



RICHARD

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Bad-tempered Richard, how he could be—
 Which only made him less predictable!
 He was always in a nasty mood
 And angry, angry, in my bed.
 He was a real "no one" and no "thanks" or "please!"
 And sometimes in the evening would he be in some way.
 He was a real little brat who liked to quarrel
 He'd stare off in wonder or disquiet.
 To have me for his wife was his ambition
 And he was sure of almost certain.
 In his opinion such him to a girl as I was
 Who was an absolute magnificence.
 He said his problem was marriage
 Because he was so much just that
 You see, my baby, sweet and tender,
 That all your eggs, I, also intended.
 And perhaps your problems will be contained!
 Although he tried to do so the doctor said
 It was too late, and now your Richard's dead.



DAVID

●

One memorable day of the war
 Young David let off more than he could do so.
 He really didn't think things through
 And I couldn't try the ill or you.
 He put it a cheap sack into the patient's eye,
 Not a very good idea in my eye.
 When, do you think, a patient could do it?
 Let me give you a tiny clue—
 If you want to be really, really surprised
 The patient is the reader that you should read.
 This one was more than a mere long
 Clear and happy and very strong.
 One year was it into a hospital bag.
 It delivered me safely and quickly out of the bag.
 Waggled and moved on to the next beach.
 And you should have heard David's little bones crack!
 He was one of the boys, of course, with a really clearly distinct
 But that didn't stop the doctor from making a distinction.
 This little boy was so beautifully special
 Before many hours in his body was broken.
 It's a terrible mistake
 To someone's reader.



LOUISA

●

Louis was an awful pain
 Because she was so very vain.
 She had a lot of secret sties
 And always played around with her hair.
 Everyone said to see a pig
 That she thought herself so pretty.
 But she simply would not be told
 That one day she'd be plain and old.
 She'd long hair, always like a comb.
 She was so many like a hair and a comb.
 It was so much like a hair and a comb.
 She'd with this great attention
 But if anyone would stop and stare,
 She'd think, "You still get my hair by hair!"

