

A Newspaper of Rhymes for These Crazy Weird Times

ISSUE #2

FREE!!

## ONE BLINK FOR WINTER

...One blink for spring, and two blinks  
for summer and fall.

Seems life goes by in the blink of an  
eye, be careful, or you might miss it all.

Don't live in the past or fret about  
the future, you cannot control  
either one.

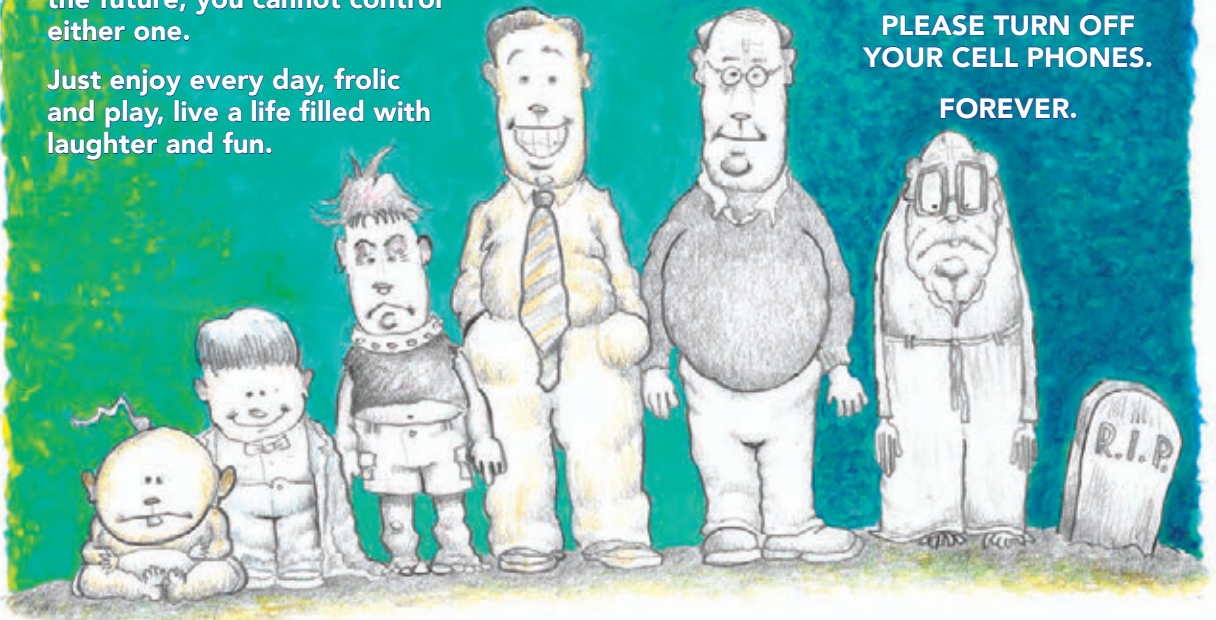
Just enjoy every day, frolic  
and play, live a life filled with  
laughter and fun.

Embrace every moment, savor each  
breath, and bask in every sunset you're  
shown.

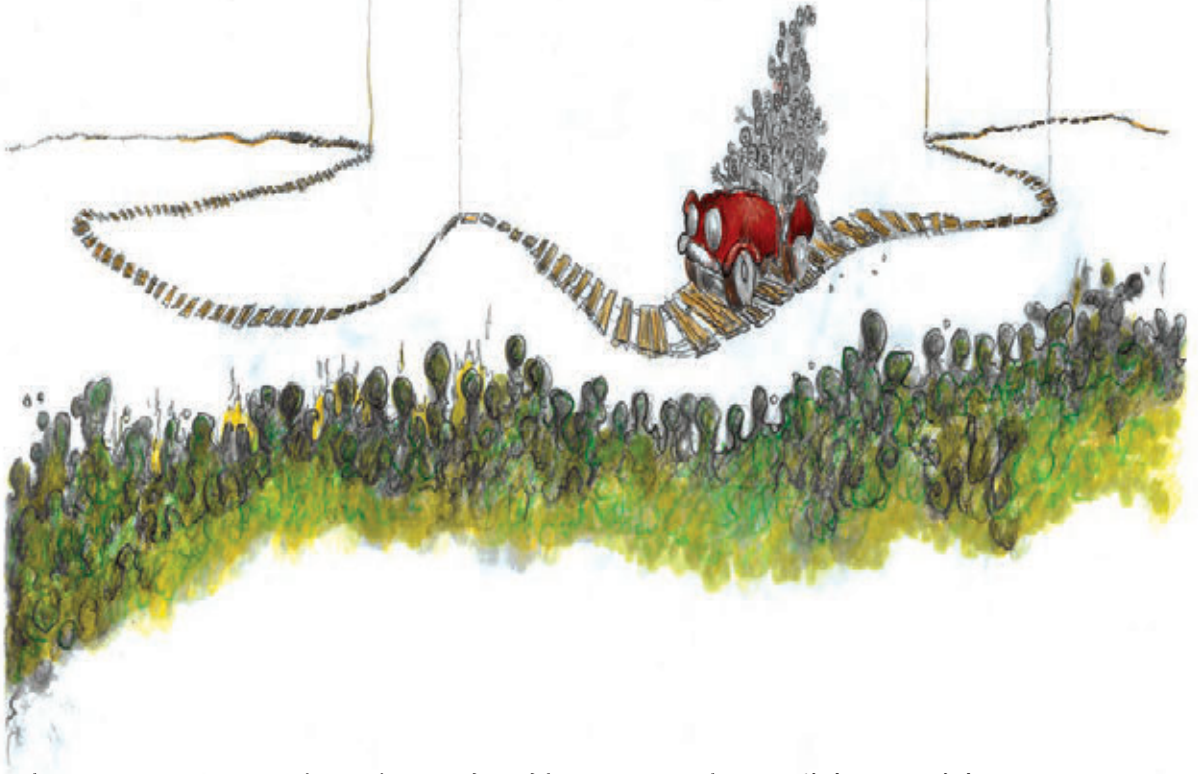
Because it's over in a blink and it sure  
would stink, if the last thing you saw was  
your phone.

PLEASE TURN OFF  
YOUR CELL PHONES.

FOREVER.



Batten down the load, there's a rough patch in the road,  
filled with rocks and sticks and holes the size of craters.  
There's broken glass and nails, pointy things that will impale,  
there are landmines, landsharks, and angry alligators.



There are cracks deep to the core, horrible problems gone  
ignored, there are falling comets, floods and fires brewin'.  
There are landslides and melting ice, and I need not tell you  
twice, there's an ugly soup a-simmering and stewin'.

