

Give a Man a Fish

If I teach you how to fish,
There would be less left for me.
Why should I teach you how to get your wish,
When I can control the whole industry?

Knervous Knees

The Riddle of the *shaking* leg!
Por que tu existes?
Do you work for the nervous system, pumping blood to your roots?
We know we sit too long and forget our delicate bodies.
Or are you borne of boredom?
Perhaps you are the remaining chip of the curious child inside of us,
Hoping to *shake* free of your anxiously arrested body?
I spy you; in classrooms and on buses, at workstations and under pre-mealed dining tables.
Vibrate the floor as much as you want,
As long as you don't stamp, you could never irritate me!
Thank you for giving me the first excuse
For touching her slender, smooth stem.

Knervous Knees (in Sonnet form)

I spy you; in buses and workstations,
Under dining tables and in classes,
Never at parties nor celebrations,
Only when people sit on their asses.
Por que tu existes? I ask you thus,
What is your origin? Oh, shaking knee,
Are you a chip of child inside us,
Shaking violently, hoping to be free?
Are you borne of boredom, with none to serve,
Or a habit to clean our boots of mud?
Or do you work for the system of nerve,
Helping our mortal hearts by pumping blood?
Your riddle is like the chicken and egg,
You exist so I could touch her smooth leg!