and will quickly gain release.

So I suggest, you read this book,
and then you contact me,
so we can work out contracts,
and then print my book, you see.

Fairy Tails

My parents used to tell me things,
that made me feel quite dense,
but as a child, I believed,
for lack of better sense.

They told me that Saint Nicholas,
would bring me lots of toys.
He'd fly with reindeer in the sky,
with stuff for all good boys.

The Easter Bunny in the spring,
its eggs for me would hide,
and with a childlike wonder,
I would hunt for them outside.

In February, I was told,
we'd send each other hearts,
and everyone would get involved,
exchanging Cupid's darts.

The sandman would assist me,
if I could not get to sleep,
and after he had visited,
you would not hear a peep.

And when my teeth began to fall,
I'd put them in my bed.
The Tooth Fairy would take those teeth,
and leave some change instead.

And I believed in most of what,
my parents told to me,
because I felt they were so wise,
and would not lie, you see.

But one thing I just could not buy,
However hard I tried.
It was so unbelievable,
I knew they must've lied.

They told me that the gasoline,
we use to run our cars,
came from deep inside the ground,
from old dead dinosaurs.

Fantasia

Fantasy is my forte.
It comes upon me night and day.
Like, just the other day, at three,
when on the subway, suddenly,
I saw her there,
a lass so fair,
with golden highlights in her hair.
Her nubile frame did me inflame.
I simply had to know her name.

I could see her in my chambers,
making love as hot as embers,
telling me how great a lover,
I was underneath the cover.
She would purr just like a kitten,
as with love she would be smitten,
feeling warm and tender charms,
while wrapped inside my skillful arms.

She would never love another,
want me soon to meet her mother.
Thoughts of wedded bliss would seize her.
Three small children would appease her.
Baby girl and two small boys,
demanding money for their toys.
Growing older, getting bolder,
eldest one will be a soldier,

killed while fighting for his country,
later in this newborn century.
Younger brother caught while stealing,
and possessing drugs for dealing.
Unwed younger sister runs,
away with Arab selling guns.
Just then I felt my daydream pop.
She got off at the 8th Street stop.

Watch Dog

I bought myself a watchdog,
to protect my lovely wife.
He's trained by pros,
and for her safety,
he would give his life.
If anyone attempts to come,
to my front door he'll leap.
He'll growl and snarl,
and then he'll bark,
and wake me from my sleep.

But once he gets to know you,
gets familiar with your face,
he's kind and gentle, makes no sound,
and to the door won't race.
He senses from the footsteps,
who is standing at the door,
and if he's ever met you,
there's no barking anymore.

Well, just the other day,
when I was going out of town,
my plans changed quite abruptly,
and I quickly turned around.
When I got home, I heard my wife
run water in the tub.
The dog was lying on the floor.
I gave his back a rub.

I soon heard my wife's footsteps
padding lightly on the floor,
and as she finished dressing,
I heard rapping at the door.
I opened it and standing there,
as plain as he could be,
a young and handsome gentleman
was staring back at me.

He asked me very nervously,
if I would like to buy,
some life insurance,
to protect my family when I die.
I told him, "no". He turned around,
and walked out in the dark.
I turned and asked my dog to tell me,
why he didn't bark.

Sincerity

Oh, how can people disagree,
or ever take offense with me.
Sincerity pours from my pores quite freely.

I always choose the righteous way,
and never let opinions sway
my comments or my attitudes, and really,

I always find the better course,
and never use uncalled for force
to win an argument no matter what.

My logic it will daze you,
my intelligence, amaze you,
as I free you from your self-inflicted rut.

You may never ever blame me,
or inflame me or defame me.
I'm above such criticism of all kind.

Fire at will, you will not hurt me,
'cause my senses will alert me.
You can try it, go ahead, I shall not mind.

The cause of my immunity,
my freedom
my impunity,
and do not let this take you far aback,

is that I seldom ever,
you might say I almost never
base a prejudice on anything but fact.

Damned Near Perfect

Ask me who is better,
if it's me or if it's you.
I will be quite honest,
though it's bound to make you blue.

I am better looking,
and I'm richer; brighter too,
but if you try and work on it,
you'll gain a peg or two.

Now do not think, I pray you,
that you'll catch me by and by,
'cause I'm improving constantly,
and I am on the fly.

I used to have some problems,
but I worked them out you see,
so no-one now can find the slightest
thing that's wrong with me.

I used to have less money,
lower stature, fewer friends,
but I took care of all those things,
I made the right amends.

Like you, I used to think that I
was better than I was,
but proper thinking did the trick,
with mind expanding drugs.

So if you watch me, you will learn
the proper things to do,
and if you're lucky, you will find,
the world will worship you.

What's that you say?
You think that I am bothered by conceit.
Oh no, my foolish simple friend,
that problem I did beat.

But if you feel unworthy,
and are plagued by jealousy,
remember this, my worthless friend.
Taint easy bein' me.

(continued)

Damned Near Perfect - part 2

All right then, I'll admit it.
I am not quite perfect yet,
but I am working at it,
and on that you sure can bet,
but I like bacon with my eggs,
and butter on my bread.
I rarely go to church.
Sometimes, I stay in bed instead.

I sometimes don't remember,
if I put my seat belt on.
I know it is most foolish,
but I don't need that dwelt on.

At work one time, I took the credit
for my colleague's work.
Another time, when I was young,
I called my brother, "Jerk".

One time when I was given change
exceeding what was due me,
I kept it, never letting on,
too much was given to me.

And, when I'm with my closest friends,
we might tell racial jokes,
but no one is excluded
from our funny ethnic pokes.

Oh yes, I also must admit
I've stolen once or twice,
but never more than fifty thousand,
from a single heist.

And once I shot some guy, named Charlie,
three times in the head.
I felt just awful, when I saw him
lying there stone dead.

So maybe I'm not perfect,
and I have a fault or two,
but nothing worse than others,
such as him or her or you.

At The Beach

We were down at the beach.
I was watching the tide.
My wife was sunbathing,
right there by my side.
The waves and the water,
made beautiful views.
A radio next to me,
gave me the news.

Then all of a sudden,
they sat on the sands,
two lovely young ladies,
in most skimpy bands.
Ignoring the waves,
and the beach and sun beams,
my mind wandered off
into sensuous dreams,

These lovelies and I,
amidst surf,
sand and sun,
quite naked and free,
on the beach we did run.
We frolicked and played.
Then we frolicked some more.
They giggled and laughed.
I knew what was in store.

Then all of a sudden,
I felt a hard thwack.
My wife had just slapped me,
right square on the back.
"You had me quite worried,"
she then coyly said.
"I thought you'd stopped breathing,
and feared you were dead."

Eavesdropping

I called the number,
one nine hundred,
something sixty five.
I was informed that with that call,
I would hear women live,
expounding on their deepest secrets,
tales of sex and sin.
Things that would excite me,
light that flame that dwells within,
and so I called, and listened,
as a lady told it all,
all about her longings.
Twas a most exciting call.

She said she wasn't happy,
that her man was weak and lame,
and could not please her any more.
She sought a better game.
She then described the stuff she wanted,
sensuous and slow.
It really did excite me,
lit that fire down below.
Whoever treated this one badly,
was one sorry bird.
She was the most alluring lady,
I had ever heard.

Her voice and thoughts,
her vivid lustings; sensuous, erotic.
This one truly fit the mold,
of sexy and exotic.
Her voice was warm and lustful,
and I really wanted her.
I listened ninety seven minutes,
at two dollars per.
I listened several more,
And got the shock of my whole life,
when suddenly I realized,
the lady was my wife.

Lying In Bed

As soon as we had closed the door,
her clothes slid softly to the floor.
I said, "There'll never be another.
You will be my only lover."

Ripping clothes from off my back,
she ravenously did attack.
'For me there's no one dear but you.
No other love my whole life through.'

My hand then paused upon her chest,
while cupping there her perfect breast.
"I love you sweetheart, you alone,"
I whispered in a loving tone.

Upon the bed we both then fell.
Her kisses on my body dwelled.
'I'll love just you with all my might.
and never will forget this night.'

My hands explored between her thighs,
while gazing into her green eyes.
"You are the only one for me,
and all through life I'll love just thee."

Her hand encircled me caressing,
her hot frame against me pressing.
'I will be to you so true,
that I will never make you blue.'

Just then a noise came from outside.
'That is my husband. You must hide.
So quickly now just like a bunny,
get inside the closet honey.'

Cold and naked I did bound,
and in the closet made no sound.
The minutes and the hours passed.
How long, I wondered, would this last.

But sensing that they still were near,
I cowered in the dark with fear.
No, I did not fear for my life,
But what was I to tell my wife.

Partners

It's me and you, We'll stick together,
through the thick or thin,
whether we are losing,
or in cases where we win.

Buddies, partners, two as one,
no matter what we find.
If you lose, when I have won,
I really shall not mind.

Yes, you and me, we'll share our stuff,
and pool it all together.
Ready then to use it,
during any kind of weather.

We shall make the greatest pair,
that anyone has known.
Starting as a team
by pooling everything we own.

Leaving all the pettiness
behind us in our wake
What about it?
Will you do it?
Come here then, we'll shake.

What? You say you only bring,
a hundred twenty nine.
Oh my dear, that's not enough,
to equal all of mine.

Let's just say, we'll part as friends,
and leave it just like that.
If you need me, call my people.
I'll call and we'll chat.

Tool Shed

I made the choice a year ago,
to buy myself some tools,
for fixing stuff around the house,
like all those other fools.

I got a set of wrenches,
which had box and open end.
No longer would I have to borrow
from my neighbor friend.

There were twenty six screw drivers,
which had every size and kind.
I was quite prepared to tighten
any screw that I might find.

Some sockets were included,
and a ratchet for their use.
No longer would my knuckles
Suffer bruising and abuse.

a power drill,
a table saw,
and polishers to boot.
Yes, every sort of tool there is.
They cost a lot of loot.

So when my dear wife asked me,
if I'd tighten up some screws,
I went to my big box of tools
to see what I could use.

The drawer that held screwdrivers
was as empty as could be.
I must have left them somewhere else.
Yes, that is just like me.

I hunted all throughout the house,
a screwdriver to find,
but could not find one anywhere.
Now I was in a bind.

But never mind,
"No problem",
I said to my lovely wife,
and deftly tightened up the screws
with our old butter knife.

The Rules of the Road Not Taken

Whenever I am writing verse,
these simple rules I do rehearse,
so when you read my poetry,
you'll find you can relate to me.

I say things only once, and then,
I do not use that thought again.
If I repeat the things I mention,
I may lose your rapt attention.

You will see, I don't repeat,
and that is not an easy feat.
In case you did not get that straight,
I shall once more reiterate.

Repetitive redundancy,
annoys us all. Yes, you and me.
As said before, I don't repeat,
Again, that's not an easy feat.

Now, certainly I realize,
that I must never generalize,
so surely you will always see.
my verse is never truly free.

And rhyming is important too,
so you'll find my stuff always do,
since that's the basis of my works,
and that is why you read my verse.

I strive for a simplicity,
each time I write some poetry.
You will find in each creation,
I've eschewed all obfuscation.

Things aren't always what they seem,
and poetry is like a dream,
so I spend time, don't think me vague,
avoiding clichés like the plague.

Dreams

I had a dream the other night.
I dreamt I had it all;
lots of money, fancy cars,
and servants at my call.

