

Most here live in houses wood,
This is surely something good;

Some are only wood outside
With shingles on the weather side;

In some the wood is just inside
And paneled by the fireside.

In some there's wood not in nor out;
This kind we can do without.

If the wood is out and in
The space between is thick or thin;

From out to in lies in between
Fiberglass or seaweed green;

In some between, I'm also told,
The walls are stuffed with papers old.

The mouse lives there and reads the news;
If it's had news, he stops and chews.

If wood from out goes thru to in
From out to in is seldom thin.

If out and in is all the same
There is no need to have a frame.

If trees are standing round about,
You take an ax and give a clout;

Then jump aside, the trees fall down:
Now don't saw boards, but leave them round.

These round pieces on the ground
Are known as logs the country round.

Now take these logs and stack them high,
You'll build a cabin by and by.

By building out you build in too
And so the wood goes right on thru.

The space between is missing quite
This gives the reading mouse a fright.

When top log's on, look what you've made:
Somewhat like Clatsop's old stockade.

A log ca-bin we call this thing;
That has a woodsy rustic ring.

Without a hollow wall as house
The room is all that's left for mouse.

He gets on well with any folks
And to the cat he tells old jokes.

On four sides logs, then in between
Now lives here birthday girl Irene.

When birthday comes between the logs,
Birthday candles keep out fogs.

The newsy mouse also has light
To read his paper left to right.

Don't mind the mouse, to you I say:
HELLO IRENE, HAP-PU BIRTH-DAY!

Jim Markham, August 1985