

Poetry Series

John Bliven Morin
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

John Bliven Morin(September 16th,1936)

I was born in CT but raised in New Smyrna Beach, FL. The first poems of mine selected for publication appeared in the now defunct literary magazine De Novo (Tampa, FL) in the mid-'50s. While continuing to write verses and some prose over the years, I didn't concentrate on poetry until retiring in 1994. Since then, I've had numerous poems published, some in the U.S. but more in the U.K. As for my style of writing, I've been described as a 19th century poet in a 21st century world. I think that's entirely appropriate!

A Ballad Of Sad Gnu, Page 1 Of 2

Lu Gnu and Hugh Gnu were lovers,
Or at least, that's what Louise thought,
But Hugh had a secret life of his own;
Nobody knew until he was caught.

She thought he was her gnu;
He fooled her through and through.

Lu Gnu sat in her kitchen,
Havin' breakfast with her dad;
"You gotta stop datin' that loser gnu,
'Cause I think he's treatin' you bad."

"Pa, he makes me blue,
But I still love that gnu."

One night Louise sat home cryin';
Not even a single phone call,
From that bad news gnu that she pined for,
Tomcattin' at the town dance hall.

But somethin' snapped in Lu;
Her mind just came unglued.

Down at the dance hall Hugh Gnu sat,
With his new gal up on his knee;
They was drinkin' rum from her slipper,
With some pretty shady company.

They was pitchin' woo,
When in comes little Lu.

She pulled her gun out of her purse then,
Her eyes, they was crazy and fey;
She pointed the gun at Hugh an' his gal,
An' started blazin' away.

Before they ever knew,
Their lovin' lives was thru.

Everyone stood there in horror;
They was frozen wherever they stood,
'Cause Hugh and his little dance hall tart
Lay dead as any door-nail could.

An' where was poor little Lu?
Why she was frozen, too.

John Bliven Morin

A Ballad Of Sad Gnus, Page 2 Of 2

Lu didn't weep in the courtroom,
Lu didn't weep on death row;
An' when they came for that last long walk,
She acted like she didn't know.

An' when the switch they threw,
Her soul, out of her body, flew.

Now some say her soul went to heaven,
Some say her soul went to hell;
Some say the good Lord pardoned her sin,
But only the Lord can tell.

Goodbye, poor little Lu,
We won't soon forget you.

John Bliven Morin

A Sailor I (Part 1 Of 3)

A sailor, I, upon the decks
Of the great USS Maine;
I'm Robert, but they call me Tex,
Got no reason to complain.

Just from the Persian Gulf returned
From all the war and strife,
And the injuries when I was burned
And a buddy saved my life.

Can't wait to hug my family,
Can't wait to pet my dog;
When I get home I'll surely see
Ol' Grunter, my pet hog.

The strangest thing, when I was on
The operating table,
So burned I thought that I was gone,
That the doctors were not able

To save my life, I felt the pain,
Then I blacked and knew no more;
No longer was I on the Maine -
I lay on a wooden floor.

No, not a floor, a wooden deck;
Above me towered a mast,
Full sails aloft, I strained my neck
And sat up straight at last.

A stranger laughed and helped me stand,
Somehow I knew his name;
'What happened, Ned, ' I asked him, and
'You slipped, ' he laughed, 'for shame! '

Then suddenly I knew this ship,
She was the whaler Pride;
I knew her crew on this long trip
And all she held inside.

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And all she held inside.

John Bliven Morin

A Sailor I (Part 2 Of 3)

A hundred barrels of pungent oil,
From many a whalefish wrought,
And many a cauldron full a-boil
With blubber which we'd caught.

'Whale ho! ' the lookout from the mast,
'Whale ho an' thar she blows! '
'The boats! The boats an' lower fast! '
The Cap'n, 'Afore they goes! '

The davits whined from the whaleboat's load
As they lowered us down the side;
We raised the sail and hearty, rowed;
'Faster! ' the First Mate cried.

Ahead of us a great dark shape
Arose with a fountain high;
'She blows! She'll not escape!
Row hard! ' was the Bos'n's cry.

'Strike, Ned, ' the Mate, 'strike true! '
I heard the whine of the harpoon line
'She's sounding! ' to the crew,
'She's diving down the deepest brine! '

The wood of the bow was smoking
From the rope that was speeding through;
Ned poured water while joking
As that whale ever downward flew.

'Cut the line! ' cried the Mate in terror,
'Or she'll take us down with her! '
But Ned made a serious error;
'No, she's breaching, Sir, I'm sure! '

In a moment our boat was pulled under,
And we fought our way up through the sea;
The whaleboat was rendered asunder,
I thought sure t'was the end of me.

John Bliven Morin

A Sailor I (Part 3 Of 3)

Rising, I swam for my life and
Found pieces of whaleboat afloat;
Alone and far from any land,
I looked for the men of our boat.

But a heavy, thick fog had rolled in
And covered the waves and the sea;
I saw neither sail nor dreaded fin,
I knew that they'd never find me.

As I slipped into the briny deep,
I could see myself as from above,
Watching my death as one asleep;
My face as pale as a dove.

I recognized that pallid face,
It was I by another name;
A different time, a different place,
But it was I all the same.

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John Bliven Morin

A Victorian Attic, Page 1 Of 2

We loved playing in the attic,
My Sister Sue and me;
It was our childhood pastime
When the rain came down, you see.

Books and picture albums
Full of strangers looking stern;
Some children too, with faces grim
As though the camera burned.

An ancient stereopticon
With views, which in the light,
Looked eerily realistic,
Though only black and white.

A rocking horse with faded paint,
A model ship with sails,
A coach-and-four in miniature,
A wind-up train with rails.

Trunks full of antique clothing
To wear and put on plays,
And laugh before the mirror
To see ourselves that way.

A bonnet for my Sister Sue,
A tall old hat for me,
That fell down past my little ears
And then I could not see.

Walking sticks and brass-head canes,
Umbrellas and parasols,
Filled an actual elephant's foot
Perhaps from the Taj Mahal.

Tin soldiers in a wooden box,
In a corner, on the floor
Just waiting for the call to rise
And fight again once more.

A porcelain doll in a velvet gown,
Among others in dusty dresses,
Seemed happy at my sister's touch
As she brushed her fading tresses.

We'd play for endless hours there
Till the supper bell would peal
And Mother called us down to wash
Before the evening meal.

John Bliven Morin

A Victorian Attic, Page 2 Of 2

Sometimes I wonder at the speed
The years have flown, so fast;
I miss my sister, taken young,
And our childhood in the past.

The dormer attic's gone, alas;
The great old house is too,
With all its hidden treasures,
Where I played with Sister Sue.

John Bliven Morin

All The Young, Dead Poets

I am thinking tonight
Of all those young poets,
Who showed so much promise
But died much too soon.

You know who they are;
Their names appear clearly
In every collection
Of verses we sing.

A few died of illness,
But most from their dragons:
The syringe, the bottle,
A mind gone awry.

Few battle a dragon
And live to tell of it,
For youth will betray
The bravest of hearts.

God save these brave souls
Who have battled with dragons;
Who died, and yet left us
Their treasure of words.

Let us give them a cheer
That will rise up to heaven,
A cheer that will sound
In the far depths of hell.

Hurrah! for those souls
Whose words are immortal;
Hurrah! the young poets
Who left us too soon.

(2004)

An Otterly Silly Verse

Oh hear the sad story of Philamon Potter;
While married to Alice, fell in love with an otter.
On holiday, fishing, they say that he caught her;
It was love at first sight, many trinkets he bought her;
Her wild, playful nature made Philamon hotter,
And Alice, his wife, well he must have forgot her;
It was mutual passion for Phil and his otter,
That sleek little, slim little riverine daughter.
Then in burst the door of their hut by the water-
"Take that, " shouted Alice, "You unfaithful rotter! "
With Papa's old Wesley, she shot him and shot her,
And that's the sad story of Philamon Potter!

John Bliven Morin

Before It Began

Before it began
it was ended, you see,
doomed from the start
and everyone said it;
Oh no, not a chance,
It could never be;
They said we must part
Though you and I dread it

We ignored them of course,
the nay-sayers' warnings;
though under duress,
toward love we ran;
for love was the source
of all of our mornings
since then, a success
before they began!

John Bliven Morin

Build Me A Heart

Build me a heart of the hardest steel
Build me a heart so I cannot feel
Build me a heart as cold as ice
Build me a heart with nothing nice
Build me a heart to ignore distress
And I'll go to work for the I.R.S.

John Bliven Morin

Camels

The two-hump camel's Bactrian,
The one-hump's Dromedary;
Rarest of all, the three-hump beast
Is quite extraordinary!

John Bliven Morin

Castles Of Glass

Castles of glass
Of milk and cobalt blue
Delicately reflecting life
In every hue

Such castles, alas
Cannot long be sustained
Of fantasy life and fantasy love
Naught remained

A life of fantasies
From childhood and my youth
A life of wishes unfulfilled
Mixed with truth

Even my memories
Are truth and lies combined
Inseparable now with time
To leave behind

John Bliven Morin

Cernunnos

See! The hornèd moon arises,
See the mists upon the land;
Soon the twin fires will be lighted,
Here I stand.

Hear the stag's cry in the distance,
Hear the bull's sensuous bawl;
Tonight I shall a man appear,
Hear me call!

Come to me ye village wives,
Come to me ye maidens fair;
Hear the tabor, hear the pipes!
Loose thy hair.

Tis the time for celebration,
Tis the time for revelry.
Leave thy dress upon the arbor,
Come to me.

Dance, ye women here in secret,
Dance within the standing stones;
Let the year long lust consume thee,
Flesh and bones.

There my hot breath in your ear,
There ye feel it now beneath;
Garlanding thy face with kisses,
Like a wreath.

Feel my hands upon thy body,
Feel my lips upon thy thighs;
Tasting of thy woman's wetness,
And thy sighs.

Lips upon protruding n-p-l-s,
Lips upon each glowing part;
At last I enter thee with vigor,
As we start.

Bodies pounding at each other,
Bodies slamming as they must;
And I feel thy body flexing,
At each thrust.

On and on the dance continues,
On until each Little Death
Takes each player to nirvana,
With panting breath.

At last each heart is beating slower,
At last the fires are all abated;
And every woman is exhausted,
Each one sated.

Dawn, the women dress and leave here,
Dawn, the women homeward wend;
This secret tryst a secret keeping,
From the men.

They will never once forget me,
They will to each other nod;
Dreams of lust will oft remind them
Of their god.

John Bliven Morin

Classic Adversaries, Page 1 Of 2

Again the searing sun ascends
The arid, lonely desert skies;
Blinding, burning, and drying,
Setting everything ablaze with fire;
Again the Tenacious One crouches,
And patiently, sweat flowing, awaits
It, the bane of his existence,
And yet his fondest desire.

Below his perch upon the butte,
Cutting through the burning sands
Like some steaming blackened snake,
To the far horizon, the highway flows;
And somewhere, beyond that distance,
The Swift One is moving ever closer;
It will come, as surely as the dawn,
Experienced, the stalker knows.

Smiling with eager anticipation,
The great wooden crate, he opens
Carefully, for he must not damage
The delicate, dangerous machine within;
Pried open at last, the heavy cover
Falls to the sandy ground, revealing
The ACME Rocket logo upon it;
Chuckling to himself, he wipes his chin.

At last he hears it, that singular sound!
A rushing, whirling, hurricane sound,
Swiftly, madly approaching from afar;
And then he sees it, the object of his scorn,
The object of his longing, love and hate,
He straps the delicate machine upon him
And waits for just the right moment,
That moment for which he had been born!

John Bliven Morin

Classic Adversaries, Page 2 Of 2

Closer, speeding like the wind, it comes,
And patiently, cunningly he waits;
At last the moment comes, he crouches,
Aims his body, and lights the fuses...
...and nothing happens! The target,
Passing below looks up and sees him
And with a maddening BEEP-BEEP!
Is gone. Again, once again he loses.

Just as he is about to remove the
Defective rocket device, BOOM!
He is propelled across the desert
At supersonic speed, lightning-fast,
Toward that damned, wretched fowl;
And this time he will surely catch up,
For even it cannot outrun this rocket
As long as its pack of jet fuel will last.

It turns and sees It's not alone,
Speeds up and makes the curve
As the rocket carries it's passenger
Straight ahead toward the rocky bluff,
Slamming him into the stony wall,
From which he slips and flutters down
To chase the Road Runner another day;
Wile E. Coyote, has The Right Stuff!

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John Bliven Morin

Corporate Ambition

Young exec with nose so brown,
Climbing up while bending down;
Wherever did you get the notion
Of toadying for each promotion?
Ascend your corporate ladder, creepies,
Kissing the ascend of v.p.s.

John Bliven Morin

Daedalus And Icarus, Page 1 Of 2

Daedalus watched the birds on high,
And wished that he could also fly;
But he did more than wish, bright man,
He studied wings and made a plan.
With Icarus, his son and heir,
Gathered feathers everywhere;
Made frames both strong and light,
Working steadily, day and night.
A thousand feathers for each wing,
Attached with wax and sap and string;
Leather straps to hold them tight,
Leather thongs to guide them right.

At last he proudly said, "My son,
With your help, our wings are done
And now we've only them to try;
With care, I think that we can fly."
Throughout the city, could be heard
"Daedalus thinks that he's a bird! "
"Come see the fool, who, with his son
Believes that he can fly like one! "
As they passed by, among the jeers
Were also words of praise and cheers
"If Daedalus can learn to fly,
Great Zeus, then maybe so can I! "

And thus the two passed through the town
The cheers did not escape the Crown
The King himself came out to see
Who these two popular men should be
He called his wisest councilors
And asked them all, behind closed doors,
"Is't possible these two upstarts can
Fly? " "No! " they answered, to a man.
"Then let us gather all to see
This prideful pair fail miserably! "

Daedalus and Icarus led the host
Up the highest mountain on the coast,

Strapped on their feathered wings and stepped
To the edge of the cliff, then off they leapt!
A gasp went up from the left and right,
For at first they plummeted out of sight,
But then an "Oh! " from all the horde,
As Daedalus and Icarus upward soared,
And thus achieved man's primal flight,
Away from Crete and out of sight.

John Bliven Morin

Daedalus And Icarus, Page 2 Of 2

Minos the King, in violent rage,
In leaving, struck down a nearby page;
To prison he had his councilors, take;
For the crime of making a mistake.
And after a few more diatribes,
He called for all the palace scribes;
"Write, you scribes, about Daedalus,
Who fell to his death with Icarus;
Say that they flew close to the sun,
Their feathers burned and were undone;
Man cannot fly; it is absurd
To dare to imitate a bird! "

And what of Daedalus and Icarus, free?
They were flying high above the sea,
Above each valley, stream and hill;
Who knows? They may be flying still!

John Bliven Morin

Dark Angel

Beggar or king she is unimpressed,
Both young and old she takes to rest;
Saint or sinner, with equanimity,
Maintaining her unbiased symmetry.

She comes in many guises, forms;
The softest breeze, a violent storm,
A lengthy waste, the briefest breath,
An agony or gentle death...

John Bliven Morin

Dragons

Consider the dragons
of medieval tales;
could they have been real
as tigers and whales?

Long before humans
evolved on this earth
there were plenty of dragons
of small and large girth.

We don't call them dragons
today with their roars,
but that's what they were,
though we say 'dinosaurs.'

They say a great meteor
made them extinct,
except for the birds
and pre-mammals, they think.

But what if a few,
the great blast survived;
a few here and there
continued and thrived,

And human-kind feared them
and killed all they found,
until there werent any
great dragons around?

That's why many cultures
world-wide tell such tales;
their memories of dragons,
immense and with scales!

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John Bliven Morin

Faeries And Pixies

Faeries are wondrous, with fairest of features,
Pixies are comely and cute little creatures;
Faeries ride butterflies; fireflies at night,
Pixies ride moonbeams, they are so light;
Faeries can make themselves tiny or tall,
Pixies are wee folk a few pixels all;
Faeries are magical, wiser and older,
Pixies: mischievous, daring and bolder;
To look upon faeries or pixies is rare,
And mortals who do so, must do so with care,
But if you've a good heart, with kindness and pluck
And meet either one, you're sure to have luck!

John Bliven Morin

Fanatics

Beware of charismatic,
Verbally acrobatic,
Persons who may cloak themselves in piety;
Or bravado patriotic,
Staunchly unchaotic;
They're a danger to your freedom and society.

In parties, mobs or sects,
If majority elects
To place them high inside an ivory tower,
They will take away your rights
And your freedoms all alike,
Just so they can remain in total power.

And when kindly Bill and Bob
Become part of someone's mob,
They lose their individuality and will;
They will rampage, they will shatter,
For the mindless do not matter;
They can even be persuaded then to kill.

So be careful who you follow,
For their words may just be hollow,
No matter what bright symbols they may show;
It may be your flag at noon,
Or a cross or crescent moon,
Think twice before you follow where they go.

John Bliven Morin

Fire!

"REAAAA-DY" called the Captain, calmly.
Private Bobby shook with fear;
A thousand grim, gray men appeared there,
Through the smoke of cannons here.

Through the hellfire of the grapeshot,
Through the broken trees they came;
Bearded men and beardless boys there,
A thousand men without a name.

"AIMMMM! " the Captain's voice resounded.
Private Bobby dropped his gun,
Dropped his haversack and blanket;
Dropped it all and turned to run.

Running through the lines of blue men,
Through the lines of infantry,
Between the fire-belching cannons,
Toward his bonny Meg ran he.

But wait - what happened just this morning?
Court Martial, death and "O my God! "
"No! " he screamed beneath his blindfold;
"FIRE! " The Captain to his squad.

On a small farm in New England,
A woman cried out from her bed;
"Meg, what's wrong? " her mother asked.
"Alas, " she sobbed, "my Bobby's dead! "

John Bliven Morin

First Love, Page 1 Of 2

I had an affair,
A passionate thing,
Free of care;
A summer fling,
With youthful gleam,
Not very clever,
When summers seem
To last forever.

Running, sighing,
Through the trees,
Our hair flying
In the breeze;
Now walking,
Now standing still;
Me talking
By the old mill.

Her apple delight;
She nuzzles my hair,
My lady white,
My Gypsy mare;
Not really mine,
But borrowed bliss;
Ah, fleeting time!
Briefest kiss.

Bowers above,
When I was eight,
We shared a love,
My Gypsy great;
Kindest heart,
White like snow;
We had to part
So long ago.

In heavenly fields
Of clover gold,
Where ills are healed

And none grow old,
I hope that you
Are running free,
All young and new,
So beautifully.

John Bliven Morin

First Love, Page 2 Of 2

Through the years,
Since long ago
I shed those tears,
And time has flowed,
I've kept you ever
In memories light,
Forgetting never
My Gypsy, white.

John Bliven Morin

Forfeiture

Seeking love,
She lost her innocence;
Seeking security,
She lost her freedom;
Seeking passion,
She lost her honor;
Seeking solace,
She lost her sanity;
Seeking an end,
She lost her life.
Requiscat in pace

John Bliven Morin

Furrners

I met a feller today who
Talked like some of them
Old movie bad guys
Like Jams Mason.
"Whar air you frum, "
I ast polite as I cud.
"I am frum Eng Land, "
He sed, thout nairy smil.
"Than why in hell dont you
Speak Eng lish? " I ast.
You shud of heered all
The hootin an laffin
Frum tother folks
Whut was thar.
I onest met a feller
Al the way frum Clev Land
Who talked bettern him
An I reckon he wus rased
Spekin Clevish.

