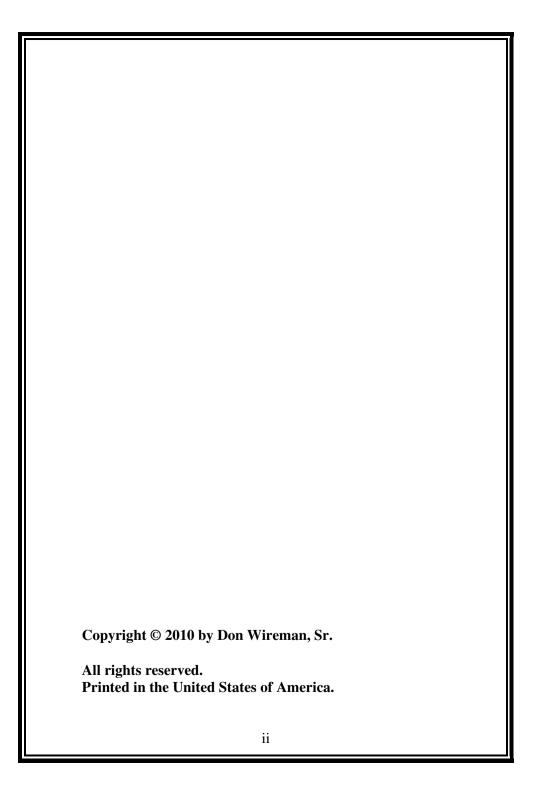
DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR



## **CONTENTS**

The War	4
The Birds of Baghdad	6
Falkland Islands War	7
Battle of Actium	8
Barbequing	9
Books	11
Cloud	12
Desert Rains	13
Forest Primeval	14
Holland Remembered	16
Love Clouds	18
Love is Like a Honeybee	20
Be Gone O' Nightmares of Woe	21
Man In Scotland	23
Beyond Our True and Giving Place	26
Strumpet's Holiday	27
The Universe	30
The Cry of Sirens	32
The Day the Cockerel Sang	
The Ranch	
Weasel	



## The War

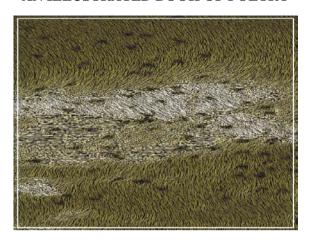
Down craggy, crusty crevices ran a thousand Mighty men. Shaking shiny spears of metal, they formed Into groups of ten.

They made their way from alp to alp and then
From tree to tree
And finally after marching months, they
Looked out on the sea.

Way down upon the water below, many enemy
Ships they spied.
They tumbled, rolled and skinned their
Knees, then dove into the tide.

Amid flashing spears and cannon roars, a Powerful war began. Despite the blood and sweat and gore, not Even one man ran.

They fought and fought and killed and killed Til' dawn's light brightly glared.
All ships were sunk, all men were dead, not Even One was spared.



# The Birds of Baghdad

Skitter, skitter, dash and dart. Rush away! Fly away—when the bombs start.

Screech and cry with frightened eyes.
Leave your babes a burning.
Whip your wings as fast as you can
Through the smoke that's churning.

You've seen the torture of mankind In cells in hell designed. You've seen how humans think. You've felt their acts of mind.

Now freedom's bloody march has come And set your nation free. No more need to tremble and hide, Or from burned nests to flee.

The evil statues now are gone
On which you sat to rest.
And a hundred thousand misguided souls,

Killed by mankind's best.

There's celebrating in the streets.

Baghdad's tyrant's gone.

Go build yourself a brand new home.

No longer fear the dawn?

Skitter, skitter, dash and dart. Rush away! Fly away—when the bombs start.



# **Falkland Islands War**

Argentina's claim to sovereignty Was met by British severity, Said Argentina's claims were bogus. A clash then ensued with avarice.

Argentina's lead Galtieri, To strengthen his grandiosity A secret invasion force he led "To recover the islands", he said.

But salvage worker and scientist, A fracas they did cause to exist. Quite soon some navy forces were there. And captured the British fair and square.



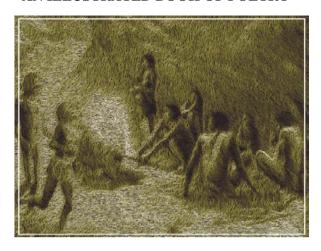
# **Battle of Actium**

It was the year 31 BC I'm told Anthony and Cleo were very bold. They attacked Octavian's faster fleet Without a thought to their own defeat.

Octavian, Anthony's ancient foe Had taught his men well how to row. Anthony attacked with missile force, But Octavian's fleet drove his off course.

