

Poetry Series

Ting Bang Bong
- poems -

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Ting Bang Bong()

I was born behind a drum kit in a comedy club. When the doctor told my mother it's a girl, everyone there said, 'Ting Bang, ' and it stuck.

Beaver

There once was a beaver;
Who was a retriever,
Fun and cooky;
He could run, but was spooky;
He could jump;
Too bad he'd always come down
With a thump.

One day he ate his weight in bait.
And then took a nap,
While lookin' at a map;
He woke up,
Once he heard a slap,
What was that slap?
Or maybe it was more of a tap?
Or a wap?
Then he thought about his friend Matt,
(Matt was a rat)

There was Matt sleeping on a mat,
Wearing a top hat;
Still, what was that tap?
Then he felt a dropp on his lap!
The top of his home was leaking,
So he jumped to his feet
And started speaking.

He called up his pal, Mr Kee King
Who threw a slab of wood
On the spot where it was leaking;
In amazment
The beaver started shreaking!

Ting Bang Bong

Bread

Bread bread, I love bread,
I was bred to eat bread,
When I stick bread in my head,
I feel better fed.

When I get into my bed,
I lie there with a slice of bread,
Even my best friend, Fred
Says he appreciates bread,

Yesterday, I saw my friend Ed,
He was eating a loaf of bread,
He looked at me and said,
I love bread.

Later I went to visit Ted
He was cooking a loaf of bread.
I told him what Ed said,
And then Ted said, I'm like Ed,
I love bread.

Ting Bang Bong

Exploding Bugs

Today's the day
To bang one out,
Though I need not
Scream and shout,
As I sit here by the fire,
With my main squeeze
Making hugs,
Everytime the fire pops
It's exploding bugs.

How were these poor bugs to know
When they burrowed in the log, to finally take their seat.
Once the log is stacked in the fire place,
These bugs are doomed to face the heat.

In their little, humble abode,
These bugs're destined to explode.
Bummer, man,
Is all I can say
As another bug blows up today,
Pop! Hey!

Ting Bang Bong

I Stink There For I Am

I blink,
There for I am,
I sink
There for I am,
Don't fink,
There for I am,
I'm missing Link,
There for I am,
I like pink,
There for I am,
Don't wear mink,
There for I am,
I'm not rinky dink,
There for I am,
I eat zinc,
There for I am,
I have a kink,
There for I am,
I know a fairy named Tink,
There for I am,
I wink,
There for I am.

So, what do you think?
There for are you?

Ting Bang Bong

If They Ain'T Got A Belly Button, Run

If they ain't got a belly button, run.
If they ain't got a belly button, run.
If they ain't got a belly button,
Even if it's, Betty Hutton,
If there is no button,
Better run!

Ting Bang Bong

Jello

Hello,
This poem's,
About jello.
Yello jello makes me mello.
Like a happy fello,
Playing the cello,
But don't tello.

Ting Bang Bong

Mamas Dont Let Your Babies Go To Work For Disney

Mamas don't let your babies grow up and work for Disney,
Don't let 'em wear mouse ears,
Or sing a pop song,
Don't let 'em wear belly shirts,
The whole thing is wrong.
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to work for Disney.
They'll end up on drugs
And be managed by thugs
Cos here's where it's at,
Mickey mouse is really a rat..

Ting Bang Bong

Mud Pies

As I gaze toward the skies,
I thank God,
There are no flying mud pies.
It's bad enough dealing with flies,
We don't need no stinkin',
Flying mud pies.

Ting Bang Bong

My Belly

It's round and full of jelly,
It's holding the sandwich
I ate at the deli.

It sometimes gets a little big,
I guess I ate too much pig.

It sometimes gets a little too full,
I guess I shouldn't have finished that whole
bowl.

Sometimes it get's a little round,
I guess I shouldn't eat sausage by the pound.

There's a button in the middle
And a spine in the back,
I'm kinda shaped like a fiddle
On a Big Mac!

