

Poetry Series

Roy Davenport
- poems -

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Roy Davenport(07/03/1947)

Bargaining With God

We've all been there.....trying to bargain with God.

Roy Davenport

Bumpus Haha's Very First Car

Old Bumpus HaHa who lived alone in HaHaville
Drove an old horse and buggy each day to the mill.
He was a miserly old HaHa who saved every cent
And was known to the HaHa's as an old skinflint.

He'd had that old horse since that horse was a pony
but he fed him so little, the poor thing was all scrawny.
Then one day he decided to put Old Buttercup out to pasture
He said I think I'll buy me a car, one that's bigger and faster.

So he unhitched Old Buttercup, put him out back of the barn
And said a car's what I need with all its bells and alarms
He put the buggy in the shed, got his cane and started walking
To get a deal on a new car would really take some talking.

He walked all over town looking for just the right spot
To find a selection of cars with prices that were hot.
Then he saw a sign about the latest in new cars
They were Slugmobiles... and a hit with the stars.

So Bumpus went to see them, on the outskirts of town
there were dozens of Slugmobiles in two shades of brown
He said what does it cost, can you give me a good deal?
The salesman said "ten thousand Habucks, and that's a real steal."

Bumpus kicked the tires, he looked under the hood and seats.
And said, "Is all of this needed? Anything we can delete?
"I suppose the seats could go, but are you sure, he was asked twice?
so they pulled out the seats and Bumpus said now what's the price?

Eight thousand HaBucks, the man said and still quite the deal
How about these, Bumpus said, as he again kicked the wheels?
You want to take off the tires? That's like a tree with no limbs.
But I suppose it would work, you can run just on the rims.

Then Bumpus looked at the lights, "do I really need these"?
I'll just drive in the daylight, could you remove them please.
So they took off the lights along with the seats and the wheels
It's still six thousand Habucks and that's my very best deal.

Bumpus walked to the front and pointed under the hood
At the Slugmobile motor and said does this do any good?
How would it run? You need the horsepower of course
Unless you plan on pulling the Slugmobile by a real horse.

Bumpus smiled and he said that is precisely what I plan.
Now what is the price? "It's still about four grand".
Bumpus pounded on the body, made of the finest of steel
And said, "pull this thing off, just leave the frame if you will".

Now everyone stares as Bumpus cruises `round town
In his new Slugmobile that's been slightly stripped down.
And his oat-fed engine keeps clapping along hour after hour
Providing dependable speed from exactly One-Horsepower.

2001

Roy Davenport

Circle Of Life

Life was interrupted in April by a call that we all must heed one day.
Despite countless brushes with eternity, we couldn't believe he was gone,
or perhaps it was just that you can never prepare for that kind of loss.
So now we count days since he left us and shed the occasional tear,
reminded daily by memories stirred by familiar faces or words penned by
his God-given gift of poetry he lovingly shared with all.

But life goes on and we accept the loss and let time soothe our hearts.
The pain never leaves completely but becomes like an old friend,
silent, always in the background, looking for ways to remind us.
But just as surely as evening follows day, life follows death
and the circle, never ending, completes another rotation.
New life is breathed into existence, filling our hearts again with joy.

So it goes, on and on, life and death, God's plan being fulfilled.
Souls passing in the coming and going accompanied both ways
by Angelic presence watching and sharing in the grief and joy.
So we wait in anticipation of new life, one already blessed by
a loving great grandfather who accompanied the journey and
watches daily the little Angel waiting to join the circle of life.

To Dad

Roy Willis Davenport © 2009

Roy Davenport

Doofus Von Hinkle

Doofus von Hinkle was an inventor of things
Like mechanical birds that could fly without wings.
He invented a shirt that could button itself
And a book that when closed jumped back on the shelf.

Most of his inventions had no practical use
Like cough drops for earthworms or bumblebee shoes.
Or thick reading glasses for an old humpback whale
Or tiny little roller-skates he made just for snails.

Some of his inventions were just plain dumb
Like a hiccup counter or makeup for your bum
He invented tennis shoes that came with headlights
So you could see the ball, playing tennis at night.