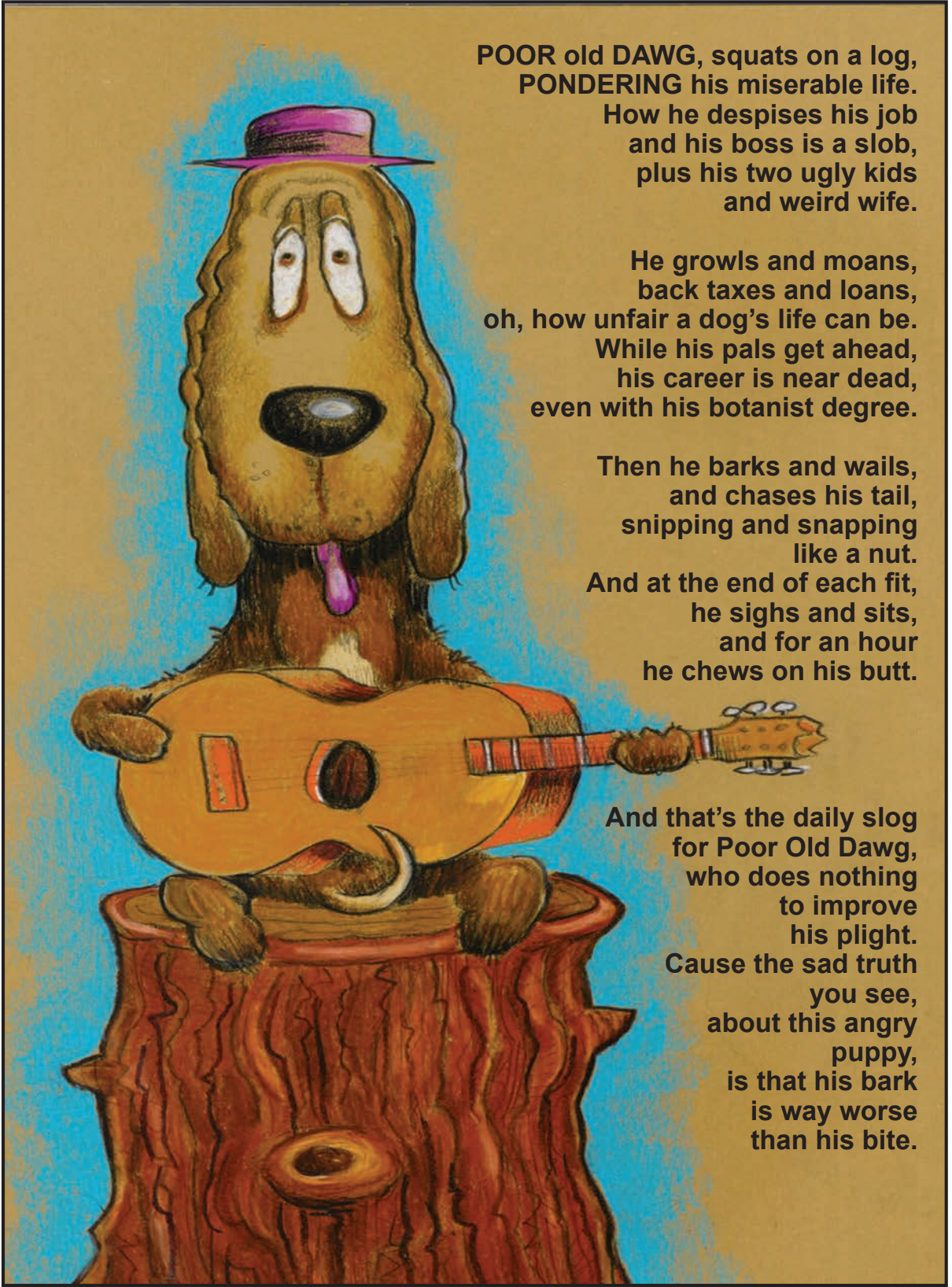
So keep clutching at the wheel, do not swerve your auto-  
mobile, and don't slow down or let your engine stall. Just  
keep on driving straight, and if it all disintegrates, you can  
point your car **in the direction of Montreal.**

**POOR** old **DAWG**, squats on a log,  
**PONDERING** his miserable life.  
How he despises his job  
and his boss is a slob,  
plus his two ugly kids  
and weird wife.

He growls and moans,  
back taxes and loans,  
oh, how unfair a dog's life can be.  
While his pals get ahead,  
his career is near dead,  
even with his botanist degree.

Then he barks and wails,  
and chases his tail,  
snipping and snapping  
like a nut.  
And at the end of each fit,  
he sighs and sits,  
and for an hour  
he chews on his butt.

And that's the daily slog  
for Poor Old Dawg,  
who does nothing  
to improve  
his plight.  
Cause the sad truth  
you see,  
about this angry  
puppy,  
is that his bark  
is way worse  
than his bite.





**BARB THE LIBRARIAN** is a spiteful contrarian, a gruesome and ghastly gadfly. Her disposition is snide, she lives to deride, every “hello” always met with “good-bye.”

She tisks at every task, loudly aghast when someone beseeches her help. When you ask about a book, she shoots you a dirty look, pointing angrily towards a shelf.

Course, Barb used to be nice, offering tips and advice, the library her most favorite place. Until her own novel got rejected then a wall was erected, now she can't stand the sight of your face.

So when you see her at her desk, don't dare make requests and don't ask her where to find this or that. Because between you and me, she'll get very angry, and later take it out on her cat.

## FESTER T. FERMENTED

is insanely demented,  
a big, crazy kook,  
through and through.  
He wreaks havoc  
everywhere;  
if you see him,  
please beware,  
you can never  
quite predict  
what he'll do.

Once he set fire  
to a big stack  
of tires,  
cackling  
while roasting  
a weinie.  
He kicked  
an old lady,  
then wiped snot  
on a baby,  
a despicable,  
and hateful  
old meanie.

His only real joy  
is to demolish  
and destroy,  
leaving chaos  
wherever he went.  
But his real damage  
is not done,  
because just  
for fun,  
now he wants  
to be  
your president.

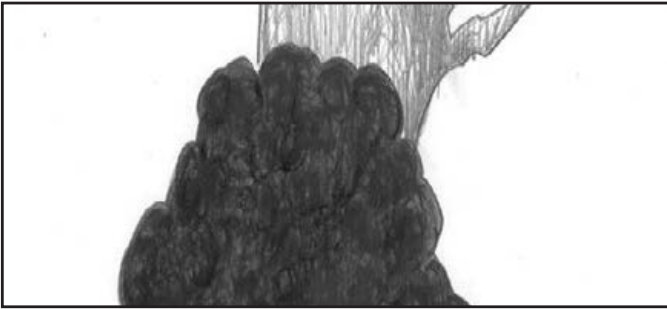




Henrietta's favorite game  
is hide-and-go-seek,  
and she always hides  
in the same place.  
Behind a tree  
near the brook,  
but there's  
no need to look,  
she's there  
with a smile  
on her face.



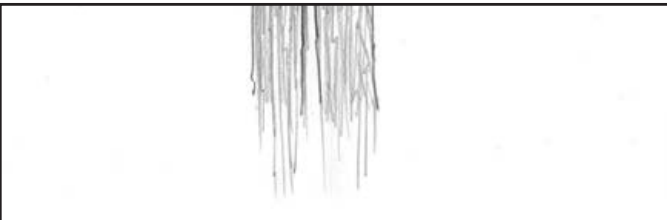
"Have you lost a screw?  
Hide someplace new,"  
the other kids  
scream, angry  
and scary.  
"You're totally lame,  
and tagged out  
every game,  
are you a loser,  
or just plain contrary?"



But Henrietta never swayed,  
even on the day  
when the other kids  
stopped tagging  
her out.  
They played  
game after game,  
never uttering her name,  
their purpose  
purely spiteful  
no doubt.