I must have had a billion bucks,
'cause I had so much stuff.
There were tons and tons of everything,
a million times enough.

I hired seven burly guards,
to save my stuff from theft.
Vaults and safes and bodyguards,
stood by me right and left.

But soon I sensed the jealousy,
of those who were around.
I could see in their glances,
I could hear it in their sound.

I lie awake and stayed alert,
and pondered my protection.
To keep my stuff away from thieves,
my plans would need perfection.

But as I lie in bed,
I heard them sneak around and plot,
so they could steal my stuff and run,
and I could stop them not.

Then soon they crashed into my room.
My bedroom door they broke,
but praise the lord, it all worked out,
when, broke again, I woke.

Counselor

Our marriage, he said, was worth saving.
He could all our problems relieve,
if we'd each make a list
of the things our spouse did,
that would fit what he called a pet peeve.

I tried as I could to create one,
But found it was quite hard to do.
My wife on the other hand
spoke right at me,
"Sweetie, here are my peeves about you."

You drive oh so slow in the fast lane,
and much much too fast in the slow,
shouting out answers on game shows,
or speaking loud during the show,
gloating whenever you win one,
or crying too much when you lose,
telling me how you are feeling,
like whining at your latest bruise,
never quite listening closely,
whenever I'm speaking to you,
moaning whenever I'm happy,
or grinning whenever I'm blue,
cursing inanimate objects,
or turning the thermostat down,
forgetting my birthday,
our last anniversary,
the color of my wedding gown,
talking about me to others,
or not even thinking of me,
dropping your clothes on the carpet,
not lifting the seat when you pee,
chewing while your mouth is opened,
or gulping your food down too fast,
grunting and snorting and wheezing and snoring,
and too freely passing your gas.

Her voice began sounding like foghorns.
Her list went on six minutes more.
I finally succumbed to my most favorite peeve,
when she said that I tend to ignore.

Hope

It happened yesterday,
I swear.
It's almost more
than I can bear.
At work I had a lousy day,
and felt no good things
came my way.

I left the office,
tuckered out,
and to my wife
prepared to pout,
about the way
things seemed to be,
that nothing
worked out right for me.

There is no hope,
I cried aloud,
no way to flee
the madding crowd.
My life is just
a hopeless blight.
My tunnel has
no ending light.

But to my
great surprise and glee,
my wife then showed
the mail to me,
and buried midst
the ads and bills,
was something filled
with joyous thrills.

The envelope
contained the words,
as bright as
morning's chirping birds.
All glory to
the morning sun.
Ten million bucks,
I might have won.

The Leaky Faucet

My wife told me the other day,
our faucet had a leak,
and knowing I would put it off,
she gave me just a week.
If I had not succeeded,
she would find someone who would,
but I knew he would charge me
all the money that he could.

I told her not to worry,
and I went to get my wrench.
To fix a leaking faucet wasn't hard.
It was a cinch.
Well, once I got the hoozit off,
I figured what was wrong.
The whatchacallit rotted.
I would make it work ere long.

The man down at the hardware store,
then caught me by surprise.
"To buy a whatchacallit,
you will have to know it's size."
I told him that the one I had,
was rotted through and through,
and one could just no longer tell,
how big it was when new.

I said the place where it must go
looked like a half an inch.
He showed me ninety whatchacallits;
didn't even flinch.
Though each of them was just about,
a half an inch in size,
every one was different.
I could not believe my eyes.

(continued)

I kept my wits about me,
saying I will take these three,
thinking that this little task,
would not be besting me.
I took them all back home.
I had already realized,
that now the task before me,
was to simply improvise.

I put the first one in,
and put the faucet back together.
I turned the knob and quickly,
felt my body getting wetter.
The second and the third,
did not act any differently.
Oh why, Dear God, I cried aloud,
have you done this to me.

I went back to the hardware store,
and bought a dozen more,
including one they haven't made,
since nineteen ninety four.
But when I tried them all,
and still had not repaired the leak,
the tears welled up into my eyes.
I couldn't even speak.

I sat upon the bathroom floor,
surveying my domain.
Yes, after fifteen whatchacallits,
I had made no gain.
Then I decided how to fix,
the faucet after all.
As soon as I had dried my tears,
the plumber I did call.

Future Shocked

I began the poem briskly,
rhyming every even line.
When the public got to see it,
then success was surely mine.

It was witty and incisive.
Taught a lesson for us all.
It was filled with goodly purpose.
When I read it, I stood tall.

This was surely what I needed.
It would take me to the top.
It would fuel me,
and would make me
quite impossible to stop.

I would do the talk show circuit,
I'd appear on Leno's Show,
and on Letterman and Oprah,
and those others that you know.

I would make a million dollars,
writing poetry on call,
and I wouldn't need another thing,
since I would have it all.

Maybe I would have a star
upon the Walk Of Fame,
and everyone would read my stuff.
They all would know my name.

Then quite suddenly it struck me.
The Tonight Show thing won't work.
I had no more leave or sick time.
Used it up just like a jerk.

It Wasn't Me

It wasn't me.
I didn't do it.
I don't know who did.
Maybe it was her,
or that guy,
or his little kid.

But you tell me,
several people
said that it was me.
No, I tell you.
Now just go away,
and let me be.
I was there,
but didn't see it.
I am not the one.
I must've turned my head,
at just the moment it was done.

What is that?
You say those people
swear I did the deed,
and that there are fingerprints
that match with mine, indeed!
Maybe I had touched that stuff,
before it all occurred.
If they say they saw me,
it's their word
against my word.

Yes, I know,
I shall inherit
quite a lot of stock,
but that just doesn't
prove a thing.
I say, that's "poppycock".
What?
You say, he wrote my name,
while dying,
with his pen.
What if I just promise
that I'll not
do that again?

New Year's Resolutions

This New Year's Day, I do resolve,
to be a better man,
to treat my body better,
and to live within a plan.

I'll manage time more prudently,
and treat my brother better
I'll faithfully, unto my mother,
write a weekly letter.

I'll smoke no more, and drink much less,
and watch my fats and sweets.
I'll limit things, like stress and strife,
and eat a lot less treats.

I'll plan each day, each week, each month,
and stick to what I plan,
and never more, will treat unkindly,
any fellow man.

I'll live my life according to
that noble golden rule,
and never will call anyone
a stupid dolt or fool.

But as I think these goodly thoughts,
I constantly recall,
the way it happened last year,
and I'm really quite appalled.

Those resolutions I had made,
Yes, I mean every word,
were totally undone and broken,
January third.

Divorce

My wife and I divorced last year.
It really was quite sad.
She caught me with another woman,
and she went quite mad.

The lawyers, each one did their part
ensuring things were fair,
but I'll be honest with you,
I was left with much despair.

We split the finance stuff in half,
so she got all the money.
I was left with all the bills.
Now, don't laugh, that's not funny.

She got the house we lived in,
and the mortgage went to me.
The kids live with her now,
but I pay child support, you see.

A portion of my pay check,
in the future goes to her,
and in addition, I must pay
four hundred dollars per.

We had some stocks. They went to her,
the savings money too.
She ended with possession,
of our car which was brand new.

I used to own a boat.
Now that belongs to my ex-wife.
I won't be able to afford,
another in my life.

We had some precious jewelry,
and some gold and silver coin.
I do not know where they are now,
since I have been enjoined.

Our furniture all went to her.
You probably knew that,
and everything I got to keep
will fit inside my hat.

(continued)

So when I see a woman now,
and think I'd like to court her,
I quickly have to tell myself,
I simply can't afford her.

And now when someone riles me up,
they'll meet the great destroyer.
I have a way to pay them back.
Refer them to my lawyer.

The "F" Word

My grandson used the "F" word yesterday.
It caused me shock, alarm and great dismay.
He's only seven.
Where in heaven,
did he ever learn to speak that way?

"It happened as an accident", he said,
but I just quickly sent him to his bed.
I said, "Go now",
with frowning brow.
He looked at me confused and asked instead,

"How come I cannot say that word to you?
I hear it both at school and Teevee too.
It's not so bad,
but you're so mad.
It wasn't said to make you sad or blue."

I told him, "You will NOT speak that word here.
At least not any time when I am near.
So do not say
that word today,
or consequences I will make you fear."

He used it at a party held for me
by those who claimed to be my friends, you see.
He said the word
I'd overheard.
His diction was quite good.
He spoke clearly.

I said, "There's nothing in that word that's nifty.
It makes you sound as if you are quite shifty."
The word he used,
if you're confused,
He asked me if I'd really just turned "fifty".

Things My Father Taught Me

When I was just a little boy,
of maybe three or four,
I told my father I had found,
a baby dinosaur.

It happened when I went to bed,
one rainy windy night.
The thing had come into my room,
as I turned out the light.

I still recall that dinosaur,
had come right up to me,
and asked me if I'd like to play,
a game called one two three.

But when I told my father,
he just looked at me and said,
"My son, you have so much to learn.
Now lie back in your bed."

He taught me that the dinosaurs,
had vanished years before,
and they could simply never be,
around here anymore.

He taught me of the different ages,
Mother Earth has worn,
and how the dinosaurs died out,
before mankind was born.

My father taught me many things,
to help me as I've grown,
but that's one time I still recall,
at night when I'm alone.

Though all these many years have passed,
since I was three or four,
I still look in the dark at times,
to find my dinosaur.

Watch It

I saw an add the other day,
that filled my heart with glee,
expounding on a most exciting new society.

The Voyeurs of America,
the ad did proud proclaim,
would take me as a member,
for ten bucks they'd add my name.

Now for a full fledged membership,
I'd have to send them more.
Just a hundred bucks in total,
And I'd be at level four.

Now for this money, I'll receive
some very special stuff,
like mirrors for my shoe tips,
and as if that's not enough,

an ultra violet camera,
for those pictures in the dark,
and very rapid running shoes,
in case a dog might bark,

some knee pads for those many times,
I'll have to do some kneeling,
a drill bit and a viewing piece,
that fits into the ceiling,

some mirrored glasses for my eyes,
so no one sees me watching,
an ivory handled periscope,
with knife attached for notching,

some camouflage material,
for keeping out of view,
and modified venetian blinds,
for watching movies through.

I'll also get a fake I.D.
and stuff to make disguises,
some prism type binoculars,
for distance from surprises.

(continued)

The ad then mentioned problems
that this whole affair might bring,
like, voyeurs often have to view,
some very ugly things.

Some other warnings followed that,
but most I did not mind.
It isn't every day,
that one discovers such a find.

Of all the warnings in the ad,
I was concerned with one.
It said that once begun,
a voyeur's work is never done.

Moving on

I decided to move to the seashore,
To live by the surf and the sand.
The smell of the ocean each morning would greet me.
Swimming and beach combing, life would be grand.

But what about hurricanes, typhoons and tidal waves,
What would I do when they came?
Perhaps I was acting without really thinking.
The ocean's just too hard to tame.

I'll move to the mountainous region.
I'll live on the crest of a hill.
Spectacular views, and only good news,
With zero pollution, fresh air at my will.

But wait, it gets cold in the mountains,
The snow can be several feet high,
And I have no shovel, don't know how to work one.
Oh, how would I ever get by?

I guess it's the city to which I belong,
With all that I need by my side.
Great restaurants and grocery stores all within reach,
Within a short walk or quick ride

No, no, not the city with crime in the streets
Such dirt and such noise everywhere
I'd be so afraid to go back to my home
Or just about anywhere there.