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writing as Hardin Post

John Bliven Morin

Gefilte Fish

My version of a Jewish folk song;
the 2nd stanza should start slow,
then get faster & faster to the end.

Gefilte fish, I love you;
I love you, gefilte fish;
I swear by the stars above you,
You're such a tasty dish,
Hey!

You once were free
Out in the sea,
Until somebody caught you,
But now, wise guy,
'You'll see that I
Will eat you 'cause I bought you,
Hey!

Gefilte fish, I love you
I love you, gefilte fish
I swear by the stars above you
You're such a tasty dish,
hey!

John Bliven Morin

Getting Old

My ears, they ring,
My joints, they creak,
My muscles ache
And my bladder leak.

It hurts to sit,
It hurts to rise,
No teeth, just gums
And blurry eyes.

Must clear my throat,
I cough to talk,
Can't sing no more;
I can hardly walk.

Can't eat no salt,
Nor cholesterol,
Can't eat no fat;
I almost fall.

I need my walker,
I'm losing my hair;
I'm going to get
A motorized chair.

My plumbing's out,
Forget romance! ;
What I thought was fart
Has stained my pants.

Thank God at least
My mind is fine...
(Now where did I put
That damn last line?)

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John Bliven Morin

Ghost Bear, Page 1 Of 4

Long ago, in a small village
Where the Great River meets the
Limitless Salt Sea, lived Muin Manitu,
An aging shaman.

Ghost Bear had two good wives
Who gave him four fine daughters
And many grand-children.
But now both wives were dead.

Ghost Bear was getting old,
So old that he made his death song
Mumbling it often under his breath
So he would not forget it.

One night, Raven came to Ghost Bear
In a dream, bringing an important message.
"You must leave wigwam and village,
before the sun rises again."

"This must be my time, " thought
Ghost Bear, "My time to die.
I am glad. It is a good time
to leave this world."

And so, taking only his knife and
His Medicine Bag, Ghost Bear pushed
His canoe out into the river while
All the village slept.

"I will go west on the Great River, "
Thought Ghost Bear to himself, "Then,
When it is my time to go, I will be
pointed in the right direction."

All morning long, Ghost Bear paddled
Westward on the Great River, and when
Sun was directly above him, he saw
A raven flying high above.

"I am going true, " he thought, "Raven
Has sent me an unmistakeable sign."
And Ghost Bear kept paddling with
Neither food nor drink.

As day became night, Ghost Bear
Continued on, for the full moon was bright
And showed him the right path on the
Great River clearly, brightly.

John Bliven Morin

Ghost Bear, Page 2 Of 4

Ghost Bear was amazed that his arms,
Once admired for their great strength,
Were still capable of such a trial,
And without any pain.

For three days and three nights,
Ghost Bear continued moving upriver,
Against the current, seeing not
Another living creature.

He began to wonder if he was in the
Spirit World already, had entered it
Without knowing. But then, as his
Canoe rounded a curve

In the Great River, he saw two bears,
A mother grizzly and a cub, fishing
From a fallen tree in the water,
And he knew he still lived.

"This is surely a sign of new life, " he
Thought, but as yet the meaning was
Unclear to him. Now the muscles
In his arms began to knot.

But Ghost Bear had long ago learned
To endure pain and continued on.
On the seventh day he saw a raven
Fly down and sit on a stone.

He was not sure if he was dreaming
Or awake, only the dim pain as his massive
Arms pulled his paddle endlessly
Against the river current.

Suddenly there was a great flash of light
"I am dying at last; thank you Great Spirit
He said, "For my interesting life."
Then there was darkness.

Slowly, very slowly, Ghost Bear became
Aware. He heard voices, but he could not
Understand; he smelled cooking; he felt
The warmth of animal skins.

Women's voices and laughter; the bark
Of a dog; children playing; village sounds!
He tried to sit up but found he could not;
He was tied to the bedding!

John Bliven Morin

Ghost Bear, Page 3 Of 4

What kind of village could be so cruel,
So inhospitable as to tie up an old man?
Were these cannibals? Evil spirits?
What had happened to him?

The smell of food came closer
With the footsteps of the bearer.
Then someone was turning him around,
And he saw the face of a woman.

She put the food down and spoke,
He could not understand her words,
But her voice was soft and friendly.
She leaned over and untied him.

Ghost Bear first felt anger.
He wanted to attack this stranger
Who must have tied him up.
But he smelled the broth.

She was offering a bowl to him
And his hunger surpassed his anger.
He tasted the thick broth
And it warmed his spirit.

When he had eaten, he wanted to stand
But his legs were weak and he almost fell.
The woman held him and he did not fall,
And her warmth felt good.

The woman helped him to sit
And told him her name was Inyanga Umfazi
Ghost Bear told her his name
Yet neither understood.

He could speak her name and she, his,
Yet neither understood the meaning
Of the other's name, knowing only
The spoken sounds.

For a month, Inyanga Umfazi cared for him,
And slowly he regained his strength
As he began to understand her speech
The language of her people.

He learned that her name meant Moon Woman
And Ghost Bear trusted her completely.
Moon Woman persuaded her people
To trust him as well

John Bliven Morin

Ghost Bear, Page 4 Of 4

And now he had the freedom to go or stay,
And to his surprise, he wanted to stay.
He liked Moon Woman and asked
If he could marry her.

Moon Woman laughed and told him
She had already asked for him.
They were joined as a couple
By Ag Niswi - Three Foxes,

The ancient shaman of these people.
For the next year, Ghost Bear
Hunted with his new wife's people
And felt young again.

Ghost Bear became popular among
Moon Woman's tribe; so popular
That when old Three Foxes died,
They made him shaman.

To Moon Woman's people, Ghost Bear
was known as Man Who Came From Death,
But to himself he thought "I am Man
With New Life."

And when finally death did come
To Ghost Bear, he died in the arms
Of Moon Woman, whom he had
Learned to love deeply.

Moon Woman herself did not long
Remain among her people, but her spirit
Soon joined that of her beloved
On the Long Journey.

And to this very day, if you go
Deep in the primeval forest
To the Ojibwe village
By the Long Lake

You may hear the song of Ghost Bear,
Man Who Came From Death, and of
Moon Woman, his companion
So long ago.

John Bliven Morin

Gifts

God gave us all the gift of life,
But also tragedy and strife;
Yet three survival gifts are there:
Laughter, love, and simple prayer.

John Bliven Morin

Great-Grandpaw's Trees

You see that line of pecan trees
A-standing in a row?
My great-grandpaw planted them
A hundred years ago.

That line of trees goes all around
The boundaries of the farm;
They give us shade and comfort, and
Protect the crops from harm.

But most of all, at Christmas time,
Those pecans from the trees,
Fill bushel baskets to the rim,
For friends and family.

There's praline candies for the kids,
And oh, those pecan pies!
Made from a family recipe
To light up good folks' eyes.

Whenever troubles weigh us down,
Whenever we have cares;
There's comfort in those pecan trees,
Great-Grandpaw planted there.

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writing as Cooter MacCoone

John Bliven Morin

Grizzly B'ArS & Piggly Wiggly

My dear old wise Grampaw
Told me all 'bout grizzly b'ars,
When I'd sit upon his lap an' he would teach;
How they stand up by a tree,
Just as straight as you or me,
An' they'll claw that tree as high as they can reach.

Now some claw marks is wider
Than the other marks beside `er,
An' together, they are like a signature;
Tellin' other b'ars their name,
An' thats how b'ars get fame,
Just as long as all them claw marks will endure.

Well, some folks at IBM
Must `er took a look at them
Claw marks of a b'ar up on a tree,
An' it come to them so clear;
Them lines, a new idear,
An' that is how the b'ar code come to be!

John Bliven Morin

Gwendolen, Page 1 Of 4

An age before Boudicca's birth,
The age of What-has-Been,
From Cornwall born, land of the horn,
Gwendolen was a queen.

Locrin, High King, was her spouse
But a secret love had he;
Among the trade of a pirate raid
A girl from Germany.

The king and queen, they had a son,
Whose name it was Mathan;
Also the king and his foreign fling,
Had a daughter, Saveran.

Gwendolen was a princess born;
Dumnonian daughter of steel,
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

Estrildis wished to be a queen,
And so she wooed the king,
"Please put aside your Briton bride,
For I'm for marrying."

Locrin chose this German girl
Above his queen and wife,
Put her aside for a foreign bride,
And thus began their strife.

Back to her Cornish castle went
Gwendolen with her son,
And for her harm, called all to arm,
"There's a kingdom to be won! "

Gwendolen was a princess born;
Dumnonian daughter of steel,
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

The sound of the smithies' hammers rang,
From the Horn to the southern shore;
New weapons made with the keenest blades,
For the queen will go to war.

Armour, shields and swords were made,
And chariots large and fast;
Gwendolen told her warriors bold,
'Tis time to strike at last! "

John Bliven Morin

Gwendolen, Page 2 Of 4

Laying the lands of Loclin bare,
There was no turning back;
Led by their queen, who was always seen
At the fore of their attack.

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

No one could stand against her;
They'd either die or yield;
And as she'd ride, right by her side,
Young Mathan bore her shield.

At last the king assembled
An army strong and vast,
With spear points keen to meet the queen,
And he marched them double-fast.

At last they met on a stormy day,
In the middle of the realm;
On a field of green there could be seen
Two armies helm to helm.

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

Across the meadow came a voice
Loclin's hot demand,
"Why burn you farms and cause such harm?
What do you in my land? "

"I'll tell you, former husband, king,
Just why why I burn and slay;
I come to find a bull of mine,
A bull that's gone astray."

At this, Locrin raised his sword
To order the attack,
By cavalry and infantry,
Yet something held him back.

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

John Bliven Morin

Gwendolen, Page 3 Of 4

Gwendolen raised her empty arm
And called to the high king thus:
"I ask you, why should so many die,
When the cause is between us? "

"I challenge thee, Locrin, king,
To settle this by arms;
Just you and I beneath the sky,
None else will come to harm."

A gasp went up from the warriors bold,
On both sides of the mede;
Though he might lose, he could not refuse,
So the king at once agreed.

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

They both stepped down from their chariots wide,
With shield and sword and spear;
Toward each other they ran, this woman and man
And neither showed a fear.

They clashed with a sound like thunder,
As spears on broad shields rang,
Then sword-blades flew between the two,
Like the songs the old bards sang.

The king was seen to swing his blade,
But the queen beneath it flew;
Where her sword did go, struck a fatal blow,
And Locrin king, was through.

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

Now ruler of all Britain,
She called for the German "queen; "
Estrildis fair with the golden hair
Now faced a judgement, mean.

"My life is forfeit, I accept,
My doom, queen, is at one,
But will you spare my daughter fair,
The sister to your son? "

John Bliven Morin

Gwendolen, Page 4 Of 4

"I will not spare your daughter,
Nor will I pity thee;
You shall be bound, and then be drowned
In the river there you see."

Gwendolen was a princess born
Dumnonian daughter of steel
With a sword to harm and a shield on her arm
And a wolf-hound at her heel.

The armies of the king and queen
Put all their arms away;
United again, the British men,
Did her their homage pay.

The queen she lived for many a year,
And a good queen she became;
In bardic song her fame lives on,
Remembered is her name.

And Mathan, her son, became a king,
High King of the Britons, he,
Who wed, in time, and sired the line
Of British royalty.

John Bliven Morin

Hallmark Cards You'LI Never See

Sorry you went bankrupt
'Cause your partner stole your money,
And that your wife went with him,
Because she was his honey;
That now they're taking you to jail
For taxes yet unpaid;
Cheer up! At least in prison
You're certain to get laid!

- - - - -

So the doctors told you you'd get well,
You know how doctors lie;
They told us to check out your will
Cause you are gonna die!

- - - - -

I know you want grandchildren,
But you'll never see them play;
Your daughter is a lesbian;
And your only son is gay.

- - - - -

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

Halloween Story, Page 1 Of 2

The newlyweds,
In rented car,
Through Transylvania,
Had journeyed far,

When far from hamlet,
Town or post,
Their rented car
Gave up the ghost.

The sky grew darker;
A distant drumming
Of thunder told them
A storm was coming.

And sure enough,
It started raining;
The fearful bride
Began complaining.

"Oh look, " she cried,
"I see a light
Just up that hill;
A welcome sight! "

And it wouldn't do,
But he had to carry her,
Up the road
And through the barrier.

The night grew darker;
The rain got rainier;
Somewhere a maniac
Got more insanier.

The couple knocked
On the castle door,
And were greeted by
The hunched Igor:

"I see yer alone,
And no-one's protectin' ya;
Come right on in.
The Master's expectin' ya."

So in they stepped,
Like innocent lambs,
And behind them
The great oak portal slams.

John Bliven Morin

Halloween Story, Page 2 Of 2

When, lit by a lightning
flash, descended
A figure of evil
And loathing, blended.

His figure was tall,
His eyes were lasers;
His face was menacing,
His teeth were razors.

He was malicious,
And Igor was eager;
With Ginsu knives
And a kitchen cleaver.

With nowhere to run
And nowhere to hide,
They slowly advanced
On the groom and bride.

Through scarlet windows,
The lightning flashed;
The cowards cowered,
The slashers slashed;

The screamers screamed,
The bleeders bled;
The bodies fell,
Till all were dead.

And just before
The break of dawn,
Turning TV off,
I gave a yawn:

"The special effects
Weren't bad, " I said,
"For such a loser."
And went to bed.

John Bliven Morin

Hawai'I In Winter

Looking up from
The warm sands
Of the beach

In February,

Toward the tops
Of Mauna Loa
And Mauna Kea,

I can see snow!

John Bliven Morin

Hina (Hawai'Ian Moon Goddess)

The forest doves are quiet now;
Far down the hill, a dog barks in the darkness,
And the long dark forms of mountain-pigs
Pass through the tall Ti plants in the stillness.

She sings to me a siren's song
Far older than these wooded hills.
I step outside the isolation of my tent;
Enveloped in her translucent arms,
My senses are unbound.

The sun is harsh and hot, O Hina,
But you are peace.

John Bliven Morin

Horticulture

Took an escort girl to the opera
Her manners were like a vulture
Don't take a lady to a girly show
Nor take a horticulture.

John Bliven Morin

Hotel Street

Sailor friends
A girl in bed
Offering both to satisfy
One likes ends
The other, head
And she agrees to try

A few sucks
A little tongue
A shudder here, sigh there apace
A few bucks
A sore bung
A little s-n on her face.

John Bliven Morin

Howskeeping

Do you ever pick yore nose
Whilst yore ironin' the clothes?
Do the boogers hit the iron?
Do they fall betwixt yore toes?

Do they sizzle on the back?
Do they dance an' then turn black?
Do they send up little smokelets
That smell like Granny's crack?

Do you ever have to sneeze
Whilst yore makin' mac 'n cheese?
Does yore snot go in the pot
Or drip harmless on yore knees?

Does yore family ever care
If they find a pubic hair
In the biscuits that you baked
In yore winter underwear?

Do you make a fancy roll
In yore belly button hole?
Do you form a row of donuts
On yore sleepin' uncle's pole?

Did you get some baby poop
In the pot of green pea soup?
You ortn't change them diapers
Whilst yore cookin' fer the troop.

You can be a purfeck wife,
Live a long and happy life,
If you never tell yore secrets,
If you never tell yore strife.

If they never ketch you pickin',
If they never ketch you stickin',
Or coughin' way to often
Whilst yore cookin' in the kitchen.

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John Bliven Morin

I Heard The Shadows Whisper

"I heard the shadows whisper, Mum,
I think I heard them call."
"T'was just the night wind in the trees
And nothing more, that's all;
Go back to bed; I'll tuck you in,
You needn't have a care.
You're my brave Billy-boy, aren't you?
See? Here's your Teddy Bear."

"I heard the shadows whispering,
I heard them call my name! "
"Back so soon? I tucked you in
And now you're back again.
Please go to bed at once, young man!
Ah, you are such a bother;
Afraid of every thing that moves,
Just like your sorry father! "

"I heard the shadows whisper more,
They've come to take me `way
To Fairyland, they said quite clear! "
"That's quite enough, I say,
I'll show you who's to fear, you mouse!
Take that and that and that! "
"Ow, mother, please, I'll go to bed! "
"Then go, you little brat! "

The mother called the Constables,
When her child she couldn't find;
"We'll find `im, Madam, to be sure,
We knows that runaway kind."
But twenty years have quickly passed
Since Billy went away
And not a soul on earth has seen
Him to this very day.

John Bliven Morin

I Thought That I Was Through With Love

I thought that I was through with love - all through -
When old age at long last caught up with me;
That was before, dear, before I met you.

My weaknesses, which only yesterday were few,
I feel in every bone and junctury;
I thought that I was through with love - all through.

My physical strength - my pride- I knew
Had flown away, with any comely;
That was before, dear, before I met you.

Who'd be attracted to an old man, who,
With whitened locks and furrowed face to see?
I thought that I was through with love - all through.

I believed that all remaining hopes flew
Whatever fleeting years were left to me;
That was before, dear, before I met you.

I thought I could no longer seek to woo,
That love was an impossibility;
I thought that I was through with love - all through -
That was before, dear, before I met you.

John Bliven Morin

If

If there are fireflies,
There must be fairies,
And if there are fairies,
There must be a forever.

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John Bliven Morin

If God Should Take

If God should take you first,
For reasons beyond my ken,
I'd be missing half my heart
And soul and be alone again.

I'd know that you'll be waiting,
Somewhere across the sea,
For the ship that will be carrying
My love and soul to thee.

If God should take me first,
Though you can't understand,
I'd want you to find the courage
To live life while yet you can.

And know that I'll be waiting
To see your ship's white mast,
Approaching from far out at sea,
And we are one at last.

John Bliven Morin

In Faerie Glade

Sun sinks quickly -
Red-yellow fellow -
Twilight spreads shade
Like a blanket,
Dotted and mottled,
In Faerie Glade.

Faeries on butterflies
Utter cries, flutter by,
On summer breeze,
Among the blossoms,
So easily, teasingly,
Of apple trees.

Pixies on fireflies,
Dashing and flashing,
On summer air;
Like flickering stars,
Wee lights in flight,
Everywhere.

Gnomes on frog-steeds,
Giddily on water-lillies,
Race here and yond;
Dashing and splashing
Madly, pad to pad,
Across the pond.

Moon goddess sends
Gentle beams, dreams,
While magick ones play;
Mortals sleep deeply, unaware,
Night features creatures
Immortal and fey.

Elven horns sounding,
Blowing, night's going;
All creatures bade,
Time to go home!

Hide where you abide,
In Faerie Glade!

John Bliven Morin

In Memorium: The World Trade Center

See there! Two bold beams of light
Cut brightly through the city's night,
Where two great towers stood in grace;

That we should honor and remember
Those who perished that September,
And were lifted up and looked upon God's face.

John Bliven Morin

Inflatable

Now I lay me down to sleep
With my plastic, air-filled sheep;
If I should die before I wake,
Hide my sheep for goodness sake!

John Bliven Morin

Ipse Requie

I'd like to die in September,
For die I eventually must,
When Connecticut's leaves, I remember,
Are beginning to turn into rust;
And Coronado's barrier island
Has battled her hurricanes all,
And our home was safe on the high land;
Yes, I'd like to go in the fall.
When the pecans are coming in season
By Chattahoochee's shore,
And these Islands, for God's love and reason,
Where the wind and the surf can both roar.
It's the month of my birth and my mother's,
It's the time I would joyfully go;
I can leave this old world to you others,
Free of pain, free of care, free of woe.
So, Dear God, if you're list'ning in Heaven,
One last blessing I ask of You now;
I thank You for all You have given,
And for all that I've left to endow.
Please let me die in September,
With blessings to all that I love,
And when this old body's an ember,
Let my soul be in Heaven above.