There were fancy devices that might occasionally work
Like his gas-burpometer that captured gas from a burp.
Or his hairbrush that doubled as a flashlight and kazoo
And played classical music while you brushed right on cue.

But his most successful invention, and he did have some
Was his deliciously tasty treat that he called HaHa gum.
It came in odd flavors, whether you liked them or not
Like earwax or toe lint, or dandruff and snot.

Doofus grew up in HaHa-ville and was an odd sort of kid
Other kids teased him a lot, well most all of them did.
They made his life miserable until he finally left town
And moved way down south to some, to I think Alla-bam.

Soon his inventions brought him both wealth and fame
And back home in HaHa-ville they starting reading his name.
He was by far their most famous and richest native son
And so they decided to honor him for all that he'd done.

A day was set for the big Doofus von Hinkle celebration
They hung banners in town and at the HaHa train station.
They erected a huge tent to seat the expected large crowd
while bands marched up the street playing real loud.

Doofus sent word to the town, he had a treat for the kids
And rumors started flying as they almost always did?
Then a mysterious box arrived on the back of a truck
It was marked, "Do Not Open – Don't Tempt Your Luck"!

But the HaHa kids all gathered around the strange box
Until somebody noticed that the box had no locks.
So they busted it open and what spilled out round their feet
Were gumballs of all sizes and strange flavors to eat.

Just when they grabbed some and stuffed them in their mouth
Doofus arrived in HaHa-ville on a train from the south.
When he saw them he said, sort of under his breath
"Don't chew it, I beg! You'll die a horrible death."

But, too late, they were chewing as bubbles began to appear
And they got bigger and bigger til they stretched ear to ear.
And still they chewed and they chewed, enjoying the treat
Until their bubbles covered them up from head to feet.

And then a curious thing happened right there in the square
One by one all the kids began rising way up in the air
The more that they chewed and chewed the higher they rose
And where they slowly drifted off to, only Doofus really knows.

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Roy Davenport

'Five String Eddie'

I met Eddie on a cold, wet December morning in 2005.
He was sitting on a bench in a public park feeding the birds.
Lying beside him was an old beat-up Gibson guitar.
It was hard to tell who looked more worn, Eddie or the guitar.

He was tall and lanky and wore dirty, shabby clothes
that looked a size too big for his slender frame.
His face was weathered and tanned from daily exposure to the elements.
His boots were well beyond keeping out rain or cold
and when he crossed his leg I could see cardboard
where leather should have been.

When Eddie saw me sitting nearby he picked up his guitar
and asked me if I had a request he could play.
That's when I noticed the guitar only had five strings
He was missing the small "E" string.
I asked him how he could play with only five strings.
He said he had gotten so use to playing five he probably wouldn't
know what to do with that sixth string...then he laughed a toothless laugh.
Besides he said, I'm partial to my nickname...."Five String Eddie".

I told him I had no particular request in mind so he began to play.
It took me a second to recognize the song. It was "Amazing Grace".
Five String Eddie would never win on "America's Got Talent"
But I had never heard anyone sing and play with so much soul.
There was pain and loneliness and sadness in his voice
and the old guitar mirrored those same feelings in its' strings.

When he was through I tipped him a couple of dollars and left.
Over the next couple of weeks he became my lunchtime entertainment.
Each time he asked if I had a request, each time I let him choose.
He knew a lot of country songs but he loved old gospel tunes.

Out of curiosity one day I asked if he was a religious man.
He pulled a small New Testament out of his pocket, then held up two
fingers together. "Me and the Lord's just like this.
I'm his favorite guitar player he said, then he laughed."

It was hard to tell Eddie's age, his hard life showed on his face. On one occasion he told me that he left home when he was 14. His address was a cardboard box in a grove of trees near the park. He had lived on the street most of his life....getting by on tips and the kindness of strangers who were moved by his music or just tipped him out of annoyance. Either way they got a song.

In early January I left my office expecting to eat my lunch and listen to Five String Eddie play. I always felt better after listening to him. But no Eddie showed that day.

In fact he didn't show all of that week nor the next.

It had been a brutally cold week and I was worried how Eddie would manage the near zero night time temperatures.

I checked with some folks in the courthouse which stood directly across the street from his daily venue but no one knew anything about him other than his name...Five String Eddie. The next day was a cold, rainy day but I decided to extend my lunch to check with a friend of mine who worked in the Police Department.

