

A briet that grew by the logs
Made difficult access for dogs;
But the chipmunks came thru,
And little birds too,
And Lulubelle wearing her clogs.

One day in the middle of May
The briet did thornily say,
"I'm not big enough;
There's a whole lot of stuff
I want to see over the way."

For a briet to get anywhere
He can't use a 4-wheeled affair
He does it by growing
And never by towing
Or tiding his bicycle there.

So then he decided to grow,
And not just a few leaves or so;
He had to go far
Without any car;
That's a yard every hour or so.

Then he grew up and away;
He grew by the night and the day;
Before the next dawn,
He had covered the lawn;
Which stopped all the making of hay

Then Lulubelle came in her clogs
To visit the cabin of logs;
But she only saw briet
Growing faster than fire,
And blackberries big as small dogs.

Said she "I know the cabin
Is somewhere the briets within
I'll just pick a berry
And then I'll try very
Hard to squeeze myself in."

She picked berries for seventeen days,
Filling 2 trains, 7 trucks and 2 trays,
The briet grew mad
At being so had,
And retreated to yesterday's haze

So Lulubelle opened the way
Now we all can tush in to say
"This is the day
When you get to play
Happy Birthday Irene on this day!"

Jim Markham
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