> Then like in a whimsical play Cleo pulled her ships away. For Anthony, nothing left to do But try to leave the battle, too.

On all his ships his army knew
Their days with Anthony would soon be through.
And sure enough, before his gaze
All were annihilated in the haze.



# **Barbequing**

Barbequing is very old.
'Twas done by cavemen I am told.
On sticks of brier they did heat
Large chunks of pig and elephant meat.

Later on, Pagans did the same, But they were found reason to blame. Then Catholics became so smart, Barbequing Pagans they made an art.

Feudal lords not to be outdone Ate well-cooked pheasants by the ton. From vassals they demanded due So, lots of chickens they had, too.

Soon after that came Terrible Ivan.
Sadism was his only plan.
Foes feet tied over open fire;
Watched them scream 'till they'd expire.

Henry the Eighth, a gourmet fan

Ate drumsticks by the dozen, man! Between killing wives; he'd send out Then eat his chicken—drink his stout.

But no one can come even near What Americans do with steaks and beer. They cook their meat on flames so hot You'd swear a caveman them had taught!



# **Books**

My father didn't read books
My mother read books when father didn't burn them
My older brothers who were raised mostly by father didn't
And don't read books
My older brother's son does not read books
My older brother's son's children do not read books
My older sister read books
My older sister's children read books
My younger sister reads books
My younger sister's daughter reads books
I read books
My younger sister reads books that I wrote



## Cloud

From cloud to cloud doth gray portray?
Foreshadoweth the coming rain...the coming storm
Embarrassment for my intolerance of evil snow
Forsooth there shall not be snow this time of year
I forbid it...who am I to forbid it?
Who knows better than himself who he is?
Nobody knoweth...even that which maketh all.
That which maketh all does not knoweth Thee.
Nor does that which makeeth all give a hot gas about thee.
Do not let thyself be fooled by False words.
Even that which maketh the universe does not give a hot gas about thee.
Don't You forget that!
Guide your life so that thou dost Not forget that fact!



## **Desert Rains**

From desert rains divine—conducted in sheeted symphonies,
By batons of forked lightning
Pouring forth the precious liquor of life upon parched sands
Renewing the homes where arachnids creep and horny toads
Silently drag their tails
Through cold misty mornings and violent gales

Whose power, uproot ageless cacti, and make issue once again The seeds of life that will catch hold and struggle to live upon The fruitless lands

Desert rains bring to life delicate flowers of white and pink and Crimson; and things of green

"Pitter-ping" raindrops say, as they fall in puddles—on a rainy Day



# **Forest Primeval**

Primeval forests you've been looted.

To hell with your little bunny!

Your lakes and streams we've mostly polluted.

We've even stolen your honey!

Should insidious man even walk your floors?
Is man really of you aware?
Man's more content at starting wars!
Different from the elk and bear.

Sure, some other animals besides man use tools. But they don't deliberately destroy with them. They don't chop down trees like fools. Beavers clear trees, but not like men.

Man is nature's idiot: of that I'm very sure. He invented money, greatly values gold. He'll sell you anything, tell you it's a cure. It's said, even his own children he has sold.

A natural animal bravely guards its territory.
That's just to protect its family and its home.
Man gathers in packs, kills for victory,
Grabs land buffalo used to roam.

To put a penny in his purse.

Man will do anything—will sell anything!

To what does mankind owe this curse?

First, by calling himself a Being.

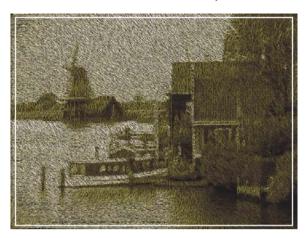
Man created 'supernatural' gods. Was 'natural' not good enough? For power, money, ends and odds, Our species may vanish in an atomic puff.

The fad is to live in the 'moment of now'.

Do we really care about tomorrow?

It all seems so greedy somehow?

Is there a choice—except lasting Sorrow?



# **Holland Remembered**

White ice sheets on the shallow lake Happy skaters muffled against the cold, scarves flying behind, Bright red and black sweaters against the whiteness

Tower rising skyward above us...different in winter.

In Summer
Overseeing, ever
Overseeing.
Workers below, carts of
Cheese wheels in summer...in
Alkmaar...for sale, for sale, far

Blue sky, saucy maiden's legs climbing stairs above me, olden
Days and flowers...tulip fields forever out there.
Forever and Ever out there yellows and reds boggle the mind with color

Below us

Huge cranes reclaiming the Zuider Zee from the ocean— Turning back the waves Windmills churning for the tourists Wooden shoes sold, but seldom really used nowadays North Sea beating against the dikes.