Perhaps it's the forest that calls to my soul,
with maples and firs all around,
all shadings of nature, the greens and the browns,
would everywhere near me abound.

But hold on a minute, that simply won't work.
There's the wolf and the bear and the boar.
I guess I'll stay here where I've been all along
And be happy without wanting more.

Executive Duties

I am the chief executive,
and owner of my firm.
It's me who sets the policies.
Yes, I mean every term.

My dealings international
have brought me wealth and fame,
and everyone around me
shows respect and knows my name.

At least ten thousand people
are employed through my great deeds.
The company has grown that much
from my first planted seeds.

Trade magazines, they seek me out,
and ask me to opine
upon the future of my work.
The world is surely mine.

Awards are always flowing in.
I cannot count them all.
The party asked me if I'll run
for Governor next fall.

So I can't really understand
why my dear wife will pout,
whenever I forget my job
to take the garbage out.

Analysis

I sat in my analyst's office,
and told him the tales of my life,
including those times with my father,
my mother, my sister and wife.

His office was warm, plush and cozy,
exuding a comfortable charm.
For two years I spilled my emotions,
quite safe from those things that might harm.

He sat in a leather recliner.
His feet were propped up on a stool.
He surely had his life together,
consistently keeping his cool.

Then suddenly I noticed something,
that caused me to ponder, surprised.
I looked at his feet as he sat there,
and could not believe my own eyes.

His shoes were expensive black leather,
Hand made by Italians or Swiss,
but that was not what had surprised me.
Beyond them was something amiss.

On one of his feet was a black sock
of cotton in ankle length style.
The one on the other was longer,
a red, green and yellow argyle.

I asked him if he had dressed quickly,
and thereby had made a mistake.
By having two such different socks on,
he must not have been quite awake.

He smiled as he put down his note pad,
and told me that he was quite pleased.
I asked him to please explain to me,
but felt I was now being teased.

He told me he always dressed that way,
with two different socks on his feet,
and since I now noticed the difference,
my cure was quite nearly complete.

Aging in America

Liberal or conservative,
I used to be so sure,
but now I can't remember,
what is right and what is pure.

In days gone by I used to take,
a stand against the wrong,
and fight to make the changes,
that we needed all along,

with proper concepts by my side,
like truth and liberty,
and justice for the trodden down,
with sacrifice by me,

but now it's different, not the same,
the truth is more obscure,
and I can't tell the difference,
I'm no longer quite so sure.

Perhaps the years have taken toll.
Perhaps that age has passed,
but as I've grown from year to year,
more money I've amassed,

and now I want to keep it.
I don't want to help the poor,
or give it to a government,
that's always wanting more,

so don't give out your programs
for the disadvantaged few.
I really do not care that much
for them or even you.

Who Am I?

Who am I?
I'll tell you,
but you'll have to pay attention.
I am so many people,
just a few of whom I'll mention.
I am the many authors,
that I've read throughout my life,
a little of my mother,
and a lot more of my wife.

I also am my children,
and my grand kids too, I guess.
I'm several of my teachers,
some a great amount,
some less.
I am the many people,
that I've spoken with today,
and all of those that I encountered,
every yesterday.

And in addition,
I am all the places that I've been,
and all the goodly deeds I've done,
as well as all my sins.
I am what I have eaten,
what I've seen,
and what I've heard.
Yes, everything I've sensed,
although I know it sounds absurd.

I am rock and roll,
as well as classical and blues.
Yes, I am all of that,
and I'm my favorite pair of shoes.
Radio and television,
motion pictures too,
and you must understand,
that I am now a part of you.

PART 2

Some Other People

Divine Comedy

Trouble on the mental ward,
late last Friday night.
Two Gods met each other,
and began an awful fight.

Beelzebub

The devil is a frightful soul,
we think we know quite well,
with pointed tail and fiery skin,
he lives in our own hell,
and stealthily approaches us,
to lure us to his ways,
so he can prod and poke at us
for never ending days.

But when was it determined
that the devil was a male,
and who was it reported
that he had a pointed tail,
and what if it's discovered later,
hell is cold and dry,
and someone finally proves to us
that Hades is on high?

Now, I think that the devil,
must be soft and white and pure,
else how would anybody,
ever fall before her lure,
and if the devil really thought
your soul she ought to woo,
then leaving you alone would be,
the devilish thing to do.

Internet Love

I saw my friend John at the airport last week.
He was grinning from head down to toe.
"I'm going to Boston to meet my new lover",
he said with a warm pleasing glow.

"We met on the Internet, can you believe,
that such wonderful things could occur?
We were made for each other. I know that for sure.
We agree on the things we prefer."

I looked at my friend and I said with a smile,
"Are you sure? This is quite hard to get.
To meet and fall madly in love with someone,
when you never have actually met."

"Oh, I'm sure. Yes I'm certain," he said with a pause,
that belied there was more left to tell.
"There's only one problem, a small one for sure."
I asked him to tell me. His smile then fell.

"She thinks that I'm rich, that I'm rolling in dough,
and I don't know just what she might do.
I'm going to Boston to find her and tell her
that all of my lying is through."

"Does she know that you're coming to Boston?" I asked.
He said, "No, that just would not be wise.
I'll find her and ask her to join me for lunch,
and in person I'll clear up my lies."

I watched as he boarded the 10:10 to Boston,
and pondered the problems he faced.
It shows you, I thought, how such lies can result,
in a mountain of shame and disgrace.

It was several days later. I saw John again,
a despondent sad look in his eyes.
I asked him to tell me how everything went,
when he told his new love of his lies.

He looked at me sadly and paused a long time,
like he did not quite know what to say.
"I might as well tell you," he finally said,
"He was fifty years old and he's gay."

Teevee Preacher

Teevee preacher,
Praise The Lord.
You're crying once again,
and selflessly you're begging,
for redemption of my sin.

Your arms are raised into the air.
Your eyes are filled with tears,
and through your exhortations,
I am lifted from most fears.

With only seven hundred million,
you have found the way,
to holiness and godliness,
from which you rarely sway.

Your singing and rejoicing
have a silver ringing tone,
to tell me in my darkest time,
I may not be alone,

In my struggle for salvation,
you will almost always be,
all my strength and inspiration,
and the force that sets me free.

There is still one thing that bothers me.
I do not ask for much,
but next time you decide to sin,
do more than sit and watch.

Thanksgiving Dinner

Thanksgiving dinner at the Hasselberry house, was a wondrous and a truly grand affair. Wilma Hasselberry and her mother, in the kitchen, where they would the lavish feast with care prepare.

The Hasselberry men would gather at the television, and anticipate some grand gridiron feats, while the wives would gather in the massive kitchen of the house, and assist each other in preparing treats,

They would work for many hours, making certain that the dinner, was prepared with every nuance done just so. If a portion of the meal was not exactly as it should be, then some Hasselberry'd surely let them know.

A plump juicy turkey sat upon the table's center, with traditional *accoutrements* beside, and the relatives of Hasselberries came from everywhere, with a great amount of Hasselberry pride.

They would gather at the lavish table, ready to partake, and Mr. Hasselberry would the blessing read. Then the family would devour all the food upon the table with a glutinous and animal-like greed.

Then uncle Elmer Hasselberry surely would expound, upon young Wilbur Hasselberry's length of hair, and how Wilbur H., the senior should demand that it be cut, which would then begin the moments of despair.

Then at least a few young Hasselberries would take Wilbur's side, and an argument amongst them would ensue, as lines were drawn, and Hasselberry yelled across at Hasselberry, spouting concepts that they each one felt were true.

Many nasty and uncaring comments would be thrown about, with each one trying to be heard above the rest. They would shout some awful things across the table at each other, while declaring that their own views were the best.

(continued)

This would last throughout the dinner, never ceasing nor abating, until every speck of food had been devoured. No one ever kept a timer, but it rarely ever lasted any longer than three quarters of an hour.

They would all then leave the table, and split up in little factions, where they each believed, with comfort, they would rather, but the football game was on, and they would all forget the fighting, as the men would at the television gather,

and the conversations then would switch to pass attacks and running, and how they could coach much better, anyway, and the fighting was forgotten, and a silent truce was gotten, until one year later, on Thanksgiving day.

Freak Show

Back behind the midway,
you can hear the barker's call.
'Step right up, good people.
Come inside now,
one and all.

See the freaks, who live behind,
our secret side show door,
things so strange,
you've never seen them,
any place before.

See the lizard boy,
who crawls and slithers,
like a snake.
See the man who swallows swords.
Not one of them is fake.

Here are nature's myst'ries,
on display for you to see.
Bearded ladies.
Men with horns.
It's quite a potpourri.

Yes, back behind these doors,
my friends,
are strange and awesome sights.
Some of them are funny.
Some are truly gruesome frights.

But best of all,
dear people,
and the strangest thing of all,
look before you leave this place,
behind the secret wall.

A truly wondrous sight resides,
behind it in the foyer.
There, you'll see,
in all his splendor,
lives an honest lawyer.'

Luther and Junior

Part 1 - Buddies

Luther and Junior were down at the bar,
and were drinking as much as they could.
They could not remember who'd bought the last round,
but in fact either one of them would.

These two argued everything, even the weather,
and whether chameleons had wings,
or any of several extremely important,
or totally ludicrous things.

Their arguments never could be called discussions,
since they were most always much louder.
In spite of the fact that their voices were slurred,
they would speak with a great deal of power.

They argued on Batman, and aardvarks, and Truman,
and adequacy in their mates,
and if you have witnessed just one of these sessions,
you know who it is Luther hates.

The logic of Junior would shift into tangents
that often would make little sense,
and Luther would orate to all those around them
that Junior was terribly dense.

One time, for example, old Junior expounded,
a flounder had done a disgrace,
and God as a punishment for such a deed,
put both eyes on one side of its face.

The patrons did not always find so amusing
their boisterous and rowdy behavior,
and often demanded that Luther and Junior
be thrown from the bar with disfavor.

Yes, frequently bartenders took our two buddies,
and tossed them outside in the gutter,
since obnoxious drunks are not looked on with pleasure,
excepting, of course, by each other.

Part 2 - Luther

Luther went home after drinking with Junior, much later than he should have been. He tried to be quiet, but into his trash can, he crashed with a thunderous din.

He hoped that his wife was asleep in the bedroom, and had not yet heard him come home, knowing that she could be terribly cranky, whenever he left her alone.

He took off his shoes, which might tend to be noisy, and carried them high in the air. When his keys jingled loudly, he looked at them sternly, and whispered, 'hush hush', in despair, for he was most surely aware of the fact that his wife must not now be awakened. The thought of it happening this late at night, left old Luther quite visibly shaken.

But when he had entered the house, he was certain that she was most soundly asleep, for if she had heard him, she would have been yelling, and thus far, he'd not heard a peep.

The trip up the stairs to their second floor bedroom was one that he dreaded to make. He bolstered his courage and slowly with caution, began the first step up to take.

He failed to observe on the fourth step above him there rested a small child's skate. His foot barely touched it when Luther and shoes had attained quite an airborne-like state.

His body flew high in the air and then back, as he wailed with a high shrieking pitch, but once he had landed, he said very calmly, "Well, I'll be a son of a bitch".

Now during this time, Luther's wife lie in bed, with a scowl on her face all the while, but once she had heard Luther's wry observation, she slept with a faint little smile.

Part 3 - Junior

Junior went home after drinking with Luther.
He swerved as he drove down the road.
The cops pulled him over, and questioned him sternly,
concerning his level of load.