John Bliven Morin

It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like Grinchmas

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas,
Everywhere I go;
I love to spend my day kicking the poor away,
And salting every lawn to melt the snow.

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas;
The only bells I hear:
Cash registers ringing well; family budgets shot to hell,
And debts are piling up to pay next year.

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas;
On thin ice skaters skate;
Mama is so depressed, for at 40 who woulda guessed,
She just found out she's having Number 8.

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas,
With coughs, no one can sing;
Papa he looks surprised to learn that he's been downsized,
And can't afford to buy a single thing.

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas;
Bums peeing in the snow;
There's lots of drugs and booze for troubled kids to use;
Drop boiling wax on carolers below.

It's beginning to look a lot like Grinchmas;
Depression, gloom and pall;
But wait, what's that I hear? Is it those damned reindeer?
Oh crap, it isn't Grinchmas after all!

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John Bliven Morin

Kindness

A pair of snails were slowly moving
Down a grass stalk Christmas Day,
As they descended to the end,
They passed a lone slug on his way.

"Here, take this, " the first snail said,
Giving the slug a piece of thyme.
"O thanks, kind bugs, " replied the slug,
And hurried along his trail of slime.

"Why did you do that? " the other asked.
Her mate replied, "It won't be missed;
"It's Christmas, Nell, and he'd no shell;
"I pity the homeless in times like this."

John Bliven Morin

La Cortedad, Page 1 Of 2

Out in the ocean,
Far away,
A bit of breeze
Began to sway;
Just a little
Swirl of air;
A passing ship
Was unaware.
But then the swirl
Increased in speed,
And gathered winds,
And spun indeed;
The air was cool,
The sea was warm;
The swirl became
A tropic storm.
Its speed increased,
It gathered rain;
The swirl became
A hurricane.

The fishing boats
Returned to port,
Earlier than
The usual sort;
That afternoon,
Half empty, sad,
To the barrier isle of
La Cortedad.
"The sky was strange, "
An old man said,
"A deathly hue,
Not sunset red."
So families gathered
From sea and field,
And stoked their fires
For the evening meal;
The children knelt
Beside their beds

And said their prayers
With lowered heads,
While parents watched
From near the door,
And echoed prayers
They'd said before.
And then at last,
Each girl and lad
Found sleep in
Small La Cortedad.

John Bliven Morin

La Cortedad, Page 2 Of 2

Next day, the Mainland
people found
Great destruction
All around!
The storm had struck
So violently,
Leveling homes
And tearing trees,
Yet worse it would
Have been, so bad,
Without the Isle
Of La Cortedad.
And looking thankfully
Toward the Isle,
A look of fear
Replaced their smile,
For where La Cortedad
Should be,
They only saw
The rolling sea.

For several days
The bodies came;
Some, no living man
Could name.
Most found a single,
Common grave,
The Mainlanders
With pity gave.
And a stone they raised
With words so sad:
"Here lies the village
Of La Cortedad"

John Bliven Morin

Last Words

Here I lie in a paper gown
To heaven I am going
But I'm ashamed to rise up, Lord,
Because my arse is showing.

John Bliven Morin

Little Grace

Want to know where little Grace is,
when her chores are well and good?
Seeking out the fairy places
in the ancient, nearby wood.

Away from all familiar faces,
Father's, Mother's, Sister Mary's,
little Grace has special spaces
where she hears the songs of fairies.

Where the brook so swiftly races,
near the spreading fairy ring,
donned in taffeta and laces,
Grace can hear the fairies sing.

A song of ancient times embraces,
little Grace's heart, imbued;
when at last she homeward paces
with her little soul renewed.

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John Bliven Morin

Love Song Of Ambrosius Merlin

Come, inquisitive one, with me,
To my forbidding tower,
With all your whispered questions,
And youth yet in flower.

O, do not fear me, sweet one,
For I am but a man;
For all my magick powers,
Do not fear me, Niniane.

You wish to learn my secrets
And all my hidden lore;
To read my books and dusty scrolls,
That magis wrote before,

And in exchange you offer love,
Which I have never known;
Your tender kiss, your gentle touch,
And that soft moan.

And should you take my power
And leave me powerless
Still I give it willingly
For your caress.

John Bliven Morin

Love Sucks!

Cupid is not such an innocent fellow,
That to me, at last, is plain.
Love can get awfully complicated,
I've only recently learned;
When Bob loves Sue and Sue loves Bill
And Bill loves Jane,
Nothing is resolved, all are frustrated,
And everyone gets burned.

An unresolvable, unending carousel,
Spinning until all are tired;
And what makes me feel stupid
And probably the maddest,
Of all the useful knowledge that
I've recently acquired,
Is that cute, chubby, cuddly, little Cupid
Is a bleeding psychopathic sadist!

John Bliven Morin

Luv

You kin be my kitchen queen
An I kin be yor bedroom king
I know you kin cook good
Near bout jest anythang
Frum colards to fatback
An near bout ever nite
Wen I cum home frum work
Wen you put out the lite
I will pump you full of love
Until I heer you holler
An than I will do it agin
So good you will giv me a doller.

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John Bliven Morin

Mad Cow Lyric, Page 1 Of 2

Farmer: "Is this `ere the mad cow disease payin' place? "

Clerk: "Come in, please, sit down, and tell me your case."

Farmer: "I believes me old Nelly,
Like them cows on the telly,
Has got that there `mad cow' disease.
If it's symptoms you wants,
Well I'm happy to grant
Your request with whatever you please."

"It started last Monday,
For that is the one day
When I goes to milk `er, you see,
When she turns oh so quick
An just misses me wick -
I suspect she was tryin' to milk me! "

Clerk: "That's quite shocking, dear fellow, I hasten to say! "

Farmer: "And then's when I gets up an dashes away..."

Clerk: "And so you think, now,
That you've got a mad cow,
With true symptoms of bovine disease?
Is she merely unruly,
Or just crackers, truly,
Oh, can you elaborate, please? "

Farmer: "Well, I must say `er dancing is most entertaining."

Clerk: "Dancing? Now that will need some more explaining! "

Farmer: "She stands up an' prances,
Around the yard dances,
In ballet form all `round the ring,
With leaps and pirouettes
Just like dancing coquettes,
And that's when she starts in to sing."

Clerk: "Sing? My dear man, now surely you jest, sir.."

Farmer: "To Gracie Fields, me Nell's second best, sir! "

John Bliven Morin

Mad Cow Lyric, Page 2 Of 2

"She sings blues and ballads,
While tossing tossed salads,
And then does an ar'yer or two
From Ah-eeder or Carmen -
'Er voice is quite charmin' -
But now I don't know what to do."

"I've `eard that this nation
Will pay compensation
For any mad cows what should die;
Well, this mad cow, I got `er
An' tied `er an shot `er
And now I should like to apply."

Clerk: "You shot this amazing cow? That's no surprise."

Farmer: "Not to boast, but I got `er betwixt of the eyes! "

Clerk: "You expect us to pay
For this creature you slayed
Without any medical sage?
Her actions, though strange,
Were beyond mad cow range;
She'd have made you a fortune on stage!

"Get out of this office, you idiot, you! "

Farmer: "Wait! Maybe my wife 'as got mad cow too? "

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John Bliven Morin

Married To The Mob

Rah rah rah-rah-rah
Sis married a big goombah
She's got diamonds, she's got pearls
He's got her and other girls!

If she bitches and complains
He can give her lots of pains
She can't leave him, once he cracked
'Broads who leave me can get wacked.'

But she was smarter, ba-da-bing!
She left and he can't do a thing
Chickie played him like a con
Now she's sleepin with the Don!

John Bliven Morin

Mary

Mary only ate fried food,
Thought that bacon grease was good;
While gobbling greasy burgers, fried,
She had a heart attack and died;
At her funeral, 'Rest in peace,
Hail Mary full of grease.'

John Bliven Morin

Masks

Five masks I wear each day:
The jester's face when I am sad,
The warrior's when I am fearful,
The scholar's when I am ignorant,
The clergyman's when doubtful,
And that which you see today;
Which hides all the others.

John Bliven Morin

Masochistic Foods, Sadistic Cook

CREAM: 'Whip me! Whip me! '

CHEESE: 'Slice me! Slice me! '

EGG: 'Beat me! Beat me! '

CARROT: 'Dice me! Dice me! '

BREAD: 'Pound me! Pound me! '

PEPPER: 'Shake me! Shake me! '

NOODLE: 'Boil me! Boil me! '

CELERY: 'Break me! Break me! '

COOK: 'No.'

John Bliven Morin

Matzoh Bread (To The Tune Of 'shortnin' Bread')

Clean up the kitchen!
Toss the hametz!
Get the Seder dishes
Or Mama frets!
She's cleaning the oven,
She's scouring the stove,
Looking for the table cloth
Her Grandma wove.

Mama's gonna make
Our Seder, Seder,
Mama's gonna make
Our Pesach food!

Haroseth's the mortar
For Pharaoh and his peers;
Dip parsley in salt water
For the poor slaves' tears;
The sacrificial lamb,
We have the leg bone,
Bitter herbs for bad times,
The egg stands alone.

Mama's gonna make
Some matzohs, matzohs,
Mama's gonna make
Some matzoh bread!

Matzoh's under cover,
Plate's on the table,
The afkomen's hidden,
Find it if you're able!
I'm asking tonight,
'Cause I'm a fifth grader,
The traditional questions
For our thankful Seder.

Mama's gonna make
Some matzohs, matzohs,

Mama's gonna make
Some matzoh bread!

John Bliven Morin

McNasty's Greasy Spoon Restaurant

Please do yourself a healthy boone;
Avoid McNasty's Greasy Spoon!
Enter with care for the approach is
Covered with garbage, ants and roaches!

He tenderizes each cut of meat
By stomping on it with filthy feet,
Then calls his cook, Ol' Dirty Davey,
Who chews tobacco to make the gravy!

The "sesame seeds" baked on his bread
Are fleas from a dog that he found dead.
He also uses fleas for pepper
(An idea from his cook, a leper) .

See how your spaghetti squirms!
(It's only talcum stuck to worms)
The meatballs, no surprise, taste bitter
He found them in some kitty litter.

What's on that pizza isn't cheese
It got there from McNasty's sneeze.
Those aren't all oysters in the stew,
McNasty's cook coughed up a few.

Mrs. McNasty's able to fetch up
Once a month, her special ketchup.
When patrons barf, he just laughs louder:
"Scoop that up, tomorrow's chowder! "

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

Monsters

"You're drunk again, George."

"That's my own affair."

"You'll wake up the kid."

"I don't friggin' care."

"Supper's cold because

You was so damn late."

"Cold as you? Well toss it,

I already ate."

"You fat pig, I know

You been with that tart."

"Shut up, Peg, you rag,

Don't give me a start."

The yelling, the screaming,
The sound of things breaking
Alone in the bed lies
A little child, shaking.
The scary things which
Are under the bed
Which every child fears,
Or so it is said,
Like ogres and giants
And fearsome bug-bears,
Don't seem half as bad as
The monsters downstairs.

John Bliven Morin

Musings On A Ruined House Near Old Mystic

Along a long-forgotten deep-rutted road
Long-lined with courtly maples, clothed
In a Joseph's Coat of Autumn leaves,
By the rambling shambles of a gray stone wall
I found a crumbling cabin-shell, a half-house,
Left standing empty and abandoned.

Through a warm window by an honest wall
The mottled shadows kitten-played upon the floor.

Here a stern New England father sat,
Bible-thumping of Sin and dire Perdition
And thanked his God for back-breaking toil;
Here a farm-wife stood, work-worn and weary
With chores and children living and early-dead.

Through this shattered door once passed sons
To ship and sea and never seen again;
Here a comely daughter sat, destined to die in distant lands,
Dreaming of her shy, solemn seminary lad.

A nearby field revealed the graves of all the rest,
While taller than those stones, the last remaining walls
And stark chimney stand, a silent epitaph for them all.

John Bliven Morin

Mystic Bridge

I know a bridge, a mystic bridge,
That crossed a mystic stream,
And mystic swans beneath do swim,
As in a mystic dream.

A child, I stood upon that bridge
For hours until I'd
Watched the mystic water flow
Beneath me, with the tide,

O see? A row of cygnets swim,
Bravely keeping pace
With two great snow white parents,
As 'gainst the tide they race.

And many years had passed before
I stood there as a man,
And Lo! The mystic swans still swim
Beneath that mystic span!

John Bliven Morin

Night In The Everglades (Part 1 Of 2)

It's twilight in the 'glades;
The cry of a lone coot
echoes among the cypress
like a lost soul.

The bellow of a bull 'gator
is answered from some
shadowed islet shore,
a ghost of the Triassic.

Night creeps 'cross the sawgrass,
choking the last vestiges of the day;
a mist envelops land and water
like a cool cloud.

A hoot-owl cries out in the distance,
searching for her mate, for
it's now time to go hunting -
and the mice tremble.

Ripples spread across the surface,
but whether fish or other, the answer
hides beneath dark waters,
barely discernible.

All about the air, the 'skeeters
gather in clouds with mites,
swooping and rising, seeking
their sanguinary feast.

John Bliven Morin

Night In The Everglades (Part 2 Of 2)

At last a faint glimmer of light
begins to outline the live oaks
with their long gray beards,
the cypress knees and

the palmettos and sabals;
the egrets take to flight,
cranes wade through the swamp
seeking fish hidden below.

The nocturnals retire,
it is dawn; the rising sun
bakes away the mists of night
Across the vast 'glades.

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John Bliven Morin

Not A Fish Story

A very intelligent dolphin,
To prove that he wasn't just allphin,
Graduated cum laude
From med school at 40,
Now spends all its weekdays out golphin.

John Bliven Morin

Ode To Pizza

Sausage and onions,
And deep mozzarella,
Ground beef and mushrooms
Make life vita bella;
Pizza sauce, hot cheese
That comes off in strings,
These are among my favorite things!

John Bliven Morin

Ode To The Privy

The outhouse, the backhouse, the privy, the john,
Whatever you call it, we all sat upon;
With spiders above and flies down below,
That's where you went when you had to go;
Rain, snow or night, it mattered no bit,
You had no choice when you had to s-t!

John Bliven Morin

Old Songs

When I was just a little boy,
I heard my mother sing,
While cleaning, cooking, keeping house;
O how her voice would ring!

Her voice was unprofessional,
But to her little boy,
It sounded like an angel's song,
Because she sang for joy.

She sang the songs of years ago,
The nineteenth century,
But to her small, enraptured child,
They all seemed new to me.

The years flow by so very swift,
And I became a man;
I raised a family of my own,
And still my mother sang.

But then one day an illness came,
My mother's mind to steal;
I brought her home with me to stay,
And hopefully, to heal.

Alas, there was no medicine
In all the doctors' lore,
And at last there came a day
My mother sang no more.

But when her fears would take her,
And I could see her pain,
I'd sing to her those old, old songs,
And she would smile again.

The years flow by so very swift;
A year is like a day;
How many years have passed me since
My mother passed away?

Now I am old and gray myself,
I'm bent as an old spring,
And while I clean and while I cook,
My neighbors hear me sing.

I sing the songs of long ago,
My mother's songs, with ease,
Because they fill my heart with warmth
And treasured memories.

John Bliven Morin

On The Monet

Monet liked to paint with dots
To blend his colors, lots and lots.
I wonder, when I think of Monet,
Did he ever have a honet?

John Bliven Morin

Oops!

I do wish you would think, dear,
What you dropp in the commode;
I'll be weeing in the sink, dear,
'Cause the loo has overflowed!

John Bliven Morin

Orestes

O weep for the fate of proud Orestes,
Born with a pair of ten-pound testes;
Who tried to scale Troy's immense walls,
But fell from the weight of those cursed b-ls,
And yet, the ground he never hit,
Snagged on the point of a parapet;
Cruel Trojans cared not one iotum
For the poor man hanging by his scrotum;
In fact, they struck him quite a lotta;
Orestes was the first piñata.

John Bliven Morin

Ozzy Man Days (Apologies To Ozzy And Shelley)

I met a traveller at Antique Land
Who said: `I have two legless trunks at home
Standing in the corner. On them, on the band
Of metal that strengthens their walls of foam,
A worn and dog-eared publicity photo and
Autograph of an entertainer there I read,
Who yet survives on TV with gaudy rings
And a voice that mocks and a belly well fed.
And on the brazen latch these words appear-
"My name Is Ozzy Osbourne of Aston. Things
Look upon my work in nighties, and don't care! "
Nothing inside remains, look as ye may
Among the carcasses of headless bats in there,
Bottles, needles, and straws lay in stark array.

John Bliven Morin

Pacific Plate

Hawai is moving toward Japan;
Four inches a year is as fast as it can.
Not to worry! No need to crack;
It's just to get sushi and then come back!

John Bliven Morin

Pemmican

A trader was asked by an Indian Chief,
'Have you ever tried gnawing on pemmican? '
'Just wait, ' he replied, 'while a get my false teeth;
It's tough but I think that with them I can! '

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

Pepper

A pair of tiny orphans
in the den their mother made,
in the forest by the lake,
in the tall grass, in the shade.

I brought food and water
to the tiny kits each day.
but they wouldn't show their faces
till I was on my way.

In time they learned to trust me
to timidly play games
one black-furred, one white
Salt and Pepper were their names.

Like his mum, little Salt
was killed by a passing car
Pepper and I became quite close
A year longer shone her star

When she would see me coming
Pepper would run so fast
right up my body to my neck
and there to rest at last.

Her legs down the front of me
Her body toward the rear
her little nose pressed snugly in,
purring happily in my ear.

I could walk about the forest
wearing her like a stole,
and she was quite content to ride
In fact, it seemed her goal.

One day Pepper never came,
Nor ever after that;
The lives of forest souls are short;
I miss that loving cat.

John Bliven Morin

Pet Lover's Prayer

Dear Lord,

Thank you for this loving creature.

Help me to keep it always clean and healthy.

Keep me from changing it's appearance for no good reason.

Keep me from cutting its hair or its tail, although I may trim its nails.

Let me not have it 'fixed' without at least a tinge of guilt.

Let me never dress it up in bizarre clothing in imitation of mine.

May I never forget that it is an animal, one of Your creations,

To be treated with love and kindness and respect.

Amen

John Bliven Morin

Petty

Petty lies, petty crimes
Petty murders for our times
Petty leaders, petty whores,
Petty reasons, petty wars
Petty causes, petty nation
Petty world's annihilation
Unaware that we are petty
Thermonuclear confetti

John Bliven Morin

Philosophical Question

If power corrupts,
and absolute power
corrupts absolutely,
Then if a totally evil
Man comes to power
And is corrupted
Absolutely, will he
Become a saint?

John Bliven Morin

Philosophy

Life is short, Break the rules;
Leave stuffiness to the fools;
Forgive quickly, Kiss slowly,
Respect God and all that's holy,
Love truly, Laugh uncontrollably,
Weep short, not inconsolably,
And never regret anything
That made you smile or laugh or sing!

John Bliven Morin

Philosophy Ii

Optimists think life
Is chicken soup;
To pessimists,
It's chicken poop.

The realist is one
Who realizes
Life's full of good
And bad surprises.

The important thing
(you can embrace it)
Ain't what life throws,
But how you face it!

