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### **Epitaphs for Idiots**

**(How I Died)**

***Now with More Eco-Friendly Zombies! 100% Organic & Recycled!***

### **Pretty Little Graveyard**

Pretty little graveyard,  
How all your headstones gleam!  
How delicate and marvelous  
Your mausoleums seem!  
It's sweet and quaint and dainty,  
The peaceful way you lie  
Filled up with rotten corpses,  
Under the sunny sky.

### **Headlong**

Past waterfalls where spume and froth and water vapor cloud  
All sense and rationality with which we are endowed  
We plunge and splash, quite reckless, blind—drift to the very brink,  
Oblivious that in the silver spray's a dangerous drink  
And in the mottled blues and greens' wild currents, deep ahead,  
Adventure's treasures all await—if we don't end up dead.

### **Talk about Relief!**

The way my insurance is freighted  
With small-print and guilt, and prorated,  
I find that this chick  
Who can't risk being sick  
*Can* afford to be  
Decapitated.

### **No Need for Worry, My Darling**

Pay no attention; it's just my brain  
That's going swiftly down the drain,  
And, little use as it has had  
In life, its dead loss can't be bad

### **RSVP**

***(Regrets Only)***

You may think I'm only faking,  
Making trust withstand abuse,  
That the plot I'm undertaking  
Merely serves as cheap excuse.  
Take my word, though, I'm no liar!  
Honestly, just as I said,  
I can't come, despite desire;  
It's the truth, Dear: I'm just *dead!*

### **Lying, in State**

I named the date  
I stated my case  
I sprinkled falsehoods  
All over the place—  
I tried to be honest  
I tried to be true  
But the actual facts  
Never do, never do—  
I told them whoppers  
I gave them chase  
But the truth is plain  
As the nose on my face—  
I just couldn't help it  
I let myself go  
Let my epitaph read: Here  
Lies Pinocchio

### **None Escape It**

Here in the crematorium, a lily  
escapes the flaming heat in Esgard's grasp;  
Esgard, though, won't escape the same way, will he?  
He's much too far beyond his final gasp.  
No need to mourn excessively, though, fellows,  
for Esgard doesn't need your tears and dread;  
while he's now in a form that quickly mellows,  
the lily, too, will soon enough be dead.

### **Inurnment**

Lest the dignified patina  
Lent by antiquation fool you—  
Dead is dead, decay decay, and  
One day it will also rule you;  
Just because it may look pretty  
On an object in decline

Doesn't mean I'll like the gritty  
Feel of dust when  
It is mine!

### **Here Lies a Loon**

Once upon a tombstone  
I read an epitaph  
whose sentiments ridiculous  
were prone to make me laugh;  
the information set thereon  
gave me to ridicule  
the marker and the makings of  
some great exquisite fool;  
now lest you think me callous and  
a soulless Frankenstein,  
you ought to know the *coup de grâce*:  
the epitaph was mine.

### **Surprise, I'm Dead**

I never thought to see so soon  
My death, when I am scarce past noon,  
Yet though it seems a little odd,  
I find me snoozing in the sod.

### **Wish You were Here**

I am having so much fun  
It doesn't seem quite fair  
That I'm relaxing underground  
And you are stuck  
Up there.

### **Parting Gift**

No leaf is greener than the rising blade  
Of grass over the grave where I am laid  
I, who in life was fitted in this wise:  
So full of \$h!t as born to fertilize—  
Useless in life, perhaps, but still of worth  
In death, as food to feed a hungry earth;  
Now blooms adorn my plot in dazzling wave,  
Rejoicing in the cr@p that fills my grave—  
Howe'er a rotter I, when breathing air,  
At last as corpse I do my earthly share,  
Delighting all the butterflies and birds  
With brilliant lilies compost-fed by tu@d\$—

Yea, e'en this sewage soul is heaven-sent:  
Earth's beauty's nourished well by *èxcrémênt*.

### **Wasted**

Who lies below tucked in this bed  
With hollow bones and empty head  
Could not have left us fast enough;  
Perhaps a diamond in the rough,  
But her potential, though so pretty,  
Stayed all unmet, and more's the pity.

### **Terms of Interment**

I'd like to twine my limbs among  
great roots beneath an oak,  
eternally embracing there  
—but not before I croak.  
I want my grave within a grove  
of alders, at the least,  
so plant me deeply in the trees  
—but wait 'til I'm deceased.

### **Cheer up; it could Happen to You**

The shrinking shrubbery betrays the end-of-season, last of days,  
that comes—*enfin!*—to suck and drub the lushness out from every shrub,  
to make it sere and small and sharp, and leafless, stringy as a harp;  
to drag the desiccation on until all fruitful life is gone,  
and while it's shrinking, to remind me salad days are left behind me;  
so I, too, will shrink and shrivel: I'll dry up, as all who live'll.

