

### **TO OUR FRIEND THE ARMADILLO**

Consider then, our armored buddy  
In his little earthen study  
Frisking in his jointed suit,  
Busily eating bugs and fruit.

A gentle creature, he refutes  
All but the choicest grasses, shoots,  
And sniffs and digs, yet sometimes dares  
To chew occasional prickly pears.

One can't imagine what he couldn't  
Choose, but then, it's true we wouldn't.

**—SALLY COOK**

### **WELFARE AND TAX RELIEF**

He angrily condemns the pence  
the poor receive from governments,  
and there's no guessing from his hollers  
what he receives in tax-free dollars.  
Nice, an untaxed capital gain.  
It pays to pay for a campaign.

**—RICHARD MOORE**

### **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**

April brought an avalanche of wildflowers  
Profusions! As though the scorched earth  
Were a fourth grade classroom  
Encountering haiku for the first time  
And every dandelion a fresh epiphany.  
That couldn't last forever, of course.  
The larger fauna deer, bears, buffalo  
Had to find new territories until the forest returned.  
Just so, the hard drive of the novelist  
As a lethal virus sweeps through his files,  
Or the soul of a village maiden destroyed  
By a single cigarette!

**—TOM DISCH**

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### **WHAT'S LITTLE KNOWN**

It isn't generally known  
That Moses was the first to own  
A cordless touch-tone telephone

I don't think many realize  
That, for every pig that flies,  
Ten wing...d wombats mount the skies

And almost no one understands  
That cars will make no more demands  
On oil if powered by rubber bands.

Nor are most of us aware  
That the cause of wear and tear  
Lies in breathing too much air.

Few realize the curious fact  
That odd numbers aren't exact  
And hence attractive to transact.

Begin assertions thus, and you  
Can claim that anything is true,  
No matter how much it's askew

Just as journalists may do.

**—HENRY GEORGE FISCHER**

### **MAN WITH A MANUSCRIPT**

I've sullied sport, corrupted kids,  
Swapped wives, filleted the cook,  
Sniffed coke, detoxed, now hit the skids;  
Who'll bid on my new book?

I've bought elections, sold out friends,  
Hung rivals on a hook,  
Found God but never made amends;  
Who'll bid on my new book?

Debauched in every den of sin  
(Confess you want a look!),  
I've traded arms, spread plague, run gin;  
Who'll bid on my new book?

A hundred thousand bucks, you say?  
Find someone else to rook.  
A million's not too much to pay.  
Who'll bid up my new book?

I'll add a chapter if you wish  
On liberties I took  
Just tell me where, when, with what dish;  
Who'll bid up my new book?

A million? Two? Do I hear four?  
Sold! Let's all go get ripped!  
(The movie rights are worth lots more.  
Now, who'll bid on my script?)

**—DAN CAMPION**

### **FAT SALLY'S LOVE SONG**

A skinny girl's got ice cubes in her soul.  
She'll give you half and never give you whole.  
But when I eat ice cream, I lick the bowl.

A skinny girl's too needy to stay true.  
Her bony hips will poke you black and blue.  
Come find out what my featherbed will do.

A skinny girl may look good by your side.  
She may buff up the finish on your pride.  
But call me when you need to thumb a ride.

A skinny girl will marry you for money  
and never laugh at jokes you know are funny.  
But you can share my biscuits; pass the honey.

A skinny girl's got black holes in her eyes.  
She won't be happy till the day she dies.  
If you want loving, try me on for size.

—**SUSAN MCLEAN**

### **THE SECOND ROMAN EMPIRE**

Those were the days, when Julius Caesar  
Saw a country and would seize her  
And the busty Roman matrons  
Ran the house and bossed their patrons.

Christians, at the least suggestion,  
Gave the lions indigestion;  
Later, Emperors used perversion  
Like tennis, as a light diversion,

And citizens would sell their votes  
And carried daggers in their totes,  
And worshiped mostly anything;  
Forgot to write, forgot to sing.

From Britain's shores unto Bohemia  
Romans practiced their bulimia;  
This sounds like what we've got today,  
I think I hear a fiddle play.

—**SALLY COOK**

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