

A LITTLE BIT OF THE CREATURE

It has been realized, James was a mean ol' bore.
Because he tossed and turned, he was pushed to the floor.

When he awoke, he found his favorite shirt tore.
He couldn't afford a replacement, he was poor.

Depression crept in; he could feel it in his core.
He'd soon sip his troubles away at the pub next door.

He would sit and sulk and listen to Ferguson's lore.
He would sit and listen till he could hear no more.

Leaving before the bar crowd would roar.
He was to pick up bread from the corner store.

"No that was yesterday," he was sure...he swore.
He was shocked when he got home and opened the door.

Everything was gone, no sign of the whore.
His wife, at one time, was all he could adore.

When his lips went for the drink, his heart turned noir.
Now at the sea of loneliness, he stood on the shore.

All he had left were the clothes he wore.
He took a string from his shoe and tied it to the door.

Then tied it around his neck and knelt on the floor.
He leaned forward, gasping and clawing till he could breathe no more.

He died that day, three minutes to four.
His last thought, 'Hurry...my knees are sore.'