### **Since My Beloved's Death**

Since his death, my cryptic lover has arranged my life right over  
Into something odd and eerie, weird, disquieting—I'm leery  
Not of ghosts, spirits, phantasms, or of devils' arcane chasms  
But of gaiety and sunlight and those things that once were right  
For breathing life into old souls—now my new kinship is with moles,  
Uncanny, strange, peculiar, creepy, and with bats, with creatures weepy,  
Wailing, enigmatic, curious, with things dark and dire and spurious—  
Now, unnatural and bizarre unsettling things surpass by far  
Those former comforts and delights that soothed my days and lit my nights.  
With my lover's jarring death came an uncanny loss of breath  
That turned my sense of truth elastic, to include the strange, fantastic,  
Doubtful, worrying, portentous and the puzzling, the momentous—  
I have seen since that dark minute all the sinister things in it  
Turn to lovely deviant longings, love of the aberrant, wrong things,

Something like a lust for sorrow and disgust for growth, tomorrow,  
Or any such former hopes—now esoteric isotopes  
Reflecting what I once desired, but with a twisted, counter-wired,  
Left-handed version of the past. At this I might have been aghast  
Before, but now it's all I crave, since both of us lie in the grave.  
For that, you see, explains my ache for things outlandish, no mistake:  
That when my late beloved died, I did so too; am at his side  
Within the crypt, where our decease no more is strange or ominous  
But makes it plausible that I should love the darkness where we lie.

### **The Great Equalizer**

Willowy or wallowing?  
Slinky or obese?  
Ma likes the taste of salad greens  
And Pater thrives on grease.  
What's odd is, their cholesterol  
And blood pressure and weight  
Don't seem to correspond at all  
With anything they ate.  
I can't quite comprehend how one  
Eats lard, the other, toast,  
And both don't change; I guess  
Food matters little  
To a ghost.

### **Watch Out for those Kids**

We were playing  
At boules and pétanque  
In a park not so far  
From the Seine  
But the children we played  
Had such bloodlust,  
We made a deep vow  
Not to play them again.

### **Campfire Song for the Unwitting Centerpiece**

Singing silly campfire songs, we sit at either side  
Across the pit and toast marshmallows, making note how wide  
And high the flames can leap at will, and thinking if they might  
Be quite sufficiently stoked up by middle of the night  
To throw something substantial in to roast before the dawn,  
Perhaps a certain someone here we've finally settled on,  
Whose camp-songs so annoy us; cook to ash before next day  
Our deep-disliked camp counselor: our own auto-da-fé.

### **Summer Phantasy**

One day in my car when I was a-glide  
and watching the highway (mostly),  
I stopped for a fellow who thumbed a ride  
to go farther west, more coast-ly–  
After all, the sun was high in the sky  
and the temperature creeping northward,  
so it seemed a mercy to take the guy  
and deliver him farther forth-ward–  
He was pleasant, and smiled, and tipped his hat,  
but I'd hardly call him talkative,  
which I took as caused by the reason that  
in the heat he'd been too walk-ative–  
So we rode along, Silent Sam and I,  
toward the coast and the broad blue sea,  
'til I blinked in the glare of the sun to spy  
his hat lying next to me–  
No sign of the smiling, silent bloke;  
what a startled twitch I made!  
My sunglasses flew right off and broke  
as if put to shame by a shade–  
Well, I got to the shore soon after that,  
keeping watch on the highway (mostly),  
and was glad for the shade of the shade's broad hat,  
if a shadowy gift, and ghostly.

### **Can't Help Falling Apart over Such a Little Thing**

She wore a wide red ribbon  
Tied up around her waist,  
And when it caught on thorns and tore,  
You'd think 'twould be replaced  
As easily as sashes are,  
And nothing dreadful lost,  
But in the case of this one sash,  
Not so, what-e'er the cost,  
Because in this one instance  
No sashes, slings, or salves  
Could fix it, for the ribbon held  
Together her two halves.

### **Snaking Suspicions**

Bartholomew's bones are now buried

In a bag in a box in a berm,  
And when he has fully recycled,  
He'll become a new breed of a worm.  
In life he was lousy and lurid,  
Licentious and lickerish he;  
Bartholomew Bogle was wicked  
As one creepy creature could be.  
So down in the dirt he is digging  
New depths better suited his sin,  
Alive, quite the snake, let us make no mistake,  
Now interred, he's the same in new skin.  
Let Bartholomew go to the devil,  
Worming down to the deep for his due,  
And at least we can bless in our hearts the good lesson:  
I won't be a Bogle—will you?

### **Practice as though Your Life Depended on It**

Two singers strolled into a wood, and I  
Followed the one less skillful; why?  
Starved beasts will flock to an anguished cry,  
As they did that day; in the wink of an eye,  
I was on the road less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.  
*[With sincerest apologies to Robert Frost]*

### **Hair-Raising Conundrums**

What a puzzler it is that misty weather makes hair frizz  
but rainy weather turns it flat—what kind of logic lies in that?  
How, if light pressure makes unfurl what tighter tension leads to curl?  
And why our nature is it called, that time grows hair more—or makes bald?  
Makes me afraid the wond'ring fright could lead to greying overnight;  
I s'pose it's normal, to be fair, but find I'm tearing out my hair.  
When it's explained, sure I'll be dead...  
'Least I'll have moss atop my head.

