

Notice: All texts in this document are the work of Kathryn I. W. Sparks and may be used only with explicit permission from and credit to the author. No fees are charged for such use except as required by law or the regulations of third-party agreements.

Wonderfully Weird Creatures

Speciality

A beast of great talents,
The Rough-Coated Wheef,
Relies for her fame
On her dancing, in chief,
Despite her known skills
In both language and law
And for eating whole tigers,
Both roasted and raw.
Why dancing, you ask?
Is it true she's that good?
Oh, you wouldn't inquire
If you'd seen her: she should
Be the picture you see
When you look up the word
In the dictionary—
"Dance" has always referred
To a sort of a pattern,
An action, a sport
Full of grace, style, and matter,
But I would retort
That never until the great
Wheef came to dance
Was the world so aware
Of how dancing enchants—
Not to mention she has
Furry legs, and not pants.

Dashing for Office

The sleek-haired Handy-Medaled Gorm,
Despite his malocclusive form,
Is dashing, daring, debonair,
And has the aforementioned hair,
Appealing to the Gorm-girls there.

His name affirms he is not gormless,
Nor in fact, is aimless, formless,
But instead has clear, high goals
To win election in the polls,
Enrapturing the Gorm-girls' souls.

His medals all were won in war,
When he was teen-aged and before,
When he was just a youthful pup,
With endless energy to sup,
Though at his age, he's still keyed up.

The moment when he chose to doff his
Hat and run for this high office
Was, in fact, at Gorm-girls' bidding,
Irresistible—no kidding:
Into the ring he hurtled, skidding.

How the vote will go's in question,
But the Gorm-girls' fine suggestion
Means the Handy-Medaled Gorm
May set a new official norm
And keep our admiration warm.

Night Terrors and Morning Madness

How odd, arising in the morning, to look in the mirror's glass,
To see someone so unfamiliar, so unkind, uncouth and crass,
So ill-mannered and repellent, full of grossness, grease and grunge,
And to wonder how on earth I can begin to clean, expunge,
Remove, ameliorate; to salvage any goodness I could hope
To find in such an unfit carcass; rescue with what bar of soap,
What fell razor or belt sander, what hair shirt, what whips and chains
Aimed at purifying putrid monster madness, would what else remains
E'en resemble who I used to think I was, have any grace?
What relief, when after coffee, I come back and see my face!
Under all of it, thank heavens, lies the self I onetime knew,
With its kindly dragon scales and bony crest familiar: Whew!