

Ode to George

(Ballad)

A figure—bold in shape and size—

Stands patiently and waits.

He's caught observers' wand'ring eyes;

His form intimidates.

He's spun from wires, paper-bound,

And snugly wrapped in cloth.

Were he to walk, he'd make some sound,

But no more than a moth.

The gentle giant stands. His hands

Hold shape but bear no skin.

Those torso-binding fabric strands

Are frail. His hide is thin.

Use caution when approaching him,

That juggernaut of Jones.

He carries ink in every limb

And only air for bones.