### **Femme Fatale**

Barbara is standing by to cut my scruffy hair:  
but, say—doesn't that look a bit like an electric chair?  
Look at that pair of scissors—oh, boy howdy, are they sharp!  
Will my coiffure just leave me playing sad songs on the harp?  
I'd say it's mighty hot in here—a preview glimpse of Hell,  
Or maybe just a purgatory-hint, that hairspray smell—  
I'm not so absolutely sure that something here is wrong;  
and yet, what's so darned horrible in leaving hair this long?

Is it sheer paranoia and delusion of myself—  
Hey! What's that creepy science stuff in tubes up on the shelf?  
I'm getting awfully shaggy, yes, it's true—but not a Nut!  
(I merely hope it's nothing but my *hair* that will get cut!)  
Oh, Barbara, I am nervous, so please, kindly, Dear, refrain  
from trimming quite so near my throbbing jugular, poor vein.  
And if you *have to* croak me (does this happen very often?),  
at least make sure I'm wearing stylish hair there in my coffin.

### **After Oktoberfest, Paying the Piper**

There was a player of the horn who made it so euphonious  
That every creature ever born was drawn to hear him play,  
Until one sad, hung-over morn, its noise was deemed felonious  
And all his beer-braised friends, forlorn, plugged ears and ran away.  
The sweet euphonium was heard no more in that green-wooded land—  
The deer and nightingale ne'er stirred, and *Prost!* rang out no more—  
His fellow players, quite deterred, closed up their merry oompah band  
Like some cage-covered myna bird, and silent, hid full sore.  
What have we learned from this sad tale, so stricken, deleterious  
And dark as Death's bleak lowest vale, wherein musick's so frowned  
Upon the hornist sought a gale of storm and rain delirious  
And in the deluge, shaking, pale, turn up his horn and drowned?  
The moral, though you might just miss it, e'er so hard ye strive to think:  
'Tis sadder to have died like this than surfeited of hoppy drink.  
So, prithee, play all on your trumpets, flutes, euphoniums—be not shy—  
But keep them quiet, knaves and strumpets, post-drink mornings, lest ye die.

### **Because Religious Barfly Jokes are Perennial, but Uneducated Tiplers are Not**

A rabbi, a nun, and a cleric  
Walked into a bar esoteric  
But none had a drink—  
Not the reason you think—  
All it served was "Fermented Agaric."

Now, *I* know that *you* know that they're not  
Quite the deadliest 'shrooms, the whole lot,  
But if one in the bunch  
Were the "*Angel*," my hunch  
Is they all would've died on the spot.

### **Cuisinal Casualties**

Rutabaga watermelon peanut butter chives  
Gastroenteritis tremor scurvy scars and hives  
History redacted retroactively to hide  
Dr. Sparkle's accidental cooking homicide

### **Martyrdom Ended**

Between his liver and his lights, poor Allard's innards spoiled his nights  
With sleepless tension, aches and pains, and nothing short of suctioned drains  
And hooked-up hoses, drips, IV's, electrodes complex as you please,  
And pills and unguents, tinctures, splints, and calamine and acid mints,  
In short, without the full array of rest home weaponry in play  
Poor Allard would not sleep at all, but while he was in hospital  
He managed—just—to snooze between his treatments, something like eighteen  
Or twenty hours at a stretch, and so the poor and anguished wretch  
Was somewhat calmed and placid, though when bills arrived, I guess you know  
His wife then had her own complaints, but it's the fate of martyrs, saints  
And patients' spouses to endure the suffering that buys the cure  
For their beloveds; Allard's wife was used to such downtrodden life—  
Until one special moment when the largest bill under her pen  
Took her last penny, plus the lint that lined her pocket (and by dint  
Of which she'd barely kept that chit in pocket—what was left of it,  
Threadbare and thin as she'd become in clothing, person, and by gum,  
In spirit too) and as she paid all she was able, her thoughts strayed  
To the diminishing returns the hypochondriac's love earns,  
How little Allard paid her back while languishing with quirk and quack  
And resting up his poor sad guts. She laughed, our Mrs. Allard: "Nuts!  
I've been a slave to Allard's middle, always playing second fiddle,  
Never getting any back—why, I could have a heart attack  
And he'd sleep in his cozy bed right through the moment I fell dead,  
As long as my estate would pay continuation of his way  
In therapeutic lounging loll. Well, time I crawled out of this hole  
And had a life myself, I think!" Whereon, she gave a little blink  
And capered out the open door that she would darken nevermore,  
Smiled brightly to herself and sighed, seeing the world now open wide,  
Left Allard to his own devices, went on out to learn what Nice is,  
Never minding she was poor since not through slaving anymore  
To keep in comfort someone whose deep problems were not hers to lose,  
And I must say, the lady led a lovely life, just as she'd said.