Of course  
Henrietta stood her ground,  
until the sun  
went down,  
her mom concerned  
when her daughter  
missed dinner.  
Until she found her  
behind the tree,  
laughing gleefully,  
saying,



**"I GUESS WE  
KNOW NOW  
WHO'S THE WINNER."**

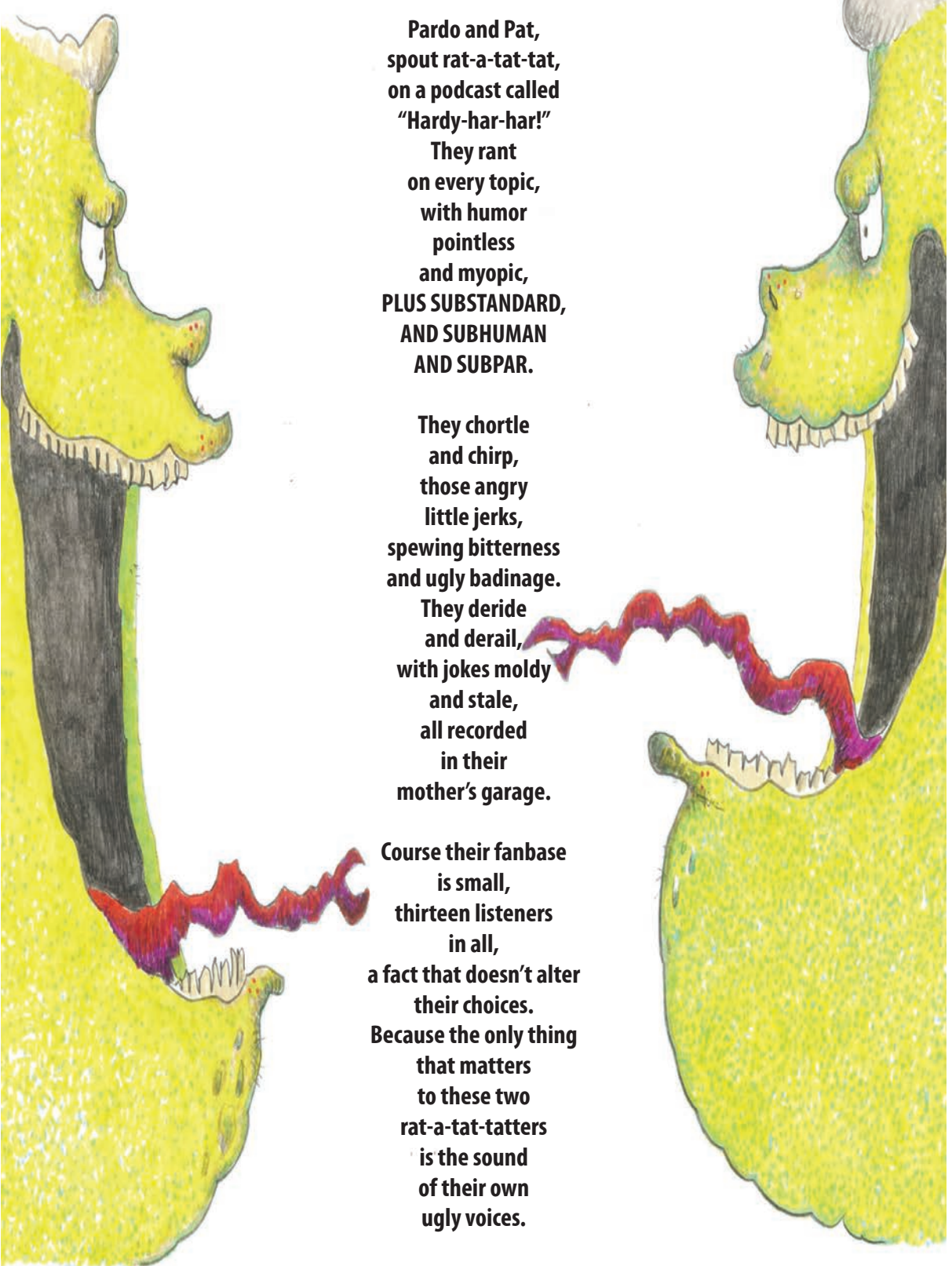
Pardo and Pat,  
spout rat-a-tat-tat,  
on a podcast called  
"Hardy-har-har!"

They rant  
on every topic,  
with humor  
pointless  
and myopic,  
**PLUS SUBSTANDARD,  
AND SUBHUMAN  
AND SUBPAR.**

They chortle  
and chirp,  
those angry  
little jerks,  
spewing bitterness  
and ugly badinage.

They deride  
and derail,  
with jokes moldy  
and stale,  
all recorded  
in their  
mother's garage.

Course their fanbase  
is small,  
thirteen listeners  
in all,  
a fact that doesn't alter  
their choices.  
Because the only thing  
that matters  
to these two  
rat-a-tat-tatters  
is the sound  
of their own  
ugly voices.



# I TOOK MY AVOCADO TO ASPEN COLORADO,

...for a long weekend  
of skiing  
and winter fun.  
Then we hopped  
on a private plane,  
to a secluded beach  
in Spain,  
where we  
drank champagne  
and soaked in  
sights and sun.

Then I purchased  
my avocado  
a vintage Coronado,  
a Rolex watch,  
and a hand-made  
tailored suit.  
I gave it everything  
under the sun,  
pricey gifts  
and tons of fun,  
I darn near  
broke the bank  
on that big fruit.

Then after showing him  
the time of his life,  
I took out  
my butcher knife  
and I stabbed him  
in his back  
so roly-poly.  
Then I mashed him  
into bits  
and served him up  
with chips,  
my avocado  
now my bowl  
of guacamole.

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# FUHGETTABOUTIT.

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MER



**TUCK AND ROLL,** duck and cover, the first day of school is the best. With my camouflage socks and bullet-proof lunch box, and my “Hello Kitty” Kevlar vest.

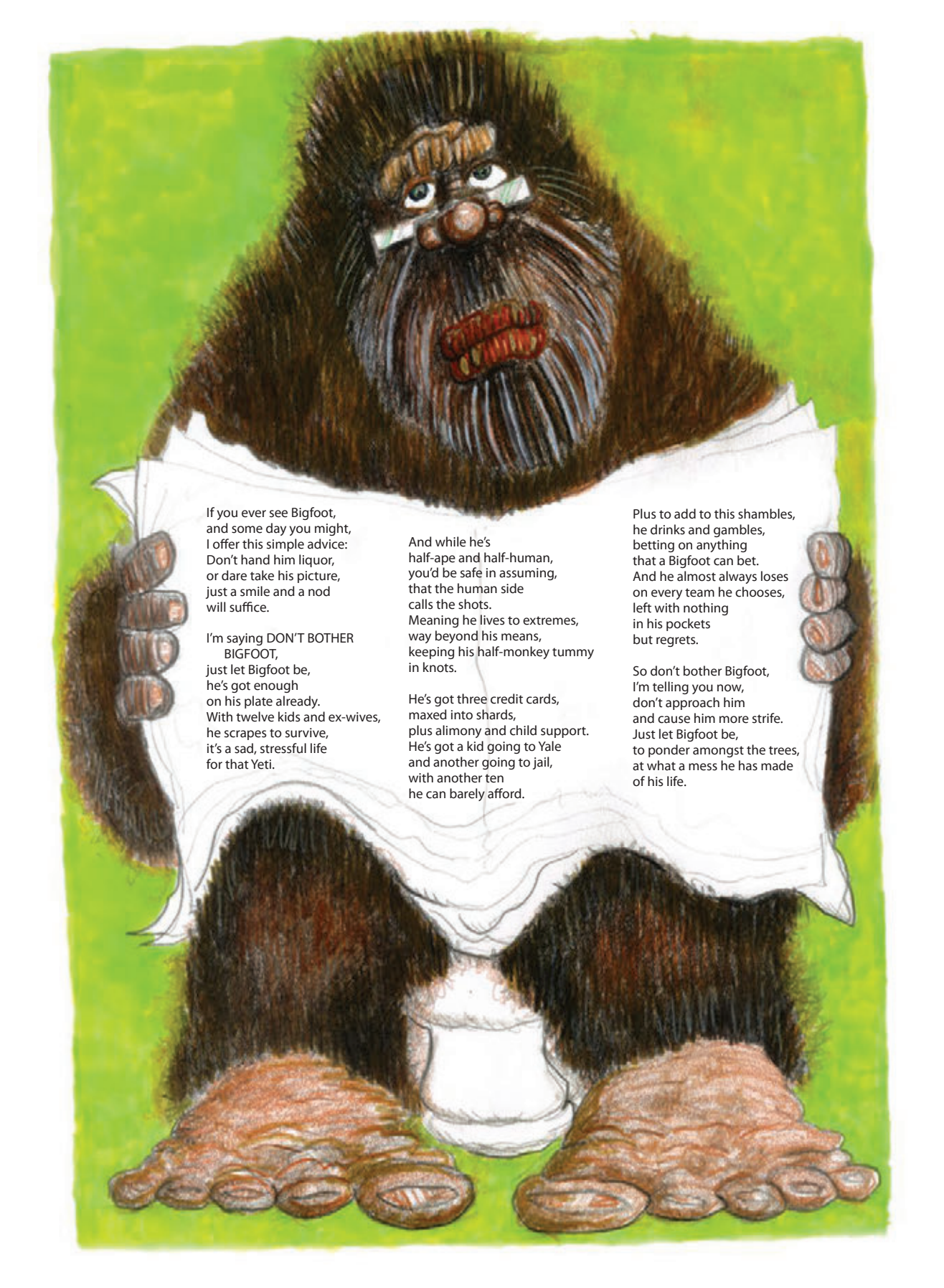
First period is math, with Mrs. McGrath, who was once a great teacher and tutor. But now she’s distracted, and her colon’s compacted, resulting from our last active shooter.