He could not respond to the simplest questions,
like who or where he thought he was,
and when he was asked to walk on a straight line,
he performed just the way a drunk does.

They took him away to the town police station.
They stripped him and threw him in jail,
and told him he'd stay there until the next Monday,
unless he could put up his bail.

Poor Junior was broke since he'd bought the last round
with his final available cash,
He wished he had stopped about two hours sooner,
and wasn't so visibly smashed.

The cell was so small that it frightened poor Junior.
It smelled, and was quite a disgrace.
A sink and a cot and a toilet
were all the amenities in that sad place.

The guard came around about ten minutes later,
and said that he'd better prepare.
His cellmate was coming to join him in moments,
and would not be pleased he was there.

This cellmate, he said, was a big man named Sweets,
who would look on a roommate quite dim,
and Junior would find out, cause Big Sweets would tell him
the furnishings belonged to him.

Part 4 - Re-acquaintance

When Junior got out, which was several days later, he checked his apartment for mail, knowing that there would be plenty, since he had spent such a long time in that jail. He passed over those that were obvious dunnings, and quickly grabbed one that he saw, that he knew was a check, unemployment insurance, and clutched it inside his great paw.

His feet took him quickly down to the bank building, where it was quite readily cashed, and then he returned to the bar on the corner, but swore that he would not get smashed. He saw his old buddy slumped down in the corner, and tried to ignore he was there, but that was not easy, since Luther had seen him, and Junior was caught in his stare.

He knew that his problems would certainly vanish, if he did not sit with that man, for Luther had led him astray in the past, and would certainly do it again. He sat at the bar, and he ordered a double, and drank it down swiftly and smiled. He knew that his friend would be hurt from his shun, but ignored Luther's stare all the while.

At about the same time, Luther thought to himself, that he hoped that old Junior would stay at the bar where he was, since old Luther had figured, his problems would then go away. All the problems he had with his wife and his family were caused by that man at the bar, and he thought to himself, as he drank up his bourbon, that this way was better by far.

Part 5 - Buddies Again

Our buddies sat drinking apart from each other.
I've already told you that tale.
Junior had several more bucks in his pants
from the check that he got in the mail.

Then, after they drank, each alone and apart
for what seemed to be quite a long time,
Luther reached in his pocket to pay for a drink,
and while fumbling, dropped a thin dime.

The dime rolled away, and across toward the bar,
'til it landed right at Junior's feet.
Both men saw it happen, and as they both watched it,
they each turned as red as a beet.

Some moments of silence then followed the action,
until Junior said with a grin,
"I believe this is yours.", and he rose from his stool,
and extended his hand, dime within.

"Why thank you, my friend", Luther said, as he smiled,
and extracted the coin from his hand,
and then he asked Junior to join him for one
that he'd buy for this most honest man.

Well, in quite a short time our good buddies had seven,
and quickly were working on eight.
They chattered with glee at their new repaired friendship.
Its future they did contemplate.

Before long Junior told him, a flounder one time
had committed some horrid disgrace,
and the lord as a punishment for such a deed,
put both eyes on one side of its face.

And Luther just grinned, never once letting on,
that he'd heard that one some time ago.
Then, quickly, he stated that he was impressed
with the vast amount Junior did know.

To see their reunion brought tears to my eyes.
Yes, that scene was most truly a winner,
ending with Luther, surprising his wife,
as he took his friend home to have dinner.

The Fight Game

When I started fighting,
I was very good, my friend,
at throwing punches,
dodging others,
standing at the end.

They told me I had promise,
and could win the longed for belt.
I could make it to the top,
So those around me felt.

I won a lot of fights.
My people made a lot of money,
but when I asked about it,
they would say, "Don't worry Sonny".

"We'll take care of all your needs
for food and clothes and stuff,
and when you're finished fighting
you'll have much more than enough."

So I kept punching,
weaving,
dodging,
winning several fights,
until a left hook
caught my nose,
extinguishing my lights.

Dey told me not ta worry,
and continue wit da fight,
but I knew tings was diff'rent,
ever since dat awful night.

Den, a couple matches later,
some guy hit me,
Wham Bam Bam,
an' ever since dat fateful day,
I doe noe hoo I am.

Dressing The Part

The first time they dated,
she wore her red dress.
She liked him in ties,
so he put on his best.

Clothes were important,
and she let him know it.
He hated to dress up,
but just didn't show it.

At first it was dating
in serious clothes,
and then ritual mating
in buttons and bows.

And so it continued,
throughout their affair,
their clothing selected
with increasing care.

But, several weeks later,
he was quite distressed,
the first time she wore
her maternity dress.

He told her he wasn't
yet ready for that,
which started a major
intense lover's spat.

He told her he would
have to give her the boot,
since then, he has worn
a paternity suit.

Clear as a Belle

I once met a lady,
who told me a story,
she'd heard from a man at the zoo,
and if you will lend me,
your ear for a moment,
I'll try, and convey it to you.

A man was arrested,
for impersonating,
a young female celebrity.
They pried him with force,
'til he broke down,
in course,
and declared with a great clarity.

O.K. I admit it,
I'm really a lady,
who wishes that she was a guy,
a test pilot,
flying a fast jet,
and soaring,
incredibly high in the sky,

with thoughts,
of my childhood,
fresh in my mind,
when I starred,
in an old high school play,
and I played a young lady,
who dressed like a man,
in the night time,
but never by day.

In the daytime,
she dressed,
very much like a lady,
with thoughts of her previous home,
and dreamed of the things
she would liked to have done,
such as writing a ludicrous poem.

Fancy Nancy

Fancy Nancy took her children uptown to the mall,
to buy them clothes for school,
for it was fast approaching fall.
She would never take them to the cheaper discount store.
It was worth it, she would say,
to pay a little more.
"Quality will tell," she'd add, while turning up her nose.
"You have to spend a little more,
or else, they'll look like those."
She pointed to some children, who were running in the mall.
Frumpy Dumpy's children,
with their clothes all torn and all.

The knees on their old blue jeans were quite ragged and abused,
but Frumpy Dumpy simply watched them play.
She was amused.
The colors in the clothing had been faded all away,
from heavy washing many times.
They'd seen a brighter day.
Now getting back to Fancy Nancy, she just watched and frowned,
that anyone would let
those tattered children run around.
She passed right by the Dumpy ones, and walked with kids in hand,
into the most exclusive store
for children in the land.

She asked the salesman to present the latest children's fashion.
Style was everything, you see.
With her it was a passion.
The salesman at the store then said, he had the latest stuff.
He knew, you see,
that Fancy Nancy's money was enough.
But when he brought the clothing out, Nancy's face did freeze.
The clothes looked worn and faded,
and were ragged in the knees.
The clerk then stated with great pride, like tooting on his horn,
"These are the very latest.
They're pre-bleached, pre-washed, pre-torn."

Trees! Please!

I think Joyce Kilmer did not see
A swimming pool next to a tree
A tree whose dead brown leaves are pressed
against the filter causing stress,

And did our poet ever see,
A hurricane force windblown tree,
Destroying houses in its path,
Propelled by God's most forceful wrath,

Or had he ever finished mowing,
His well trimmed front lawn just glowing,
When all at once a gentle breeze,
Drops cones and leaves from off his trees.

Joyce Kilmer never owned a cat,
Who climbed into a tree and sat,
Afraid to make the trip back down,
Without some help to reach the ground.

Yet he was right about those trees,
When outside we would all but freeze,
The warmth they give is fine indeed,
Once the chain saw's done its deed.

Mental Health

I met someone last month,
I hadn't seen for several years.
It happened while I went to Moe's
to grab a couple beers.

We talked a while on several things,
first one and then the other,
and then he asked me all about,
the health of my big brother.

I told him that my brother
wasn't doing very well.
It seemed that he was suffering
some bad but unknown spell.

He looked at me and said,
"You must go back and tell him quick,
that he is not that ill,
but only thinks that he is sick."

He told me that my brother,
should just smile and think what's bright,
and soon he would be better,
and be ridden of that blight.

He said that health's a mental state,
controlled within our mind.
By thinking we were healthier,
we soon would feel just fine.

I saw my friend again today,
and so we talked some more,
about so many different things,
just like we had before.

He asked if I had told my brother,
all that he had said.
I told him yes, but now you see,
he thinks that he is dead.

The Midnight Ride Of Fred Revere

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
of the midnight ride of Fred Revere.
On the eighteenth of April of seventy-five,
so just about everyone still is alive.
"Wait in the church tower," said chairman Lee.
"When the Japanese get here, then quickly tell me.
By waving these lanterns, you'll warn all men free,
waving one if by land, waving two if by sea."
"The thought of them beating us just makes me shiver,
so you must be here on this side of the river,
while I on the opposite shore shall be waiting,
retooling factories and anticipating."
"These Japanese think they are shrewder than us,
like the Germans when they made that old Microbus.
You must stay alert so that when they arrive,
and you have so told me, away you'll then drive."
"Shout warnings to all the American men,
giving us a head start so that then in the end,
our profits will soar more than ever before
from Plymouth and Chevy and even from Ford."

So Fred took his stand in the tower and watched.
This wasn't a job that he thought should be botched.
A turn toward the city then brought him dismay.
A thick pea soup fog had now covered the quay.
He quickly decided that when they arrived,
to forsake the idea of the lanterns and drive,
across the old bridge at the end of the street,
and quick with the message, the chairman he'd meet.
Then eastward he gazed 'cross the wide open sea,
for a glimpse of that fiendish long time enemy.
Just then he saw movement far out in the ocean.
The Japanese freighters were surely in motion.
With Nissans and Hondas, Isuzus, Toyotas,
and Hyundais and even some Mazda Miatas.
"My God," he cried out as he ran for his car.
"I wonder how they got so quickly this far."
So there in the parking lot of the old tower,
Fred jumped in his car and he gave it full power.
It chugged and it coughed and it wheezed till alas,
our hero had realized he'd run out of gas.

The King of Hearts

The King of Hearts was lying,
and the people knew it too,
and lying by the King,
had made them all annoyed and blue.
It seems he had his henchman
steal some freshly finished tarts,
prepared by one who was employed
as cook for Queen of Hearts.
He said he didn't know,
who might have done the evil deed,
but he was not involved,
nor any one of his fine breed.

A scribe then told the Knave of clubs
that he had taken notes.
It seems that someone in Heart's club,
had given him some quotes,
concerning someone very high,
and quite close to the King,
who stole for pay and on that day
was told the tarts to bring.
The people would not stand for that,
and they attacked the King,
until a few young palace guards,
about the deed did sing.

The King was soon defeated,
and the palace grounds were seized.
A new King was anointed,
and the people were quite pleased,
until they learned about the fact,
that this new King was there,
and knew about the stolen tarts,
and didn't seem to care.
But then the people tired
of the sordid tart affair.
They didn't seem to give a damn,
about who, when or where.
They chanted loudly in the streets,
with voices they did sing.
The King is thrown. He rules no more.
Long live our new found King.

Stopping On The Road On A Snowy Evening

Most men are gentle caring men,
who have no need to fight.
They seldom pick an argument,
not even if they're right,

but when they get behind the wheel,
a change comes on them quick.
They act just like a raving ranting,
mad man lunatic.

The other day, I'm in my car,
and heading off to work,
when suddenly behind me,
there appears this stupid jerk,

who runs his car within a foot
of my car in the rear,
and honks his horn, and blinks his lights,
as if I couldn't hear.