2003

John Bliven Morin

Pua'A Ali'I

Above the vale of Paumalu
An ancient road-bed lies;
On horseback, hunters once passed through
Wauke tall as skies.

Gone are the hunters from the path,
Now overgrown so thickly there,
That one can only find his way
Through all the underbrush with care.

Down from the higher hills at dusk,
(I sit unmoving, still as stone)
The Pig-Clan come to claim this vale
As part of their nocturnal home.

Circling, the proud, protecting boar,
Pua'a Ali'i, scents a Man,
Yet knows somehow that I'm a friend,
And no threat to his clan.

He calls, and cautiously they come
To see this curiosity;
Warily and fearful, first,
Then close, as if inspecting me.

Satisfied, they move at last
To a muddy spring among the trees,
Made many generations past
By the ancestors of these.

And then an ancient ritual starts,
Their speech proclaims delight,
As sensuous squeel and throaty grunt
Sound boldly in the night.

And when this porcine rite concludes,
Pua'a Ali'i calls them all;
Obediantly they come to him,
His people large and small.

And winding down the dark'ning vale,
They pass from out of sight.
Smiling, I pick up my pack
And slip into the night.

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John Bliven Morin

Purposes

The purpose of love is to share;
The purpose of friendship, to care;
The purpose of breath is to breathe;
The purpose of mind, to perceive;
The purpose of gift is to give;
The purpose of life is to live.

John Bliven Morin

Purty Ribbons

Purty ribbons,
Colored ribbons,
Lots of ribbons,
In yore hair;

Make you walk
Kind er funny,
When you wear them
Way down there.

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writing as Hardin Post

John Bliven Morin

Question

Critters great and critters small,
God he loves them one and all!
But I have often wondered why
He loves that skeeter and that fly;
Then I recalled He loves tapeworms,
Bacteria and other germs,
Rats and vermin too, anon,
I wonder just who's side He's on!

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John Bliven Morin

Quotations From Blithian's Daily Data, Page 1 Of 4

"Henry Ford was hotsy-totsy
For Hitler and his party, Nazi;
'Lucky Lindy' also, later,
But we can forgive an aviator."

Bartram Gonery

"What Santa did on Christmas Eve
Befana, that nice old hag,
In Italy, did the selfsame night;
Is she Santa Claus in drag? "

Esau Beavers

"Little Woody Wilson
Had a secret zeal:
For a United World
With him at the wheel."

Horace Manifold

"All hail Jean-Pierre Blanchard,
Who showed his balloon in a Philly yard;
With his little black dog, did Jean Pierre
Leave the ground to a mile in the air.
'Twas nearly an hour before they grounded,
And that's how the Mile High Club was founded."

Eliphalet Bung

'The War to End All Wars, 'twas called.
'No more, ' cried Kaiser Willy;
'No more, ' cried all of Europe, too.
Now doesn't that seem silly? '

Forbischer Krank

John Bliven Morin

Quotations From Blithian's Daily Data, Page 2 Of 4

"January fifteenth of any year
No catastrophe occurred
No hurricane nor falling plane
Nor explosion could be heard
Nor deadly fire, nor bloody war
In other words, it was a bore."

Japheth Ghast

'Oh, nothing could be finer
Than to be a minor miner
In the gold rush;
To dream of nuggets gleaming,
And gold dust to the ceiling,
It's a bold rush!

Now if you want to join me,
Come as fast as you can;
Get on that wagon train
And don't forget your gold pan.

Oh, nothing could be finer
Than to be a rookie miner
In the Gold Rush! '

Humboldt J. Twaddle

'Ah wants ter vote ma choice, ' sed Sam,
'How much dat poll tax be? '
'Whutevah yo gots, ' de pollcat sed
'An' mulsterplied by three.'

Joel Chandler Harrassed

'Och, wold the giftie
Gie me an han me

Gud sprech that ithers
Maud onderstand me! '

Robert Berns

John Bliven Morin

Quotations From Blithian's Daily Data, Page 3 Of 4

'Kiss a cobra
On the eye,
Miss and kiss
Your arse goodbye.'

Sri Husatbat Wotining

'A dirty little secret
That Royalists did hide:
The death of George the Fifth
Was a royal regicide.
That no embarrassment should
Shake Royal England's pride,
They long kept it a secret:
King George's regicide.'

Richard Horswhelp,
Lord Battersea

'Most folks believe that it was Spain
Who started the war and blew up the Maine,
But there are some who suspect the worst:
That the Maine was sunk by William Hearst.'

Porfius Pettigrew

'Geronimo! ' cried the airborne troops,
But sadly one chute hung onto
The tail of the plane 'cause a guy forgot
Geronimo and just yelled 'Tonto! '

Huward Flenn

'When Shiva danced the Tandev,
The earth became unscrewed;

If only he'd danced a gentle waltz,
Or even bugalooed.'

Ananda Wankipur

John Bliven Morin

Quotations From Blithian's Daily Data, Page 4 Of 4

'Rommel was winning the desert campaign
But Der Fuehrer called him back;
Then the allies broke out of El Alamein,
And the Axis, they went crack.'

Maj. Luigi Cacciatore

'Salmon Rushdie would have been unknown,
But he became famous as a human ebola,
In fear for his life where'er he's flown;
There's no critic worse than the Ayatollah.'

Hutanin Pharsee

"Quadequina, Quadequina,
Could there be an Injun meaner;
Evil, utter?
With his guile and with his scorn,
Gave the pilgrims his popcorn
Without butter! "

Willowsby Prangue

John Bliven Morin

Rapunzel

The Princess Rapunzel lived high in a tower,
Where a wicked old witch had once placed her,
And day after day, from hour to hour,
Deep boredom and loneliness faced her.

The witch told Rapunzel, "Here ye shall stay
Until ye shall wed my child, Mitch"
"I'd rather a prisoner remain, anyway,
Than wed that wee son of a witch."

Locked up in a tower impossibly tall,
Rapunzel she wept to be free;
For though she had gowns and jewelry and all,
A sad, lonely princess was she.

She sat by her window and wished for a prince
To ride up on his white horse and save her,
While washing her beautiful hair with a rinse
Reminiscent of lemons in flavor.

And then one day, she saw a white horse,
With a handsome prince seated astride;
"Will you save me, " she asked, and he answered "Of course,
If you'll be my beautiful bride! "

He searched for a door as he rode round the keep,
But none did he find all around there;
He tried to climb up, but the sides were too steep,
And then a solution he found there.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair! "
"Wait, I'll be back in two jigs"
He smiled as he waited upon his horse, there,
And soon he was buried in wigs.

His horse, in fright, took off like a shot,
And took the prince back to his court;
Rapunzel remembered the haircut she got,
And regretted she cut it so short.

If this tale must a moral have, here then, bon chance,
"The princess was foiled by her vanities;
Instead of tossing the prince her bouffants,
She'd have better luck tossing her panities! "

John Bliven Morin

Realistic Fantasy, Page 1 Of 3

Maiglo the Magician
Was about to say
What happened
On some ancient day,

When from our lookout,
Halfling Tom,
There came a warning
Of alarm!

“To arms! To arms!
Grab sword and spear
To save your life!
The orcs are here! ”

We formed a circle,
With shields held high,
As arrows rained down
From out the sky.

Then came the orcs
With scimitars,
And banners with lidless
Eye and stars,

Charging our line
On every side,
Sweat shining on
Their leathery hide.

The Dwarven pair,
With axe and glee,
Were first to fell
The enemy.

A monster swung,
While I ducked low;
I heard the twang
Of an Elven bow.

My orc fell back
And faced the sky,
With a silver arrow
In his eye.

I lunged past,
And with my spear,
Caught his fellow
Through the ear.

John Bliven Morin

Realistic Fantasy, Page 2 Of 3

And everywhere
The clash and clang,
As swords on shields
And bucklers rang.

Now spearless,
I drew my magic sword
I found last year
In a dragon's hoard.

I broke their line,
Lept over the dead,
And charged great Kharsh,
Their leader, instead.

He didn't retreat,
And with his guile,
Gave me a wicked,
Mocking smile.

We crashed together,
Shield to shield;
I knew this orc
Would never yield.

He swung and missed;
I swung and struck;
He fell; I thanked
My gods and luck!

And when Kharsh fell,
The others fled
To where such creatures
Make their bed.

Our cleric, Nang,
Healed injuries
With magic, quickly
And with ease.

We rolled the enemy
Bodies cold,
And stripped the orcs
Of all their gold.

John Bliven Morin

Realistic Fantasy, Page 3 Of 3

We've all survived
Each dark disaster;
All praise to our
Kind Dungeon Master!

And so we lift
Our beer-filled flagons
To the game that's called
Dungeons and Dragons!

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John Bliven Morin

Reflections On Genetic Engineering

When they crossed an orange with a tangerine long ago,
They wisely called the resultant new fruit a "tangelo."

I am eagerly awaiting the crossing of an orange with a grapefruit,
For, since it would be ridiculous to call the result an "apefruit, "
Might they therefore be inclined to call the new fruit a "grorange, "
Which, besides giving us a new treat, would provide the English language at last
with a rhyme for "orange."

John Bliven Morin

Relativity

'Time slows down as
you near the speed of light, '
Said the turtle to the snail,
and they worried all the night...

John Bliven Morin

Reply

When loneliness overcomes me
And wearyness descends,
I ask, "How long the struggle,
Before this life will end? "

God whispers through the ticking
Of time's endless metronome,
"Patience, son; a little more
And I will bring you home."

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John Bliven Morin

Requiem For Democracy

Of all the awful ways we thought
America might die,
she went with just a whimper,
a shudder and a sigh.

John Bliven Morin

Requiem On Omaha Beach

I left your helmet on your rifle, Bill,
Stuck in the ground where you fell today;
We had to dig in further up the beach.
I didn't know how long you'd have to stay.
Sarge took one of your dog-tags to keep,
Since our lieutenant didn't make it,
an' left the other one jammed in your teeth
for the mortuary boys to find eventually.
I got your wallet, Bill, with all the letters
You was gonna send home
I'll send them soon's I can.
I was the runt in the family. You had all the muscles,
champion at every sport. I was the weak one;
We looked like the guys in the Charles Atlas ads.
I was the one always getting sand in my face.
Sand. You're getting sand in your face now.
What the hell happened? Why am I still here
And not you? Nothing makes sense anymore.
Goodbye, Bill, I gotta go. We're movin' out.

John Bliven Morin

Richard Jerome

My friend Richard visited me today
In a dream, as the dead are wont to do;
It was a great comfort to see him again,
For I've missed his letters since his death
Nearly a year ago - a year next month.

He was as young and happy as I remember him
When last we met, how long ago? Twenty years?
Could it be that long ago already? He was happy;
He's with his beloved Marie once more.

He missed her terribly these last years since
She preceded him to the other side, I know.
His words to me were loving and comforting,
For we were close childhood friends.

He was late getting to me, he said, because
He's been with his son and daughter and
His grandchildren, who he dearly loves.
I needed no apology; I understood.

When I woke up, I was weeping like a child,
With a mixture of sadness and loss and joy,
Because I knew it was his final farewell
Until God's angel shall take me too.

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John Bliven Morin

Riddle Answered

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were in a great hide sack;
'We're being carried, that is clear, '
Cried Tweedledum, aback.

'He carries us both night and day,
He swings us to and fro;
At night he lays us down to sleep,
But will not let us go.

Sometimes the bastard sits on us,
Ignoring us in vain;
Thought crushed, we can retaliate
And give him lots of pain.'

'I do believe I know his name, '
Twin Tweedledee began,
'I think we are his testicles,
I think his name is Man! '

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

Roots The Cat

Young Roots, he is a mariner cat,
A prideful Captain, he;
At the bow of the ship he sits with a smile
As his shipmates put to sea.

What wondrous lands will he view today?
What strange things will he find,
As he sails the oceans of the world
And leaves his home behind?

His ship is but a rowboat small,
Our family is his crew;
The sea is the lake beside our home,
But not in our Captain's view.

When he sees us starting for the boat,
He quickly jumps aboard,
And positions himself at the very bow;
Our laughter quite ignored.

For Roots, he is a mariner cat,
A prideful Captain, he;
At the bow of the ship he sits with a smile
As his shipmates put to sea!

John Bliven Morin

Sappho

The sea-spray nearly hides
Her small figure, a silhouette
Upon the moonlit sand;
The cresting, crashing tides
Muffle her cries of loss and despair
Along the lonely strand.

Skilled in music and the arts,
So many raised to womanhood
And then forever lost;
Mistress of their mistress's heart,
Bartered for long-forgotten kingdoms
Again she bears the cost.

With dignity and courage, she,
The marriage-feast attends;
Whose heart would hide,
Takes the lyre upon her knee,
With clear, calm voice can
Sing the praises of the bride.

Can even the tender heart
And warm tears for you
Shed by your dearest Cleis,
Ease the pain of parting,
The emptiness of loss?
Great Sappho, be at peace.

Three thousand years or ten
Cannot mute the Aeolian Muse;
Your voice still rings today,
Outlasting the palaces of men;
The brides live still in your songs
Whose kings are dust and clay.

John Bliven Morin

Scots

Beware of a Scot in his tartan,
When it flutters behind, he is fartin';
When it flutters in front,
He is ready to hunt
For a lass with an a-s he can dart in!

John Bliven Morin

Sekrit Of A Hapy Maridge

I heered about this feller tother day
who had a long maridge, an who
Never even had a argeemint in 40 years
With his lovin wife, Miz Billie Sue

So I ast him tother day how come
He had sich a good an dutiful wife
Wen so many folks like me air not
Havin sich a good married life

Wel, sir, Mr. Hardin Post, he sed to me,
Hit al starts at the start you no
Rite after we uns wus married
An frum al the relytivs had ter go

I tuk her over to my wagon with jest
One mule an hauled her up ter sit
Then I got up thar my own seff
An I told thet mule ter git.

Wel, wouldnt you know, that old mule
Jest stud thar thout nairy a sound
I coud see we aint goin ter move,
So I tuk out my ol 44 an got down

1! I yeled at thet lazy mule
2! I holered at him then 3! I sed
An when he didn't move I put my pistil
betwixt of his eyes an shot him ded

My new wife got all plumb upset at this
Begannd ter yell and cry an shed a tear
I jest clumb back up an set beside of her
1! I wispered in her ear.

Ever since then, shes ben a fine wife
Lovin an kind ter me an a gud mother
The best enny man coud want so in
40 years I never wantid no other.

Wel, thets whut this feller done tol me
Wuz the seckrit to a long an hapy maridge
Course I cudn't test whut he was atelin me
I got no mule, tho I does hev a caridge.

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writing as Hardin Post

John Bliven Morin

Simba

People call me "Simba"
Wherever I may go;
I'll keep my true name secret,
Names are sacred, don't you know.

I think they call me "Simba"
Because lions are my life;
I take pride in raising lions,
With her sisters and my wife.

The cubs are cute and cuddly,
And I watch them lovingly
Become strong and healthy lions,
In this game park, wild and free.

But even here, the poachers
Sometimes come to take the game,
And they're not adverse to lions,
When their rifles raise and aim.

Sometimes we do surprise them,
And we kill the bloody bunch;
My family tears them all apart,
And has them all for lunch.

We're not cannibals, in spite of that,
Not I, my wives and my 'uns;
We're just surviving in this world,
A lovely pride of lions!

John Bliven Morin

Sing Soft The Nightingale, Page 1 Of 2

On the evening breeze, a song,
O'er the meadow,
O'er the meadow;
Sing soft the nightingale,
"I am the bird of paradise,
I am the bird of birds."

Saith the green grass beneath the arbors,
"Oh, thou beauteous bird,
Thou wondrous bird,
Thou foolish bird,
For when comes the winter
Thou shalt have naught to eat."

But the nightingale moved on.

And soon again,
On the evening breeze, a song,
By the willow,
By the willow,
Sing soft the nightingale,
"I am the bird of paradise,
I am the bird of birds."

Saith the leaning willow by the stone wall,
"Oh, thou beauteous bird,
Thou wondrous bird,
Thou foolish bird,
For when comes the winter
Thou shalt have naught to eat."

But the nightingale heeded not.

On the evening breeze, a song,
By the brooklet,
By the brooklet,
Sing soft the nightingale,
"I am the bird of paradise,
I am the bird of birds."

Saith the rushing brooklet on its way,
"Oh, thou beauteous bird,
Thou wondrous bird,
Thou foolish bird,
For when comes the winter
Thou shalt find naught to eat."

But the nightingale flew away.

John Bliven Morin

Sing Soft The Nightingale, Page 2 Of 2

Last was heard the nightingale,
On the crisp, cold air, a song,
Through the blizzard,
Through the blizzard,
Sing low the nightingale,
"I am the bird of paradise,
I am the bird of birds."

Saith the creatures of the forest,
"Oh, thou beauteous bird,
Thou wondrous bird,
Thou foolish bird,
Came sure the winter
And thou found not food nor shelter."

But the nightingale lay dead upon the snow,
His song, a memory.

John Bliven Morin

Six Witches

One of Six witches sitting at tea:
'We're only half a coven, ' said she
'Where is Ada, Frieda and Fing?
Dancing yet in the toadstool ring?
Borgo, Krum and old Kriskeen
Mixing up spells for Halloween? '

Another spoke to complain and fuss:
They should be sitting here with us!
'I'm weary of waiting for them, you know,
Perhaps I'll order my meal 'to go.'
The salamander, I hear, is good
I often eat more of it than I should! '

A witch in the middle said 'I agree,
I've already had six cups of tea;
I'd like to have some toad-eye tarts,
But children have such tender hearts;
I can't decide, Brunheld, have you
Ever tasted the spider stew? '

'No, but It's quite good, I've heard,
With pureed bat and toadstool curd;
They've now perfected, for the taste,
A condiment made from toxic waste -
I think it's called just 'Scaly Scum; '
Perhaps I'll go and purchase some! '

Where are the rest, the ones so late?
To make us sit so long and wait
While smelling something in the oven,
To order we must have the coven;
Aren't they hungry? Can't they hear
Six starving witches complaining here? '

Ah, Brugma, now I think I spy
Six witches flying cross the sky!
Yes! It's them I'm sure, at last
They've come to join in our repast;

Six and six, and in between,
The devil making us thirteen!

John Bliven Morin

Soup Du Jour

Oh shed a tear for Peter Pender,
Whose goodwife ran him through a blender;
With clever seasonings, Peter's wife
Made better of him than in his life;
Of mushroom, celery soup, or wheat,
She much preferred her Cream of Pete.

She did indeed
Enjoy him dead;
His steaks, his hams,
His sandwich spread.
Her husband's ghost
Had this misgiving;
She never ate him
When he was living.

John Bliven Morin

Summer Carol

It's a long, long way to Christmas,
But I hear those Christmas bells;
There's no bird roasting in the oven,
Yet I smell those cooking smells.
There's no bright gifts
beneath a Christmas tree,
Yet those coloured lights
On green are what I see;
The company of friends,
The love of family;
Carollers singing
From a horse-and-cart;
It's a long, long way to Christmas,
But it's always in my heart.

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John Bliven Morin

Super Freak

Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Rings through her nipples and one through her nose;
Her head is shaved bald, her body's tattooed;
More rings in places thought sorta lewd;
Pegs it through her lips; lord-knows-what on her a-s,
Maybe I won't put my kids in her class!

John Bliven Morin

Thanks For The Witches

Thanks for the witches -
And all of them horny;
They kept me in stitches
With wicked witch porny.

Though I am disabled,
They don't care a whit;
We've done it on tables
And in chairs while we sit.

