



Benny Besqueezo,
the
Jellybean Man,

Pouring legume candy samples
into your hand:

*Try a mint or a melon, the
mango is best—*

jellybeans in his pockets, even
under his vest.

Benny's single desire is your taste
to delight;

Always, sugary-smooth and oh-so
polite.

*Benny Besqueezo, in Jellybean Sales,
Ships jellybeans out in buckets and bales.
Did you say: asparagus-plum is your next
request?*

He'll package it up in a box or fifty-pound chest.

Think of all this sweet sugar, with your best
bean bequeath,

Just note: when he smiles, Benny
doesn't have many teeth.

for:

*R.T. №1 Jellybean Salesman of the:
D.K. & Pyorrhoea Confection Co.*

(.....who has all his teeth).

Ahab's Very Short Cruise



Oh, the Skipper was a seafarin' man,
A sly, ol' crusty salt, upon the mer
He and his crew set off one day—
a harbor tour:

A three-dollar, tugboat fare.
The winds began to whip and blow,
Heaving waves to foam and toss.
The Capt'n jumped up to the bow
and cried: *I'm Ahab! The high
seas' adventure boss!*

*Now, take this mighty venture craft,
Straight to the open sea; there's
a Great White Whale I've got to find,*

Before he makes, a meal of me.

To save themselves, the gnarly crew,

Scuttled Ahab's ragged touring tug.

The harbor dinghy, they—then commandeered

while, they laughed right in his mug.

For days, they paddled round and round.

In the fog; they pitched and lurched.

But at last they found safe landing; tying

to the buoy—on which, Capt'n Ahab perched.

(He He!) Thought you'd rowed to, the Sandwiches?

Rang, Ahab's voice from the bobbing, knoll.

But even a sea dog like me, knows—

no way.....this ain't no island, atoll!

*for: Phil Green and other captains—high seas, industry or other;
cursed with a gnarly crew.*



for: ol' "Curly" (Jack Palance).

Saddlebag Bill

was a real wrangler,
A regular: cowboy *des-per-adeo*.....
Instead of soothin' owly ol' heifers,
Makin' sure all the dogies were fenced—
sufferin' in the rain, shiverin' n' drenched.....
Hmmm? he thought: *I'll kick back in the rodeo.*
So..... He did. Up n' joined the rodeo: the
Meadow Muffin Wild West Extravaganza!

Pays somewhat better. It was, certainly, dryer.....
No soakin' out in the rain.
No muddy boots, no barbed *warr n' plarrs*.
No sleepin' all night out under the *stars*.
No *bawlin'* calf strays, n' tangled up reins.
No odiferous—hoof rot *tarrs*.
Rodeo: he could dress in clean duds imported from Spain;
Designer chaps, stretch jeans, tennis shoes and.....

Hey! Just wait one durn minute..... Tennies?
This, could really get one lathered.....
Real cowboys punch in denim—boots, n' rusty ol' spurs.
How in the heck, can I keep them janglers tethered?
If I got no heels, they'll creep off the back.
Wearin' Red Ball or Flyers, I might be attacked
by muggers, slickers, or blue-haired matrons with,
Pomeranian curs.

.....*Saddlebag Bill* is back to bein' a wrangler,
Livin' *the life*, out under the *stars*.....

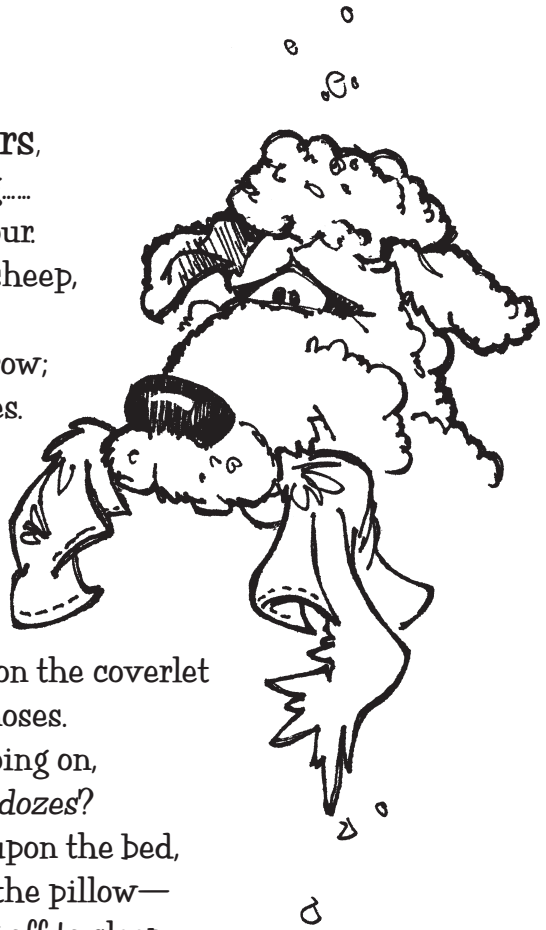
Shhh!
those Sheep Counters,
counting.....