### **Discoverer Discovered**

Should a biologist be lost  
in untracked wilderness, the cost  
might be more palatable when  
she found a beast that other men

and women hadn't seen before:  
she'd get the credit, and what's more,  
it would be named for her as well,  
should she record her findings. Swell  
as documenting her great find  
in journals she would leave behind,  
posterity could also learn  
another feature that, in turn,  
she mightn't think the creature's worst,  
considering she'd met it first—  
had any notes so ably writ  
been found; they'd been consumed by it.  
The pages must've tasted great,  
were they all that the creature ate,  
but after *her*, they were dessert.  
Hope getting eaten didn't hurt.

### **Dames a-Dieting**

Millie and Tilly and Agatha Sue shared a marvelous lunch one day,  
Forgot to ingest any others again, and utterly wasted away.  
Petunia ingested, unlike them, a lot, and in fact (though they might have protested,  
If they hadn't been dead of starvation thus got), it was those three Petunia ingested.  
I suppose that it's sad that the ladies she et were forgetful to eat, in their haste,  
But at least, lest you readers in turn should forget, their poor diet did not go  
To waist.

Petunia sat wondering there if the wait  
For her own lovely lunch had become far too great,  
For she too felt quite famished, and mostly required  
That she dine on some dainties as soon as desired;  
So she waved to the waiter just wandering in  
And gave him the slightest suggestive-type grin,  
From which he surmised with an insightful thought  
That if Madame's lunch wasn't speedily brought,  
He'd find with great rue and a heap of remorse  
That the trio of ladies was just a first course.

### **Wherein the Language of Flowers Falls Mute**

When he spied her 'cross the room, June-Judy gave a wink  
And he saw those brown eyes of hers, and faster than you'd think,  
Was head-o'er-heels, tea-kettle up, had flipped his blond toupee,  
And knew June-Judy must be his, and that, without delay—  
The tale grows sadder here, alas, for when he crossed the room,  
Bouquets in hand, adoring, shy, staggering under bloom  
Meant to delight his lady-love, she smiled as if to speak

Affection, too, but when her mouth was opened, with a shriek  
He toppled senseless to the floor amid his blasted roses,  
Quite dead, our hero, and his blooms, killed by her halitosis.

### **Gone But Not Forgotten**

Lily Rivington has gone  
And found eternal respite;  
We don't begrudge it, for we too  
Gain peace and lose a despot.

Do not speak ill of those who've died,  
We're told, whate'er is said,  
So let us kindly leave it that  
We thank her that she's dead.

Yes, Rest in Peace, Miss Rivington,  
Enjoy eternal slumber;  
At last you did do one good deed:  
You left our earthly number.

### **Sad Story All Around**

Sylvester from Sylvania, magnificent skier and scout,  
Went off to explore the slopes one day, but the minute that he was out,  
His girlfriend Sylvia opened the door to another particular friend,  
And I needn't tell you that soon enough, they all came to a tragic end,  
For Sylvester'd forgotten it was late spring and roots sticking out of the snow  
Tripped him at top speed; with a nasty fling he crashed to the gorge below;  
Meanwhile, back home, Sylvia and Sid were having a high old time  
'Til Sydney's wife showed up with a knife, and that's the end of this rhyme.

### **Slightly Bent**

Emmylou and Louie went  
To town together long ago—  
They went to town, for all we know;  
Although they both were slightly bent,  
We think they just went off to town,  
Not that they were bumped off, ambushed,  
Stabbed, poisoned, or shot down;  
But given they were slightly bent,  
Our finding them quite stone cold dead  
Was not a shock, it must be said,  
So we're not certain where they went  
Or what they did or what it meant  
Or whether in the town or out,

Or if some others were about  
That had a slightly different bent,  
But anyway, the two are dead,  
Both of them, Emmylou and Louie,  
And lest I should become all gooey,  
That's the whole that need be said.

### **Parked**

Belinda Babbitt strolled through town,  
First up one avenue, then down  
The boulevard adjacent there,  
Until she reached the central square,  
But being at the middle point,  
She got her nose all out of joint  
And felt quite stuck for what to do  
When she had no place to go TO  
But only could go FROM this spot,  
So she sat down and quite forgot  
She'd ever been a wandering lass.  
She's buried, now, under the grass.

### **Wye Not**

Wye was an impoverished man  
Because he didn't know  
The answer to all questions was  
'Because I told you so'—  
Wye was a pauper and  
He lies in Potter's Field  
Because he tried to find the truth  
That others kept concealed—  
Wye lived in such poverty  
And died alone, unmourned,  
Because he kept on asking things  
Well after he'd been warned—  
Poor Wye was a mortal fool  
Despite being a hero:  
In heaven, truth makes you a saint—  
On earth, it makes you zero.

