

This tale is hairy, somewhat scary
And not about your dogs;
A creature green, of dampish mien
Decided he liked logs.

So up he clumb from swampy scum
To seek a new abode;
He packed his pack with Spanish sack
And tea set made by Spode.

His long green locks hung down like socks,
Completely soaking wet;
"In all my weeks in soggy creeks
It's never been dry yet!"

"I'll find a log that doesn't sog
And there I'll stay a while,
I'll dry my hair, so green and fair
And then I'll live in style."

"I see a log, another log
It is a cabin fine
Oh this is great, it must be fate
I'm sure it must be mine!"

"What's this I see, just sipping tea
A lady sitting there;
I'll throw her out, so I won't pout
And then I'll dry my hair

Then on the scene came Travis keen
To rescue lady fair
"Unhand Irene, you creature green
Or I shall pull your hair!"

"Oh not my hair, that is not fair
Oh please I beg you sir!
I'll leave this place to
save my face
And then I'll dry my ~~hair~~

Travis said that he had read
of other empty logs
With no Irene, no creatures
green
Not even any dogs

"So greenish beast, just
march back East
And there you'll find the
wood
Woods have trees and logs
like these
Where dry your hair you
could"

So creature green let go
Irene
With thanks for good advice
"To dry my hair mid spruce
and fir
Oh my, won't that be nice!"

Before I start here to depart
There's one more thing to do
To wish Irene, from creature green

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!"

Jim Mathison, August 1990