## Raw eel on toast for Breakfast

Bad dreams: Nazi planes flying over...bomb...bomb...bomb to Death sweet people

Hide from the Nazis, maidens raped, driven crazy by the Nazis Eat a chicken if you can steal one...free if you can steal one.

Eat It all, every morsel

You may not have another for many a day.

Cook on open fire

Underground—Dutch Underground—save us from this hell Where is my sister? Do the Nazis have my sister? Hide from the bombs!

More planes are coming

The Yanks are coming! The Yanks are coming!

I love the Yanks and I let them come and come...come into our home. Have tea and gin and little cookies without sugar

I'll marry a Yank and go to America. Be safe.

No, I must stay

And help rebuild Holland

Build the shops where mongers can again sell their fish and rolls And eel

Build again the cheese factories and ships...replenish the cows And chickens.

Chickens fried in butter.

Lots of rich Butter...but eat every morsel, to remember the war. Eat every Sinew! To remember those sacred days of Hades! Hiding...rats

New car.
To the opera!
Where is my sister Meika?
She is Coming with?
She's crazy now...afraid of trees.

Raped in Trees.
Father, are you coming to the opera?
Mother too?
We four survived...physically.
Father still pilots big planes for KLM.
Drinks too much: to forget.
Mother fears he will crash
Someday

Grandfather is ninety now.
Where did grandfather hide?
Where was grandfather while the bombs fell?
Some say he was in the
Underground

I'm engaged to a Yank soldier now.

He was the one who saw me
Climb in the tower above him.

We will live in Houston.

He Bought us a nice house there.

We will have lots of children and

Eat from Delft Blue dinner china and go to the opera and Cowboy dances...and fly home and see dad and mom and sister On Easter...fly to Aruba and see my uncle Vim—that is—when I'm not Crazy anymore—when I get out of this Hospital...when I get Well...

When I get Cured—we will do all those things then

It will all be so very nice



# **Love Clouds**

Clouds at sunset over the ocean Remind me of my love for you. We always have complete devotion, Like white love clouds against the blue.

In the spring, when the roses bloom, Gray love clouds bring us the rain. They touch our lips taking the gloom. We hope they never bring us pain.

In summertime you fill my heart With so much joy and so much love. Sealed with a kiss right from the start, Like red love clouds that hang above.

The summer goes, then comes the fall. It's golden clouds say that we care. The autumn leaves, though they be small,

Light up our lives and help us share.

In winter when the snow is white And the wild winds begin to blow, Our love will last and we will fight 'Til black death clouds...



# Love is Like a Honeybee

Love is like a honeybee. It buzzes all around us: Sometimes very hard to see, Its Sting—a Pitiless cuss!



# Be Gone O' Nightmares of Woe

Be gone o' nightmares of woe. You make my cheery fire sad. My love she died some time ago And was buried in beauty clad.

I look into our hearth pot now.
'Twill never be the same.
Compared to hers, mine is just chow
And really tastes so lame.

She was the finest cook, ya know. She took a prize a time or two. Of course 'twasn't first in show, But it really was great stew.

I see her picture on the mantle there.
It makes me feel so sad.
Sometimes it's all that I can bear
And makes me bloody-mad—

To think some drunken SOB

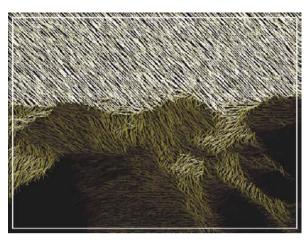
Crushed her young life away! Didn't even stop to see If she was Dead that day.

T'wasn't only her you see, But little Joey too. Beside the road near an old tree They both died pure and true.

He'd been born in a few more days Had Fate just let them live. Now I'm surviving in a total daze And damned if I'll forgive.

Joey was named for her papa Joe. We'd decided on his name. He'd been a fine son, I know. 'Twill never be the same.

'Twill never be the same.
'Twill never be the same.



# Man in Scotland

I met a man in Scotland. His eyes were Lincoln green.

He told me leprechauns are real, but that doesn't rhyme with green.

You have to say he was "clean", so it will rhyme with "green".

Okay! He told me leprechauns are clean.

I said, "How do you feel about trolls?"

He said, "Trolls are evil little rascals. They hide under bridges and give you a bad time when you try to cross over."

"Over" rhymes with Grover, not with "trolls".

Okay—they give you a bad time when you try to cross Grover.

Cross over the bridge—cross over the bridge!

Leave your fickle past behind you.

Cross over the bridge!

I said I didn't know anything about leprechauns!