### **Missing You**

The kettle on the hob is hissing  
Without cease, for Kettie's missing—  
She dashed out to check the door  
And hasn't come back anymore;

Although we saw a pair of shoes  
And stockinged legs amid the ooze,  
Heels up, in yon green murky swamp,  
We dasn't get our own shoes damp  
By plunging toward her in the rough  
Glutinous muck, and soon enough  
The heels stopped kicking anyhow.  
No one will come for coffee now,  
For though 'twas us stood at her door,  
She slipped; shan't visit anymore.

### **Roland Stone Gathers Moss**

Roland was a rascal  
Roland was a scamp  
Roland gave his children  
A trip to summer camp  
The neighbors thought it generous  
But never did they guess  
He moved away and left the kids  
No forwarding address  
The kids were smarter than he thought  
And found him anyhow;  
They gave him a nice funeral, though:  
The joke's on Roland now.

### **Love & Homicide in the Wings**

A mere moth should never marry A too-pretty Fritillary:  
Ay, anterior, posterior, She'll always act superior,  
And opt, yea, to co-opt her an Obnoxious Lepidopteran  
To ransom her; by chance some're Both fancier and handsomer.  
Tears will roll like many pennies When he uses his antennae  
So he really realizes Not all butterflies are prizes;  
Though he scarcely found it scary Marrying a Fritillary,  
Someday soon he surely will, her Arrogance the caterpillar  
Of his innocent devotion Kill; its wings will know no motion.  
Down the alleys ghastly, ill-lit, Flits, forlorn, the moth; to kill it  
Is a mercy of the fires On his thwarted old desires—  
Clasp a gaslamp, doomed Cecropia! Love you once believed Utopia  
Never loved you, never trusted That you weren't just maladjusted.  
Ah! Madame, your Butterfly, alack, will only stab you in the back;  
The price of your hubristic pride Could well become *Cecropicide*.  
(Best to remember that pride hubristic may lead to becoming a sad statistic.)

### **The Ballad of Professor Montague**

*They were drawn to his charisma like, well, moths to a flame . . .*  
Professor Montague, a moth (specifically, Cecropia),  
was glamorously smooth and frothy, ruling that Utopia,  
his professorship at Flares, where tender butterflies and moths,  
with innocent and awestruck stares, had visions wild as Visigoths,  
fixed on him, rapt, their compound eyes, absorbing, drinking deeply  
(through curled probosces and their brains) this wisdom daily, weekly—  
they soaked it up—he'd flit about, and with his brilliance all were thrilled,  
until one day he was attracted to the classroom lamp . . . and killed.

### **Orange Butterfly**

Isn't it charming, cute and quaint  
That a butterfly made up in bright orange paint  
Can masquerade thus as a garden saint  
And be seen as a ray of the dancing sun  
And a light, fleeting dash of enticing fun,  
When its finely-veined system in truth is run  
On a fuel of venom cold with spite—  
It would far rather sink a great poisonous bite  
In your pulsing carotid some murderous night—  
How pretty, how dainty, how full of cheer  
The butterfly's presence makes it here,  
At least behind all that orange veneer

The Lady was a Tiger!

### **My Stomach is Grrrrrowing!**

O, if I were a tiger, I  
Would chomp you on the neck,  
Mostly because you irritate  
And tick me off like heck,  
But lest you think it cruel of me  
To threaten things so crummy,  
There's this besides: I'm pretty sure  
You'd probably  
Taste yummy.

### ***Au Revoir à la Bête Noire***

Our third-grade teacher,  
In a rage,  
Belongs inside  
A tiger cage...  
And if our preference  
Be known,

She would not be  
In there  
Alone.

*Baste/Beast*

*Disdainful, you ask? Mais non!  
Merely contemplating  
Whether some tenderizer is needed.*

*Why, no, not bored at all, Dear,  
Just saving  
Her for later.*

### **An Unsentimental Sentinel**

For vigilance that no one can surpass,  
No guarantee I make to you, alas,  
Yet I can promise still, for what it's worth,  
No danger to one who has left this earth,  
So if you want protection from some dread  
Predation, fine! (As long as you are dead.)  
For if you want this cat to feel at home  
As guardian, put me in a cat-acomb.

### **Transubstantiation**

Fish-eyes ogles us, just to say  
in that slippery longing way of his,  
that sidelong gaping staring way,  
'I envy the cat that milady is.'  
We ponder his liquid love, his fins,  
and the way each turn makes him squirm and sink  
in the tank (predicament for his sins?),  
and we sit and groom ourself and think . . .  
Can't help but pity and love the poor  
fish-eyes in turn; think biology,  
its cycles, return of what's been before,  
carbon reclamation, and all that we,  
with wizard knowledge, learned to admire  
and along the way, to recognize  
as an opportunity to acquire  
matter remade thus if one only tries . . .  
what we think is this: that a little fish  
could *become* a cat, graceful, sleek and slim,  
by means of becoming a dinner dish—

and on thinking that, we devour him.

