

# POETS' CORNER

Curly Marsh

## NO ROOM ON THE ARK (Brontosaurus where are you)

The rain, that gentle rain from heaven, started;  
Started gently at first, an even friendly fall.  
No cause for alarm, they said, those whose business  
It was to be alarmed, should that be required.  
Those whose business it was to sound the alarm,  
This they said to the man, Noah:

"Tell the populace to plant as usual.  
First the peas, then the cabbages and the rutabagas and so on."  
And he did. That is, Noah told the populace to plant.  
They did plant, the populace, having faith.

Now on the seventh day, the rain having increased,  
The populace waited on Noah, hoes in hand.  
"Noah, we hurt, we cannot plant the dahlias.  
What will become of us? Noah, we demand action!  
We demand you send emissaries aloft  
To request, humbly, of course, that the rains cease -  
That the dahlias may be planted."

Noah saw that their need was great,  
And he called on the Lord to halt the bounteous outpouring  
From the heavenly aquifer.

Whereupon the Lord was wroth and demanded of Noah,  
"Wherefore do your people seek to plant dahlias?"  
What sinful vanity is this?  
To plant dahlias instead of rutabagas and ye parsnips?  
Build you an ark on the mountainside  
And conduct therein two of all kinds I have created,  
Leaving all others that they may perish  
In the torrents I will send for forty days."

And Noah did as the Lord commanded and led into the Ark  
Two of all living species he could find.  
Two by two they entered and the Ark became full.

Then came lumbering down the mountain  
Two large beasts ye 50 cubits long and 30 high  
Seeking their place in the Ark as the Lord had decreed.  
Noah, aghast at these large, hulking creatures,  
Hastily raised the gangplank and shoved off  
Into the surging waters, crying  
"No room on the Ark! No room on the Ark!"

And that is how it came to pass there are  
No dinosaurs alive today, as far as we know.

C. B. Doak

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## PUTT IN PERSPECTIVE

At well-known Norfolk Country Club  
One afternoon serene,  
Three ladies graced the verandah  
O'erlooking the eighteenth green.

Two gentlemen had chipped up close  
A few feet from the pin  
When George had blown his eight foot putt  
Fred's two foot putt would win.

"Oh sh-t!", he cried in anguish as  
His nervous putt stayed out;  
But the ladies on the verandah heard  
His agonizing shout.

The first one said, "How very gross!"  
The second said, "That's men."  
The third exclaimed, "For shame! For shame!  
It can't occur again."

So they approached the club's Trustees,  
And a formal complaint was made  
At a special Trustees meeting where  
The facts were duly laid.

The Board displayed its authority  
And decided right there and then  
That women should not be subjected to  
The outbursts of foul-mouthed men.

So they adopted a resolution  
And the following notice was seen:  
"Henceforth no ladies may use the verandah  
O'erlooking the eighteenth green."

author unknown

## WATER HAZARD

*Editor: This poem adapted from an incident at The Country Club of Florida, vouched for by Jimmy Deschler, then president of the club; also inspired by similar poem, "Putt in Perspective" - see left column*

At swanky Norfolk Country Club  
Three ladies, not serene,  
Now banned from the verandah, putted  
On the fifteenth green.

Two gentlemen stood deep in talk  
Close to the sixteenth tee.  
Said Fred "I'm feeling nature's call,  
In fact, I have to pee."

Said George, "well that's no problem, Fred;  
You know I wouldn't look.  
Just step behind that friendly tree  
And do it in the brook."

The ladies on the fifteenth green  
Observed how Fred behaved,  
Were horrified and shocked to see  
A member so deprived.

The first one said, "Disgusting show."  
The second said, "Obscene."  
"Men are gross," the third one said,  
"And basically unclean."

The trustees heard their terse complaint:  
"A urinating man  
Went, 'in flagrante', in the brook -  
There's got to be a ban."

The trustees ruled: "We understand  
Your deep embarrassment,  
We're very strong for Women's Lib,  
Hate sexual harassment."

"We, therefore, grant this privilege:  
Men, feeling nature's call,  
May use the brook near tee sixteen -  
Improve the water-fall."

But Equal Opportunity  
Compels the undersigned  
To grant this self-same privilege  
To all our womankind."

Theron L. Marsh

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*Editor: The following poem from Dr. Josh paints a very depressing picture we'll admit, but having been there, he felt the need to paint it, because, as he says, it's the truth.*

## OLD SOLDIERS - A VETERANS' HOSPITAL

The glory days are gone  
The ranks in tattered disarray,  
The dreams of future gone awry  
They totter up and down the halls, disheveled, sick and sorry,  
Or, tubes in every orifice support the ebbing life  
They tethered, lie in ruffled beds, their islands of survival.

What glory days they were!  
When men were men and glory lay ahead:  
The call to arms, the patriotic surge,  
The blithe enlistment, the less enchanting draft,  
The comradeship of drilling sergeant's discipline,  
The battle cry, the charge, the fallen comrade.

And now the days are long, forlorn,  
The dregs are drained:  
Strapped to a stretcher, wheelchair bound, bed rails up,  
No guns, no tanks, no planes, no parachutes  
They deal with ostomies, with gastric tubes and amputated legs  
The shriveled remnants of a former glory.

F. Tremaine Billings, Jr.