At noon we all hunker inside a lead-lined bunker, to enjoy our healthy, hot lunch. We relax while snackin’ because the lunch ladies are packin’, and known as “The Bullseye Bunch.”

Then it’s time for recess, which we now call “re-stress,” standing alone, outside in a field. I become my own spotter while I play teeter-totter, near a fat kid I can use as a shield.

Then at the sound of last bell, I scramble like heck, towards the first school bus in sight. Then it’s homework and bed, with nightmares in my head, another sad and scared, sleepless night.





If you ever see Bigfoot,  
and some day you might,  
I offer this simple advice:  
Don't hand him liquor,  
or dare take his picture,  
just a smile and a nod  
will suffice.

I'm saying DON'T BOTHER  
BIGFOOT,  
just let Bigfoot be,  
he's got enough  
on his plate already.  
With twelve kids and ex-wives,  
he scrapes to survive,  
it's a sad, stressful life  
for that Yeti.

And while he's  
half-ape and half-human,  
you'd be safe in assuming,  
that the human side  
calls the shots.  
Meaning he lives to extremes,  
way beyond his means,  
keeping his half-monkey tummy  
in knots.

He's got three credit cards,  
maxed into shards,  
plus alimony and child support.  
He's got a kid going to Yale  
and another going to jail,  
with another ten  
he can barely afford.

Plus to add to this shambles,  
he drinks and gambles,  
betting on anything  
that a Bigfoot can bet.  
And he almost always loses  
on every team he chooses,  
left with nothing  
in his pockets  
but regrets.

So don't bother Bigfoot,  
I'm telling you now,  
don't approach him  
and cause him more strife.  
Just let Bigfoot be,  
to ponder amongst the trees,  
at what a mess he has made  
of his life.



Outside every day **AT THE KEROUAC CAFE,** the geezers all gather to chat. They talk about high school, when they were so young and so cool, and how fast they were before they got fat. They long for the time when candy was a dime, and refills of coffee were free. When life was just fun, basking in the sun, drinking beer and singing “Louie Louie.”

Each one tells a story, about a triumph or glory, the same stories they’ve been telling for years. Scoring the winning touchdown or wearing the Homecoming crown, with no worries or troubles or fears.

They talk cars they miss and their very first kiss, with that cute girl “old what’s-her-name.” They talk snow days and summer, when life was way funner, and movies and music weren’t “lame.”

Then as the bay winds blow cold and every memory’s been told, the old geezers bid each other farewell. Then they slowly drive away, returning the next day, wishing they all had new stories to tell.



### COUNCILMAN MIKE

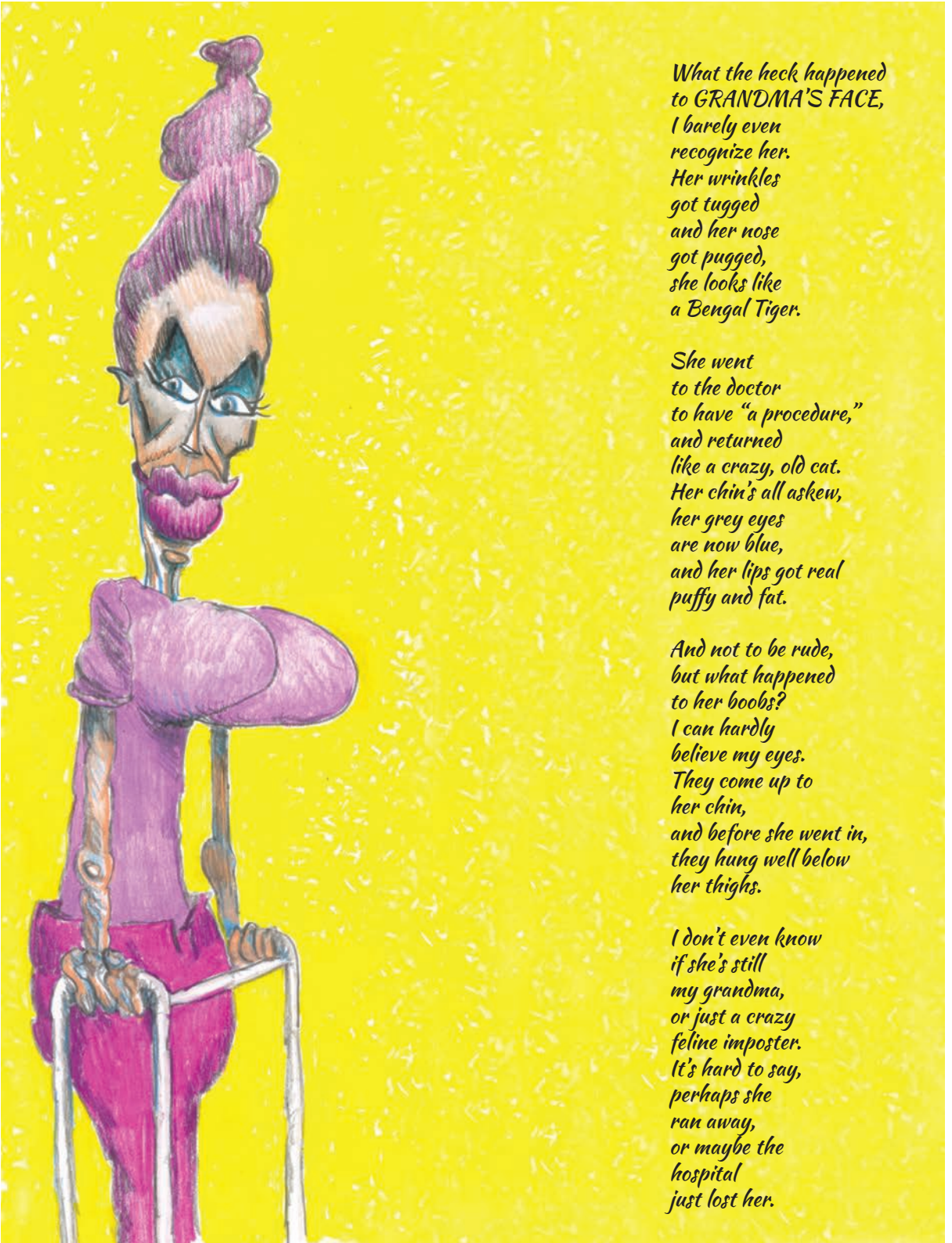
loves to protest  
and strike;  
he's the leader  
for every  
public outcry.  
Shouting well-rehearsed  
rage,  
from any soap box  
or stage,  
but only when  
there are  
cameras nearby.

He's a muckrake  
connoisseur,  
for every just-cause  
du jour,  
stumping loudly,  
screaming how much  
he cares.  
He's the champion  
of every cause,  
begging attention  
and applause,  
in his Ray-Bans  
and bed-head  
moussed hair.