I glanced at my speedometer,
to check upon my speed.
It was thirty miles per hour,
that was fast enough indeed.

The posted speed was twenty five,
and I was five above it,
so I just had to find a way
to tell this guy to shove it.

I let my foot then slowly rise,
and felt my speed get lower.
Now I was doing twenty five.
we both were going slower.

But Mr. Einstein in the rear
was not so happy, no sir.
His honking got more frequent,
and his car got even closer.

(continued)

So I let up a little more,
and then was going twenty.
He didn't get the picture yet.
This guy now irked me plenty.

He honked some more, and I of course,
slowed down some more, and then,
a few more seconds,
and we two were barely doing ten.

This brilliant person on my tail,
the honking would not drop,
until at last, it's no surprise,
we both came to a stop.

He exited his car and yelled,
as he approached my door,
so I just turned and smiled at him,
and shoved it to the floor.

Animal Talk

Eddie the elephant
lived at the zoo
with his long time compatriot,
Ken Kangaroo.

They frequently met
to discuss things in depth,
at the end of the day
when the humans had left.

Of Zeke, the old zebra,
they frequently talked,
and how silly that old striped suit looked,
when he walked.

Of Ollie Orangutan,
they would despair.
They both would state how
he should shorten his hair.

And Gerry Giraffe was so tall,
he looked funny.
He should have surgery.
He had the money.

They'd gossip for hours,
late into the night,
about how the others
just didn't look right,

but during their talks,
they'd peruse one another,
with thoughts that they did not dare
share with each other.

Old Eddy would think to himself
all the while,
That kangaroo hops
in a most stupid style,

and Ken, on the other hand
thought that it stunk,
that his friend kept that long ugly
ludicrous trunk.

Gypsy Lady

I met an old gypsy, quite haggard and gray,
and told her my problems would not go away.
She turned then, and told me that she was the one,
to get rid of my troubles, cause sorrows to run.

She gave me a bag with a tie at the top.
In that I was told, all my troubles to drop.
I did as she told me, and filled up the bag,
and gave it to her, weighted down so it sagged.

She told me to wait, as she took my filled pack,
and soon called me in, to a room in the back.
There in the corner, 'bout seven feet tall,
was a stack of those bags propped against the far wall.

She told me I now could select as I chose,
and trade all my ills, for another man's woes.
I peered in each bag, as I trembled with glee.
I knew that quite soon, I'd be happy and free.

For seventeen hours, I searched those bags through,
aglow in the feeling of starting anew.
I searched through each bag, the right one to be chosen,
but after much time, I just sat there quite frozen.

In the time I had been there I never did stop.
I had looked in those bags from the bottom to top.
She had known from the start, what would happen to me,
as I took my own bag, and went home gleefully.

Power Dressing

A finely tailored businessman
was sitting on a plane,
with a three piece suit,
and a newly styled mane.
He looked across the aisle
with a frown and some disdain,
at a younger man in blue jeans,
then he looked away again.

The youth was sitting slouching
in a very casual pose.
A silver ring was clinging
to the younger man's pierced nose.
The businessman thought coldly,
as the boy began to doze,
success will never come to one,
who wears those awful clothes.

He pondered over his successes
in the business world,
and stroked the pin upon his tie,
expensive cultured pearl.
He now was making more than
ninety thousand dollars pay,
and pitied him who sat across,
in pants so torn and frayed.

He took the task upon himself
to tell it to this lad,
that if he would but change his ways,
success he'd surely have.
He woke the boy, and then
in careful tempered tones began,
explaining to him how it is,
that clothes will make the man.

(Continued)

And if the youth would simply
change his sloppy dressing way,
he'd go a distance toward increasing
each year's take home pay,
and if the lad would do without
that ugly silver ring,
the world upon his doorstep,
would come quickly beckoning.

The boy just smiled,
and pulled upon his torn and tattered jeans,
and said, "I do appreciate
exactly what you mean,
but my last record just made gold,
and certain facts are facts.
From that alone, I'll make three million
after income tax."

Smokin' Joe

Ol' Joseph was crazy, he surely was nuts,
with a smoke in his mouth, and a tray full of butts.
He spoke on the phone, sounding worldly and wise,
as smoke from the cigarette rose to his eyes.

His cup full of coffee was right by his side.
It was steaming and hot. That was all he'd abide.
He grabbed at the cig, placing it in the tray,
which started a fire, and caused him dismay.

The pain was intense, as his eyes filled with smoke.
He dropped the receiver, and started to choke.
The phone landed square on the butts in the tray,
causing a grand pyrotechnic display,

Butts then were smoking, and spewing about,
as if they were shot from a volcanic spout.
He sat in his chair, and then started to dance,
since several had then found the crotch of his pants.

His arms flew around, amidst all of this flap,
and toppled the coffee cup into his lap.
This all brought about yet another new pain,
except that his crotch was the target again.

The cup hit the floor, as he rose with a scream.
This surely, he thought, was just all a bad dream.
Now cigarettes smoldered all over the floor.
He stamped them all out then, by dancing some more.

He slipped on a spot that the coffee had made
which flipped up the ash tray, another cascade.
While still on the floor, then he started to curse,
but knew it was over. It could not get worse.

Now, six ugly burn marks were on his new rug.
Three holes in his pants, and a broke coffee mug.
He looked at the mess, and with coyness and wit,
decided that one of these days, he would quit.

The Eleven Dwarves

We were told that all along,
the dwarves just numbered seven,
Truth is there were more of them.
In fact there were eleven.
Four of them were told
that they would not be further needed,
long before the making
of that well known film proceeded.

They were told the reason
was the sum of many factors,
like they just did not have enough
to pay eleven actors.
The writers would not change their minds,
and offered them a deal.
Seven dwarves would work for them.
There would be no appeal.

When they were all alone again,
the dwarves discussed the day.
They knew they all would benefit,
when seven dwarves got pay.
The truth was very different,
from what they were told about it.
They wanted work for all of them,
but they could live without it.

After voting they decided,
They would take the deal,
but they are still not willing,
to describe just how they feel.
Each dwarf knew they'd lied,
and that their lying came quite easy,
'bout why they wouldn't hire Smelly,
Creepy, Barf or Sleazy.

Wing Tipped Footsteps

The other day, I went to buy,
a sofa bed where I could lie.
I walked into the sofa store,
and I was greeted at the door.

A suited salesman, who did say,
"Now isn't this a lovely day?
I'd like to show you our recliners,
fashioned by the best designers."

"I'm just looking. Thank you sir."
I said without the slightest slur.
I'd like to look around your store,
to find the thing I'm looking for."

He slunk away all sad and blue,
and said "I'm here to just help you.
So look around then on your own,
and call me when your needs are known."

I then began to search the store,
to find what I was looking for,
but all along I had the feeling,
someone watching me was stealing,
all around the beds and couches.
Someone on my left there crouches.
Back behind that sofa bed,
I know I saw his balding head,
watching me just like a creature,
in a drive-in movie feature.
Over there I heard the sound,
of wing tipped footsteps slinking 'round.

I felt my comfort level wane.
I felt that I might go insane.
This vulture knew, he'd found his prey.
and simply would not go away.

And so I headed for the door.
I simply could not stand much more.
I slowly inched my way outside,
and found my car, away to ride.

Then safely in my Chevrolet,
I soon prepared to drive away.
One final look, and then I froze.
Against the window pressed his nose.

The Legislative Process

If you've ever wondered how,
our states create the laws,
the process is quite simple,
yet it's fraught with many flaws.

You have to watch your legislators,
making laws for you,
but be prepared for what you'll see
may make you sad and blue.

I know you've heard
that making sausage is like making laws.
But I can tell you
that description's filled with several flaws.

And I believe a better way
to tell you how it's done,
defines the candidates who've run,
and subsequently won.

You soon will see among the people,
in those chambers quartered,
the pigs among them will get fat,
the hogs will just get slaughtered.

Couch Potato

one potato, two potato
watchin' teevee,
game shows, ball games, NBC

cop shows, news shows,
Sixty Minutes too,
nothing on the television's
too good for you.

VDR and DVR,
don't want to miss a thing.
Split screen images
fit for a king.

Settle in an easy chair
with soda pop and chips,
onion garlic cream cheese,
and sour cream dip.
Prop your feet upon a stool,
and pour yourself a beer.
Live your life through others
with no risk or chance or fear.

one potato two potato
watchin' teevee,
war shows, church shows, ABC

Pushin' at the buttons
by remote control
is your only form of exercise
push and roll.
mini-series, World Series,
World Report,
Wheel of Fortune, Jeopardy,
The Peoples' Court.
Watch it in the morning,
watch it very late at night,
Sunday is for football games,
and Friday is the fight.
Weather Channel, Shopping Channel,
so informed,
prepared to buy a bracelet
in the wildest storm.

one potato, two potato
watchin' teevee,
even watch the videos on MTV.

Pioneers

We've all been told,
in days of old,
those noble pioneers,
would sacrifice,
and pay the price,
and suffer through the years.

In covered wagon,
butt's adraggin',
traveling out west,
they risked their lives,
and risked their wives,
to go where they thought best.

But was it really,
quite so dreary,
rolling oer the plains.
They had each other,
and had cover
from the pouring rains.

They had their food,
quite tasty too,
prepared for them right there,
with room enough,
for all their stuff,
and all their clothes to wear.

I think they had it not so bad
as we who go today,
who travel west,
at work's behest,
dependent on our pay.

They never waited,
breath abated,
sitting at the gate,
when fog and rains,
delayed their planes,
and caused three hours wait.

PART 3

More Stuff |

Irate The Movies

Think about the movie ratings.
Though it's seems quite crude,
murder is all right for kids,
unless the killer's nude.

Modern Proverbs

A penny saved is a penny earned,
but it certainly won't go far,
and money can't buy happiness,
but it can buy a luxury car.

The longest race starts with one step,
and then a billion more.
Love is blind and deaf and dumb,
unless you've met before

You can't buy good health, my friend,
but, rich man, don't despair.
If your health is not so good,
your cash will buy good care.

The pen is mightier than the sword,
unless you stab the writer.
Curiosity killed the cat.
'Til then his life was brighter.

The best in life may well be free,
but the better stuff still costs money.
Flies are attracted to vinegar too,
and you only need a little bit of honey.

Children should be seen, not heard,
but they might end up mute.
Beauty may be just skin deep,
but it's still more deep than cute.

Slow and steady wins the race,
but not against a real go-getter.
A friend in need is a friend indeed,
but a friend who's not is better.

The American Dream

In America we dream
the great suburban dream,
to own our home, on our own lot,
with lawn so lush and green.
Listed here are rules to use,
to help you get it done,
and if you will pay close attention,
you can join the fun.

Cover ground with good rich soil,
several inches thick,
making certain of the thickness.
Measured with a stick.
Fertilize.
Don't spare expense.
This most important test
will feed your lawn with nutrients,
to make it look the best.

Use the finest sod you can.
Be sure it's nice and healthy.
Smooth the surface with a presser.
Folks will think you're wealthy.
Quench its thirst with lots of water.
Make it very wet.
Now don't expand your chest with pride.
It's not that time just yet.

Buy equipment.
Pay the price,
this task you must not shirk.
Mowers,
trimmers,
brooms and rakes,
for now begins your work.
Each golden drop of rain and sun
will now assist to grow it,
and every weekend of your life,
will now be used to mow it.

