

## I Believe in Bigfoot

I believe in Bigfoot and in little green men.  
And step carefully 'round mushrooms where the fairies have been.

I am sure Nessie's hiding in that deep Scottish lake  
And I'm watched by the angels with each step that I take.

I avoid umbrellas, black cats, and all ladders.  
I never touch mirrors because they might shatter.

But my big brother just told me a disgusting new fact—  
gum stays seven years in your intestinal tract!

If I had known, I'd have never blown my first bubble.  
I'd have used breath mints, if I'd known gum was such trouble.

I start to add up all the gum I've gulped down  
But another bad thought bring on a new frown.

If the gum stay for seven, what happens at eight?  
Will it come back up when I'm on my first date?  
Maybe I'll be dancing with a daring Don Juan,  
And all of a sudden have to rush to the John.

Will the gum come back in one pink gooeey lump?  
Will it all come at once when I take a  
—er.....uhm..... *excuse myself?*

Maybe the rubbery will sink to my feet  
And I'll bounce like a kangaroo when I walk down the street?

Maybe the sticky will migrate to my hands  
And I'll climb up walls like Spider-Man can!

Maybe a doctor should do an inspect of me.  
He could perform the first total gum-ectomy.

I pull out my tablet and type in my quest.  
Swipe past the ads and skim all the rest.

According to Google, gum's gone in mere days.  
That is good news and I shed my malaise.

I turned on my brother, vengeance in mind,  
Some thing to scare him (but not too unkind).

I smile at the brother who set me to panic.  
*“That band that you like? Mom says they’re satanic!*

*And did you know that you’re not my really brother?  
We bought you from some poor unwed gypsy mother!*

*And when you go night-night and sleep in your bed  
Spiders crawl into your ears and nest in your head?”*

He looked quite alarmed and was beginning to tear.  
*“Don’t worry ‘bout it. They only stay for a year!”*

## Friends

I am not one to hold grudges or take offense at a slight, but I think you have pushed me beyond that tonight.

We've waited all season to see how this ends,—To see if Chandler and Monica become more than friends.

We've watched every episode, for all of six seasons, and now you've deleted them without any reasons.

My eyes turn to slits and my lips form a line, while you sit in your chair as if all is just fine.

I stare at the tv's blank empty screen, "Why?" my mind rages, "would you be so darn mean?"

I just wanted to see Joey or hear *Smelly Cat*, but your thoughtless deletion put a quick stop to that.

Someone will ruin it, tomorrow at work and I'll have to explain how you were a jerk.

I glare and I plot the things you deserve. Killing you is too big, I don't have the nerve.

But maybe I'll put sugar in your high fiber bran and give you the runs until you can't stand.

Maybe I'll slip your bookmark from the book by your bed and watch as you struggle to find the pages you've read.

Maybe I'll put crumbs in the bed or a rock in your shoe. These are the passive aggressive things I might do.

I might smudge up your glasses or deflate your tire. Woe unto you, as you've stirred up my ire.

I might buy orange juice with pulp because I know that you hate it or cook with cilantro and not tell you ate it.

Maybe I'll give the dog ice cream and get him to hopping then I'll call up my mom and plan to go shopping.

I might turn off the dryer so your boxers are damp or wait until midnight and turn on your lamp.

I could take you camping in a green forest deep and laugh as your allergies keep from sleep.

I could retune your radio to gospel and rap, I could vacuum the room when you take a nap.

There are so many ways I could make you feel sorrow for the season finale I'll hear 'bout tomorrow.

At last you have noticed that I seem to be pissed and you wonder, just briefly, if it's something you've missed.

"What wrong?" You ask with infinite guile. You know *exactly why* I won't smile.

You deleted my videos, you took a big bet. (But just in case, you bought the box set.)

"I'm Sorry," you tease. "You know that I know?"

That tonight was the night they wrapped up the show?"

"I wanted to ask you, before Monica's a Bing, if you will marry me. Will you wear my ring?"

You know that I love you, that much is true. But Bing made me realize there was more I should do.

I should tell you I need you for the rest of my life. I should tell you I wanted you to be my wife.

I'll be there, you know, when the rain starts to pour.

I'll be there for you, just like I've been there before.

I'll be there for you, cause you're there for me too.

That's all I've got. Please say I do.

I look at you waiting. I smile through my tears. I will be happy to love you for the rest of my years.

But before I agree and pick out a dress, you must tell me quickly, "*did Monica say yes?*"