He's at the front  
of every march,  
in his white jeans  
pressed  
and starched,  
faking compassion,  
and moral outrage.  
Then he hops on his scooter  
back home to his computer,  
where he posts it all  
on his Facebook page.

And while online  
he's a hero,  
in the world  
he's a zero,  
a prancing  
and preening  
silly elf.  
Because Councilman Mike  
doesn't care about anything,  
as much as he cares  
for himself.

PAID FOR BY "CITIZENS FOR ANYONE  
BUT COUNCILMAN MIKE."

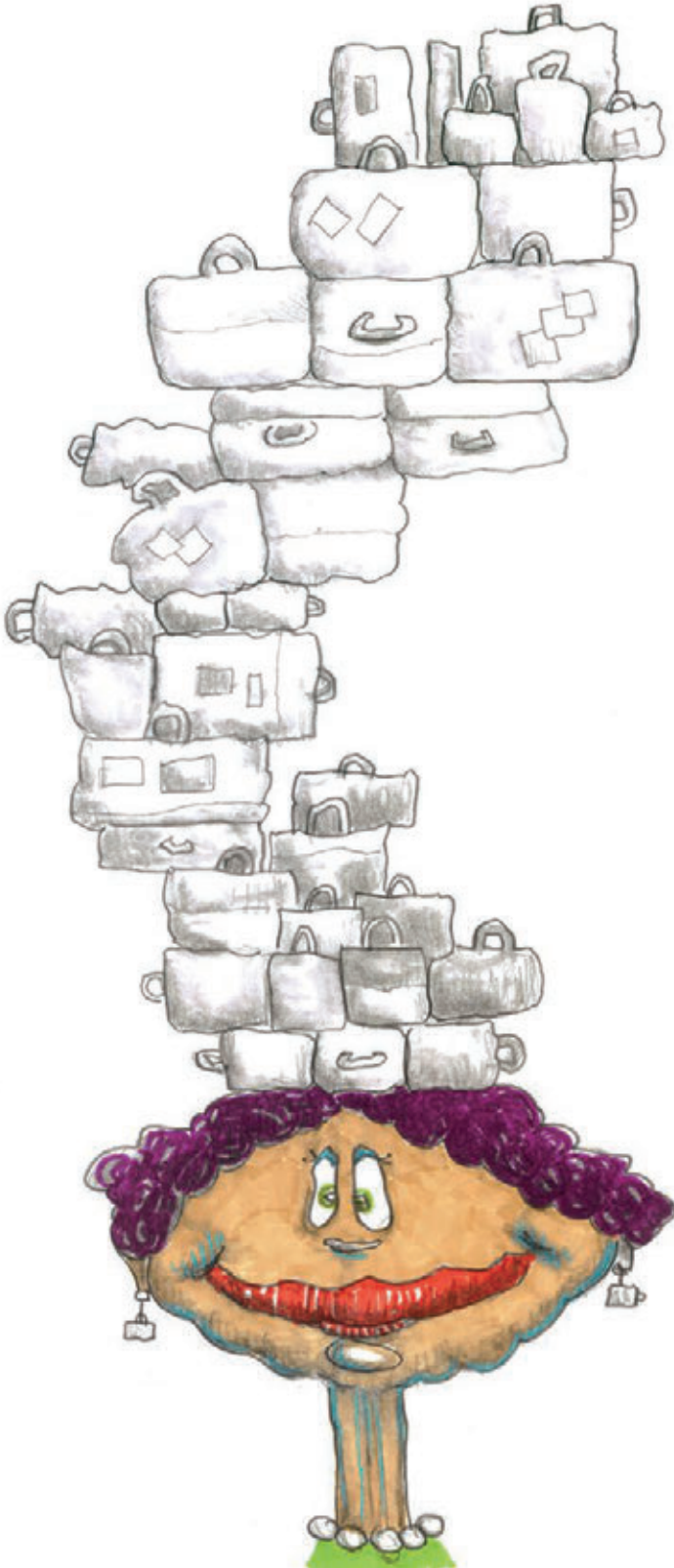


What the heck happened  
to GRANDMA'S FACE,  
I barely even  
recognize her.  
Her wrinkles  
got tugged  
and her nose  
got pugged,  
she looks like  
a Bengal Tiger.

She went  
to the doctor  
to have "a procedure,"  
and returned  
like a crazy, old cat.  
Her chin's all askew,  
her grey eyes  
are now blue,  
and her lips got real  
puffy and fat.

And not to be rude,  
but what happened  
to her boobs?  
I can hardly  
believe my eyes.  
They come up to  
her chin,  
and before she went in,  
they hung well below  
her thighs.

I don't even know  
if she's still  
my grandma,  
or just a crazy  
feline imposter.  
It's hard to say,  
perhaps she  
ran away,  
or maybe the  
hospital  
just lost her.



## Koko is loco

when it comes  
to luggage,  
she packs  
thirty-six pieces  
in all.

Plus to add  
to her dread,  
she hefts it all  
on her head,  
until she stumbles  
and tumbles  
and falls.

Then she gathers  
her valises,  
all thirty-six pieces,  
and thrusts  
several cases  
at you.

And then  
pleading and wary,  
she asks you to  
help carry,  
all the baggage  
that she  
has accrued.

“HELP CARRY  
MY BAGGAGE,”  
Koko pleads,  
“Just help me  
get down the road.”  
“I’ve got too much  
to haul,  
and can’t manage it all,  
just help me,  
please  
lighten my load.”

Of course to assist her  
is wrong,  
because  
before too long,  
all her baggage  
will be  
on your head.  
So if you see  
her approach,  
pretend you’re a roach,  
just fall  
to the floor  
and play dead.

Tighty-Whitey Tyrone  
wears TOO MUCH COLOGNE,  
he douses it on  
with a hose.  
He knocks birds  
from the sky,  
and brings fears  
to your eyes,  
and burns  
all the hair  
from your nose.

He doesn't douse  
but dollops,  
his scent  
packs a wallop,  
to get near him  
will cause you  
regret.  
Your eyeballs  
will sizzle,  
and drip and  
then drizzle,  
as you breathe in  
his Eau De Toilette.

To say you can  
smell him  
from a mile away,  
is likely  
five miles  
too short.  
You'll choke  
and recoil  
at his  
non-essential oil,  
that he applies  
every day  
by the quart.

And while Tyrone  
is sure nice,  
I offer this advice,  
and not to be  
a jerk  
or a hater.  
Don't get close enough  
to touch him  
or kiss  
or hug him  
or dare take  
the same elevator.