Sure, but leprechauns don't rhyme with bridge.

Maybe you mean the game Bridge.

That's it! I don't know anything about the game Bridge.

The only leprechaun I ever met personally was a fairy, shaped like an old man.

He said he was a cobbler. He had a hairy mole on his nose—made shoes for the Pope.

I said, "No wonder he was a fairy, with a hairy mold on his nose."

Mole—not mold, and "nose" doesn't rhyme with "Pope".

Okay, he made shoes for the misanthrope.

That's better! Anyway, he had a pot of gold, to rhyme with mold: the likes of which you never saw.

Where did he get it?

"It" doesn't rhyme with "saw".

Okay—where did he get Claw?

He was a miser. He saved the gold, from selling his shoes.

Claw was a miser?

No, the leprechaun was a miser.

If he sold his shoes, he must have been barefoot.

Sure, but "barefoot" doesn't rhyme with "shoes".

If I were barefoot, I'd make it rhyme with shoes.

How?

Call it barefoot blues. If he sold his shoes, he must have barefoot blues.

He was barefoot; but he sold the shoes he made, not the shoes he wore, of which there were none.

He was a stasher of gold.

How old do you think he was?

Do you really think "was" rhymes with "gold"?

That's what I've been told.

Leprechauns never get old. He just looked like—not well.

Don't leave me hanging with a line left over.

What rhymes with "well"?

"Hell."

Okay—he just looked like hell!



# **Beyond Our True and Giving Place**

Beyond our true and giving place Our minds try hard to embrace Spirit worlds that we can't see And people we can never be.

Elvis, where indeed are you now?
(He still exists somehow!)
And Frank must somewhere be.
He used to sing just for me!

And Bing too could really croon.
In my head I hear his tune.
Liberace and his piano,
A very classy fellow.

In a spirit world perhaps, Hoping for the Time Collapse. Wherever these fine folks went, I'll not go—until I'm Sent!



# Strumpet's Holiday

She was a floozy strumpet— Could really play the trumpet! She chased all the mice away. Away, you say? Away to stay?

And then the cat's fat belly Became like so much jelly For nothing had he to eat. To eat, you say? No meat to eat?

Along came a great big dog
As large as a great big hog
With green pickles in its ears.
Pickled ears, you say? That brings me to tears!

The strumpet gave it a bone. Then a berry ice cream cone

To pass the daytime away. Away, you say? To keep it at bay?

She was a winsome young lass With a nice bright, shiny ass. She wore colorful clothes. Clothes, you say? What, like pink hose?

In addition to all that She was extremely fat She couldn't even touch her toes. Her toes, you say? Why not her nose?

She danced a marvelous jig Climbed up a really stout twig— And everybody saw—IT! IT, you say? Like where you SIT?

She loved very much to sing And in the following spring She kissed a new knight of old. Old, you say? Was he quite bold?

He adamantly flashed her And sincerely mashed her, Until she was frightfully thin. Thin, you say? Like thin and win?

His armor was quite heavy
So they met on a levy
And frolicked all night and day.
Day, you say? Did he stay and play?

He left the very next day
And tiptoed some miles away.
She never saw him again.
Not again, you say? Not even in pain?

Wind did screech and it did howl And all the very long while The tired strumpet mumbled and snored. Snored, you say? Snored as in roared?

A dreadful and heartless sound She so broadcast all around She woke a neighbor quite near. Near, you say? Like foam on a beer?

Quite so, you probably see
She loved most strange company
And had it on occasion.
Occasion, you say? Is that like persuasion?

She sipped warm Calomel tea Made from right off of the tree. It gave her cheeks a red glow. A glow, you say? Like that from snow?

Then upon one fine, blue day
She too went far, far away
And no one ever knew why.
Why, you say? Could she have been a spy?



# The Universe

The Universe is a marvelous place.

No one really knows what it might embrace.

Its expansive nebulae are really wild,

Its stars aglow like the eyes of a child.

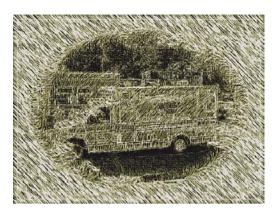
Born in primordial soup they say we were, That's the theory I really do prefer, Then we evolved into what we are now: A snit of pious killers with a high brow.

Even all the gods we created on the way Did not our fierce killer instinct allay. UFO's from way far out there somewhere Would find us mean creatures to beware.

And if they've visited from time to time They must know our rough history of crime. They've learned of our human sacrifice, To kill each other we never think twice.