**Sunset over the Serengeti  
Hears a Slight Belch from  
the King of the Beasts**

It happens sometimes on the plains, where Splendid Starlings and the strains  
Tok-tokkie knocks create a song that's just as rhythmic as it's long,  
Where Shongololo rolls and runs 'tween rise and setting of the suns,  
Where the hyenas sing their tunes betwixt midnight and morning's moons:  
It's there the leopard's race was lost—surprise—at noon, and at great cost,  
To one old lion whose good luck dovetailed with leopards run amok,  
To the degree that one loud crunch announced the end of it at lunch.

**Some Sheep are Much  
Fiercer than You'd Think**

The late, great Irwin Bonkler Freep,  
Who died of mauling by a sheep,  
May find this final price is steepish  
For having been a bit too sheepish;  
And if you think I joke, and laugh,  
We may soon see *your* epitaph.

**Deep Anxiety**

Azure the swell of the ocean  
As it laps at my ankles and knees  
Returns me to innocent ages  
With its salt-scented tropical breeze  
Enticing me into the water  
To dance with the angels and clowns,  
Those colorful fish,  
Whose great subversive wish  
Is that every two-legs of us drowns

**Jellied Love**

Wrap your arms around me, Dear,  
Your thousand arms diaphanous  
And slinky; pull me closer thus  
And squish my spleen right out my ear—

A hug is only so refined,  
Caresses valued most and best  
That find me mashed against your chest  
Until I'm quite out of my mind—

Crush me with adoration, squeeze  
The living daylights from my heart  
Till I this earthly plane depart  
To ocean's bottom, pretty please!

### **New Species, Same Old Story**

Professor Bob Sponk and his lovely wife Myrtle  
discovered a rare omnivorous turtle  
and off to the swamp in the jungle's dim inner-  
most sanctum they tracked her, observing her dinner-  
time habits, behaviors and preferences; then,  
Bob sneezed.  
It turns out she eats women *and* men.

### **I Realize You were Only Doing What Comes Naturally, But I have to Scold You, My Pet**

I know you only meant to make  
A dandy first impression  
By killing this whole crowd, but Jake,  
Behold my grave expression—  
For it is impolite, I think,  
And maybe even naughty,  
Recruiting *everyone* in sight  
To play the role of Body—  
Your nature calls you to the task,  
I knew from your first *GRRR!*—  
But some restraint gets less complaint  
Than utter massacre.  
I thank you that you rout the moles  
And rodents by your labors,  
Dear Jakey Boy, but next time leave  
Your teeth out of the neighbors.

### **Join Me for Dinner**

The beast that ate the hunting dogs  
Was fatter than a hundred hogs  
But oddly still was hungry when  
The hunters chased him down again  
So dinnertime—you'll be delighted—  
Found dogs and masters reunited.

### **Squirrelly, Now and Formerly**

Pipkin was a rascal lad who disobeyed his mom and dad

Pestered his teachers, pinched the girls  
Among the young chipmunks and squirrels  
And threw hard acorns from the trees at passing mice and birds and bees  
He chewed on rafters, jambs and screens  
Teased babies, oldsters, in-between  
Stole in through windows left ajar—  
Alas! Could not outrun a car.

### **Brown Recluse to Black Widow**

Never fret, my darling;  
Never fear, my dear:  
If I had meant to murder you  
You wouldn't still be here—  
But I prefer the gentler sort  
Of crime, soft as a breath—  
Embracing you with all eight arms,  
While kissing you to death.

### **Residential Issues**

The beaver builds a dam-fine house,  
The mouse, a hole-in-one,  
The moose and goose, while on the loose,  
Take shelter in the sun;  
The pigeon curls up in her nest;  
Raccoon believes *his* den is best.  
It seems that every one abroad  
Creates his ideal home,  
Yet every head at last, when dead,  
Will end up in the loam.  
Therefore, I say, enjoy your port,  
Your burrow, hovel, cubby, fort,  
And be advised that what you've prized  
Won't be your utter last resort,  
But rather you'll take company  
With all the beasts moved on  
To their reward under the sword,  
And to the dirt begone!

### **Rumors**

Mellie's tidy garden  
Upon the gatehouse roof

Is rumored to conceal some things  
Of which we have no proof.  
It's pretty for its own sake, yes,  
With dainty flowering plants  
But the idea it's secretive  
Is really what enchants  
Roof gardens are quite magical  
All of their own accord,  
But we like thinking Mellie's  
Best, for hiding untoward,  
Suspicious things not seen at first,  
Perceived among the flowers,  
But only yet imagine  
In our impish idle hours.