Bad Bite Blues

Oh, my lady's dog done bit me,
an' it just don't make no sense.
Yeah, my lady's dog done bit me,
caught me peekin' through her fence.

I got the bad bite blues.
Kept me up most all last night.
I got the bad bite blues,
an' I just don't feel so right.

Oh, my coffee pot ain't workin',
'cause the thermostat went wrong.
Lord, my coffee pot ain't workin'.
Perks my coffee too damn long.

I got the bad bite blues,
I been hurtin' all day long.
I got the bad bite blues,
an' the hurtin' is so strong.

Now, my dentures, they got busted,
an' I just can't chew no more.
Yeah, my dentures they got busted,
when I dropped 'em on the floor.

I got the bad bite blues,
from my head down to my knee.
Oh lord, dem bad bite blues,
dey jus' will not set me free.

My computer's got the sickness,
loses programs all the time.
My computer's got the sickness, lord.
That thing ain't worth a dime.

I got the bad byte blues,
since yesterday 'bout three.
I got dem bad byte blues,
Lord, these blues just ain't for me.

Oh, my apple had a worm inside.
Didn't know what I could do.
Yeah, my apple had a worm inside.
I bit dat boy in two.

I got the bad bite blues,
an' they bite just like a flea.
I got the bad bite blues, oh lord,
these blues be killin' me.

Election Day

Vote for me. I'll make you rich.
Vote not for that son of a bitch.
He'll take your money all away,
and look for more, another day.
He'll always help those other guys,
those not like you, those not so wise,
and he won't care what you may say,
unless you have some cash to pay.

But I am so sincere, you see,
I'll wreak with total honesty.
I'm good and true, and pure and right,
and just for you, I'll fight your fight.
I'll lower taxes, as a start,
and constantly, I'll take your part,
support your programs, and your right,
I'll fight for you with all my might.

I stand for God and motherhood,
and apple pie and brotherhood.
I'll never hide the truth from you.
I'll push your programs right on through,
I'll stand up tall against the wrong.
I'll slay your dragons all along.
I'll be your knight upon white horse,
and always do what's right, of course.

What's that you say? You want to see,
how I will vote on issue three.
Well, that depends, my new found friend.
I'll analyze it end to end,
Yes, I will in your interest do
what I believe you want me to.
You say you want the laws to change.
I'm certain that can be arranged.

You want to know 'bout issue four.
I'll do whatever brings you more,
and issue five is easy too.
I'll do whatever's right for you.
So vote for me, and not for him.
Avoid his promises so dim,
and I will give you all I say,
until the next election day.

Tax Simplification

The tax forms have been simplified,
but still, they leave me stupefied.
The chain of steps that we must follow,
makes me in confusion wallow.

This year's harder than the last,
which has held true for all years past.
Some deductions go away,
but new ones, do they add?
No way!

Exemptions are so hard to claim,
unless you're old and blind and maimed.
Now why do you suppose they say,
those forms are simple, anyway?

Perhaps they want us to believe,
that we've been given a reprieve,
and that they've changed things for our good,
though we know that they never would.

They say we'll end up paying less,
but why the hell don't they confess?
There's only one thing simple here.
I'll pay more than I did last year.

Important Tax Information

Cheat on taxes, that's the way.
Do as the rich and just don't pay.
Hide your assets from The Man.
Keep your money in a coffee can.
You'll pay just the minimum.
Taxes, you'll be skimmin' 'em.
Find those write offs I can't see,
but if you do then please tell me.

'Cause me, I'm just a workin' gent,
who's payin' for the government.
Yes, I'm the man who bought the fan,
a thousand bucks
and fifty cents.

Put your money in a trust.
Do not fret. It won't go bust.
When the tax man comes around,
hide it all and make no sound.
You can do it, yes you can.
Don't divulge it to the man.
Find more loopholes every day,
different ways that you don't pay.

But me, I'm just a workin' gent,
who's payin' for the government.
Yes, I'm the guy that they would fry
for stealing only seven cents.

If they catch you, do not sweat.
They haven't hurt a rich man yet.
You will simply have to pay
your taxes and be on your way.
In this country, to succeed,
you have to foster things like greed.
Find those loopholes.
Stuff stuff in.
Don't you worry. It's no sin.

But me'
I'm just a workin' gent,
who's payin' for the government,
and I confess, the I.R.S.
has never yet a refund sent.

Diet Riot

The diet fad has been with us
for quite a length of time,
in every form and fashion,
but until now, not in rhyme.
This diet I will tell you of
is better than the rest.
It works, if you will stick to it
and brings on weight loss best.

The rules that you must follow
are contained in this refrain,
and if you follow all of them
your loss will be your gain.
The first thing to remember
is to never drink a malt,
and do not take a second bite
that does not need more salt.

You always have to stay away
from food that comes from France,
and don't ingest a single thing
with whipping cream enhanced.
Don't ever eat an animal
that did not swim or cluck.
Avoid at any cost a meal
with price less than a buck.

Put down that food that tastes to you
much better than it looks,
or absolutely anything
expanding when it cooks.
Do not eat any item,
if it starts out with a vowel,
or if you find,
it leaves a stain
upon a paper towel.

The final rules you must obey
for this plan to succeed,
and these are most important,
so sit back, and pay great heed.
Avoid those foods that you can eat
in less than two full chews,
and positively don't eat food
that's softer than your shoes.

Exercise

By now the Diet Riot rhyme
has helped you to lose weight,
and you must learn to exercise,
so heed and concentrate.

The first routine that you must master,
now that you are thin,
is bringing food from on the table
up and past your chin.

This must be done three times each day.
You should not ever skip.
In time, you'll get so good at it,
the food won't touch your lip.

The second thing that you must learn,
as you have heard before,
with your teevee's remote control,
push button number four.

Repeat that act a thousand times,
but do not scorn or pout.
You may watch the teevee,
if the batteries are out.

When you are sitting in your chair
without a thing to do,
just point your finger at your mate
with force and derring-do.

You should then feel a pressure
all along your finger's length,
but if you don't, then try again,
and this time use more strength.

The next routine is not so easy.
Go down to the mall,
and look in every store window.
Be sure you see them all.

(continued)

The last one is the hardest,
but don't let it get you down.
Without it you will certainly
be flabby all around.

Blow your hair dry every morning.
Hold the dryer high.
You'll notice that your arm will ache
so much, you'll want to cry,

but always keep these words in mind,
and think of this refrain.
As far as muscles are concerned,
no pain means there's no gain.

Fool Proof

I'm now an inventor.
Have no misconception,
but I have created,
a new contraception.

It's foolproof.
I swear.
It has no bad effects,
and it works like a charm,
when you plan to have sex.

It's used by the lady,
and not by the man.
It comes with instructions,
needs no monthly plan.

It's not taken orally,
no side effects.
In any ten million,
there are no rejects.

It works every time,
cannot fail,
cannot miss,
although you may find it hard
to believe this.

It's small and it's round,
and as thin as a dime.
Use it right before sex,
the appropriate time.

The lady who uses it
does so with ease,
by clamping it tightly
between her two knees.

When properly placed,
it's a sensual sight,
'twixt the left side of left,
and the right side of right.

Problem Child

As soon as my dear husband left
for work at eight A.M.,
I had another cup of coffee,
making three of them.

My Valium ran out, so then,
I went to see Doc. Jones,
but first, I took some aspirins,
for the aching in my bones.

He refilled my prescription.
Then I went to Ned's Cafe,
to lunch with Nancy,
whom I was to meet there at midday.

We had a drink and then we talked
before we ordered lunch.
She told me that she thought that I
was smoking far too much.

I told her that an awful piece
of news had come my way,
and I just did not know
what I should do or I should say.

My son, it seems, was caught at school
possessing marijuana,
and I just wasn't certain
how I should be acting on it.

We ordered wine with lunch,
and then we quickly ordered more.
Before our sandwiches were gone,
we each had finished four.

I told her then that I remembered
like it had just passed,
when we would read at bedtime,
Alice, Through The Looking Glass.

Yes, he had grown so quickly,
and no longer would he mind,
but where on earth did he pick up
drug habits of that kind.

Advertising

Whiter whites, they told me,
so I bought the largest size.
Evidently I did something wrong,
or they told lies.

Another ad had touted stuff
to cure my next head cold.
I took the proper dosage,
and I did what I was told.

It didn't cure the sniffles,
or the headache or the pain.
The only thing it did
was make me sleep; no other gain.

The car I bought was built
a little worse than they let on.
I thought of hitting someone
with insurance straight head on,

but I just sold the car to someone,
telling them the same,
as what I heard them advertise,
but I was not to blame.

It seems that in America,
to make successful sales,
you have to lie,
and tell the person buying all those tales.

So when you see those products
that sound better than the best,
do not run out and buy them.
They're no better than the rest.

You see, it is expected.
It is always done the same.
The truth just doesn't matter
in the advertising game.

Airplane Safety

In case of an emergency,
and lack of oxygen,
a mask will fall before your eyes.
Your breath you'll find within.

Please keep your lap belt fastened
any time you're in your seat,
and notice where the exit is,
in case we must retreat.

And these small lights beneath you
will direct you to the door,
but if you see there's smoke about,
please stay close to the floor.

Now, smoking is prohibited,
so please don't pout or grieve,
but if we catch you lighting up,
you will be asked to leave.

In case we have a problem,
and the plane is over water,
the seat your butt is now upon
will then act as your floater.

Turn the power off on all
your laptops, games and stuff,
until the Captain tells us,
that the plane is high enough.

And if the captain tells us,
there's a chance that we might fall,
these simple rules you must obey,
so heed them one and all.

Just bend your body over
with your arms around your thighs,
and stick your head between your legs,
and kiss your ass good-bye.

Sale Day

I heard a sale was on last week
at our department store,
on shoes and shirts and coats and pants,
three quarters off and more.
Though it was raining very hard,
I went downtown to see,
if they had something I could use,
or maybe two or three.

The scene that stood before me
as I entered through the door,
my blood it curdles even now,
just like it did before.
A thousand people milled about
the tables filled with clothes,
treating one another
as they would in battle throes.

They elbowed, pushed and shoved
as clothing flew into the air.
I did not know where I should start,
or if I'd even dare.
That's silly, then I told myself,
these ladies mostly older,
would easy bend before my force.
I'll push through with my shoulder.

I spotted then a shirt my size
that truly was a winner.
I would just buy it and get out,
and then go home to dinner.
I reached my arm and clutched the shirt,
but someone grabbed the sleeve.
She looked like she must surely be
as old as eighty three.

I pulled the shirt with all my might.
She countered with great force.
I pulled again, much harder now.
I won the fight of course.
With shirt in hand I turned around,
and left the fighting pack.
She turned and with her pink umbrella
stabbed me in the back.

Equal Justice

Remember Junior, Luther's buddy,
when he went to jail.
He didn't have enough in cash
to put together bail.
You recall his cell was dirty,
and was shared with Sweets,
the big guy, who would take away
his scarce and longed for treats.

Now, we've been told the courts are equal,
everyone's the same,
that no one's treated differently,
regardless of his name.
But what about those criminals,
with collars colored white,
who ran investment banks,
without regard for what was right.

The chances are they'll go back home,
and never serve a day,
but if they have to do some time,
they'll serve a different way.
Their cells, unlike poor Junior's,
may have carpets plush and thick,
and cable television,
many channels theirs to pick,

a separate room for sleeping,
and a telephone to use,
and many more amenities,
like shoe trees for their shoes.
And How did O.J.'s first one
Ever end up in that way?
To make the jury think,
it was the cops who went astray.