Ting Bang Bong

My Main Squeeze

My main squeeze,
Loves to eat cheese,
Can't drive without his car keys,
Likes to say please,
Eats peas smothered in cheese,
He don't walk on his knees,
Loves bees,
Carries around skies,
In a deep freeze,
Tends to sneeze,
Says geez,
Likes trees,
Thats why I love
My Main Squeeze.

Ting Bang Bong

Puppy Brains

Chew, chew, chew
Maybe chew a bone,
Maybe chew a shoe,
Come to think of it,
Maybe chew you;

These are thoughts,
So profane;
These are thoughts
of a puppy brain.

I gotta poop, I gotta pee!
Should I go in the house or over by the tree?
My masters bought me a real nice bed,
But I think I'll sleep on the sofa Instead.

Maybe later I'll run down the hall,
And knock a few pictures off the wall;
My wiggly tail, I love to wag,
Oh boy, I think I'll eat some stuff in this bag.

Puppy brains will never read
They're logic is sometimes in vain;
Maybe on the cusp of mildly insane
But that's the story of the puppy brain.

Ting Bang Bong

Ratter, Ratter What's The Matter?

Ratter, ratter
What's the matter?
Riddle, riddle
With your middle?

Ratter, ratter,
Are you fatter?
Riddle, riddle
Play your fiddle.

Ting Bang Bong

The Ballad Of Bong

My name is Bong;
I help Ting Bang
Try to get along.
I help Ting Bang,
When she needs
To write a song.
When we work together,
Our name is
Ting Bang Bong.

Ting Bang Bong

The Ballad Of Ting Bang

I was born
Behind a drum kit
At a comedy club
Called, 'Chuckles.'

It was tough;
It was rough;
Mammy had white knuckles.

As I entered onto the stage,
Mother held drum sticks
Tightly in her hand.
The room was full of comedians
I'll have you understand.

'You have a baby girl, '
Was what the doctor sang,
Then all the comics in the room
Yelled, 'Let's call her Ting Bang! '

Ting Bang is the rim shot sound
Drummers use to punctuate jokes.
It seemed like the thing to say
When surrounded by these folks.

So it was
And so it is
And I won't pass the buck.
Clowns named me Ting Bang
And the title stuck.

Ting Bang Bong

The Itty Bittiest Socks

There they are, the itttiest socks,
Each one of them smaller
Than tiny little rocks.

All of them an inch long each,
Warm and fuzzy, just like a peach.

The socks all lined up in an itty bitty row,
So small that there barely the size of a toe.

All the little socks are missing little feet,
For they are too small for every one
Including, Pete.

So why do they make such little socks?
No one really knows;
I guess everyone only wants warm toes.

Ting Bang Bong

The Littlest Lizard

The littlest lizard that I ever saw
Was on my good friends porch;
He was so dad- burn small and all,
But his beady eyes shined like a torch,
Of the firey past from whence he came;
I wanted to give this lizard a name,
He was so dad- burned unafraid,
Because he had little suckers on his feet,
That God made.

And he was the littlest lizard I'd ever seen,
I wanted to make him my friend,
Carry him around in my breast pocket,
And get him to hand me my ball point pen.

I'd give him some of my burger;
I'd give him beef jerky at the bar;
I would 've bought him a solid gold pocket watch,
In would 've bought him a minuatue car.

But I knew the littlest lizard,
Would be better off on his own,
Fooling around,
Snipin' bugs on the porch,
Than hanging around...
Down town.

Ting Bang Bong

There Ain'T No Bones In A Hotdog

There ain't no bones in a hotdog.

There ain't no bones in a hotdog.

There ain't no bones,

Or cherry stones;

There ain't no bones in a hot dog.

Ting Bang Bong

Tic Talk

Tics, Tics, Tics,
I hate tics.
They drink blood,
I picked off six.

Unscrew them from your body,
And you gotta get 'em quick,
And you gotta make sure
That their head don't stick.

Ting Bang Bong