### **Green Thumb Caught Red-Handed**

In the great garden of Madame Roussel  
There grew, to her horror, a lingering smell  
Somewhat out of keeping with feelings genteel,  
Good graces and manners, and painfully real;  
There came to her notice the knowledge that she  
Was the harbinger of a bold monstrosity  
Fertilizing her flowers by means quite disgusting,  
A potent decoction so grossly encrusting  
Her sweet *Potentilla* and *Rosa rugosa*,  
So gamey its stench went from here to *Formosa*;  
Such a shame that the corpses kept coming unburied,  
But this was the farthest that they could be carried;  
Madame's predilection for lilies and roses  
Was matched by the murders done under the noses  
Of neighbors and garden-fanatics and friends,  
Some of whom, by the way, met their untimely ends;  
In short, the career, the vocation, the loves  
Of the dame with the blood-engorged gardening gloves  
Could have gone on forever, and borne her much fruit,  
Were it not that weight-lifting was not her long suit,  
Nor was thorough disposal or digging deep ditches;  
Who knew that her roses held such fertile riches?  
Exposure, at last, was inevitable  
When the soil in the garden grew just over-full;  
Then "pushing up daisies" took on a new meaning  
And oxidized bodies with fumes overweening  
Began their announcements of odorous presence  
In a way that Madame found to be an unpleasance;

It was nice while it lasted, a gardener's thrill;  
But for cheap fertilizer, it was overkill.

### **Not Feeling Well, My Dear?**

Poor dyspeptic Ida Gene,  
She is quite bilious and green,  
Aching and cramping everywhere—  
I do suppose, just to be fair,  
I ought to tell you that she ate  
The poison I put on her plate.

### **Epic Epitaph**

Let's just keep this  
Short and snappy:  
Yes, I'm dead;  
Some folks is happy.  
Yes, I had  
The plague. *Ahem,*  
They're all infected.  
Joke's on them.

### **Unpleasant Before & After**

Scabrous to scurrilous, sure to offend,  
Senses assaulted and stench without end,  
Here on the ash-heap of history, I  
Will most be remembered as *that* Awful Guy.

### **Someone to Watch All Over Me [In a Really Inappropriate Way]**

Thought I was your stalker, violent,  
Sneaking on you, ninja-silent,  
Pervert peering in your casement,  
Clear from attic to the basement,  
With my satellite trained on you  
All the way from where you've gone to  
From my distant lair? I've got you  
Hid from trouble while I watch you—  
Baby, you're not scared now, are you?  
I'm just trying to watch out for you;  
If I didn't, who could keep you  
Safe and sane, awake, asleep—Who?  
I'm your hero, watching closely  
So you won't become morosely  
Sad and scared and spooked at all; to

Keep you safe and sound; I call you  
In the morning and way later  
Just to keep away the hater  
That might try to nab your collar,  
Take your keys, your watch, your dollar,  
Keep you sleepless, full of sorrow—  
Sleep tight, Babe! See you tomorrow.

### **Creeper**

A plethora of pleasures  
A deluge of delights  
A heap of halcyon happiness  
Awaits your days and nights  
If you will only let me  
Pour on you lavish love  
I'll gladly stop the nastiness  
That you accuse me of

### **Quack Quack, Etc.**

There's nothing adverse  
That I throw in the sauce  
As I start to rehearse  
The demise of the Boss  
But as I descend  
To the end of the day  
It's more tough to pretend  
To be lightsome and gay  
When I feel in my marrow  
The building of rages  
Brought on by the narrow-  
Ness by which he gauges  
My quest for perfection  
In service to him  
Whose extreme predilection  
For being quite grim  
As you guess is a needle  
To nag and annoy  
Like the high nasal wheedle  
Of a self-centered boy  
Until something explodes  
In the back of my brain  
At some one of his goads  
And I go quite insane  
So I must kill him gladly

By end of the day  
And go off quacking madly  
As I'm carted away

### **Barrel of Laughs**

Pity it comes to this, my friend;  
I'd hoped to sidestep such an end  
To our relationship—could not  
Persuade you to eschew your plot.  
Your gay facade of childlike cheer  
Could not disguise your purpose here  
Of traumatizing all the guests—  
In fact, my prosecution rests  
On your determined bright demeanor  
Of insouciance in between or  
Right over the top of griefs;  
In fact, it is my firm belief  
You'd gladly goad into the grave  
Precisely those you sham to save  
From daily life's grotesqueries.  
It's cruel monstrosities like these  
Harsh japes and jests and thoughtless jollies,  
Nasty hijinks, fatal follies  
Foisted on our sad world by  
An ur-aggressive perky guy  
With terrifying giant shoes,  
Yarn wig and honking horn, and whose  
Dire predilection for a prank  
Makes most of us just want to yank  
Off his bow-tie and bulbous nose  
To the degree you might suppose  
We'd some psychosis, but the fact  
Is, though our souls remain intact,  
They are endangered by his farce  
Whom we'd be kicking in the arse  
If we were not still too refined  
To entertain that state of mind.  
So rather, I must batten down  
Your overweening ways, you clown,  
And stare to naught your laughing fun  
Right down the barrel of my gun.

