

POEM I: CHIMES

Slick-slip society says
you have to work hard,
but in truth, you just
have to be the sort
of lucky that rings
storefront chimes.

POEM II: BRUMBLE BUNNIES

Brumble bunnies with gooseberry juice
smeared all around their
wiry whiskery noses
and up and into their beady bard's eyes -

- blink once
blink twice
and smile in surprise.

All they can see is gold
on green,
and beneath the green
Stories.

They trip trap those weedy
little tales,
and frisk them,
and frolop them,
so they sing
their adventures loud.

And when the brumble bunnies
hop two,
and when the brumble bunnies
hop fro,
the Stories
which they have uprooted
take hold of the spiriting wind
and fly across the land.

POEM III: BLACK CAT

Don't ask her she's
a cat.
Not just any cat mind you,
she's the worst kind.

The kind that will
stretch across the floor,
and while she sleeps

a nightmare,
will fall on your head

all big teeth
and bad things
because she's a cat
I told you.

Not just any cat mind you,
the worst kind.
She's the kind that will
roll on her back

and a voice in the dark
might say-

I'm here.
I didn't go anywhere.

And you'll say-

Oh no it's back.

She's the kind that will
eat a mouse
and while she's filling
her belly,
your hand will slip
and a blade might fall.

She's the kind that will
lick her forepaw
and while she
gets bright and shiny
clean as can be,
you'll catch your breath
and never breathe again.

So don't ask her she's a cat
and not just any cat mind you,
she's the worst kind.

POEM IV: LUCK MAIDEN

Traveler,
the morning luck you find
is different from
the evening luck you find
because the kind of luck
you can find
when a star comes out to play
is a far more powerful thing,
yes.

Traveler,
I tell this to you in whispers,
in hushed tones
so the spirits and scoundrels
cannot hear
for if they find evening luck,
it won't be very lucky at all.

You can drink from the stream
to the east
where the clover fields grow,
yes.
But only drink there by moonlight
when the Fae song is nigh
and if you cannot hear it
my friend,
you must wait
until you spot the horn of a unicorn.
It will glimmer by moon
there's no mistaking it lad.

If all is right,
you can still find luck
she's an allusive maiden
in a pretty white gown.

When you find her she'll run,
she's hard to subdue,
but if you catch her
and kiss her
she'll be lucky for you.