# A HOG ON A HOG...

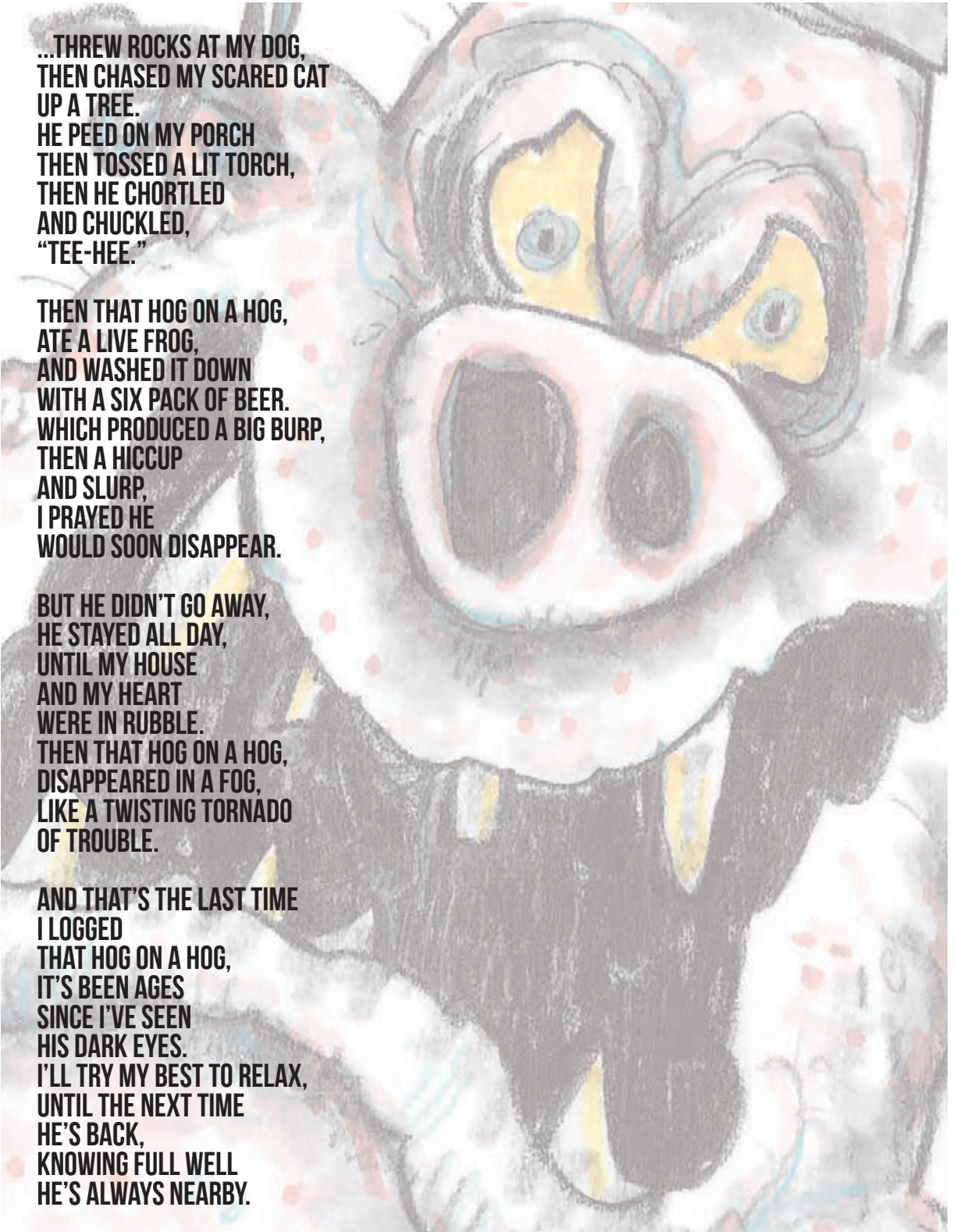


...THREW ROCKS AT MY DOG,  
THEN CHASED MY SCARED CAT  
UP A TREE.  
HE PEED ON MY PORCH  
THEN TOSSED A LIT TORCH,  
THEN HE CHORTLED  
AND CHUCKLED,  
“TEE-HEE.”

THEN THAT HOG ON A HOG,  
ATE A LIVE FROG,  
AND WASHED IT DOWN  
WITH A SIX PACK OF BEER.  
WHICH PRODUCED A BIG BURP,  
THEN A HICCUP  
AND SLURP,  
I PRAYED HE  
WOULD SOON DISAPPEAR.

BUT HE DIDN'T GO AWAY,  
HE STAYED ALL DAY,  
UNTIL MY HOUSE  
AND MY HEART  
WERE IN RUBBLE.  
THEN THAT HOG ON A HOG,  
DISAPPEARED IN A FOG,  
LIKE A TWISTING TORNADO  
OF TROUBLE.

AND THAT'S THE LAST TIME  
I LOGGED  
THAT HOG ON A HOG,  
IT'S BEEN AGES  
SINCE I'VE SEEN  
HIS DARK EYES.  
I'LL TRY MY BEST TO RELAX,  
UNTIL THE NEXT TIME  
HE'S BACK,  
KNOWING FULL WELL  
HE'S ALWAYS NEARBY.