### **Toast with a Time Limit**

Here's hoping the missing good cheer

That should have been prevalent here  
Shows up at the door, not another old bore,  
Or I'll have to be leaving, my dear,  
For your party is killing my joy  
And particularly, to annoy  
Me: wasting my time with dull boors is a crime  
I'm not quick to forgive, my dear boy.

**Be Not Afraid of Me,  
Unless You have Good Reason**

I buried the various body parts  
in secret locations around the state,  
reserving the heart of him I hate  
to pin on the board for a game of darts,  
and when it was thoroughly pierced and minced  
I put on my favorite dress and heels  
and danced a couple Virginia reels  
before I washed up the room and rinsed,  
then took the mincemeat left of the rat,  
put it in the kiln for a nice hot burn,  
where it made a fine glaze for a lovely urn,  
and filled it with daisies, and that was that.  
You might think I'm a teeny bit callous, cold,  
rejoicing in vicious destructive acts,  
but perhaps you'd relent if you knew the facts  
and the rat's true story at last were told—  
but worry you needlessly? I? A shame,  
when it's highly unlikely by any stretch  
of imagination you'd be a wretch  
of such magnitude and incur the same . . .  
now let us sit down for a cup of tea,  
our own snug little tête-à-tête;  
don't worry about what you have just et,  
unless you have *reason* to fear from me . . .

**Ghoulish Delight**

I rustle my hands in taloned glee  
Because the deadly recipe  
From neither pots nor spoons nor pans  
But sort of cauldron-cooked began  
To boil and burble, burn and bake  
And make a horrid bellyache  
In which I openly rejoice  
From the bottom of my heart at the top of my voice

Since it eats at the spot whence woe betides  
I mean, my enemy's insides  
I hate to admit that it drives me nuts  
How I loathe the cretin's creepy guts  
So I will make like a fleet of moles  
And bore them full of a flock of holes  
Filling *me* full of ironic glee  
And comeuppance for him who so bores me  
Since that's why I really stayed in school  
To grow up and be a bad little ghoul  
And lest you forget yourself, sneer or scoff  
Be nice to me or I'll bump *you* off

### **All Tied Up in a Bow**

Tidy packages are not  
the sole solutions I have got,  
but of the puzzles in my path,  
few fill me with such rage and wrath  
as that I cannot seem to find  
what I have lost from in my mind.  
*I've lost more thought than many hath;  
Does that make me a psychopath?*  
Don't fret, my pretties, yet, for I  
am not a *wholly* rotten guy:  
I'd bump you off, but you should know,  
I *won't* (for certain sums of dough)...  
and if you can't afford the fee,  
I'll parcel you out tidily.

### **Thinking of You, Darkly**

A parcel in the post box  
Awaits the light of day  
And what is grimly sealed therein  
To cause alarm, dismay  
And horror, for the sender would  
Destroy the peace and calm  
She cannot have herself and so  
With terrible aplomb  
Prefers to mail off messages  
And tokens of despair...  
So when you go to get the mail,  
I recommend:  
Take care!

### **Coming-Uppance**

Relegated to the lowest  
Rank of feebleniks and fools,  
I can see my betters' failings  
And their breaking of the rules,  
But I keep my quiet counsel,  
Counting nothing disconcerting,  
Never flinch, for I remember:  
Blackmail can be quite diverting!

### **Exercise in Mischief**

Weaving webs of intrigue  
And knotting people tight  
Is such a nasty pastime  
But it keeps me warm at night!

### **Close Shave**

The opportunity occurs  
So rarely, it is true,  
That I can scarce resist the urge  
To put my hands on you  
With malediction in my heart  
A glacier in my veins  
A purring curse through smiling fangs  
And voltage in my brains  
That perks nefarious Nemeses  
Like me to work your doom—  
But I'd be left too much bereft:  
No You to hate? Then, whom?

### **The Kicking of Buckets, and How It is Done**

In case a brown recluse spider should come to call on you and with her magical  
spells weave for you mystic sleep—  
In the event that any sharks should smell your yummy blood and render you a  
permanent fixture of the deep—  
Lest some great venerable tree should fall full upon your pointy head and leave you  
feeling just a little flat—  
Or a once-dormant volcano barf its hot majestic load of smoking lava directly onto  
the brim of your jaunty hat—  
Should any untoward or fearsome thing befall you or a tragedy untimely bump you  
off, I'd feel so sad and even a little guilty somehow  
That in my concern for you and to prevent your facing any such future griefs, I feel  
it's best that I help you to kick the bucket Now.

**Clearing the Air**

I missed you when you went away,  
But if you should come back today,  
I will no longer—for my sight's  
Been fixed—I've got you dead to rights.