We've done it on beams,
And on the front stairs;
We've done it in teams,
We've done it in pairs.

We've done it while standing
And out on the lawn;
They're very demanding
From midnight till dawn.

But as the cock crows,
Just before the sun rises,
Each on her broom goes
As some other guy's prizes.

Though they were witches,
And ugly as acid
Those ugly old b--s
Have left me quite flaccid!

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

The Awakening Trilogy, Page 1 Of 4

I - Buried Alive

I am living, hearing, yet
Do I breathe? Does my
Heart beat in my chest?
Aye, louder does it get;
If I but ope' my eyes,
Will'st find this all a jest?
Where am I? This night,
So perpetually dark
And so utterly black;
Not a hint of light
To define, to mark
Horizons, distances I lack;
I would move, but for fear
My fingers might find,
Rather than nothingness,
My confines are quite near,
And I should lose my mind
If rightly I do guess;
If I can but recall
Events that led to this -
We went to dine -
The Masqued Ball -
There was Luticia's kiss,
Her proffered wine;
Luticia poison me?
I can't believe
One indiscretion
Could bring such fury
That she'd decieve
At my confession;
My lady of silken locks,
Is't possible that you,
In anger could contrive -
I reach - I'm in a box -
O God, it's true,
She's buried me alive!

The Awakening Trilogy, Page 2 Of 4

II - Grave Robbers

"I `ates this job, Royce,
Cemet'ries at night,
I've more `n a bit o' fear."

"Don't make s'much noise,
An' keep steady the light;
I'm doin' the work `ere.
See? This un's new,
Just planted yesterday;
That's what they wants."

"Bloody `ell! My shoe!
Watch yer tossin', `ey?
Yer got dirt on me pants."

"Shut yer bloody face, Bill,
Or I'll slap yer with this spade!
Steady that light, you liz!
Won't take long, this will,
- Can't dig in the shade -
Ground is soft as sand, it is.
'Ear that sound? That's wood
I struck, Bill, or I'm deaf!
More light to clear the last;
Oh, this un's got t' be good,
Not like the last un we left,
What the rats got to so fast.
Gor blimey! What's this, Bill?
This lid be moving, pushing me!
'E's bloody alive, mate, pull
Me out o' this `ere `ole, will
Ye lad? Aye, pull me free -
Don't jest stand like a fool! "

"I see a light! I see men!
The night sky - a blessed star!
Saved, I know not how or why

But I breathe fresh air again!
Bless you, whoever you are,
I thought I was sure to die!
Thank God you've come to aid,
To save me from this awful fate;
Buried alive was my plight! "

"Royce! Why raise yer spade? "

John Bliven Morin

The Awakening Trilogy, Page 3 Of 4

"We're downright sorry, mate,
This ain't yer bloody night! "

"Yer killed him, Royce;
Yer done `im in that way,
Smashin' `im in `is `ead! "

"Bill, I `ad no choice
Them doctors don't pay
Fer live `uns, only dead."

III - Medical School

I'm in the dark again;
Some horror occurred
I cannot quite recall.

My head throbs with pain,
I cannot speak a word,
I cannot move at all,
I cannot blink my eye,
Yet still I can feel!
I cannot then, be dead;
I feel whereupon I lie,
Like coldest steel
This hard, hard bed.
A sudden flood of light!
I cannot close my eyes!
Voices all around me -
People! Help my plight!
They cannot hear my cries,
Even though they've found me;
The voice lectures, asserts,
Then something cold and sharp
Across my chest and belly moves;
Ah, stop! It hurts!
It's cutting, tearing me apart;
I live! How can I prove
This when I cannot rise?

In God's name, desist!
Ahhhh! They cannot hear
My soundless cries,
My pulse too weak upon my wrist;
See my eye! I shed a tear!
Ahhh! God the pain!
They're opening my chest
While I still live!

John Bliven Morin

The Awakening Trilogy, Page 4 Of 4

How long must I remain
Conscious, yet divest
Of movement to give
A sign to make them stop?
The merest twitch, a blink,
Is quite beyond my grasp.
Ahhh! I hear my viscera flop
Wetly in the nearby sink;
If I could but scream or gasp.
In silence, do I scream,
Inside my head exploding,
As they remove my liver
And my very spleen,
Onto the table, loading;
I cannot even shiver.
Part by agonizing part,
They deftly take, with skill,
Forceps, and knife;
At last they reach my heart,
And welcome darkness will
End at last my miserable life.

John Bliven Morin

The Ballad Of Anne Bonny, Page 1 Of 2

“Drain the bowl, each fearless soul!
Let the world wag as it will;
Let the heavens howl, the devil growl,
Drain the bowl, and fill! ”

- Anne Bonny

Anne Bonny was a pirate lass
Who sailed the deep blue sea;
With pistol mean and cutlass keen,
A fighting girl was she.

Calico Jack was her lover true,
As they sailed the Spanish Main;
They took whate'er they fancied there;
They were the merchant's bane.

When a merchant galleon they would spy,
They'd chase her down the tide;
As the cannons' roared, they'd try to board;
The grappling hooks flew wide.

Leading the boarding party, bold,
Dressed as a man, to sight,
First to board with her deadly sword,
Anne Bonny loved the fight!

One day Anne learned that she
Was going to have a child;
She went ashore until she bore
A daughter, sweet and mild.

But the girl was born before her time,
And did not live the day;
Calico Jack, when he came back,
Looked on Anne with dismay.

Arrested by the Governor,
Anne Bonny she was freed
By a bold corsair with flowing hair,

Fellow pirate, Mary Read.

With Mary Read and Calico Jack,
Anne Bonny did terrorize
The merchant fleet where'er they'd meet,
As they took prize after prize.

One day when the men of the crew all slept,
After drinking away their cares,
The Governor's men attacked them then,
And took them unawares.

John Bliven Morin

The Ballad Of Anne Bonny, Page 2 Of 2

Anne and Mary alone did fight,
But outnumbered far were they;
Their ship was taken and the men awakened
By the Governor's men that day.

Now Calico Jack, he plead for the lives
Of both Mary Read and Anne,
And then his plea: permission to see
His Anne before he hanged.

"I tried in vain to save your life,
And now they're hanging me;
Adieu, ma belle, we may meet in hell,
I wish it would not be."

"If you'd fought like a man, my Calico Jack,
And not sleeping off your grog,
As we women did, when they found our brig,
They'd not hang you like a dog! "

The Governor hanged her Calico Jack,
And Mary died in the gaol,
But a mystery man saved the valiant Anne,
And far away they sailed.

Some say they went to Virginia's shores,
Then west with the pioneers,
But never was heard another word
Of the Queen of the Buccaneers!

"Drain the bowl, each fearless soul!
Let the world wag as it will;
Let the heavens howl, the devil growl,
Drain the bowl, and fill! "

John Bliven Morin

The Ballad Of The Jurymen, Page 1 Of 3

We wuz twelve good men and true,
Who in eighteen eighty-two,
Wuz called upon to do our civic duty;
We wuz called to set a while
On a famous murder trial;
At the trial of Johnny "Little John" McMoody.

On the jury with me then
Wuz eleven upright men,
The finest you could find in Silver City;
Thar wuz Henry Mills, an' George
Baker, an' Sam Forge,
Daniel Mack, an' Teddy Hall an' Willy Liddy;

Thar wuz Emmett Baines the smith,
Tommy Brown an' Nat Morith,
Timmy Kelly an' Mel Farley was their names;
An' I am P. K. Gorman;
They elected me the Foreman,
An' we knowed we wasn't playin' parlor games.

It seems a month ago,
The noon stage, it didn't show,
So a-searchin' down the line went Sheriff Tanner;
He found the driver dead,
An' the only witness sed
Thet the man whut done it wore a red bandaner.

He robbed them in the coach:
Three whores an' Ken DeLoach;
They all had looked away except Big Grace;
But on thet witness chair
She might's well not be there,
Becuz the red bandanner hid his face.

He made the pimp DeLoach
Climb up upon the coach,
An' toss down the heavy cashbox from the roof;
Whuch he tied behind his saddle

Jest before his hoss he straddled,
Galoped off with sparks a-fly'n' frum ever' hoof.

Ever' Sat'day night, fer shore,
"Little John" McMoody wore,
When he rode on inter town fer booze an' bed,
A bandanner `round his neck
That was nuther stripes nor check,
But wuz jest one color and it wuz bright red.

John Bliven Morin

The Ballad Of The Jurymen, Page 2 Of 3

"Little John, " he claimed t'wuz lost
Or stole or mebbe tossed,
An' he hadn't seen the durned thang fer a while;
Sheriff Tanner an' his men
Sarched John's cabin twice an' then,
Agin they went through ever' box an' pile.

They didn't find no cash;
Thar jest wasn't any stash;
If thar wuz, he would've found it, Sheriff Tanner;
Ever' cranny, ever' drawr,
They looked plumb ever'whar,
An' they never found McMoody's red bandanner.

Now at McMoody's trial,
He jest set thar thout no smile,
Cuz fer shore hit was a-lookin' mighty bad;
An' a-settin' by the door
Wuz McMoody's fav'rite whore,
Irish Alice, and she shore wuz lookin' sad.

An' a-settin next ter her
Wuz a gambler, Billy Kerr,
An' what McMoody didn't unnerstand,
He kept whisprin' in her ear
Thangs McMoody cudn't hear,
An' the bastard kept a-tryin' t' hol' her hand.

John McMoody stud up quick,
Gave his chair a mighty kick,
An' he went fer Gambler Bill with all his might;
But the leg-irons gave no slack,
An' the bailiffs helt him back;
He wuz felled afore ther wuz an awful fight.

Gambler Bill wuz so relieved
Thet he pulled out of a sleeve
A kerchief fer ter wipe his sweaty head;
An' the entire courthouse sawr

Thet the kerchief thet he wore
Wuz a big bandanner showin' only red.

Bill's place wuz sarched; in time
They found jewelry frum the crime,
So they had t'let Lil John McMoody go;
An' him an' Irish Alice
Went straight ter Hotel Palace
Ter celebrate the best way sich folk know.

John Bliven Morin

The Ballad Of The Jurymen, Page 3 Of 3

Not long after, so I heered,
John an' Alice wuz so cheered
They went an' packed up all their gear;
They lit out fer Californy
An' though hit might sound corny,
Some sed they tied the knot within the year.

So the jury I wuz on
Never had ter vote on John;
Dismissed by Judge Samuel McCory.
T'wuz a nuther jury still
Whut hung thet Gambler Bill,
An' thet's about the end of this yar story!

John Bliven Morin

The Bear And The Bunny

Once there was a lonely bear,
Who lived in the land of I-Don't-Care;
Who did what he did
With a shuffle and a shrug,
A tear in his eye,
And a sad old mug;
And every night he said a prayer:
"O where is my own true love, love, love?
O where is my own true love? "

Across the sea in the Land-Of-Money,
There lived a beautiful, sad, young bunny;
Who did what she did
With hop and a sigh,
And a whimper and a tear
In her big blue eye;
And every night -now this is funny-
She also prayed for her true, true love:
"O where is my own true love? "

And both their prayers flew up in the sky,
Past the clouds and the moon so high,
Where Someone cared,
And Someone heard;
Who acted on
Their every word,
And brought them together in the By-and-By,
So they could find their love, love, love,
So they each found their own true love...

John Bliven Morin

The Broken Engagement, Page 1 Of 4

Part One,1880

Wednesday passed.
So did Thursday, somehow.
On Friday she arrived at last,
Dressed in the latest fashions
From Paris of course.
She laughed at my old carriage
And my single horse.
A coach-and-four were more
Her custom and her style,
But she allowed me to assist
Her up with the slightest smile,
And off we went.

Passing through the town
Which she called "provincial
And quaint, " but with a frown,
"Is there really no theatre
Here? " she asked with some
Surprise. "No, " I replied,
"I'm quite afraid we have none."
"Pity, " she lamented.
I wondered what else this
Once school-mate now
Worldly woman missed
As we approached my home.

"Walter, dear, we must talk, "
She said, turning to me
As we passed the chalk
Hill south of town.
"Please do go on, my dear, "
I heard myself reply,
Though inwardly I felt a tear
In my heart, such as I had not
Felt for quite some time,
"Please continue, Alice, do."
"Though we've been promised, I'm

Afraid I have to break
Our engagement, Walter, for
I met someone on holiday
Who's not so desperately poor
As you, not that it's your fault.
It's amazing what just a few
Months on the Continent
Among such wealth can do
And so much culture."

John Bliven Morin

The Broken Engagement, Page 2 Of 4

And so I stopped the carriage
There and then, and said,
"There shall be no marriage;
I set you free to marry
Whom you choose and where,
In France or here at home.
You needn't, dearest, have a care
Our bonds are broken."

Omitting the celebration,
I turned the carriage about,
Back to the railway station
We'd left an hour before,
And there I did insist
On purchasing her passage,
And we chatted then kissed
As the next train arrived.
We waved our last "goodbye"
As her train left for the coast;
I was surprised my eyes were dry
As I climbed back on my carriage.
Once home, I did a little dance,
For she'd given me no time to
Mention the vast inheritance
I'd gotten while she was gone.

Part Two,1900

It was a very lovely thing,
Taking the steamer over
To visit Paris in the spring;
I and my second wife.
T'wasn't the first trip we made
To the Continent, of course,
But the first in a decade
My Mary was quite happy.
Some business too, I must admit
Encouraged me to schedule

This unpremeditated trip
To settle a problem there.
'Dear, I can already smell
Those lovely flowers
The Parisian vendors sell! '
My Mary said, laughing.
'And you shall have bouquets
My dearest lady love
Not once, but all the days
We stroll the avenues! '

John Bliven Morin

The Broken Engagement, Page 3 Of 4

In Paris, I quickly settled my
Business, so had time
To spend with Mary. 'I'm
Taking you to dinner
My dearest Fairy Queen,
And we shall have
The finest French cuisine
At that cafe you love! '
As we were sitting there,
After our repast,
Relaxing in our chairs,
Something caught my eye.
An elderly couple came
Into the cafe and sat
So close I heard a name
I hadn't heard in years.
Then, in shock, I realized
The woman was my love
Of long ago; those eyes
Were so familiar.
Excusing myself to Mary,
I stood and approached
The nearby table, wary
I might be wrong.

'M'sieur, Madame, me pardonner,
Vous semblez familier à moi;
Nous n'avons pas rencontré?
Pardonnez mon français brut.'
'Vat iss he zayink? Shpeak
Hup! I cannot hear! '
Said the old man, whose beak
Twitched as he spoke.
The woman turned with malice
In her eyes to see who
Was interrupting. It was Alice,
My long-ago fiancée
'Walter! My god, it's you! '
She nearly upset her chair;

I replied, 'How do you do? '
She had aged terribly.

John Bliven Morin

The Broken Engagement, Page 4 Of 4

'Who iss diss Englishman zo? '
The old man shouted;
'Someone I knew long ago, '
She replied loudly.
To me, 'He's deaf as a post.
Rich as Croesus, Walter,
But he won't give up the ghost.
For twenty years
His physicians repeatedly give,
After examining him,
Six months to bloody live.
He'll outlive me,
Walter. The old fossil just
Goes on and on and on,
While I whither, age, and rust;
How I've grown to hate him!
I heard you married just a year
After we parted -
What was her name, dear?
Elspeth, wasn't it? '
'Elspeth was her name, ' I replied,
'A very kind young woman,
But she got the fevers and died
Rather long ago.
Ten years ago I remarried -
The verger's daughter -
I think you surely must know
Her. She adored you.'
'That moppet? What a pest
She was, admiring my beauty.
I suppose you know what's best.
Must you leave so soon?
You haven't met my Count, Sergei...'
'Please give him my regrets, '
I said, hurrying quickly away,
Back to my dear Mary.

John Bliven Morin

The Broom - Wight

"Say me, wight in the brom;
Teche me how I shul don,
That min hosbonde
Me lovien wolde."

"Hold thine tunge stille
And have all thine wille."

(Old Verse)

* * *

Ancient wight within the broom,
Thing of meadow-straw and wood;
In darkest corner of the room;
Art thou an evil thing or good?

Tell me true, for I would know,
Tell me, please, thou ancient wight,
Art thou really friend or foe?
Art thou a creature of the night?

The wives in secret come to thee,
In secret from the village priest,
Believing thou hast wisdom's key,
Answers they believe thou see'st.

Art thou trapped within the straw,
Or art thou free to come without?
Are thou restricted by some law
Modern man knows naught about?

The cat, who surely knows her spirits,
Will sometimes hiss and arch her back;
Do you breathe and she can hear it,
Passing thy kitchen for her nap?

Uttered a deep and hollow voice,
"Ignorant, disrespectful mortal,

Come never again into this room -
Begone! " I vow, I had no choice;
Nevermore crossing kitchen portal,
Nevermore questioning a broom!

John Bliven Morin

The Centurion, Page 1 Of 4

Lucius Mactus Mors,
Centurion of Rome,
stood upon his chariot
and wished that he was home.

'Forward' ordered he;
forward stepped the men,
a hundred sixty flashing spears
and helmets gleaming, then

Forward stepped his stallion,
like a legend all in white,
prized for strength and beauty
and swiftness of flight.

Born to wealth and power,
his father thought it best
to make him a Centurion
in the Legions of the West.

Paired now with his rival,
of barbarians born,
Gaius Equinus the Gaul;
Lucius felt only scorn.

Camulodunum's gates opened;
the maniple marched through,
led by Lucius Mactus Mors;
the day-watch trumpets blew.

He led his marching maniple
as easily as cattle,
o'er Albion's rolling hills,
reluctantly, to battle.

'You, Lucius, must move
swiftly to trap this queen,
this woman, Boudicca,
the boldest I have seen.'

'Her husband offered friendship
but she only offers war;
the Iceni follow her now,
'tis her they all adore.'

'Capture her alive, boy,
bring her back in chains,
and you will be rewarded well
for courage and for brains.'

John Bliven Morin

The Centurion, Page 2 Of 4

'We need, I think, no large force,
this woman to subdue;
one sturdy Roman maniple
led by the Gaul and you.'

'But you I put in charge here;
t'will please your father well;
but listen to the Gaul, boy,
experience will tell.'

'I am off to the Druid Isle,
the heart of this Albion,
with three strong legions, and return
as soon as we have won.'

Thus spake the Governor General
but a fortnight ago;
now Lucius led his men
to what he did not know.

Now they crossed a chilly stream,
Now a woods they passed.
And on a grassy hill they met
the enemy at last.

Across a small, fast-flowing stream,
upon a grassy hill,
The bold Iceni warriors stood
silent, strong and still.

The Britons stood upon the slope;
a thousand could be seen,
and in her chariot, at the head,
stood Boudicca, their queen.

Her streaming hair flew in the breeze,
as red as any flame,
and fire was in her emerald eyes
no enemy could tame.

She raised her spear above her head;
with raspy voice she called
to all her warriors standing there,
and Lucius was appalled.

Gaius the Gaul rode up beside,
'Lord, we should retreat!
Back up the hill we can dig in
and there these tribesmen meet.'

John Bliven Morin

The Centurion, Page 3 Of 4

'Retreat from a woman? Never!
We cannot run and hide;
we must advance across the stream
and show our Roman pride.'

'Forward, Romans! ' Lucius cried,
as he rode into the ford,
'Double-quick along the path! '
The century followed their lord.

Gaius too, led his men forth,
although he feared a trap,
across the rocky, shallow stream,
and closed his century's gap.