Two-sheep, three-sheep, four
An endless line of sleepy sheep,
Bounding 'cross the floor;
Nibbling through a hedgerow;
Leaping over dreamy fences.
How to induce a
somnambulistic state,
With this bawling fluffy,
census?

What the.....?!
The woollies are chewing on the coverlet
while wrinkling up their noses.
With all that munching going on,
How does one catch some *dozes*?
They've climbed up here upon the bed,
Laid their heads right on the pillow—
great! Now, they're falling off to sleep,
An ear to N.P. Radio.

So, trying to catch some shuteye, and
all you get is *bleating, sleeping sweaters*?
Maybe, you had best adopt yourself
a sympathetic Irish Setter!

for: the Serta Company's cast of: woolly characters.



the Errant Hem

Grin and bear it.

While riding with Aunt Em,
In her car, you slam the door
upon your errant hem.
You've no idea, your brand new dress
is blowing in the wind,
Trapped out in the snow & muck, it's
shredding end from end.

Grin and bear it,

You've snagged your dress' hem.
Now, Auntie's run against an
oily barrel with a rusted ripper rim.
The bottom of your frock
is ruined, a scary ragged fright.
To the dance, you will be wearing
a tattered *battle flag*, tonight.

Grin and bear it,

There's just nothing left to mend.

I Don't do: Green!

Dinner?! Meatloaf, spaghetti, baked *mac and cheese*,
A peanut butter sandwich with jam, if you please;
Spongy white bread covered in sugar and cream;
Stroganoff, noodles and chicken chow mein.

Thank you, but I don't do: Green.

No asparagus, broccoli or *Brussels* sprouts,
Celery, cucumber or boiled warty frog snouts.

If you don't mind, no sphagnum, no frilly wheat grass
or a big steaming bowl of cabbage en-masse.

Yes, that's correct. No Green.

I'd rather have a savory, heaping helping
of potatoes, gravy, spicy tacos with zing,
Cheeseburger, fries with ketchup—a squeeze,
No spinach, iceberg, romaine—no lettuce please.

I never do: Green.

Nothing Green:

Celery,

Kiwi,

New grass,

Seaweed,

Olives n' chutney—I'll pass.....

Green is the color of: snakes n' pickles, avocado,
spoiled spleen,

Lizards, and moldy picnic plates that aren't clean,

So, for goodness sake, please, just listen to me.....

I do not do: Green!

Hello—not e-ven (*well...maybe*) lime Jell-O. Otherwise,
I-don't-do: Green.

Frizzy Lizzie

Twelve-year—(and eleven month)
 old Lizzie, the *computer geek*,
Frizzy hair, so red it makes you freak.
She'd sit all day in her room—in her chair—
glued to her monitor, hiding her hair

Frizzy Lizzie, never went to play,
She'd stay in her room computing all day,
Mousing here, *scrolling* there,
Deleting text to: *who knows where?*

Red-haired, Liz, seldom saw her mom;
Dinner, toys, or brother, Thom.
Her eyes grew large from too much dark.
Her bright hair faded to the color of bark.

Lizzie's freckles, fell off her face,
But she never budged from her *computing place*.
Working that program and clicking that *mouse*,
Dribbling cracker crumbs all over her blouse.

And then one day: Lizzie—just disappeared,
(It was the *one thing*, people secretly feared).
She must have been pulled, right into the screen,
Big eyes, bark hair and—not yet thirteen.

*for: Texie Anna-Red (but not frizzy)—
lost somewhere in computer land.....*

Weekend,
Birdhouse Contractors
come in every size and shape;
They measure, cut, align and nail,
Glue and scrape and tape.
For our little feathered, *beaky*, friends
they build complex *perchy* domiciles,
So those *tweets* can overtake the neighborhood
and excite the *aviophiles*.
Gingerbread trim, flinty shingles
and working wooden shutters.
Doorbells on the porches
and color matching gutters—
diminutive apartments hung from off the eaves
and the trees out in the yard—
pinwheels and antennae stuck on top
—garish, birdie avant-garde.



Builders, grab themselves
a *whacky-hammer*
and twelve-ounce tube of glue—
into the garage—to build a condo
with: a *cheepy, chirpy* view.

