

Of Knights and Pawns

The day was cloudy, the air was crisp,
It hardly mattered that he'd be missed.
For he'd come that way just once before,
With a skeleton key to the castle door.

He'd a bend to his back, a limp in his step,
His clothes were tattered, his beard unkempt,
For he'd journeyed long to reach the place,
His steed was dead, but he'd won the race.

He'd come to rescue a damsel fair,
But the queen was gone, the keep was bare,
Too long the road, too late the hour,
He exited the castle tower.

So he travels on through the land of time,
His mind half-dead, his soul half-blind,
For months, then years, he journeys on,
Still no one knew that he was gone.

The white-coat men from his room serene,
Wheel him out to the hospice green,
To sit with his thoughts of knights and pawns,
Where no one but he has ever gone.

IRELAND

When the barley failed, his father owed
The squire a princely sum,
So the colonel came to the farm one morn,
And took his only son.
Into the king's own rifles then
Young Shamus did become,
A private with a scarlet coat,
He marched behind the drum

He left fair Ireland's Emerald coast
In 1774.

Sailed the vast Atlantic
To embark on Plymouth's shore.
The red-coat troopers' mission was
To quell the colonies.
*Who dared rebel against the king?
They'd bring them to their knees.*

So they attacked, 1000 strong,
Just like a crimson tide,
To set things right for king and crown,
And salvage England's pride.
The colonel urged his soldiers on,
And onward they did go,
Straight forward to the cannon's mouth,
They faced the Yankee foe.

Unblinking did young Shamus march,
And bravely took his stand.
He saw the rebel muskets now,
And thought of Ireland.
He saw again his father's farm,
The sunshine he could taste.
The golden fields of barley wave,
His own sweet mother's face.

He saw the mill brook stream so clear,
He saw the swallows soar,
And then he smelt the musket smoke
And heard the cannons roar.
He felt a shudder pass amongst
The red coats by his side,
The soldiers dropping as they marched,
Friends of his who died.

He heard the colonel, "Forward men."
He quickened up his pace,
Then felt a strange sensation
Like the wind before his face.
He felt the white-hot kiss of death,
He heard it scream his name.
He fell amongst his fallen friends,
He did not rise again.

Then in his final moments there,
With death so close at hand,
He saw once more his father's farm,
And whispered, "Ireland."

Entomology

Have you ever stopped to think,
what lies beneath a stone?
Like the one you pass each week,
out back behind your home.

Covered up with mud and slime
And sunk a good way down.
What would you find if you did pry
it up and check around?

A tiny snake
a centipede
earthworm
ants
or weevil?
A mantis
newt
(disgusting brute)
silverfish
or beetle?
Isopod
caddisfly
scorpion
or grub?
Onion thrip
walking stick
cockroach
or a bug?

So next time that you pass a rock,
A board or piece of brick.
Turn it over - there you'll find,
A treasure - if you're quick!

I Ain't Been Blessed

Now I ain't been blessed with a great big brain,
And they say I smell like poo.
And I know it took me a good long while
To pass into grade two.
And my acne's worse than the Mummy's Curse,
And my hair's like moldy hay.
And I got this thing called *Wormwood Ring*
That plagues me night and day.

I picked up scurvy at summer camp
And my teeth they all fell out.
And my breath's so bad, they're afraid I have
A disease called hoof and mouth.
My face got scarred when the doctors carved
My nose four sizes down.
And my ears are filled with wax but still,
I hear each blessed sound.

My Mommy says, "Son, don't you stew,
It's true you ain't so bright,
And sure your looks would stop a clock,
Or down a bird in flight.
But take my word one day you'll find,
A girlfriend tried and true,
She may be plain, but sure as rain,
She'll look good next to you."

LANCING THE PIMPLE

I'd like to lance that pimple
On your nose before it bursts.
It's really getting much too much,
It's only getting worse.

It's grown now to such a size,
And changed from pink to red,
It terrified the neighbor's dog.
The children wet their beds.

We oughta get the best of this,
Before it is too late.
If your nose don't clear up soon,
You'll never get a date.

So let me have a go at it,
I'll do it painlessly.
I've got a pail to catch the pus,
Just leave the rest to me.

And so I took a sharpened pin
From Mother's sewing kit.
And then so very carefully,
I stuck it in that zit.

But what ensued from that misdeed,
I'm fearful to relate,
The force of the explosion
Told the world of my mistake.

It sprayed upon most everything,
A covering of white.
Goosey, slimy pimple pus,
Caked everything in sight.

So let this be a lesson,
As a tragic tale of woe.
You should never lance a pimple
When the thing's about to blow.