A sudden yelling echoed down
upon the Roman ranks
as a host of mounted riders
came down upon their flanks.

Boudicca gave a mighty yell;
The tumult louder still;
a thousand voices followed
as she thundered down the hill.

Iceni to the front of them,
Trinovantes to their right;
cavalry of another tribe
on their left flank to fight.

The Romans were outnumbered
by a hundred men to one;
their battle skills were all for naught
as they were overrun.

Few escaped the carnage
that day upon the field;
Those who fought, died bravely,
and very few would yield.

Many a Roman head soon graced
Boudicca's temple walls,
Dedicated to Andraste,
War goddess of the Gauls.

As night fell on the wooded hills,
a figure staggered forth,
emerging from the forest, dark,
in stained and tattered cloth.

John Bliven Morin

The Centurion, Page 4 Of 4

No gilded helm upon his head,
no shield nor sword nor spear;
his bloody face showed nothing,
not even guilt or fear.

Down to the path, alone he crept,
and southward toward the shores;
back toward Camulodunum
stole Lucius Mactus Mors.

John Bliven Morin

The Duck And The Gecko

The duck and the gecko went on tv;
Both had insurance to sell;
The duck yelled AFLAC!
And the gecko yelled back;
Damn their cute asses to hell!

John Bliven Morin

The Evil Elf (Part 1 Of 2)

An elven lad of ill repute
once met a flower fairy;
he played a love song on his lute,
his voice so soft and airy.

He held her close throughout his song;
the fairy was enthralled;
she let him kiss her deep and long,
but then she was appalled.

She struggled and she cried 'No! No, '
but he was stronger still'
she could not fight him off and so
she gave in to his will.

With no regrets, a heart so hard,
that brutal, beastly elf
left her there in the flower yard,
sobbing softly to herself.

A passing gnome heard her weep,
covered her soft, torn form,
and held her till she fell asleep,
and kept her body warm.

And while she slept she had a dream,
that someone cast a spell -
the spell of an awesome fairy queen -
and magic around her fell.

John Bliven Morin

The Evil Elf (Part 2 Of 2)

Time itself was all reversed;
gone were the hours of time,
gone was the pain and all the worst;
there was no awful crime.

The gnome became her dearest friend;
some fairy folk have said
he helped her fairy heart to mend,
and eventually they wed.

And what of the brutal elven lad?
He vanished in a flash;
the queen cannot abide the bad,
and turned him all to ash/

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John Bliven Morin

The Faerie Feast, Page 1 Of 2

O please won't someone listen to
The tale I have to tell?
I know you won't believe me for
She cast a faerie spell.

T'was late one night, the first of May,
I left the Toad-and-Tack
To walk the mile or so to home
Along the wagon track,

Which winds its way around the edge
Of the ancient forest, long,
When I heard the sound of music, gay,
And voices raised in song.

I stopped and turned and listened there,
The music, an elation;
I looked and searched but could not see
The source of celebration.

So into the forest dark I crept,
So curious was I;
I thought I saw some lights ahead,
flickering quite nigh.

As I came near, the music swelled,
And through the trees I saw
A thousand tiny creatures, fair;
I crouched in silent awe.

Three tables, long, with candles, lit,
Were filled with faerie food,
And all about, the wee folk sat
In costumes multi-hued.

Some flew about as serving maids,
Bringing dishes, filled,
And taking empty dishes back,
Without a dew-dropp spilled.

Horns blew and all the comp'ny stood,
Down flew a gilded coach
Pulled by a team of dragonflies;
All bowed at its approach.

Out stepped the fairest of the fair,
Most beautiful I've seen,
With maids-in-waiting attending;
I knew she was their Queen.

John Bliven Morin

The Faerie Feast, Page 2 Of 2

But then I was discovered,
And all the host was hushed;
A hundred angry warriors
Toward me quickly rushed!

I could not move, nor speak a word;
My body left the ground
As I was carried to the Queen
With faerie-magic bound.

'Thou hast intruded on our feast;
For that thou'st no excuse!
The penalty could be thy life -
But I shall turn thee loose.'

'Of what thou saw tonight, I vow,
To all thy friends thou'lt tell,
But none will 'ere believe thee,
For I'll cast Cassandra's spell.'

And as she spoke the magic words
In some forgotten tongue,
There was a flash like light'ning,
Then darkness, to me clung.

When I awoke, t'was morning, bright;
I lay beside the track;
I rose up slowly to my feet
And memories came back.

Don't turn your back and walk away!
It's true, I vow, I swear!
I saw a Faerie Feast last May
And a Faerie Queen was there!

O please won't someone listen to
The tale I have to tell?
Alas! No one believes me for
She cast a faerie spell!

John Bliven Morin

The First Wheel

"Come see what me made! "
Cried Hwil-the-Not-Very-Brave,
Sitting there in the shade,
Beside his cliffside cave.
"Come all and see, " he cried!
A few others began to gather
Around, about, and beside,
To hear his latest blather.
"Me take sapling from bush,
Bent it round and tied it, feel?
Runs like gazelle with little push;
Me think me going call it 'Hwil.'"

"See? Hwil roll like this, "
He said, shoving it down the hill,
Where Mighty Morg did p-s,
Knocking him down. "Kill! "
Morg yelled, "Me kill who make
This thing! Me tear him apart!
This roundy thing me break,
Then tear out maker's heart! "
He quickly ripped apart the thing
Hwil made and shook it like a rag,
When suddenly a cry did ring,
"Mastodon! Come! All help drag
It home! " And all the men
Ran to haul the massive beast
Back to the caves, so then
They all could make a feast.
And as they were dragging
The mastodon, many did say,
While grunting, sweating, sagging,
"There must be better way! "

Men, in all their sweat and zeal,
For all Hwil's creative plottin',
His invention of the "Hwil"
Was already long forgotten.
Except by two of the boys,

Who kept one loop for jokes,
Most treasured of their toys;
Smart chaps, Axel and Spokes.

John Bliven Morin

The Foxes Are Afield

"The foxes are afield tonight,
I feel it in my bones! "
"Come back to bed, " his goodwife said
To elder Farmer Jones.

"The foxes are afield tonight,
See the moonlight on the barn? "
"So the moon is full, " said she and pulled
Her husband by his arm.

"The foxes are afield tonight;
I fear for chick and hen! "
"But your old hound will guard, I'm bound,
The chickens in their pen."

"The foxes are afield tonight,
What sound is that I hear? "
"Go back to sleep; old timbers creak,
With age; there's naught to fear."

"The foxes are afield tonight..."
"Now you are plainly wrong!
Come back to bed! " And so he did.
And all their hens were gone.

John Bliven Morin

The Full-Bladder Hoe-Down

Allaman left, Turkey in the straw!
Just drank six beers and I wanted more;
Six is what my partner had
And now we got to whiz real bad.

Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Trip to the loo my darling!

Try to dance with knees together;
Too bad if your knickers are leather;
Want to spin? Don't even try,
Or everyone will shout 'Oh my! '

Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Trip to the loo my darling!

Bow to your partner, hold your groin;
Don't try to pick up that fallen coin;
Hands on your partner, not on your crotch;
Oops! A little found a notch!

Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo
Trip to the loo my darling!

Swing your partner in this dance,
Before she wets her frickin' pants;
Aim her for the bathroom door;
If it aint open she'll wee the floor!

Yoo hoo, trip to the loo;
Now your partner's in the loo!
Yoo hoo, trip to the loo;
You'd better too, my darling!

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

The Ghoul

Stranger, who art thou passing here
tonight? Hast thou no fear?
Come not to graveyards in the night
when the half-moon, pale and dim, gives light;
The witching moon 'tis called, or horned,
once sacred to the Druids, adorned
in white, who called with darkest spell
fearsome demons out of hell,
and some of these are living yet!
In bone-yards like this they're met
Hark - hear ye that crunch of tooth
and bone? They feast at night, in truth,
on corpses and sometimes fools
like you who come to see the ghouls.
Too bad my words ye proudly scorned
For surely ye were duly warned.
Nay, stop! 'Tis too late to run
from ghouls, see? For I am one!

John Bliven Morin

The Grasshopper & The Doodle Bug

A grasshopper and a doodle-bug
Once argued on a Persian rug
"Who's more important, you or I? "
When suddenly, from the sunlit sky
Flew Red Robin who, unmalicious,
Said both were equally delicious.

John Bliven Morin

The Last Unicorn

Near the cave where he was born
sat the very last unicorn,
having neither mate nor friend;
sitting, waiting for the end.

Unicorns once filled the Earth
with beauty, grace and selfless worth,
but then machinery ruled the land;
cold and soulless, every brand.

Mortals struggled day by day
with machines to earn their pay,
keeping track of all their hours;
never stopped to see the flowers

Polluting water, land and air
until there were too few to care,
fighting, warring with each other,
forgetting every man's a brother.

Till some madman, without qualm,
created the most massive bomb;
the next war was horrible and vast,
and few survived the awful blast.

Aeons passed, and nature healed;
within a forest was concealed
the last man on the planet Earth;
his mother died soon after birth.

Walking along a wooded path,
seeking a warm pool for his bath;
bathing in the deep blue waters
with neither wife nor sons or daughters.

Sitting there in all dejection,
gazing down at his reflection,
sighing to himself, forlorn,
'I am the last unicorn.'

John Bliven Morin

The Magical Cow

There once was a magical cow
Whose teats gave several flavors:
White and chocolate and buttermilk,
And a 'weekly special' to savour;

And when that magical cow
Raised up her tail, so the story goes,
Instead of the usual unmagical fare,
She dropped a bushel of Oreos!

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John Bliven Morin

The Moor-Maiden

The village youths lightheartedly
Dance to the tabor and the flute,
Dance to the piper and the lute,
To celebrate Midsummer's Day.

Every lad with shining eyes
Looks upon each comely girl,
Looks at her with skirts a-whirl,
And he with longing, softly sighs.

But suddenly in their midst appears
A strange young maid with long, dark hair,
A strange young maid with features fair,
Far fairer than their village dears.

And all the young men gather 'round,
Hoping each to have a dance;
Hoping each to find romance,
To the music's sensuous sound.

The stranger takes in turn each lad,
Past the villagers she whirls;
Past the glowering of the girls,
Each lad, with love for her is mad.

And when the music begins to slow,
She chooses John from all the rest;
She chooses John who she likes best;
Holding hands, they lightly go

Away from the music and the play,
Through the fields and wooded bowers;
Through the meadows bright with flowers,
Leads she John Midsummer's Day.

And it's been many a year since then,
Since the Moor-Maid danced with John;
Since they danced and then were gone,
And John returned never again.

Out on the moors there is a spring;
If you look inside, they say,
If you look Midsummer's Day,
You'll see a young lad struggling;

Down, down, deep down inside,
Struggling, with silent scream;
Struggling as in a dream;
Forever there he must abide.

John Bliven Morin

The Muse

I seen a muse today on tv
It was on one of them
Travel Channels. It was a
big muse, must er been
near bout 6 foot at the
withers. A big muse
with them big ol
flaty kind of
antlers
I thank it wuz frum Candada.

John Bliven Morin

The News

Did you watch the telly
last night? It was awful!
That terrible earthquake,
and then those dreadful waves
washing hundreds away,
most of them young children;
Husbands without wives,
wives without husbands,
mums without children,
children without mums;
The morgues full of death;
And now disease
and starvation
ahead for them,
so awful we
can only
imagine
the horror.
Please, dear,
pass the
tea.

John Bliven Morin

The Night Before Samhain

'Twas the night before Samhain
And through Usher's flat,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a bat.

Fortunato was sealed
All snug in his wall;
Lygeia, in her tomb,
Reclined on her pall.

When out in the bone-yard
I heard a strange sound;
I thought it was Baskerville's
Horrible hound.

The moonlight that shown
On the new-fallen snow
Revealed a small sleigh
And Edgar A. Poe;

The sad little man
Did morosely exclaim
To his eight spooky ravens
As he called them by name:

'On Blackie, on Midnight,
On Shadow and Jet,
On Tombstone, on Newgrave,
On Mortis and Debt! '

And he fiendishly laughed
As they rose toward the moon,
"Merry Halloween, all,
For tomorrow's too soon! "

John Bliven Morin

The Nightwanderer

Here,
like dim islands
scattered in a sea of fog,
the dark gray stones stand.
Silently I move among them;
They are cold, as cold as death.
Their touch chills my pale hand,
but I press on, for I must find -
and soon, ere night's dark skies
before a hint of dawn have fled -
the stone of the time-worn words
that call me back before the morn;
My epitaph, for I am of the dead.

John Bliven Morin

The Old Rock-And-Roller

When I was young, my only goal
Was to shake, rattle and to roll
And though it's hard to quite believe,
That goal, while old, I still achieve:

I shake with age, I rattle with pills
I roll in a wheelchair with my ills!
But, , don't you come knockin'
'Cause this old cat just ain't through rockin'!

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John Bliven Morin

The Peccary

In Brazil's forests, shrinking fast,
Persists the peccary to the last.
But unlike man, it's not gregarious;
It's life grows ever more peccarious!

John Bliven Morin

The Pirate

Yo ho! for the life of a pirate bold,
With a cutlass sharp and heart so cold,
And a wealth of treasure in the hold;
Ho! Yo ho!

Yo ho! for a ship so sleek and fast,
With the Jolly Roger on the highest mast;
When we see a galleon we cry "Avast! "
Ho! Yo ho!

Yo ho! for the guns that roar like thunder,
Tearing that treasure ship asunder;
Now we can board and take our plunder;
Ho! Yo ho!

Yo ho! for the life of the buccaneer;
A fighting man who shows no fear,
'Cause if he does, we remove his ear;
Ho! Yo ho!

Yo ho! You'll pardon us for being vain;
We seek our prizes on the Spanish Main,
Then homeward with ill-gotten gain;
Ho! Yo ho!

Yo ho for pirates such as we;
A dissipated life is our destiny,
Though it may be short, it will be free;
Ho! Yo ho!

2004

John Bliven Morin

The Pirate And The Maiden

There once was an aging pirate bold
Who captured a shy young miss.

“Oh, please, bold pirate, touch me not,
Nor try to force a kiss;
Oh, tie me not to yonder mast,
Nor rip my velvet gown;
Oh, please touch not my pantaloons
And try to pull them down...”

But all her pleas were gone for naught
And all her words ignored,
So up to the pirate bold she strode
And kicked him overboard!

(2004)

John Bliven Morin

The Radio Generation, Page 1 Of 2

Sometimes I weep for my childhood;
For the days so long, long ago,
When the world was new
And I listened to
Those great shows on the radio.

Crime shows and quiz shows and dramas,
And Mother's dear soap operas daily;
World Series and ball games
And Hollywood tall names;
General Sarnoff and William S. Paley.

I'm of that lost generation.
Growing up during World War Two,
When evil ones ran
When they heard Superman,
And they knew that The Shadow knew.

At night, with the tales of The Whistler;
Of terror and murder and gore,
We would quake with fear
Whenever we'd hear
Inner Sanctum's creaking old door.

We'd laugh with Charlie McCarthy,
Jack Benny and Red Skelton too,
And when Judy Canova
Sang like a great plover
Or Joan Davis got in a stew.

The Whiz Kids, knew all of the answers,
Great Gildersleeve had a guffaw;
Molly made no deposit
In Fibber's full closet
And Joe Friday laid down the law.

Jack Armstrong, he was All American,
Henry Aldrich wished he was, too;
Both wanted the duty

Of A Date with Judy;
Can You Top This? told jokes that weren't blue.

John Bliven Morin

The Radio Generation, Page 2 Of 2

Duffy's Tavern had Archie da Manager,
Allen's Alley was funny each week;
Matt Dillon & Kitty
Brought law to Dodge City,
Kay Kaiser's Ka Bibble's a geek.

Who will be left to remember
Those radio mem'ries we save?
When we're gone, they go,
Each wonderful show,
For we'll take them all to the grave.

John Bliven Morin

The Real Estate Agent, Page 1 Of 2

There it stands, the lovely old house; .
Genuine Victorian. You do well to smile.
Haven't sold it yet so you're in luck.
Well, yes, it's been for sale a while.

Come in a take a look if you have time;
it's an excellent bargain, believe me.
Watch those old steps there - good -
let's have a look around - I have a key.

The door's a bit stuck - do you know
that collectors these days will pay
big bucks for brass hinges like these
and the hardware inside, on e-bay?

Large? Yes indeed, all the rooms are large.
That high ceiling means a cooler room
in summer. Yes, the dark draperies do
indeed contribute somewhat to the gloom.

The old carpet is a bit dusty, I admit,
but if you look closer you'll see the weave
is genuine imported Persian - an antique
worth a considerable sum, I believe.

Here's the spacious dining-room with
its beautifully carved table set of teak
imported from China, I understand.
Seats twelve - Come and take a peek.

Here's the kitchen - with lots of storage
in all these cabinets of solid oak.
Yes, I must admit that heavy range
and oven - a coal burner - is a joke.

But see? The owners have replaced
the old pump with modern plumbing,
not only here but throughout the house;
an expense you won't have coming!

This way, please, I'd like to show you
the beautiful staircase just down the hall.
See? The bannister and railings and
every step are solid mahogany, all.

Of course I'll show you the bedrooms -
note the stairway's antique carpeting -
Bedrooms, storage room and bath
still completely furnished with everything!

John Bliven Morin

The Real Estate Agent, Page 2 Of 2

This is the master bedroom - that noise?
Ah, beside the bed, that cradle rocks -
A draft of air no doubt, though draperied
windows all are shut with locks

Sir! Come back, you've left your hat!
Wait, you haven't heard the price - Oh hell,
you mocking spirits have won! Keep your
damned house forever - It will never sell!

John Bliven Morin

The Searchers (Part 1 Of 2)

Bobby and his sister Mary
wanted so to see a fairy;
from babyhood their Mum retold
tales of the fairy-folk of old.

Finding such tales far from boring,
every chance, they went exploring
through the forest near their home,
these children would quite often roam.

Seeking under every leaf,
searching to sustain belief;
turning over rocks with care,
to see if any fairy's there.

Hedgehogs, rabbits, saw they clearly,
a passing fox sniffed at them queerly;
once they saw a full-grown hind,
but not one fairy could they find.

After a day of fruitless searching
tangled thickets, limping, lurching,
giving up were Bob and Mary;
thought they'd never find a fairy.

The day waned and darkness came,
and all the pathways looked the same;
lost, the children walked until
fatigued, they stopped upon a hill.

'I'm hungry, Bobby, and I'm scared, '
cried Mary and her brother cared;
he held her close while Mary wept,
until at last, the children slept.

John Bliven Morin

The Searchers (Part 2 Of 2)

The sunlight came and brought a breeze,
the songs of birds came from the trees;
the children's stretching, yawning, sighs
accompanied the opening of their eyes.

They wiped them then in disbelief,
for there in every bowl and leaf,
honey, fruits, dewdrops and berries;
who could have left them but the fairies?

Sweet music came from somewhere near,
gone was their hunger, fatigue and fear;
they heard the hidden voices sing
and saw they'd slept in a fairy ring.

With the dawn, they knew the way,
homeward, happily they play;
relief for a worried Mum and Dad
who'd looked in vain for their lass and lad.

That night, tucked lovingly in her bed,
Mary, to her brother said,
'But Bobby, we never saw a fairy! '
'Hush, my little sister Mary,

'You saw their hilltop fairy ring,
you heard their many voices sing;
you ate and drank their kindness, wee one,
and now complain you didn't see one? '

'I'm sorry, Bobby, ' Mary pled,
I'll never doubt again, ' she said,
'we may grow old each passing year;
I'll always know that they are here! '

John Bliven Morin

The Seasons

Summer had a Fall,
With nothing broken;
Emptying tree limbs all,
Winter's chill betoken;
Kaleidoscopic leaves,
Autumnal splendor,
And no one grieves
For Spring will mend her.