"Yes", He knew about Five String Eddie he said, then sighed deeply, "They found his frozen body last week in some trees over by the park." Eddie had no family they knew of so he was buried in a pauper's grave on the outskirts of town. There was no headstone to mark his grave but the overgrown cemetery led me to believe that nobody visited there much anyway. My mood matched the weather as I turned to leave.

There is a scene from the old Andy Griffith show where Opie has to raise some baby birds because he killed the mother bird with his air rifle. When he finally, reluctantly had to release the birds. He commented to his Pa that the cage sure looked empty. But Andy, with his down-home wisdom, says, "yes but aren't the trees nice and full."

There's no Five String Eddie in the park anymore and though the park seems emptier now, I imagine somewhere In heaven the Angelic music sounds particularly sweet even accompanied by an old five string guitar.

Hannah's Haunted House

The old house sat at the top of a hill
Alone and forgotten, quiet and still.
No one had lived in the place for years
Where joy once thrived, now only lived fear.

The paint was peeling, the windows were gone
And the old porch banisters looked like bones.
The darkened windows whispered a warning
"if you enter this place you won't live to see morning.

Children passing by would cross over the street,
keeping their distance lest evil they meet.
They'd heard all the stories about goblins and ghosts
And horrible screams from monstrous hosts.

So no one went there out of understandable fear,
That is.... except Hannah the fearless.. who had no fear.
So she decided to face those unspeakable things
And marched up to the front door and gave it a swing.

With only a flashlight and a weak one at that,
She walked into that house and down she sat.
Pretty soon a huge ghost emerged from the wall
And floated around her, but she didn't move at all

"Boo" he screamed, Why don't you run like the others? "
"You ain't so scary, she said, I grew up with four brothers."
Then the ghost disappeared in a puff of green smoke
And the stench was so thick Hannah thought she would choke.

Then in came a witch, flying in on a broom
And as she landed, witchy screams filled the room.
She was a horrible sight with black eyes and green skin
And old yellow teeth you could see when she grinned.

She was stooped and skinny with warts on her nose
And a long black dress, black shoes and black hose.
"Hello my deary, you look good enough to eat"
She cackled as she swayed from her head to her feet.

Long boney fingers reached out toward her face
but Hannah didn't budge she stood there in place.
Then slowly she pulled a small gun from her bag
And squirted cold water all over that hideous hag.

"I'm melting, I'm melting" she started to yell
And melted into a puddle and boy did it smell.
The only thing left was her wart-covered snoz
Just like the witch of the west from Wizard of Oz

Then came the biggest, scariest beast of them all
He was horrible and hairy and about ten feet tall.
He had glowing red eyes and long stringy hair
And long sharp yellow teeth, but only one pair.

He grunted and gurgled as he slid cross the floor
"I like eating children..... me want some more"
But Hannah held her ground, she didn't move
Then she pulled out a mirror so quick and smooth

She held it up so the beast could see his own face
He took one look and ran screaming out of the place.
Now the old house is still standing on top of the hill
But no ghosts or haunts live there and never will.

Because Hannah moved in and brought all her brothers
Her sisters and cousins, grandfather and grandmother.
And she painted the house a pretty shade of pink
With polka dots and rainbows and flowers that don't stink.

It's a old happy house full of joy and laughter
And they all lived together happily ever after.

Roy Davenport

Hilly Haha's New Pet

Most children have pets like big dogs or small cats
But HaHa pets are different, like Bumblebees or Gnats
Some HaHas have beetles with green stripes, or red
Maybe even an earthworm named Harry or Fred.

One day Hilly HaHa brought a new pet home from school
It followed her home which she thought was real cool.
But when it picked up a chair and started to chew
Her Mom put her foot down and said "this just won't do".

"What is that thing that you've brought into our house?
I never seen such a thing, it's too big for a mouse.
It's not a fish or an eel because it stands on four feet.
What in the world do you call it and what does it eat? "

Hilly just shrugged and said "I really don't know.
It started out small at first, then it started to grow.
It eats everything, it ate my books and my shoes.
It ate Papa's garden hose and the HaHa Daily News."