Now, I'm confused, 'cause I've been told
the courts are on the level,
to treat each criminal the same,
from common man to devil.
But this is not the case, my friends.
Now go tell one another.
We treat the ones with money
very different than the others.

Airline Ticket Sale

The airline had a sale last week,
announced in my newspaper,
so I decided right away,
to head out on a caper.
I went to buy a ticket
for a trip to my home town.
The lady at the counter
simply looked at me and frowned.

"This fare is very special.
It is very cheap indeed,
and you will have restrictions,
so you must now pay great heed.
You must leave on Saturday
at six o'clock A.M.,
and several days you must be gone,
at least fourteen of them.

You must wear red suspenders,
and a purple cummerbund.
You can not stop at any time
until your trip is done.
You'll have to sit beside a lady,
baby in her lap,
and on your other side will be
a very portly chap.

You will not get a meal on board,
or any music there,
unless of course a little more
is added to your fare."
I felt that I could live with all
these silly limitations.
The fare was very low, you see
and this was my vacation,

but then the lady added,
"There is one more rule, my friend,
You must return a week before
you come back home again."

The Search For Truth

I traveled oer the world
to find the answer to my quest.
Great effort would be needed
just to find one who knew best.
I sailed across the ocean,
took a bus, a train, a cart,
and then on horseback seven days,
which took me to the start.

The path I took from there,
led deep into a forest thick.
Then onward up the trail,
until I climbed with only pick.
Upward, onward, ever more,
for seven more long days,
I followed those directions
natives gave along the way.

Then suddenly I saw him
on a cool and starlit night,
his body old and withered,
and his beard all long and white.
I handed him my question
on the scroll prepared before,
according to instructions,
just one question, never more.

The guru, I was told,
would answer anything for sure.
He knew about most everything,
no matter how obscure.
He looked upon my question,
and he furrowed up his brow.
He told me he would not respond.
Twas senseless anyhow.

He said it didn't matter.
He would not fill my request.
I'd asked him which would whiten better,
Colgate, Stripe or Crest.

(continued)

The Search For Truth - part 2

I told the guru I was sorry
and would like a second chance
to ask him something else
that would perhaps my life enhance.

He said that if my question
was both reasoned and quite clear
that he would give me one more shot
his most sage words to hear.

I asked him please to tell me
what the meaning was of life
so I could keep his words with me
through times of toil and strife.

He furrowed up his brow
and touched is finger to his chin
then several moments later
did in somber tone begin

He looked into my eyes so deep.
I shivered from his stare,
and then he said, "Life is a river",
causing me despair

Repeating each one of his words,
I now was not amused.
'What do you mean that life's a river?
I am quite confused.'

He wrinkled up his brow,
and moaned and mumbled quite a lot
til finally he looked at me,
and asked, "You mean it's not"?

Paradise

The natives on the island
lived a free and happy life;
free from greed,
and free from fighting,
free from worldly strife.

Sun and sand, and surf and rain
fulfilled their daily needs.
Hand tools all they needed,
for the planting of their seeds.

Dancing was a holy thing.
With them it was transcendent,
decked at times in costumes
that were grand and quite resplendent.

During days they didn't dress,
but ran the beaches nude,
innocent and free,
and never thinking it was crude.

But then the missionaries came,
and brought their concepts new,
like pride and shame and prudence,
and the proper things to do.

They clothed the natives carefully,
and showed them how to act,
and covered up their lewdness,
teaching them of poise and tact.

The missionaries taught them
of a God who lived on high,
who cared for them and loved them,
without needing reasons why.

They taught them how to face the sky;
the proper way to pray,
and while those natives looked up high,
they stole their land away.

A Story I Will Tell

Do unto others as you'd do you.
That's what you're supposed to do.
Watch your cholesterol.
Do not use an aerosol.
Don't snort coke, and of course, don't smoke.
Money, you must never squander.
Don't allow your mind to wander.
Eat less red meats.
Don't eat much sweets.

Don't be a procrastinator.
Do it now instead of later.
Never drink unfiltered water.
Do the things you know you oughta.
Rules in our society,
and those of good propriety,
are not like what they used to be,
each day, we're adding two or three.

It seems that all the negatives
now far outweigh the positives.
And do's and don'ts are everywhere,
so do what's right, and do what's fair.
Do not kill a whale today.
Be careful, anything you say
can and will be used against you,
maybe even all your friends, too.

Stick close to monogamy,
and live in a democracy,
wear your slicker when it's raining,
Speedy driving be disdainning.
Don't throw sewage in the ocean.
Wear your seat belt while in motion.
When you get that sunbathe notion
don't forget your suntan lotion.

(continued)

Check for radon in your house,
and prior partners of your spouse.
Don't go out in acid rain.
From apples with alar refrain.
Live your life accordingly,
and even though it's boringly,
you will find at ninety five
that you will still be quite alive.

Friends will all be dead and gone,
while just their stories linger on,
bringing on both smile and frown
to those, who may be still around.
The down side of this perfect plan
is you may be a healthy man,
but though you may feel very well,
no stories will you have to tell.

Holiness

Now, what if Adam didn't bite
that apple from the tree.
Consider what that simple act
would mean to you and me.

No longer would a hell exist.
Of course, there'd be no Satan.
No savior either,
and of course,
no better life awaitin',

no bad,
no good,
no truth,
no lies,
no choices,
wrong or right.
No sins could be committed.
We could try with all our might.

All men would be like angels,
doing good deeds all the time,
and poets would have
only holy concepts in their rhyme.

Then God could take a holiday,
since all men would be saved,
and only in the noblest ways,
would each of them behave.

But, if you lived in such a world,
and felt so grand and swell,
since everyone was perfect,
there would be no one to tell.

Foreign Policy

I just can't understand.
It's so frequently true,
that people don't think of us as they should do.
We always have fought for the truth and the right,
defending all people with all of our might.
We always have God standing right by our side,
to help us to win, so His laws will abide,
With freedom and justice for all of the world,
the flag of the people so nobly unfurled.

We've always been fair in our treatment of men.
We're always concerned with what's right in the end.
Unless you, of course, count the Indian war,
but nobody back then was keeping the score,
and maybe at times, we were on the wrong side,
by helping the despots to rule and preside.
Their people were hungry, and singing the blues,
while they went around buying hundreds of shoes,

but even in those times, though we were quite wrong,
we always were kind to the downtrodden throng.
Whenever we sided with tyrants so foul,
we weren't directly involved anyhow.
We simply ignored all the wrongs they had done,
until in a battle, the other side won,
and when they took over, and then kicked us out,
we'd think them quite rude, and we'd simper and pout.

But our interests never were part of our plan.
Just simple equality for every man,
with freedom and justice, and liberty too.
For everyone, Christian and Moslem and Jew.
To think that some people believe we are bad,
when God's on our side, it is really quite sad.
We treat all men kindly, both near us and far.
We just want them all to be more like we are.

Society Page

The Acrophobics met last week.
Not one of them arrived.
They held it in a downtown building,
on floor ninety five.
The Bigots held a meeting there,
the first they ever had.
Not a single person showed,
because the entry rules were bad.

Procrastinators met that night,
right by the elevator.
Attendance was quite sparse.
Perhaps, they should have held it later.
The Egotist Convention
planned a meeting oer the phone,
but they had to put it off.
They said they'd rather be alone.

The travel agents held a meeting
on that very day.
They also had to cancel,
since they all had gone away.
The Indecisive Persons
tried to hold a meeting there,
but they never got together,
couldn't figure when nor where.

The Indians had planned to meet,
but to their consternations,
not a single one showed up,
although they all had reservations.
Then the Mothers of America
met on that very site.
Since the Baby-sitters met next door,
attendance was a fright.

But the six fingered, brown eyed,
five foot seven vets
had eleven hundred people there,
the first time that they met.

Perception

Listen here, and I'll explain
a problem solving theory.
It will not take me very long,
and should not make you weary.

It happens that the universe
was just a tiny ball,
until the thing exploded,
spewing planets stars and all.

Now visualize inside your mind,
this stuff did outward race,
ejected from that central point,
and into outer space.

For time beyond imagining,
this force will with us stay,
as stars and planets travel
ever outward and away.

But when that force diminishes,
ten trillion light years hence,
the universe will slow until
it stands in mock suspense.

Another force called gravity
will conquer that, and then
the universe will then begin
to fall back in again.

Then everything will turn around
The planets, stars and all
And things will get so close again
They'll form a tiny ball

So when you lie awake at night,
and worries make you chilly,
just think, my friend, compared to this,
your problems are quite silly.

Excess

Drink until you're good and drunk,
and eat until you're fat.
If it's good, then more is better.
I can vouch for that.

Shop until you're money's gone.
Then go and shop some more.
Write those checks and use that card,
or life will be a bore.

Find a partner for your thrills,
and then go find another.
Put them all around you.
Do not worry, you won't smother.

Smoke and chew and snort and shoot
whatever you desire.
When you get the inkling
to get high, then just get higher.

Lie around until you're flabby.
Do not exercise.
You know, you don't have to,
since you are so worldly wise.

Take a pill if you're depressed,
and if it helps take more.
If the first one makes you better,
you'll feel great with four.

Another kind of pill will help,
in case you need some rest.
Just keep them with you all the time,
in multiples they're best.

So do whatever turns you on.
There's nothing you should dread.
Enjoy your life, but do it now,
since soon you will be dead.

Ode To a Hero

Fee Fie Fo Fum.
Nursery rhymes are really dumb.
You know, your head must be quite thick
to try and jump a candlestick,
and very careless was Bo Peep,
to lose a thing as large as sheep,

Jack Horner was a simple goon.
He ate his pie without a spoon.
And there's such violence as well,
like Jack's crown breaking when he fell,
or Humpty Dumpty, God forbid,
we'd witness something that vivid.

Little boy blue was certainly lazy.
A cat with a fiddle is totally crazy.
Yet we all read this stuff aloud,
to tiny children anyhow,
and then we wonder when they're grown,
we wail at them, and gripe and moan,

but it's no wonder they're screwed up,
from listening to that mindless stuff.
so let's get rid of Mother Goose
and stick with good old Dr. Seuss,
where cats in hats clean up your room,
and Grinches take away your gloom.

The Executive Work Ethic

It can start with admiration
which can lead to adulation
and then cause some aspiration
to result in perspiration
and demand some prohibition
which creates a contradiction
leading up to conflagration
ending up in altercation

bringing on a situation
at the body's instigation
with a stomach inflammation
caused by all the aggravation
and with certain consternation
cause abnormal palpitation
meaning weeks in institution
like a lordly retribution
several months of recondition
and the normal mock contrition
through a vocal proclamation
and a patterned alteration
with a dose of contemplation
and an ounce of relaxation
and an oath of preservation
with a hint of reservation

which then leads to retrogression
with no nuance of concession
bringing back the agitation
and the previous aggression
causing need for concentration
and rebirth of aspiration
and that same old perspiration
and of course then expiration

Vacation

Opera's all right,
but it's always too long.
I wish they would shorten
that swan dying song.
Work isn't bad
for a couple of hours,
There's just too little time
for the smelling of flowers.

In airports, our layovers
won't seem to end,
and too many hours
in traffic we spend.
A baseball game's
four innings longer than needed.
In restaurants, it takes us
too long to be seated.