John Bliven Morin

The Skeptic, Page 1 Of 3

I came to study spirits,
Though a skeptic was I then;
I laughed and joked about the place
As I arrived at ten.

I set up my equipment
In the "haunted house, " whose hosts
Seemed genuinely to believe
The place was full of ghosts.

I chuckled, placing cameras
Strategically just so;
Motion detectors and other things
Recording high or low.

I thought that every tale of ghosts
Was just for scary jokes,
For every haunted house before
Turned out to be a hoax.

I was not apprehensive
As I bid my hosts good day;
I heard the door lock as they left,
I heard them speed away.

I settled in an armchair,
Quite comfortably, indeed;
Picked up the evening paper
For something new to read.

I sat there several hours,
Till I heard a bit of static;
A monitor was flashing,
Something moving in the attic!

I grabbed my videocamera,
And dashed up flights of stairs;
The crack beneath the attic door
Was flickering like flares.

I snatched the door wide open,
But all was dark again;
I held my light above me
To see, but t'was in vain.

The room was full of boxes,
Old furniture and such,
But nothing there unusual
For me to see or touch.

John Bliven Morin

The Skeptic, Page 2 Of 3

As carefully I searched the room,
Something distant crashed;
It seemed to come from down below,
So down the stairs I dashed.

Scattered about the smoking room,
My smashed equipment lay;
Steel tripods bent and twisted,
In tangled disarray.

Broken cords were sparking,
Too near to antique rugs;
Had no choice but to go about
And pull the electric plugs.

Then I began to shudder;
The thought ran through my brain,
What could twist the steel that way?
And will it come again?

Yet there was anger in me still;
My financial loss was great;
I removed my pistol from my coat
And went to meet my fate.

The cellar door was open, though
It had been closed before;
I flashed my light upon the stairs,
And passed on through the door.

And as I stepped upon the stairs,
Descending through the gloom,
The cellar door shut with a bang
And locked me in the room.

Startled, I dropped my light and gun,
Fell down the cellar stairs,
And in the flickering of my light,
It saw it standing there.

I cannot tell you, faint of heart,
What met me in that pit;
It was the thing of nightmares
And I will not speak of it.

John Bliven Morin

The Skeptic, Page 3 Of 3

I was a skeptic, but no more;
Of doubts I am quite free;
The supernatural coexists
With the natural world, you see.

I came to study spirits,
And I'll never doubt again;
Nor will you, should you meet me,
For now I'm one of them.

John Bliven Morin

The Standing Stones

Who will go where the standing stones stand,
when the fog rolls in and covers the land,
when the moon is hidden in a cloudy sky,
and the night is as dark as a raven's eye,
and the wind is as cold as a winter's chill,
What's that? You say you'll dare, you will?

* * *

We're here. If you've courage in your mortal bones,
then go and walk through the standing stones;
yes, that way, go, though it's hard to see
the ancient path in this obscurity;
your torch is useless for a light,
with the fog and the darkness of the night;
you go alone, for you claim the nerve;
I'll stay right here, for I only serve.
Follow this footpath through the mist,
and keep to the path I must insist.

You step down the path and I'm lost to view,
as the fog and the mist are surrounding you;
several sounds - grinding - from all about,
startle you so that you almost shout,
but all that comes out is a muted croak,
as you wrap yourself in your winter cloak.
You feel things moving through the very ground,
huge things, horrid things sliding around,
which make your skin crawl with growing fear,
and you sense that something is drawing near;
something immense, for the earth so shakes
that a chill runs up your spine and makes
the hair on your head stand up in fright,
as the fog rolls past and hides from sight
that which you fear but cannot see;
perhaps in your nightmares previously.
Wasn't that standing stone over there?
But now it's so close, and that other pair
are much nearer too than they were before!

You remember tales of ancient lore,
as you fall back on some lower stones,
and the Old Ones come to crush your bones;
you scream in fear, you scream in pain,
but all your screaming is quite in vain,
for no one can hear you or see the blood
flow down the altar-stone in a flood;

Then all is quiet; you've paid the price,
for you were the Druid's sacrifice.
and I, their servant. go from here
homeward, until another year.

John Bliven Morin

The Stuffed Bear, Page 1 Of 2

There are more kinds of life
In this world than you know,
From the one-celled amoeba
To the intricate crow,
But there's one that you might
Have overlooked, quite;
Which I'd like to point out
In this short verse tonight.

There once was a child,
All alone in his bed;
Each breath was a struggle
For his weak little head.
His mother was weeping
As she sat by his side;
His father wept also,
Though he otherwise, tried.
There was little to do
But to comfort and cope,
For the family physician
Had suggested no hope.

One day, while out shopping
For some comforting toy
To bring home to her sick
Little, ill little boy,
Mother saw a wee bear
While browsing a while
With a cute little face
And a wee little smile
She picked up the bear, and
To her sudden surprise,
A spark of love shone
From those big button eyes!

While father was doubtful
And began to deride,
Mother placed the wee bear
By her little boy's side.

The boy, in his sick bed,
Turned and smiled, for his part,
With his weak little arms,
Held that bear to his heart;
And right from that moment,
When his little arms moved
To hold that bear tightly,
He began to improve.

John Bliven Morin

The Stuffed Bear, Page 2 Of 2

When created with care;
Given freely with love,
There's a kind of life given
To such toys from Above;
The love from their child is
Returned from such toys;
Believe me, I know it,
For I was that boy.

2004

John Bliven Morin

The Tiny Family

Down past the roses in the flow'ring dell
live a very tiny family in a walnut shell;
You may pass them by and never know,
for they're very, very small in their bungalow.

Papa is proud and a little fat
as he putters in the garden in a big red hat;
Mama's in the kitchen cooking up a meal;
Nell is helping Mama with a carrot peel.

A gray-green mite pulls the plow along
as Bobby sings an ancient tilling song;
A bluebird chirps a lovely harmony,
accomp'nied by a passing bumble bee.

'Tis said that Papa once was a king
and they lived in a palace with everything,
but an evil witch cast a powerful spell
one evening at the toll of the sunset bell.

They found themselves tiny, and to their grief,
blowing in the wind on a passing leaf,
far from the palace and over the trees,
they flew far away on the evening breeze.

Down they came and lightly fell,
just past the roses in the flow'ring dell,
and there they bravely made their home,
with the help of a fairy and a friendly gnome.

Do they regret losing everything,
to live in the glen where the robins sing?
Free of worries and all worldly care,
the tiny little family is quite happy there

If you go down where the roses grow,
take care where you step, for now you know
of the tiny little family in the walnut shell,
down past the roses in the flow'ring dell!

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John Bliven Morin

The Tree Lady

There was an old lady who lived in a tree,
- This is real, not a fairy tale rhyme -
In a nice little town by the beautiful sea,
Living on nickels and dimes.

Many would wave as they passed in their cars,
- She had gained some measure of fame -
As she sat by her tree `neath the sun and the stars;
Yet nobody knew her real name.

Her home was of cardboard and broken wood slats,
Beneath the great boughs of her tree;
She was known to share food with any stray cats
That might come by for her company.

Carried water home in an old dishwashing pan,
To make some hot broth for a meal,
And to clean herself there as best as she can,
Though she long ago lost any zeal.

She was frequently seen on the streets of the town,
Where she often would ask for spare change,
Or be chatting or chiding, with a smile or a frown,
With no one within seeing range.

One night, while crossing a road on her way,
She was struck by a car which did flee;
They found her poor body the very next day;
She'd crawled home to die by her tree.

For months her tree was resplendent in flowers
By passers-by left there in love;
Remembrance of she who had slept neath the bowers,
Now resting in heaven above.

John Bliven Morin

The Trojan War In A Nutshell, Page 1 Of 3

Paris, visiting Mycenae,
Spotted Helen, the city's queenie;
She spotted him; the sparks they flew;
Her hubby, Menelaus, never knew,
And when the Trojans put to sea,
Helen was stowed aboard with glee.

When Menelaus found out, O Boy!
He vowed to put an end to Troy.
With Agamemnon, his king and bro,
They rallied all of Greece to go
Get Helen back and sack the city;
Believe me, their anger wasn't pretty!

One day a lookout on Troy's walls
Looked out to sea for storms or squalls,
Seeing instead a thousand ships,
He yelled a warning from his lips,
"To arms! To arms! The Greeks are here!
And are they pissed! Put on your gear! "

And so the Trojan War began,
So says Homer an' he's da man;
Even the gods got in the game,
For each had favorites for fame;
Athene, Here, and Aphrodite
Contended with Zeus to win the fighty.

The Trojan army, led by Hector,
Outside the gates, vowed to protect `er;
While from the beach, the Greeks advanced,
The sunlight off their spearpoints danced;
Led Menelous and Agememnon,
With many a jewel and sporty gem on.

The armies crashed with war-cries ringing;
Spears and arrows and stones were slinging;
Thousands fell in that first great slaughter,
To leave many a son or wife or daughter;

Many a good man from both sides lay
Dead in the dust on that bloody day.

And the deadliest men, who fought with joy,
Achilles of Greece and Hector of Troy!
No warrior bold could conquer them,
As each slew nearly a hundred men,
And many a man, seeing them advance,
Might freeze or run or crap his pants.

John Bliven Morin

The Trojan War In A Nutshell, Page 2 Of 3

By daylight's end, so did the fight;
A truce was made just for the night.
And to the Greeks fell many a prize;
Achilles had Briseis of the almond eyes,
Making his Greek friend Patroclus
More than a little envious.

Agamemnon also claimed a prize:
The captured priestess Chryseis;
But he was told to give her back,
Or all the Greeks, their luck would lack;
So he took Briseis instead,
From Achilles' very tent and bed.

And just like a spoiled little boy,
Who's mother took away his toy,
Achilles sulked; none could console,
Not even Patroclus' loving whole.
"I don't care how many men
Are lost, I will not fight again! "

The next day's fight was nearly lost,
Without Achilles, what a cost!
But Patroclus, in Achilles' armor,
Led the Greeks -ah, what a charmer-
To the very gates of Troy,
But there, Hector slew the boy.

When word of Pat's death reached Achilles,
His yelling gave the Greeks the willies!
The next day's battle was a rout,
Led by Achilles, without a doubt;
He challenged Hector, cursed, rebuffed 'im;
When Hector came, Achilles snuffed 'im.

But not enough to kill Pat's killer,
Achilles wanted to fulfill 'er;
To dishonor and deface
Hector's corpse, and so he laced

The feet behind his chariot's wheels,
And dragged poor Hector by the heels.

Weep for Hector, son of Priam,
(A greater warrior than I am)
Killed by Achilles' mighty blow;
Soul sent to Hades, down below;
His body ne'er for beauty lag,
But looking awful now, in drag.

John Bliven Morin

The Trojan War In A Nutshell, Page 3 Of 3

Eventually, Odysseus, with the Fates,
Devised a way to breach the gates
Of Troy by means of a wooden horse,
Full of warriors, or course;
Even helped by Helen, knowing
How the winds of fate were blowing.

O, how women got the sillies
When seeing handsome Prince Achilles,
Alas, it wasn't Cupid's arrow
That struck his heel and chilled his marrow,
But that of Paris, princely cloaked,
And thus in Troy, Achilles croaked.

But in the end, the Greeks had won,
And mighty Troy was there undone;
Sacked and burned in all her glory,
Thought just another Homer story;
A tale to sing at drink and sup,
Till Heinrich Schliemann dug her up!

John Bliven Morin

The Trooping Faeries

They ride, they ride, all on astride
ghostly steeds, side by side,
out from the hollow hill they come;
no echoing horns, no beating drum.
in silence march they!

The line, the line, in perfect time,
bold warriors and their ladies, fine;
with gilded helm and silver spear,
their faces grim without a fear
except of breaking day.

They pass, they pass, through shadowed grass,
the column on their silent task;
What ancient battle seeking,
Or a crowning, queen or king,
their destination?

So bright, so bright; into the night
the column passes out of sight
and all is quiet there, and then
the forest creatures sound again
their ululation.

John Bliven Morin

The U.S.O. Show

Slowly the mumbling soldiers file
in and sit at the U.S.O.,
Hoping to find a forgotten smile
In the dance and music of the show.

All attending, REMFs and Brass,
Applauding, cheering, laughing hard;
And while they sit there on the grass,
The Grunt is on perimeter guard.

Hearing the music and the laughter,
While listening for the thump and whine
Of an incoming mortar round, and after,
The Roar as it crashes down the line;

But this day, Charlie doesn't show.
And that's as close as a Grunt can get
To the entertainment of the U.S.O.,
And he sighs as he mops his sweat.

(2000)

John Bliven Morin

The Unicorn (Part 1 Of 2)

Bill Bowditch saw a unicorn
on the day his child was born;
'Twas on his way from work that day,
his wife was in the family way.
Along the country road, some white
thing nearby caught his sight;
It was a horse, at first he thought,
until his eye, the great horn caught!
He stopped in wonderment to see
this fabled beast among the trees,
then, in a flash, the thing was gone,
but he knew he'd seen a unicorn.
When he got home he found his wife
had given birth to a sweet, new life,
a little girl, fair as a queen;
he quite forgot the sight he'd seen.

A year with his daughter, fair and mild;
again his wife was great with child.
He homeward went one early morn,
again he saw the unicorn,
and Billy's heart was filled with joy;
he knew his wife had borne a boy.
Before each birth, year after year,
The unicorn would, each time, appear.

John Bliven Morin

The Unicorn (Part 2 Of 2)

When he was old and children grown,
his goodwife gone and all alone,
by the window he sat forlorn,
and lo! He saw the unicorn!

Next day the cottage, empty, lay;
friends wondered how he'd gone away.
His neighbor said he'd seen, in truth,
Bill Bowditch, looking like a youth,
in bright colors was young Bill adorned,
astride a great white unicorn!
Ne'er seen again by mortal eyes
Bill Bowditch passed to Paradise.

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John Bliven Morin

The Veldt

67131The Day

The heat is oppressing, coming in waves,
and with it, the dust which blows as hot
as the summer wind which carries it.
A herd of zebra crowd around a lone
acacia tree, seeking refuge from the
heat, unaware that above them, in the
branches, a leopard too enjoys the shade.
A shallow stream, a river in the spring,
is claimed by the elephants, keeping
all others at bay. Gazelles and a lone jackal
look on with envy as the great beasts
play and splash and trumpet their joy.
A pair of cheetahs have run down a young
wildebeest and now feast on it in the bush,
while keen-sighted vultures circle high
above, waiting for their chance at the kill.
A lion pride lies quietly in the underbrush,
too hot for the chase or even to challenge
the panting cheetahs for their sanguine prize.
At last there is a subtle change in the air.
Even the high-stepping ostriches feel it,
foretelling of the evening and the night,
when the earth cools beneath them all.

The Night

The darkness spreads across the veldt
gradually dispelling the heat of the day.
High above, the blue sky is transformed
into a wide roof of stars. The leopard has
come down from the safety of her tree,
hungry and eager for the kill. Now the
barking staccato of hyenas signal their
arrival, threatening even the night-hunting
lions. In darkness the veldt mirrors the sky,
a myriad of eyes reflected in the moonlight.
The night is filled with sounds of dying and

surviving. The old and the weak perish so the strong can live another day, until one day age or illness make them prey as well. While the night reigns, men sleep and only whisper in the dark. They know darkness is for the animals they challenge by day.

The Morning

At last faint light silhouettes the horizon, growing in intensity as the dawn creeps across the veldt and at last men emerge from the safety of their huts, coming out to relieve themselves, then gather at the shallow stream to bathe and collect water for cooking. The women sing a work-song as they pound, pound their millet for meals. The men gather together for the day's hunt, sharpening their spears on grindstones, and they, too, sing a song of promised victory in their hunt. The village dogs bark as the men depart, jogging along an ancient trail in search of food. Before them, the wide savannah stretches far away toward the rising sun, and all the veldt awakes.

John Bliven Morin

The Very Unmusical Instrument

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning Automatic Rifle

What was he doing, the demigod Man,
With his air-cooled, gas-operated, magazine-fed rifle;
Spreading ruin and scattering bran,
Splashing with his M-nineteen-eighteen A-two;
As breaking the golden lillies it flew,
Its weight, eight point thirty-three kilograms.

He tore out the reeds, the demigod Man,
With caliber thirty (thirty ought six)
And those behind them were sans elàn,
Falling and floating among and in it,
By five hundred fifty rounds per minute
For five hundred fifty meters, it can.

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John Bliven Morin

The Willer & The Caterpillar

A caterpillar to a willer,
"Why are you weeping so? "
The willer said "Somebody died;
It happened years ago,
Or maybe it was something else
Sad like that, you know.
I'm an old tree, my memory
Ain't like it used to flow."

The willer to the caterpillar,
"You needn't laugh at me,
You've quite a problem there yourself
Without this hoary tree.
How do you know which foot to start
With, walking properly? "
The bug in strife, sat out his life,
So confused was he!

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John Bliven Morin

The Woman Of The Well, Page 1 Of 3

I walked a country road one day
To go to Galway Fair;
I thought of lights and dancing
And girls with flowing hair,
And food and drink and laughter
That soon would greet me there.

The road passed down through rolling hills
And through a wooded glen;
I stopped to slake my thirst and pause
A moment there, and then
I smelled cool, running water near,
And turned my head again.

Beside an ancient oak there stood
A woman fair to see,
In flowing gown of shining white
And eyes green as the sea;
At her feet, a cirque of stones,
And then she beckoned me

Within the cirque, a sacred spring;
Oh how the water swirled,
And glinted in the midday sun
As round her feet it curled.
Her form was mirrored on its face;
Seemed of another world.

She beckoned me to come to her;
I could not otherwise;
My will was wholly taken
By the shining of her eyes.
I step't into the ancient spring,
Which mirrored earthly skies.

I following her into the depths,
And took her proffered hand
In fear, I closed my eyes as we
Descended further, and

When at last I opened them,
I looked on Faeryland.

I stood in silent wonderment;
No fairer land I'd seen
In all my earthly travels, no
Sky so blue, hill so green,
With shady glen and leafy bower
And a clear, cool stream.

John Bliven Morin

The Woman Of The Well, Page 2 Of 3

And all about, the whispered folk
Of every childhood tale:
The trooping faeries, gayly dress'd,
Press't in to bid me hail;
Their welcoming cries echoed back
From every wooded vale.

And here and there among them,
The lost children smiled;
I recognised Beth O'Ryan there,
My neighbor's long-lost child;
Ten year's gone, yet here she was,
Still young; I was beguiled.

"How can it be? " I asked my guide,
"Near twenty should be Beth,
And Seamus there, a man should be, "
I asked with fearful breath.
The Woman of the Well just smiled,
"Aye, here there is no death."

"The children that we take to live
Here with us in this place,
Some in exchange for changelings
To enrich the mortal race,
None grow old; no graying hair
Nor wrinkle on a face."

"But, Lady, I have followed you
To this land unwillingly;
As lovely as it seems for those
Who dwell here happily,
I would return to earthly life,
Joys, sorrows and mortality."

"I've offered thee a precious gift
Few mortals dare refuse;
This land of constant happiness.
If mortality thou choose,

This gift of life eternal here,
Thou shalt surely lose."