The neighbors were called to see if they had a clue
What Hilly's new pet was, and what they should do.
They gathered around it as it ate a metal toy truck
Then someone spoke up and said, "it looks like a duck."

"It's definitely not a duck, just look at its' claws.
It's more like a dog, except it doesn't have paws."
"I've seen pictures, said someone, I think it's an ape.
But the tail is too long and its' head's the wrong shape."

"Could it be a tiger that just escaped from the zoo?
No, a tiger has orange stripes and this thing's dark blue."
"I'll bet it's an elephant, I've heard they're real big."
"Except for that curly little tail like you see on a pig."

Then it ate half the sofa and her Papa's easy chair,
And got a good bit bigger and began to grow hair.
Then it lay down on the floor and fell sound asleep
And its' snoring shook the house and tickled their feet.

Twilly HaHa who worked at the school as a teacher,
looked all through the books to identify the creature.
But no where could she find a picture or a word
To describe this thing that looked part animal, part bird.

Then I guess what we have is a unique kind of pet
We'll have to have a name for it that no one forgets.
Lets call it a dogpigelephantigerapeduck.....
But Hilly said 'no, I think I'll just call him Chuck."

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Roy Davenport

Most Of The Time

Most of the Time

Most of the time I'm in such a rush that I barely have time to think about the important things that fill my life but then are gone in a blink. Most of the time I rush through meals barely speaking to those I love. I'm in a such a hurry to rush and rush, and push and push and shove. Most of the time it don't seem to matter. I manage to get things done. Even if the price I have to pay is the absence of peace, joy or fun. Most of the time, getting ready for the work, rushing at a breakneck pace I look in the mirror at the person in there and wonder If I'll finish the race. Then suddenly I see tired old eyes and wrinkles that once weren't there on a man who never had time to pause and appreciate those who care. Then I hear a voice that stops me dead, and cuts through the silence like a knife
"Make the most of the time starting today...it's the first day of the rest of your life."

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Roy Davenport

Sorry, I Thought I Had More Time!

This morning as I shaved, I saw a stranger in my mirror.
Not the young man my mind told me should be there,
But someone a lot like my father staring back at me.
Brown hair had been replaced with gray that began
In earnest at the temples and integrated liberally with
brown over the rest of my head.

Tired, sad eyes stared back where once bright
expectant eyes had sparkled with life.

I glanced down at the hands that held my razor
and saw the same weathered, wrinkled hands that
had bandaged my skinned knees as a boy and
toiled tirelessly in newly tilled gardens or pecked away
on the old typewriter crafting a new poem or sermon.

How did I end up with my father's hands?

It seems only yesterday that I was a young man
bent on changing the world or at least making my mark.
The years dragged by at a leisurely pace back then
and I had plenty of time to chase dreams, foolish or not.
The last time I looked I was twenty one, just married and
full of life and expectations. I remember laughing a lot.

Then thirty crawled by without regret because I
still had more life in front of me than behind me.

Then the years picked up speed and before I knew it
It was "Lordy Lordy I just turned forty" but still... plenty of time.

I can't remember all the days that made up my lost years
after that. They slipped by silently, in a sort of blur.

Now I feel rushed. There is so much more I want to do,
to say, to change. If only I could turn that hourglass over
and begin a new life I think I could do better knowing,
as I do now, that I do not have all the time in the world.

I am mortal and mortality is deadly serious.

So I look back at that person in the mirror and all I can
think to say is "I'm sorry! " I thought I had more time.

□

Roy Davenport

The Aura

The Aura

Was it my imagination or just a trick of the light?
For if I glanced slightly to the left or a bit to the right
a shimmering glow, that slowly changed its' hue,
was clearly visible around his head and torso too.
The colors ranged from bluish gray and to teal green
with a soft golden glow around the edge and between.
What did it mean this shadowy glow, this visible force?
Was it energy that radiated from some inner source
And was brought to life by childhood emotions deep?
His crafted words stirred others from spiritual sleep
And were reflected in a dance of light very few could see.
But I watched in awe as his aura seemed to speak to me.
But I was not ready to listen and could not understand
that this light, this glow, was the life force of the man.
Years later, as a man, I stood and watched that same light
Slowly lose its glow and change to a dull gray like the night.
Then it blinked out like a candle snuffed out by the wind.
But I knew for him I knew it was the beginning not the end
and that same glow, those same colors once visible to me
would continue to glow and shine and for all eternity.