My guess is THEY have a double moral code, Probably the same as our deer or toad. HAPPINESS/SUFFERING are the ones. Same for mothers, daughters, fathers and sons.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.	
If we could just adapt THEIR wizened ways, Much happier would be EVERYONE'S days!	
33	



# The Cry of Sirens

When I hear a siren's shrill scream, I know it's trouble in the extreme. A friend or neighbor could be ill, Could well be dying upon the hill.

When an ambulance does appear I always shed a silent tear. Torrents, floods, and hurricanes Do cause such terribly retched pains.

And there's not worse than a great fire,
For it can really make life dire.
It cares not for man's station,
Or even an entire nation.

Wild tornados across the land Leave not a shred, leave not a strand: Rip asunder from here to there: Leave destruction everywhere.

In the middle of a real black night There's nothing that can cause such fright

As being awakened from your snooze By lots of sirens and fire crews.

So my advice to you my friend: Stay in bed—and cover your end!



# The Day the Cockerel Sang

The day the cockerel sang, the world did shake. You'd thought it was a very violent earthquake. How such a small, puny bird made so much fuss, Still seems quite strange and terribly ambiguous.

That it did, I can surely verify.

My nifty velvet hat went flying off—that's why.

The sound brought lazy worms up out of the ground.

Some I'm quite sure had been sleeping very sound.



## The Ranch

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the cows were barking. The cats were all mooing, the bluebirds were sparking. The huge horse thought he was as small as a mouse. He said to himself, "I'm the head of this house!"

Cows never jump over the moon, except Elsie. Who escaped from a milk can label with glee. Then jumped right over the moon that was so full. In the night around her shined Taurus the bull.

The little dog laughed loud when he saw her do that.

He ate his food with a spoon, even the fat.

That made a rat so nervous he chewed his cud.

Then, "Smack!" down on the floor he fell with a thud.

A rooster cleared his throat and meowed at high noon.
A Billy goat crowed and then joined in the tune.
All was a raucous and most frivolous mess.
Some danced in their nightgowns and funny headdress.

A blue gator walked on the tip of its tail. A butterfly gave it a glass of pink ale.

The smashed gator got squirrelly: tried to fly. It landed squarely in Grandmother Sheep's pie.

She pounded the gator—a smack on his huge head.
That made him so sad, he took right to his bed.
He bothered not the revelers evermore.
He just turned on his side, and began to snore.

Meanwhile, the partying mob got quite carried away.
All night—and next morning, 'til the break of day.
They shouted, hooted—screeched, all made such a clatter,
A short-neck giraffe asked what was the matter.

"All's well! All's fine!" exclaimed a white octopus. We always get thrilled and love all of this fuss!" Then, dancing toads pirouetted out onto the floor. Green and blue potatoes joined in on the score.

Before anyone knew just what must have occurred, A flock of red swans cried loudly to be heard. "Go away! Go away!" cried a voice from the rear. "This is not Swan Lake—no red swans belong here!"

Then a red cow tiptoed, as most cows never do, And she sang and she danced until she turned blue. The rest of the cows laughed to see such weird sport. They never had thought her to be of that sort.

A dog found a fiddle and screeched out a sad sound. So terrible it was: it spun a squirrel 'round. He tottered and tippled and almost fell over, But he was rescued by a pink mule called Rover.

In all the flutter an ostrich buried its head,
A puce gopher found it in a flower bed.
"Here's your head—and you must lose it never more.
We all know that heads can't be bought at a store."

Some jealous party pooper called the sheriff.
With siren screaming, he arrived in a jiff.
He rounded up the entire group, ostrich and all.
Then, kicked back in his chair, and drank a highball.



# Weasel

Jack took a weasel for his mate. A most prodigious and sad fate. The weasel stole all his money. Jack thought that terribly funny.

He sold his house and stashed the cash.

The weasel used it for a bash.

With booze and boyfriends by the score.

The weasel and her friends did whore.

Jack then soon sold his brand new car.

He found the weasel at a bar.

"Weasel, companion, friend and mate,
Your strange ways make my teeth to grate."

"What mean you by such rude succor?"
"If you would look in a mirror—
You'd see you really married badly,
You've no fur," Weasel said, sadly.

"I need no fur to measure you by.

You're sleek, quick, sleazy—and sly."
"But I throw a splendid party
And you're just square and arty!"

"If you know I'm not to your taste, Just why do you my time to waste?" "I knew at once you were a bore. Money you had—so I did score!"

"Now that you have not penny more,
I'll be on my way out the door."
"Good riddance Weasel—retched, mean foe!"
Jack gave her the tip of his toe.

"The beast—she completely ruined me— If I had not my money tree, She would have left me down and out. I'll plant more money—it'll soon sprout!"

The End