I must have swooned, or else
Her faerie-magick spell
Brought me to deep darkness
And naught; I thought I fell
But woke at last to dawn's first light
Beside the ancient well.

John Bliven Morin

The Woman Of The Well, Page 3 Of 3

And time has passed and years
gone by, I married long ago;
A fair, fine woman was Kathleen,
And sure, I loved her so.
She bore me four fine children
Before she had to go.

The children now are grown, alas,
For all live far away.
They write as often as they can
At Christmas and birth-day.
I know they'd visit now and then,
Had they a bit more pay.

Now age has come upon me;
I'm bent and all can tell
I walk with gait unsteady;
Last week it was, I fell
While searching, ever searching
For the Woman of the Well.

Many a country road I've walked
Through wooded hill and glen,
And many an ancient oak I've seen
As I travel in my pain.
The Galway wind e'er whispers
"All in vain, t'is all in vain."

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John Bliven Morin

The Words And The Works

He sat across the aisle from me
On the train to New London;
His clerical collar and the Bible he held
Proclaimed him to be a clergyman.

He was reading the old Book
As we left Union Station,
Bright and alive with people
In bright-colored scarves,
Carrying gaily dressed packages
For their loved ones on Christmas.

He was reading as we passed through
Villages and towns, tinsel and lit
For the holiday season,
And, as we passed near to the sea,
The rolling breakers on the icy shores
Formed clouds of spray in the winter air.

He was reading as we passed through woods
Of beech and pine and snow-white birch,
Bedecked with the falling snow.
From his fallow field a farmer waved
To everyone aboard, his holiday cheer.

He was reading so intently he nearly missed his stop;
"Old Lyme station, " the conductor proclaimed,
And had to repeat "Old Lyme" again,
And at last the man of God arose and departed,
His precious Bible tucked under an arm
As he stepped down to the platform
And, puffing little clouds in the frigid air,
Moved briskly and hurriedly away.

I couldn't help but reflect how devoutly
He read that Grand Old Tome the entire way,
Devouring the word of God and missing entirely
All of God's miraculous creation we had passed
Throughout the miles of our journey.

John Bliven Morin

The World Is Mine

A parody

As I passed the opera house,
I met a man of enormous size;
"Hello, " I said in greeting him,
A large man whose bright eyes,
Sound ears, and sturdy frame
Suggest a robust, healthy body.
"Baritone? I asked, "Basso, perhaps
"No, " he squeaked, "I'm a castradi."
Oh God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two b-Is; the world is mine.

John Bliven Morin

The Wreck Of The Hystericus, Page 1 Of 2

A naughty parody of Longfellow's
Wreck of the Hesperus

It was the ship Hystericus
That sailed throughout the storm,
And the Cap'n took his fav'rite gal
To keep his cockles warm.

Her eyes were blue, but green her face
Since leaving the port landing;
Her long, blonde curls hung daintily,
Her bosoms were outstanding.

The Cap'n stood beside the wheel
And spun it left, then right;
He kept his whiskey close beside,
A-sailing through the night.

Up spake an old sailor
"A storm is coming true;
I'd like to sleep with yonder lass
Before this ship is through."

The Cap'n, he laughed a scornful laugh
"That woman is just for me!
Go check the barnacles on the keel! "
and tossed him in the sea.

Down came the storm, and fiercely blew
From west and south and east;
"Don't worry, " the Cap'n told the girl,
"The north is calm at least! "

"I'm cold, " she whined, so the Cap'n took
His coat and covered her body,
And lashed her to the mainmast tight,
Thinking "Later we can party! "

The Hystericus bobbed upon that sea

Like a cork in a flushing loo,
Till a crushing wave crashed over the side
And washed away the crew.

“Oh, Cap’n, I hear the sound of guns,
And the sound of a funeral knell.”
“It’s only the surf on the jagged reef,
And the shallow-water bell.”

John Bliven Morin

The Wreck Of The Hystericus, Page 2 Of 2

"Oh, 'Pops, ' I see an approaching light
Oh say, what can it be? "
But the Cap'n answered not a word
A frozen Pops-sicle was he.

And now the ship was on the rocks,
And now was rent asunder;
And now the waves crashed on the shore,
Echoing the wild storm's thunder.

With lanterns high, the scavengers
Scoured that rocky shore;
Grabbing the bobbing flotsam,
Floating inland by the score.

And there a startled old man saw,
And others stood aghast,
To see a beauty on the beach,
Tied to a broken mast.

Shiv'ring with cold, the girl, she wept,
her clothes torn by the sea;
"Oh thank you, Sirs, untie these ropes,
Thanks loads for saving me."

"We won't untie those ropes quite yet, "
Said he with the leering glance,
"This ain't yer lucky day, my girl, "
As the scavengers dropped their pants.

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writing as Blithian

John Bliven Morin

The Yellow Shawl, Page 1 Of 2

It was a sickly yellow;
Awful colour, I recall,
Not quite green,
Hidious sheen,
Was that shawl.

It offended my poor eyes
Merely to look upon it;
Hellish hue,
Not the blue
Of her bonnet.

I saw that yellow woven
Woolen shawl she wore,
Meeting men;
I knew it then,
She wanted more.

But it wasn't her behaviour
With the men who thrilled her;
T'was that crawling
Yellow shawl,
Was why I killed her.

When she came home at dawn,
Drunk and laughing, mocking;
Yellow wound
her neck around,
Like a stocking.

Hellish yellow in the lamplight
Was her shawl of greenish ochre;
With its length
And my strength,
Did I choke her.

In the garden late that night,
Buried her, the shawl beside her;

Spent hours
Replanting flowers
There, to hide her.

John Bliven Morin

The Yellow Shawl, Page 2 Of 2

My neighbor, with his dog,
Woke me, scowling,
Next day;
Along the way,
Started growling.

Tugging, pulling in the garden
Something hidden in the ground;
Ghastly yellow,
Shocked the fellow;
She was found.

So I sit here locked away
Where the walls, I must decry,
Horrid yellow,
Sickly yellow,
Till I die.

John Bliven Morin

Thingie

I have a great thingie named Peter;
Most women my Peter enthralls,
But when my wife left me last winter,
She left me without any b-ls.

John Bliven Morin

To The Faerie Lady

I once believed in fairies,
Pixies, elves, and such,
But as I grew, I thought I knew
That they were just too much.
I lived my humdrum life each day,
To work and then back home;
The years flew by, and with them I
Forgot of elves and gnomes;
Until I met a tender soul
Who believed in fairy lore,
And showed me things like fairy rings
Till I believed once more.

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John Bliven Morin

Traveller

Cleopatra I've wooed,
with Shakespeare shared food,
gone to war with Jeanne d'Arc;
On mammoth I've dined,
and the dinosaur kind,
But not in a Jurassic Park.

The Sahara I've durst,
without any thirst,
the pole caps without any freeze;
to the depths of the sea,
I have swum wild and free,
as easy and bold as you please.

The world I have seen,
to the past I have been,
tomorrow has been a small leap;
I've been light years in space,
while still in one place,
In my dreams, when I am asleep!

John Bliven Morin

Troll

Over the stream at Lengolred
There stands a bridge of stone,
And none may cross without a loss
If he carries meat and bone.

Beneath that ancient hewn stone span
There lives a great stone troll,
Or so it is said in Lengolred,
And to pass you must pay a toll.

In a cave beneath the ancient bridge
Troll's family waits to eat,
With hungry maws and eager claws,
And a taste for fresh red meat.

To travel over the old stone bridge,
Be you commoner or class,
Have meat to pay the toll that day,
So you may safely pass.

Troll has no interest in your purse -
No coin of the realm will do;
If you offer gold he may strike you cold
And take his toll from you!

John Bliven Morin

Vacula

Lives there a man
So timid that whom
Ne'er tried his d-k
In the family vacuum,
And had to quickly
Flick the switch
Before it ate
That sumabitch?

John Bliven Morin

Voices, Page 1 Of 2

I `member still thar voices,
Thet night so long ago;
Cousin Billy and his friend,
They wuz excited so.

"You better git on over heah, "
They whispered on the phone,
"We got us one real good, ah say,
We ketched him all alone

A-walkin' `long the highway,
Jest outside of town;
We's havin' us some fun t'night,
So you better git on down! "

O Lord, why did I listen?
Why did I up and go?
For I am damned to hell f' sure,
My voices tol' me so.

I tuk my ol' blue Chevvy
With the shotgun in the rack,
An' drove to where they tol' me to,
That loggin' road in back.

An' thar they wuz beside the road,
A man, to a truck wuz tied
An' Billy an' Earl and Brother Bob
A-laughin' there beside.

"Wal, looky heah son, whut we got -
A uppity city buck!
He ain't so uppity now I see,
Tied to my pickup truck.

We all done had our fun with him,
So come on over heah;
Kick him in the b-ls like - this -
An' have a can of beer."

O Lord I never keered fer Bill,
An' Earl wuz trailer scum;
I didn't know this Brother Bob,
Why did I join them some?

The screamin' it was horrible,
The silence it was worst;
For months I dreamt it all agin,
I knowed that I wuz curst.

John Bliven Morin

Voices, Page 2 Of 2

They are the voices that I hear,
They whisper ever' day;
The dreams, they come mos' ever' night;
I scream at night, they say.

I hear their voices, all of them,
Though they have long been dead;
They whisper things fer me to do,
In secret, in my head.

Bob was electricuted, then
Earl shot hissself, I know,
An' Billy had a heart attack,
While waitin' on death row.

But I still hear their voices;
I heah them jest ez plain
As if they was a-standin' heah,
With the crim'naly insane.

They think that I too am insane,
That's why I'm in this place;
They don't believe my voices,
Though I tol' them to their face.

But now, tonight is special;
For years I've saved with hope,
Bits of thread from yar and thar,
Until I wove this rope.

I tied it to the winder bars,
Just like my voices said,
An' put it roun' my scrawny neck;
I'm a-standin' on my bed.

An' so I say good night to you,
This is my last farewell;
I'm steppin' off this steely bed,
It's jest three feet to hell!

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John Bliven Morin

Waikiki Observation

I think that I have never seen
A string bikini quite so lean
Which hides itself in every cranny
You'd think she isn't wearing anny.

John Bliven Morin

War, In Black And White

The King is protected,
The Queen can be vicious;
The Bishop is sneaky,
The Knight is malicious;
The Rook can be thorough;
Before them, unbendable,
In black or white rows,
The Pawns are expendable.

John Bliven Morin

Warning!

Beware, all you democracies,
Read well this planet's histories!

When violence surpasses beauty,
And apathy replaces duty,
Morality becomes licentiousness,
And sloth surpasses wariness,
Then even prideful patriotism
Can turn to blind fanaticism.

A leader, popular and charismatic,
With glib words, false and acrobatic,
Can take your weak democracy
And make of it a tyranny.

2005

John Bliven Morin

What's In A Name?

Betty MacBride McGovern Van Ketter
Wanted to drive but they wouldn't let her
She passed all the tests
In fact she was best
But they couldn't get her effing name on the license.

John Bliven Morin

When I Was Two-And-Fifty

When I was two-and-fifty
I heard a wise-ass say,
'You're old and cold and graying
And forgetful of your way;
No heinies now or boobies
Will bring Priapus out.'
But I was two-and-fifty;
I punched him in the snout!

When I was two-and-fifty
I heard him say once more,
'I run for fun ten miles a day,
Do push-ups on the floor,
I eat no meat, take vitamins;
I've still wild outs to sow.'
And I am two-and-sixty,
And he died five years ago!

John Bliven Morin

When The Scarecrows Come Alive

Come sit with me, you children,
in a circle round the fire;
Let me tell you all a story
while the pine log flames get higher;
I first heard this here story
when I was young like you,
a-settin' round a fire like this,
an' my grandpa told it true.

These young folks from the city
used to come here every Fall,
a-takin' pictures everywhere,
till one year, as I recall;
They went to see the haystacks
where the moon shines on the fence,
an' to see the country scarecrows,
an' nobody's seen 'em since.

There was this farmer, Mr. Brown,
who laughed at tales like this;
One Halloween he left his home
After giving his gal a kiss;
He said he left his bestest hat,
the one with the widest brim,
out in the field, well they found his hat,
but they aint yet found him.

The Rawlins Twins, they was a pair,
if mischief was to be had;
They liked to joke - most every folk
said that they was bad;
One Autumn evening they went out
to steal their neighbor's corn;
They ain't come back, it's just as though
them two was never born.

On Halloween the scarecrows live
just for the night of fear,
but if they get your soul, my child,

they'll live for one whole year;
so if you go into the fields,
make sure you don't arrive
on October thirty-first,
when the scarecrows come alive!

John Bliven Morin

Whenever I Dream

Whenever I dream, I'm always young;
I stride and even run
On dewy grass, through woods I pass
As once when life was fun.

My family and my friends I see,
As through an open door;
Those of today and yesterday,
They laugh and sing once more.

And they are always young as well;
Adventures in the mist,
And lovers fair with flowing hair
I meet in spectral tryst.

To dream is but reliving life
As we would have it be;
With my last breath, I'll not fear death,
And dream again of thee.

John Bliven Morin

Why The Romano - Cartheginian Wars Were Called 'Punic'

Hannibal of Carthage
Makes fun where e'er he goes
He laughs that Rome is silly
'As every Roman knows.'

This awful pun on the Roman nose
So angered Roman shores
They went to war with Carthage
And called it the Punic Wars.

John Bliven Morin

Will O' The Wisp, Page 1 Of 2

The cypress of the swamp grow tall,
garlanded in gray moss they stand;
surrounded by their jutting knees
that rise up from the marsh and sand.

In the hours 'tween dusk and dawn,
when the wind blows cool and crisp
in the distance, not far, flash
the lights called will o' the wisp

The eerie lights go dancing, moving,
flickering, flashing in the dark;
beckoning, teasing, come-to-me;
who or what applies the spark?

The quarter moon was rising slowly
Over dark'ning bog and fen
Jem had to find the will o' the wisp
If it took an hour or ten.

"Hoke, help me push the pram;
Get in and paddle here with me;
let's find out for ourselves just what
that flickering thing can be."

"I'll go, but Cousin Jem I find
that faraway flashing fright'ning
It reminds of a stormy night
and the distant glow of light'ning! "

"Don't be a coward, Hoke.
I know your heart is strong;
pick up your paddle, cousin, row!
I know this can't be wrong."

"I see only darkness, Jem,
the lights have disappeared;
please, I beg you turn back now,
those lights are strange and weird."

"Hoke, there it is again!
The lights are over there...
No wait, they've gone away again,
I can't see them anywhere."

"There's the flash, row harder Hoke!
They're moving further on;
We've got to catch them if we can...
Durn! again they're gone! "

John Bliven Morin

Will O' The Wisp, Page 2 Of 2

"Come-to-me, " they say, "see?
they're only just ahead. Ignore
the near deep throated, bellowing
of the old bull gator's roar, "

"Ignore the splash and croaking
in the darkness of the frog
as he seeks a long-lost lover
o'er the quicksand of the bog."

Now minutes pass; the lights have gone,
they search the swamp in vain;
Without the lights to guide them,
Might as well head home again.

"Which way, Hoke, did we come?
From there, by the fallen tree,
or past the cypress to the right;
It looks the same to me."

"No, the current's turned us `round,
We came from over there,
where the owl sits on the cypress knee...
Maybe not, but where? "

Back at the fishing camp at dawn,
A family searched for their two boys;
The Sheriffs in their motor boat
Found nothing but their motor's noise.

The years have passed, the family grieves,
For the loss of Hoke and Jem;
Maybe they found the will o' the wisp,
Or maybe it found them!

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John Bliven Morin

Wishing, Page 1 Of 2

I'd be the bravest soldier
In the army, oh the best,
Marching proudly on parade
With medals on me chest;
But when the cannons roared
And they're shooting everyone,
I think that I should take me kit
And up and bloody run!

The greatest surgeon I shall be.
A man of world reknown;
Saving lives and winning fame
And cheered from town to town;
But when I opened up someone
And saw what's in their core,
I think that I should either faint
Or vomit on the floor!

An airman bold I think I'll be,
In me aircraft, flying high;
Doing loops and barrel rolls
Across the wide blue sky;
But when the old Red Baron came
To initiate some fights,
'Tis then, I think, that I'd recall
That I'm afraid of heights!

A captain and a privateer
Is what I'd like to be;
Seizing foreign cargoes
From ships across the sea;
But when the warships closed in fast,
And cannons blasted shot;
Oh dear, perhaps a privateer
Is what I'd rather not!

A firefighter I should be,
Rushing through the streets,
With horns a-blaring loudly;

Saving lives and other feats;
'Twould be a great ambition,
A firefighter to aspire,
Except that I am quite afraid
Of anything like fire!

John Bliven Morin

Wishing, Page 2 Of 2

Soldier, surgeon, airman,
Fireman or privateer;
I haven't got the wherewithall
To make my new career;
Alas, those men I'll never be,
All heroes to this nation;
I'll just go back to me mundane job
In bomb deactivation!

John Bliven Morin

Women

Women are angels,
God bless every one;
But when women are devils
They're hellaciously fun!

John Bliven Morin

Word Of Warning

Connecting dots
On ocelots
Is harder than expected;
As while you write,
They claw and bite,
Before they're all connected!

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John Bliven Morin

Words

Angry words were spoken,
How easily did they flow;
A dear friendship broken
By their cruel, thoughtless blows.

Harsh words so quickly sped,
Barbed arrows from my tongue;
Oh, all too easily said,
Not easily undone.

Apologies rebuffed,
They could not pay the cost
Of anger; not enough,
And so, a friendship lost.

John Bliven Morin

Y-A-C-H-T

If Y-A-C-H-T spells 'yacht, '
Then I am sleeping on a cacht!
When, some flowers, I have gacht,
I like to keep them in a pacht.
When I'm on time, I'm on the dacht,
But, when otherwise, I'm nacht.
I've learned, since I was just a tacht,
When I eat beans, I sometimes facht.

John Bliven Morin

You Don'T Have To Be A Christian To Love Christmas

You don't have to be a Christian to love Christmas,
It's a festival for all the girls and boys;
Even Buddha, meditati'n' can hardly bear the waitin'
For jolly Santa and his bag of toys.

You don't have to be a Christian to love Christmas,
It's such fun to decorate the Christmas tree;
The Shinto in Japan and the kids of the Koran,
Their eyes light up when all the gifts they see.

You don't have to be a Christian to love Christmas,
It's a holiday for all the world to share;
The Druid and the Jain and the atheist down the lane
Are wrapping gifts for family everywhere.

You don't have to be a Christian to love Christmas,
There's a friendliness in everyone you meet;
The Hindu and the Wiccan can bake a sumptuous chicken
And invite the Jewish family down the street!

John Bliven Morin

Zombies

The zombies ain't comin',
I tremblin' with fear,
the zombies ain't comin';
they already here!

Zombies in the alley,
zombies at the park,
zombies in the daytime,
zombies in the dark.

Zombies servin' fast food,
zombies shootin' pool,
zombies beggin' dollars,
zombies in the school.

Zombies in the gov'ment,
zombies in the law,
zombies that you can't see,
zombies that I saw.

Zombies could be neighbors,
zombies could be mates;
zombies could be relatives,
zombies could be dates.

Zombies usin' needles,
zombies smokin' pipes,
zombies just a-snortin',
zombies of all types.

Zombies hooked on crystal,
zombies hooked on crack,
zombies doin' coke lines,
zombies doin' smack.

The zombies ain't comin',
I tremblin' with fear;
the zombies ain't comin',
they already here!

John Bliven Morin