

Irene lived beside the road
In the house desired by Mr Toad,

"Look at all those lovely logs!
Reminds me of my favorite bogs,

Perhaps they need a bit of rot
Too clean and neat they should be not;

Break out a log or two I think
Add skunk cabbage for a stink.

The creek could be diverted too
It could flow in and right on thru

Lower logs would then be wet;
Make place swampy, yes you bet!

Add some lily pads and frogs
on the lovely slippery logs;

Moss could grow on top of each;
It could be damp right to the beach.

All the toads could party here

Drinking swampy old green beer "

Irene had other ideas tho,

This swampy way she would not go.

"Get out, get out, you silly toad!

This cannot be your abode!

This is a cabin, not a bog;
You don't know how to treat a log

Logs keep you dry and hold antiques
They are not fit for wet food swamps;

so if you want to feel at home,
Go back to your mud and foam;

in cabin logs is a fireplace;

The glow of that will heat your face;

A marshmallow you'll think you are,
You'll wish to be away so far;

These logs are really not your style,
You can't even stay a little while."

"Oh dear," thought Mr Toad, "How sad
This really sounds so very bad;

I'll never have my parties here
Out in the bog I'll drink green beer."

So Irene, who was fondless then
Could think of other things again

For instance, how to celebrate
Important Irene birthday date.

We'll drink to that with ungreen beer
HAPPY BIRTHDAY and Good Cheer!

Jim Holt
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