Roy Davenport

The Last Confederate

"You fought all the way Johnny Reb, Johnny Reb.
You fought all the way Johnny Reb."

The music faded as the last notes floated across the room.
There was no hustle and bustle here as the residents of this
place moved at a deliberate, painfully measured pace.
White-garbed attendants moved among them
delivering daily doses of life-maintaining meds
prescribed by unnamed doctors rarely seen.

In the corner an old man sat alone, staring out of eyes
that had seen the best and worst of humanity. The faded
Stars and Bars on his hat gave hint of his allegiance and age.
They called him a veteran but in his mind he was just a survivor.
He had no words for It, though others called it a war.

The one that pitted brother against brother and father against son.
His tilled land had absorbed the spilled blood of soldiers
too young to die but too proud to run away. The lucky ones died
quickly..... others were not so lucky. Many were buried where they fell, never
making it back home to wives and mothers.

He had watched them die....part of him had died too. The long rifle
he had carried had found its' mark too many times to count.
He saw them fall, too far away to see their faces
but close enough to smell the fear and the death.

Soldiers in gray on either side of him had waited impatiently,
as the wall of Blue advanced. Then hell erupted five thousand times
as musket balls tore through arms, legs, torsos and heads.
The blue wall faltered and turned red as smoke tried to hide the scene.

The charge and counter charge lasted throughout the day,
only ceasing when darkness finally covered the carnage.
They called it a victory. He called it hell.
He had seen it all...been part of history though the price was too high.
The part of him that died was his best part, the part that smiled
and loved and laughed.

Now he only stared and waited on death to come calling.
He was the last witness to man's inhumanity to man.
There was no glory in sharing his memories so they would die with him.
They had honored him when he turned one hundred and one,
announcing that he was the last living Confederate soldier.
There were reporters and photographers, all there to record a bit of history.

But there was no family to share it...he had outlived them all.
They had even played "Dixie" as an honor guard saluted him.
The old memories flashed across his mind briefly as innocent voices
sang "Look away, look away, look away Dixieland."
Then the memories faded again and he wondered if there
would be tapioca pudding tonight.

By Davenport ©2013

Roy Davenport

The Little Man Who Wasn'T There

The Little Man Who Wasn't There

Last night before I went to sleep
I heard a noise, a creepy squeak.
In the darkness close by my chair
I saw a man that wasn't there.

He seemed to hover in the space
Near my bed above my face
I didn't see his scraggly hair
The little man who wasn't there.□

He didn't scare me in the night
I couldn't see him in dim light
I didn't feel him pull my hair
That little man who wasn't there.

He didn't float me across my room
And dropp me roughly with a boom.
No evil howls filled the air
from the little man who wasn't there.□

I pulled the covers o'er my head
my shivering body felt like lead□
Goosebumps ran from toes to hair
'cause of the little man who wasn't there.

so if at night as you prepare for bed
A little man floats o'er your head
and causes you to cringe in fear
Don't look for me cause I'm not here!
BOO!

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Roy Davenport

The Old Bible

From its' outward appearance you would guess
That his old Bible had outlived its' usefulness.
The pages, cracked and yellowed, were brittle
Like winter leaves dancing to an icy fiddle.

But outward appearances can often be deceiving.
And recorded on every page by someone believing
that life has a higher purpose and deeper meaning
are truths scribbled in margins, ready for gleaning.

The scribblings tell of his rejection of meaningless ritual
and material gain at the cost of life more spiritual.
Often his notes were prayers written out of desperation
when life seemed more perspiration than inspiration.

So I read the old Bible, hoping to find the same meaning
that shaped his life and revealed the Father's love redeeming.
Other books shaped his thinking and broadened his mind.
But the old Bible, more than a book, was his window to God's mind.

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Roy Davenport

The Poet Inspired

He sat, pensive, pen in hand,
in his own private world where words ruled.
Writing was where he went
to escape the realities around him
It had served him well over the years.

