

Alarm-Ten

If I should die whilst wearing this watch,
then surely at ten, this alarm would go off.

It goes off again at ten the next day,
as body and mind continue decay.

Weeks pass, and the skin begins to sag,
but the alarm at ten, continues its nag.

The cats have had enough, and the dog too,
of this incessant ringing--with skin rotten blue.

With the canines jaw, and snip of the tooth,
all were relieved as the watch was let loose.

A plan was devised to rid of this thing,
so that deranged dog, he began to dig.

He dug a hole measuring of one-foot-two-inches,
and into the hole, the watch he threw in it.

"Tis but a problem for the worms", he thought in his head,
as that naughty dog doth lay in my bed.

Twelve years unnoticed have come and gone,
and you can believe that at ten, that watch had still rung.

At thirteen years that dog had passed,
and over that watch, his body was cast.

Three-cat, Four-cat

One-cat, Two-cat, Three-cat rows,
Four-cat, Five-cat, Six-cat tows.

Three-cat two-timed Four-cat's wife,
and 'oh the whoah' that was that night.

Six-cat heard from One-cat, too,
that Two-cat Five-cat spoke, that's true!

They spoke of how big that Three-cats who,
stretched out that Four-cats poor wife's goo.

Four-cat came to work one day,
and complained of, "how wife's goo gave way!"

Four-cat heard from some cat, Lou,
that Three-cat tapped that, "it's ten-foot-two!"

Absent from work was Three-cat all-day,
for by Four-cats hand Three-cat was slain.

Dog, Jackson

**In a little small town few folk call Koodlewick,
where hickies jump from their half-ass hoodley-sticks,
and little chihuahua pugs hunt in fields for ticks,
is where this strange, black dog named Dog Jackson lives.**

**Smarter than all others viewed this dog as himself,
in the context of liquor, Dog Jackson's top-shelf.
Regarding matters of doggetry, his concern it was not,
for Dog Jackson would rather lie there and rot.**