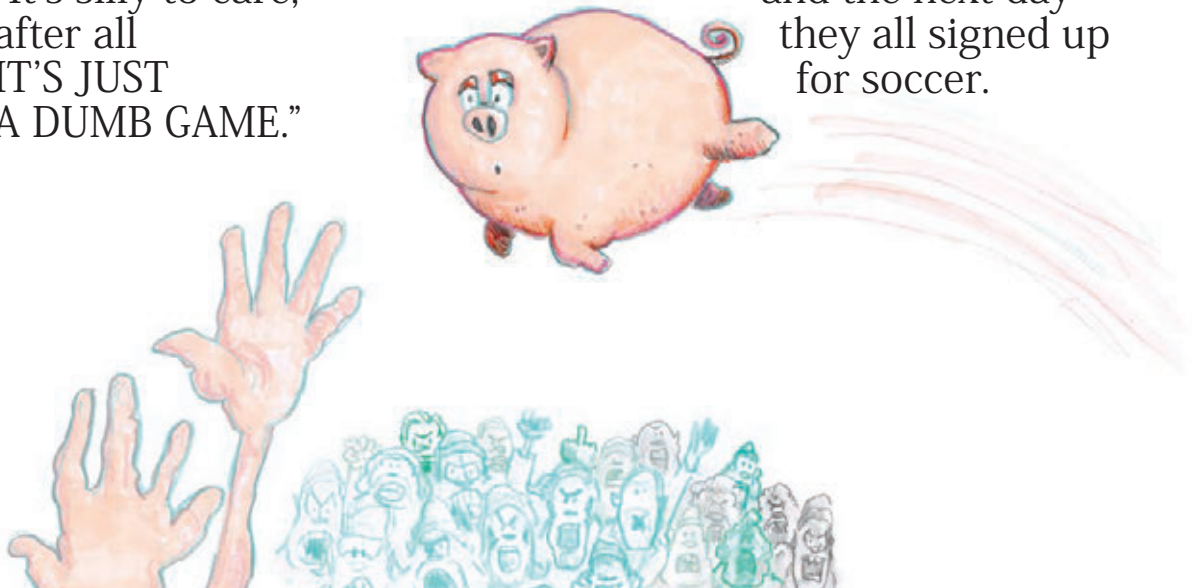


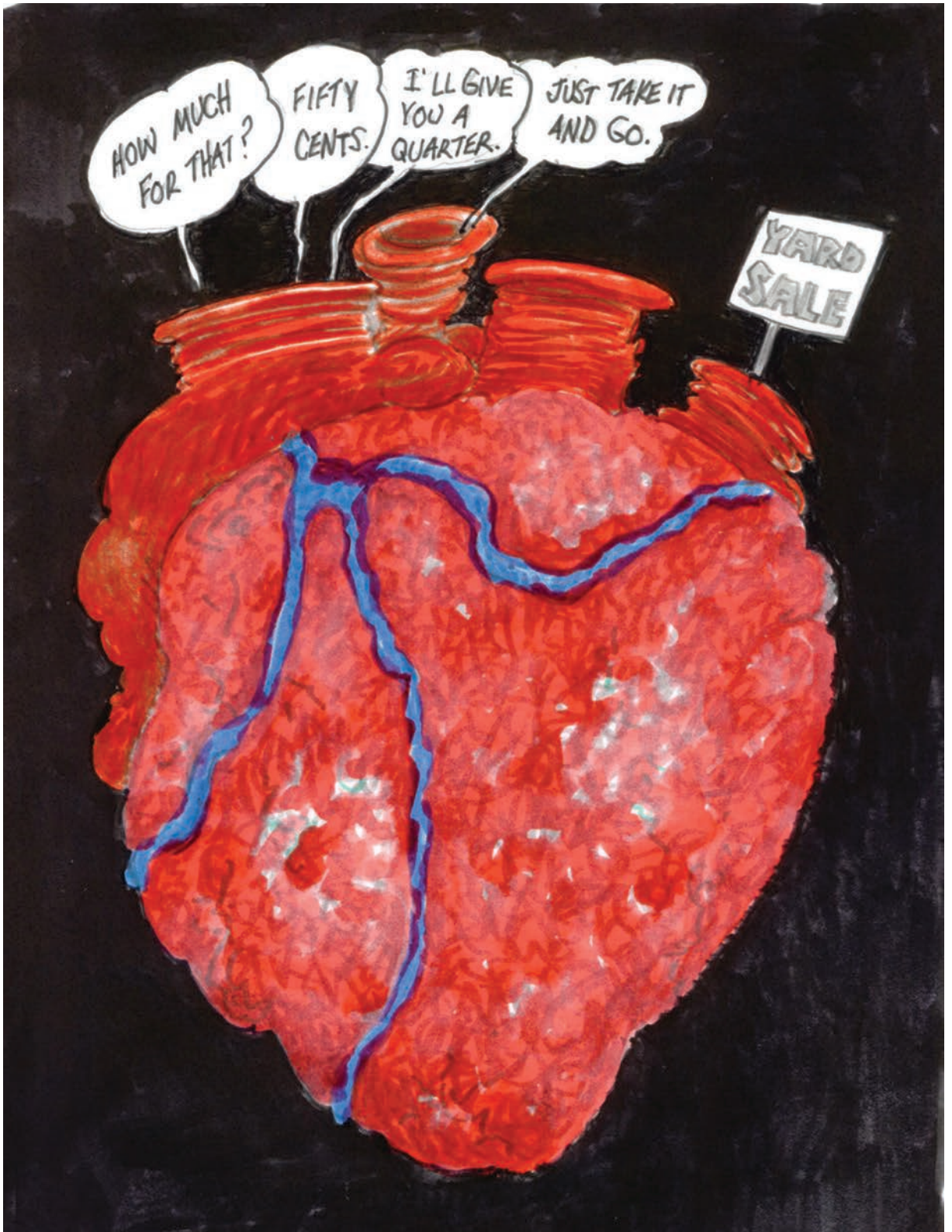
“Huddle up, team,”  
the quarterback  
screamed,  
to his teammates,  
all muddy  
and sore.  
“We’re getting  
slaughtered out there,  
don’t you knuckleheads care?  
We can’t win  
if we never  
once score.”

Well, the other players  
sighed,  
and the tight-end  
cried,  
they shook their heads,  
all sad and ashamed.  
Until the halfback  
declared,  
“It’s silly to care;  
after all  
IT’S JUST  
A DUMB GAME.”

“Just a dumb game,”  
the quarterback  
exclaimed,  
“you’re wrong,  
you’re just  
weak and afraid.”  
To which the full-back  
shot back,  
“Why should my skull  
get cracked, especially  
when I’m not  
being paid.”

Then the other players  
agreed,  
they took their pads off  
and flee’d,  
then laughed as they headed  
to their lockers.  
They declared football as lame,  
just a dangerous game,  
and the next day  
they all signed up  
for soccer.

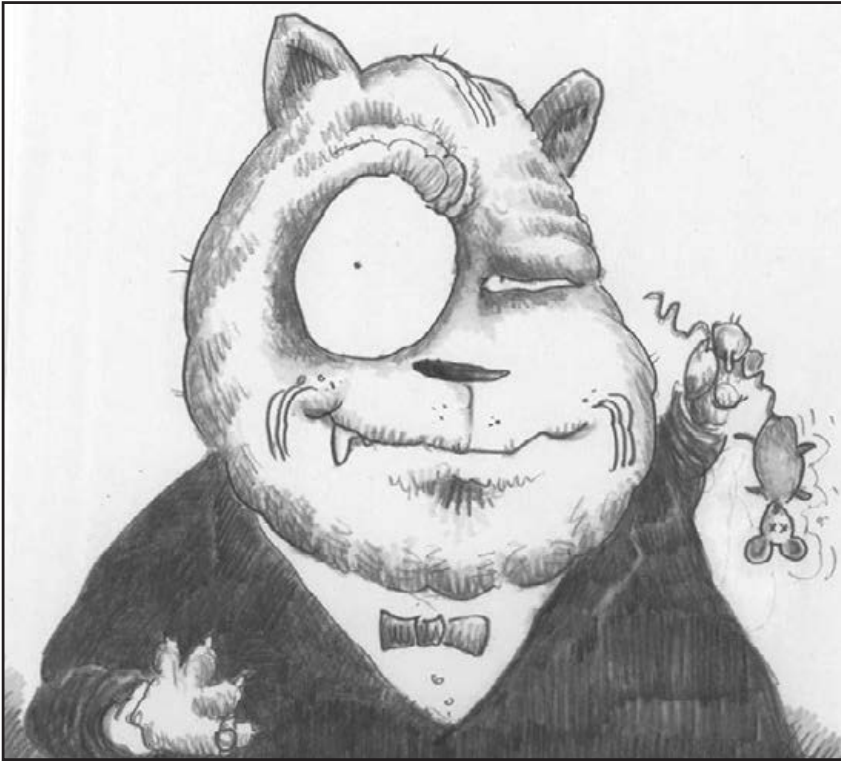




I'M HAVING A YARD SALE  
inside my heart,  
this Saturday  
from noon to four.  
I'm filling boxes  
and trunks  
with all my  
old junk,  
that I don't want  
around anymore.

There are piles  
and crates  
of resentment  
and hate,  
hurt feelings  
I've held onto  
too long.  
They don't suit me  
no more,  
come take them,  
they're yours,  
I'm selling them all  
for a song.

So drive up your car,  
and take it  
all away  
far,  
my garbage could  
well be  
your grail,  
until you decide you don't want it,  
then take it out and "front lawn it,"  
having your very own  
Saturday  
yard sale.



My Cat Moses

...is practicing hypnosis,  
 from a book  
 that he purchased  
 online.  
 Now don't criticize,  
 I know a cat  
 can't hypnotize,  
 but if a hobby  
 brings him pleasure,  
 then it's fine.

He nestles between  
 my thighs  
 and stares into  
 my eyes,  
 whispering softly  
 that I'm getting  
 "really sleepy."