Whether in a cemetery or at the kitchen table
He wrote out of a love of words and life.
Words of comfort, sometimes in poetic form or
often just a note. He never missed the chance to
pen his thoughts and pass along love.

His writing drew from a deep well of experience.
From long suffering and the early loss of a Mother
to feelings of guilt and self-doubt that were always there
darkening his days and scattering his joys like leaves in the wind.
But he endured, if not for himself, for us.

Wordsworth inspired his poems and were
a challenge that he worked at, a labor of love.
Words flowed from his pen
like some poetic river that washed
over his soul, soothing his worried mind.

Weatherhead inspired his curiosity and kept his
mind keenly focused on exploring theological truths.
But Christ was his anchor and kept him firmly grounded
in an unshakeable faith that promised tomorrows and tomorrows.
But it was Grace that carried him home.

Roy Davenport (C) 2009

Roy Davenport

The Stranger With The Devil's Eyes

Late upon one stormy night when no heavenly stars could be seen,
A lonely rider on a broken mare crossed over a border stream.
His back was bowed, and fatigue it showed, on every part of his frame.
But he struggled fast, through a howling blast, not even God could tame.
For he meant to make the town of Keepsake, despite the warring skies.
He was hunting the men, who had murdered his kin, this stranger with the devil's eyes.

For two long years he bit bitter tears, but he was always a step too slow
That hound from hell, that no lawman could fell, the outlaw named Cactus Joe.
The town folks tell how many men fell, when they faced his lightning draw.
His guns would blaze and then out of the haze, a look of shock and awe.
But there was one man, with a leathery tan, from years under cloudless skies
Who was hunting for Joe and ready for show, the stranger with the devil's eyes.

On his hip he wore a Colt Forty-Four with ten notches carved in its' grip.
Each one for a man from Cactus Joe's band, though Joe always gave him the slip.
Now everyone knows how the face of death shows on those who pay its' dues.
With a worn-thin look, from ten lives he took, there was one thing left he must do.
Word had come down that Joe was in town and he promised that someone would die.
So to Keepsake he came, the man with no name, the stranger with the devil's eyes

Word spread through the town, where Joe was found, with two aces and a pair of fours.
He played his hand and began to stand, saying "Boys, I got to settle this score."
They faced on the street, dust swirled at their feet, bullets ready to find their mark.
The streets quickly cleared and town folks peered from windows and doors gone dark.
None dared to breathe, the hatred seethed, as they glared into each other's eyes.
"Its' time to pay, it's your judgment day, " said the stranger with the devil's eyes.

Then all who were there, would later swear, that Cactus Joe fired three times first.

How he missed that day, from five feet away, and with such a deadly burst
Is anyone's guess, but I will confess, I don't think Joe's skill was to blame.
Then the stranger drew, and quite calmly too, and carefully took deadly aim.
He shot Cactus Joe, and the fatal blow, caught Joe with a look of surprise.
Another round fired, before Joe expired, struck him right between the eyes.

If you were there, as smoke filled the air, and saw how the bullets seemed to
pass through

Then you'll understand, that no mortal man, could have done what we say is
true.

For when hate fills your soul, no matter how bold, the evil that someone has
done

Evil moves in, with its' hideous grin, and deals vengeance out with a gun.

So beware your fate, if your heart's full of hate, for there's nothing under God's
blue skies

That will save your soul from an evil so cold as the stranger with the devil's eyes.

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Roy Davenport

The Watch

He wore it faithfully for over sixty years,
A gift from his first small flock...tick tock,
To show their love for this man of God
Who had shared the Good News, tick tock.

But he shared more than just Good News.
He shared their joys and grief...tick tock
When words failed but love and friendship didn't
The times when just being there was enough.....tick tock

From flock to flock, place to place he went where called
And always on his wrist, the watch kept him on time....tick tock
For weddings, funerals, joys and sorrows, just different faces
of the greater flock needing a gentle shepherd...tick tock

Oh what a price to be paid being a simple shepherd.
Each flock left its' scars from bearing so many burdens....tick tock
But through it all a sense of calling kept him moving forward
While the watch ticked off, seconds, minutes, hours... tick tock

Without conscious thought he would wind the stem,
Note the time and go on serving, uninterrupted... tick tock
Closer day by day to his promised reward for faithfulness
But always questioning his worthiness..... tick tock

That day came too soon, unexpected, but not unprepared for.
To the end his concern was for others despite the news.... tick tock
His great heart, his gentle soul made ready by years of service
Came to rest just like the watch, faithful to the end, tick tock tick tock t...