We never have quite enough
money for spending,
and parties, when boring,
can seem never ending.
My poems are lengthier
than poems should be,
and sermons are longer
than I think they could be.

We generally think
we are more civilized
than those native American
Indian tribes.
No modernization
in their backward ways.
No cars to take them
to their jobs every day.

But we must remember
while feeling superior,
knowing those natives
were backward, inferior.
They did as they wanted
for all fifty two,
and didn't work fifty
for two, like you do.

Success

Mother told me long ago,
to strive to be the best.
Success, she said, must be my goal,
and life was but a test,
to see if I could win the game,
and always land on top.
To be a leader among men,
that I should never stop.

So I set out to try and find,
the meaning of success,
and how to measure where I stood,
compared to all the rest.
At first, I thought that money
was the measure that I sought,
and then, I met a sad rich man,
which gave me food for thought.

I looked inside the business world,
to see if I could find,
a measure that would make more sense,
and satisfy my mind.

I interviewed some businessmen,
from our town's business tower.
Most of them relating to
the level of their power,

told me that success was measured
through a means quite sound,
by counting who reported to them,
who they bossed around.

But I was still not satisfied,
and searched around some more,
to find an answer more in line
with what I'd thought before.

(continued)

Then I gave up my interviews,
and scratched my puzzled head.
The answers I sought everywhere,
must be somewhere else instead.
I pondered all that I had found,
while searching to and fro.
These people I had asked about it,
really didn't know.

Fame and fortune, wealth and power,
did not mean a thing.
Neither status nor one's birthright
would the answer bring.
It was then, it dawned on me
to look inside my mind,
and through that process I, in time,
would all the answers find.

That this was true was obvious,
since once I looked inside,
I found a definition
that was true and bona-fide.
If the person that you show
to others that you meet,
is who you really are
then sweet success is at your feet.

Questioning

There were some questions,
I had in my mind.
The answers were not
very easy to find.
It seems that my training
had led me astray,
and taken me off
in some very strange way.

Do elephants actually
never forget?
Does water roll off them,
or do ducks get wet?
Were beavers all constantly
totally busy?
Did they really use tin
to make grandpa's tin lizzy?

Were owls really wise,
or was that just a myth?
Were toads really things,
we should not mess with?
And was it a fact,
that the fox is so sly,
that geese are so silly,
and weasels will lie?

Just where did these facts come from?
who made them up?
Their falsehood seemed certain,
Their premises rough.
It didn't make sense,
and I did not relate,
so then I decided
to investigate.

(continued)

I picked up a toad,
and I asked him his name,
and seven months later,
no ugly warts came.
I watched an old fox,
who lived deep in the wood.
He acted as stupid
as anyone could.

There must be a lesson,
I said to myself,
That I'm meant to teach now
to everyone else,
about blind acceptance
of others' ideas,
and knowledge that's gained
from another man's fears.

But as I was writing
this lesson to you,
a scary thing happened.
No kidding.
It's true.
I made myself lunch,
as I sat down to write,
and then had a terrible
horrible fright.

My elbow knocked over
the shaker of salt.
I knew that it must
have been only my fault.
I realized then,
this was merely a sign.
A part of the overall
plan and design,

an omen, a warning,
directed at me,
to tell me that I was not
where I should be,
to keep me from telling you
all that I knew,
so I dare not tell
any secrets to you.

Close Encounter

Some aliens came down last week,
and took me to their ships.
They looked quite strange.
They had no noses,
eyebrows, chins or lips.

Their ears were large and floppy,
and they served them well as wings.
They carried me aloft with them,
and asked me lots of things.

They asked about our televisions,
what we used them for,
and why I wore a tie,
which they had never seen before.

They seemed to understand me,
as they questioned how we live.
They weren't judging us at all,
but just inquisitive.

They asked about the satellites
that circle 'round the earth,
and wondered what we did with them,
and why we laughed at mirth.

For twenty hours total,
I was quizzed about our ways.
Like why we all had heads of hair,
and weeks have seven days.

Before they let me go, they asked,
to teach them one more thing
that they just could not comprehend
with all their reasoning.

They asked me why we fought in wars,
and killed our fellow men,
and why it seemed when peace would come,
we'd start it all again.

What's Rights Is Rights

The doctors at the research center
were prepared to test
a method that they all believed
would kill AIDS virus best.

The lead researcher showed them all
how his plan would succeed,
and now they simply had to test
on some small living breed.

So many lives depended on
this new discovery,
and soon they would show all the world,
how we could live AIDS free.

A dozen small white rats were soon
delivered to their door.
They all believed that with these rodents,
they'd perfect their cure.

But someone at the ABA
had heard about their plan,
and with his papers in his hands
down to the courthouse ran.

The lawyers filed papers,
an injunction for the class,
naming each white rat as plaintiff,
stopping all the research fast.

The doctors had forgotten
all the many legal cites,
which clearly said,
they'd not considered,
white rats might have rights.

God Of Their Gods

Deep in the rain forest,
where they were found,
the primitives lived
on the only high ground.

It rained in the winter,
and summer and spring.
Each day of the year,
a new rainstorm would bring.

It rained in the morning.
It rained through the night.
It even rained sometimes,
with sun shining bright.

With wetlands around them
no matter which side,
they prayed to their gods
from their birth 'til they died.

They prayed to the sun,
and the warmth it would give.
They prayed for the mushrooms
upon which they lived.

They prayed to the wind god,
"Be gentle and kind."
Those heavier winds
would place them in a bind.

But none of those gods
could compare to the one,
they believed was the God
above wind, rain and sun.

They prayed to their god of gods
with exhortation.
The god above all,
God of Evaporation.

Earth Science

Listen to the doomsday folks.
They rant for all they're worth,
expounding on the ozone hole,
and warming of the earth.

And then, they tell us,
that our forests,
fading fast away,
will be no more in twenty years,
and we will rue the day.

The rivers and the streams
will be polluted and destroyed,
and only after then,
they tell us,
will we be annoyed.

They tell us to conserve,
or trouble will upon us reign,
speaking down to us,
with shocking words and grave disdain.

Now, I will tell the other side.
There's nothing you need fear,
since that's the reason
we are sending spacecraft,
far and near.

As soon as we have killed the earth,
and resources are gone,
we'll simply find another planet
we can all live on.

Bless The Beasts And Little Children

For those of you with children,
this will make a lot of sense,
and those of you who've yet to parent,
this will help you hence.

There aren't any rule books,
or instructions telling how,
but this will change that quickly,
so just listen here and now.

When you have your first one,
write down everything you do.
Check those things that work,
as well as those that make you blue.

Raise the first one with a note pad,
always by your side.
Later on your notes will help,
to fill your heart with pride.

Notes will help in future times,
to raise the second child.
You'll find the second won't be bad,
or sassy or so wild.

And now the most important part,
to help you on your way.
The first one that you practiced on,
you now should throw away.

The High Cost of Poverty

My car broke down last Tuesday
on the way to deposit my check
They said it would cost me six hundred and ten
which is more than I paid for the wreck

I'd already sent my utility bill
with a check for the payment inside
but since the deposit was several days late
my balance was several bucks shy

This all goes to prove and it makes me quite sore.
My money is just not enough anymore.

The bills mounted up since I didn't have cash
To pay all of the money I owe.
I asked several people to help me just once,
They each one responded with, "no".

The power folks charged me and so did the bank
for letting a bad check go through
but since I had just paid to fix up my car
I lacked all the funds that were due

This all goes to prove and it makes me quite sore.
I can't even pay for my food anymore.

I'm using the bus now to go where I go.
I cannot afford to buy gas.
When coming to see you, I lacked the right change,
so it cost me a buck for the pass.

So now after working the past several weeks,
I don't have a cent to my name
My debts have expanded.
My assets have not.
This sure is a no winners' game.

This all goes to prove and it makes me quite sore.
It costs lots of money these days to be poor

The Grass Is Green

Greener pastures oft are found inside your own domain,
and you need search no further. You need covet no one's gain.
Of all the things that you require, most are found inside,
and you should tap your own resources, even those that hide.

You may often want those things that other people own,
rather than accept those things you've gathered as you've grown.
Use your strengths and assets to the very best degree.
You need no one else to sell you what you have for free.

When you see an item that you simply can't afford,
Look the other way or beg assistance from the lord.
Think of something else 'til the desire goes away.
If you need some help, then drop onto your knees and pray.

You need never hope for any other people's stuff.
You should simply realize that you possess enough.
But as with all good rules of life, this only goes so far.
Like, I for one would really like my neighbor's brand new car.

Identified Flying Objects

They come on the wind,
and they float through the air.
I peer out my window,
to see if they're there.
It's strange and it's eerie.
They just can't be seen,
and sometimes,
I'm not even sure what they mean.

They come at some very
inopportune times.
The thoughts arrive first,
quickly followed by rhymes.
They come on the freeway,
and while I'm in bed,
if I go to my work,
or I stay home instead.

They follow me home,
when I hardly expect it.
I don't have the choice
to accept or reject it.
And most of these people,
I've not even met,
until in my head
they've been solidly set.

They pour from my fingers
out onto the page,
with messages
sometimes appearing quite sage,
and though I've not met them,
I know them quite well,
and I am compelled,
all their stories to tell.

(continued)

So as you read on,
I describe them to you,
as people and concepts
will push right on through.
They each have a purpose
for being in here.
They want to be heard.
It's their only career.

I permit them to use me
to sing you their songs,
to tell you their tales,
and to right a few wrongs.
So please keep in mind,
that I'm not even here.
It's just Luther and Junior
and old Fred Revere.

Evening Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the lord my thoughts to keep
from all my sorrows, troubles too,
so only happy ones get through.

But, I know better from before,
the evil ones I'll soon explore,
and worry on the slightest stuff,
as if the daytime's not enough.

The money problems, work ones too,
will soon enough break right on through,
and I can't solve them while in bed,
so I will rise and eat instead.

Adios Amigos

You now have read my verses,
and have learned from me, my friend,
like how to live a better life,
and lose weight in the end.

I've shown you how to raise your kids,
and how to do what's right.
I've told you how the animals
converse throughout the night.

You've learned about some people.
You may like them. You may not.
But each of these vignettes,
by now, has shown you quite a lot,

About a new society,
and preachers, lawyers, too.
You may have even seen some things
directed right at you.

And if you did, you needn't tell me.
I already know,
but if you feel much better now,
go out and let it show.

I've used my own experience
to show you how I feel,
and how to tell the difference
twixt the fake stuff and the real.

I used no symbolism,
and I referenced no one's works,
and as you saw from early on,
there were no hidden quirks.

I hope these verses help you out,
when you are in a jam,
since most of all, as you now know,
you found out who I am.

(continued)

I've told you of my dreams,
and I have told you of my life,
and several little tales,
that have described my lovely wife.

A poet is an open book,
whose soul is plain to see.
He pours his heart out in his work,
as you have seen from me.

I opened up my life to you,
to help you on your way.
And no, it wasn't easy.
Sometimes, things are hard to say.

My innermost of feelings,
I've displayed to help you through.
I have no secrets left.
I've given every one to you.

I bared my sole to help you through,
when you are in a jam.
But, no! Don't thank me.
That is just the person that I am.

Now go, my friend. Be on your way.
Enjoy your wondrous life,
and use what you have gathered here,
to help in times of strife.

Just one more thing, before I go,
'cause then my hands are tied,
I have to tell you, through it all,
I lied, I lied, I lied!

THE END