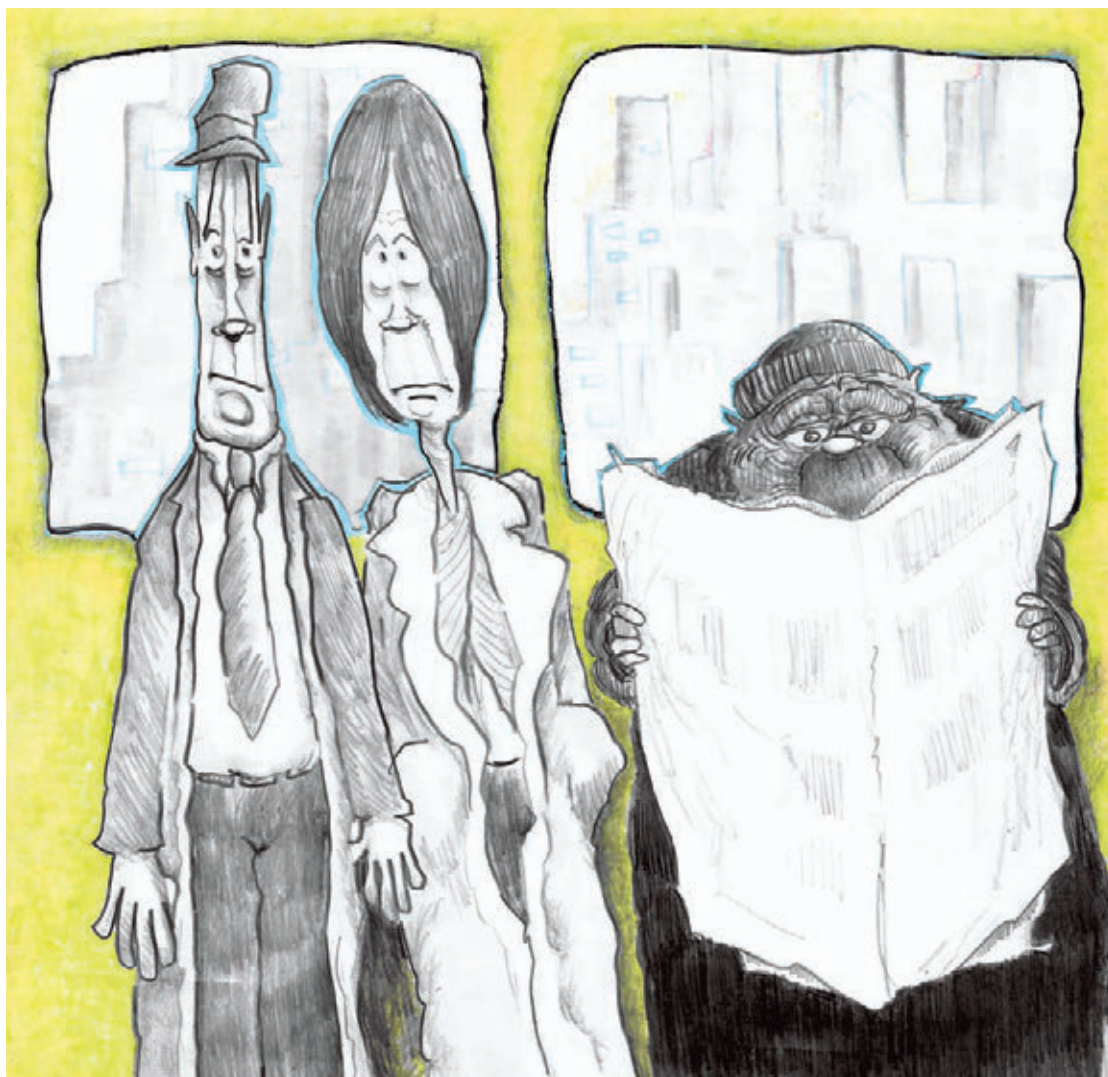
Then he dances  
 a little dance,  
 telling me I'm  
 in a trance,  
 I play along  
 so as not to  
 make him weepy.

Then he cleans himself,  
 as I go to the shelf,  
 pulling out  
 a big  
 mixing bowl,  
 which I fill with  
 sardines,  
 jumbo shrimp  
 and black beans,  
 and a freshly cut  
 filet of sole.

Then I massage his head,  
 and place him in my bed,  
 I hand him  
 my wallet  
 and the deed  
 to my house.  
 I give him everything I own,  
 my laptop and cell phone,  
 which I don't need  
 because I'm  
 just a mouse.

I'm an itty-bitty mouse.

A TINY, ITTY-BITTY MOUSE



It was a normal day on a crowded subway, stuffed with two hundred people and one skunk. And not to point fingers but a sickly smell lingered, I'm saying someone amongst us, sure stunk.

It could have been the man, frying fish in a pan or the lady with blue cheese in her nose. Perhaps it was the boy, eating bok choy, or the old guy who was cleaning his toes.

Course everyone think, it was **PROBABLY THE SKUNK**, known for their deep pungent smell. But he released no vapor, sitting reading his paper, until his stop, which was Avenue L.

And that's life in the big city, the smells can get gritty, and you never know whose smell it could be. The only thing I'll say, is there's no how and no way that that awful smell was coming from me.

I'd like a dozen donuts,  
please,

## GOOD GOLLY, WHAT KIND DO I WANT?

I love jelly  
and powdered,  
lots of sugar and flour,  
I like everything  
except croissants.

I'll take two  
of the chocolates  
and one of the maples,  
and three of those  
bursting with custard.  
I'll take a frosted  
and a glazed,  
my mind's in a haze,  
all these choices  
are making me flustered.

I'll take a raspberry powdered,  
a Bear Claw,  
and fritter,  
two crumb cakes  
and a cinnamon twist.  
Gimme that one  
and that one  
and those two over there,  
there's no donut  
that I can resist.

Give me one with sprinkles  
and two with frosting,  
and one more  
with strawberry jelly.  
Whatever's in stock,  
and don't worry about a box,  
just shove them right  
into my belly.





My four-legged friend,  
reached the end,  
he got old  
and tired  
and frail.  
His eyes were blurred,  
he lost most of his fur,  
and could barely  
even wag his tail.

And I'm so  
very blue,  
I've had him  
since he was two,  
he was the closest friend  
I've ever had.  
Always there  
at my feet,  
to jump up  
and greet,  
making me smile  
even when I felt sad.

It seemed impossible  
to say good-bye  
to such a lovely little guy,  
I cry knowing he's  
no longer around.  
Not here  
to lick my face,  
but in some  
far away place,  
in a box,  
in a hole,  
in the ground.

So farewell,  
good friend,  
we all die  
in the end,  
I just wish  
you hadn't died  
so soon.  
I'm sure you're  
up above,  
shining radiantly  
with love,  
like THE STARS,  
AND ALL THE PLANETS  
AND THE MOON.



"Study of Duncan" for bronze statue by Patrice Donnell  
patricedonell.com

**Dedicated to my beloved friend, Duncan.**

HEY, LET'S TRADE GLASSES,  
TO SEE IF  
ONE SURPASSES,  
MAYBE YOU SEE  
THINGS WAY BETTER  
THAN I DO.  
PERHAPS YOUR VISION'S  
CLEARER,  
FARTHER AWAY  
OR MAYBE NEARER,  
AND SO  
TRADING GLASSES  
I MIGHT LEARN  
A THING OR TWO.  
AND WHILE  
I SEE THINGS  
JUST FINE,  
WITH THESE GLASSES  
OF MINE,  
IT WOULDN'T HURT  
TO TRY YOURS ON  
FOR SIZE.  
JUST TO ALTER  
MY ROUTINE,  
SHOW ME THINGS  
I'VE NEVER SEEN,  
A WORLD VIEW  
THROUGH  
ANOTHER PERSON'S EYES.  
MAYBE WE ALL  
SHOULD TRADE GLASSES,  
A FUN GAME  
FOR THE MASSES,  
WE'LL SEE MORE  
THAN WE WILL FROM  
THE NEWS.  
AND BY US ALL  
SWAPPING LENSES,  
WE'LL DESTROY  
WALLS  
AND FENCES  
AND CELEBRATE  
BY THEN  
TRADING SHOES.

## A LI'L TRUCKER LULLABY

Breaker breaker,  
sleepy head,  
it's way past time  
to go to bed,  
you need to  
shut them shutters  
and slow your engine down.  
Your tailpipe's draggin'  
you're needin' sleep,  
stop countin' miles  
and start countin' sheep,  
we're gonna convoy  
all the way  
to Sleepy Town.

Yeah, this here's  
The Sandman  
at your back door,  
and you can't stay awake  
no more,  
take a water break,  
then scurry on up  
to bed.  
Let ole Mama Bear  
tuck you in,  
with a good-night kiss  
and a loving grin,  
then it's eight hours  
of open road  
inside your head.

You'll steer that rig  
amongst the stars,  
where there's no Smokys,  
bears, or cars,  
just a highway  
of sugar mountains  
and soda pop streams.  
You'll pass Bean Town  
and Hot-lanta,  
see a spaceship  
or maybe Santa,  
just remember to  
keep on truckin'  
in your dreams.

That's a big 10-4 and there ain't  
no more.