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□

Roy Davenport

To Be Or Not To Be Jolly

To Be or Not To Be Jolly

The streets are beginning to show off
their flashy red and green duds,
wreaths that hang from every pole and lamp post.
Fake snow and snowmen abound despite the weather.
Bah humbug, bah humbug!

Meanwhile, in each store the familiar
Christmas window dressings announce
this year's hottest gifts, all discounted now.
"Only 10 days left-and remember our layaway plan! "
Bah humbug!

Each year the rush begins earlier and earlier,
as though the 12 days of Christmas need
24 days or longer to fully play out its' role.
Yet there's still turkey in the fridge and Halloween candy!
Bah Hum.....?

I struggle each year to find that mood-
that festive mood, that allows me to
stop and remember why we go to all this trouble.
That reminds me to slooow.. down, take a breath and remember!
Hmmm? ?

Will I arrive at that place in my head and heart this year
that's joyful and childlike in its excitement?
or, will I again find my Scrooge sneaking forth?
Once again "It's A Wonderful Life" begins my transformation.
Joy?

Am I wrong to want that pure, unbridled excitement that
was so clear, so innocent when I was young?
That feeling that maybe, just maybe, there's hope for us all.
Maybe then I can shout with feeling again, "God Bless you Tiny Tim",

"Joy to the world"!

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Roy Davenport

When A Ghoul Comes Knocking

When A Ghoul Comes Knocking!

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I staggered, weak and weary,
To my door, someone was knocking, made my throbbing head start rocking.
"Go away no one's at home here, when I get there best be gone, dear? ."
No one answered, just kept knocking, pulled my knife out of my stocking.

Grabbed the door to jerk it open, what I saw's not what I was hoping.
Standing there in tattered clothing, a ghoulish figure, something loathing
No sound, no breath, just glowing eyes, then it spoke to my surprise.
"Trick or Treat" a voice declared, I could hardly move I was so scared.

A fleshless arm held out a sack, " fill with sweets or I will be back
With fear of losing life or limb, a bag of sweets I shoved at him.
He gobbled down four Hershey bars, Ten Baby Ruths' and a Snickers' Bar
Then a dozen Nestles Crunch, some Yum Yum drops, all fruity punch.

"I want more", must fill my tummy", need more sweets me tummy grumbly.
So he continued to stuff his face, chewing and eating them by the case
He ate some Skittles Wild Berry flavor, some M&M's the kind I savor.
Then Popcorn balls and Wonka treats, some taste like snot, some like meat.

On and on he kept on eating, I brought everything out that was fit for eating.
Cakes and pies and cupcakes galore, there was no stopping, he yelled for more.
What would I do when the sweets were gone, he might eat me to the bone.
Then a thought popped in my head, something to make him wish he's dead

I ran to the fridge and felt a shiver as I pulled out five pounds of liver
I also grabbed some soured milk, a broccoli stalk that had started to wilt.
A plate of spam that was growing hair and brussel sprouts, a dozen pair.
I nearly gagged and loudly swore as I made my way towards my front door.

Still chewing on a Milky Way this ghoul was about to make my day.
When he opened his mouth demanding more, he had no idea what I had in store
I shoved it all in his ghastly mouth, then stumbled backwards into the house.
I watched him through the open door, would he still yell out for more?

His chewing stopped, his eyes got wide, and Lord have mercy he nearly died.
His face turned red, then green then blue, and his head spun round a time or

two.

He staggered back, he began to swell, bigger and bigger and then he fell.
A groaning sound filled up the air, and the ghoul exploded then and there.

So Halloween night heed this warning, if you want to live to see the morning
Along with all those sticky sweets, that you'll be giving at Trick or Treat.
In reserve just out of reach, have some nasty veggies and yukky meat
So if some ghoul knocks on your door, he'll take one bite, then Nevermore!

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