

BEER GARDEN

*Irene dislikes digging in dirt;
It doesn't go well with her skirt.
But she did want her garden to grow,
And for that, you must dig and then hoe.*

"I really need a gardener assistant
Someone who's dirt-resistant.
But who really likes then to dig?
I don't think I know any pig."

*Then she thought of the holes in the
lawn,
And that's when the idea did dawn.*

*Speaking tube went down the hole:
"I'd like a discussion with Mole!"*

"Hey, what is this Irene-ish sound
Coming from up above ground?"

"Moles like to dig, I want dug;
Would you do it for me for a hug?"

"Moles like to dig and to eat;
For me a hug is no treat."

"Your view of your food is quite skewed
You probably don't know what's brewed
Or that plants that grow up in the light
Will more likely be green than be white
Or that all of those roots that you munch
Have top parts that you'd like for lunch.

Have I got a good deal for you!
I'll give you some new things to chew
And with them some glasses of beer
To bring to your molehole some cheer.
I'll pay you in treats you've not seen,
The tops of the carrots so green.
For that you must dig where I say,
And eat nary a root all the day."

"Carrot tops and beer, Oh Wow!
I'll start digging garden right now!"

*Mole dug up the garden all fine,
Except for one corner, "That's mine!"
There he dug out a neat little hole
For a dining room fit for a mole,
With an elevator up to the top
For carrot tops and beer at day's stop.*

*The garden was planted and grew
Then Mole had to dig some anew.
For Irene had discovered new needs
For Mole to eat roots off the weeds
Said the mole, "I am happy to chew
For more carrot tops and more brew."*

*The garden turned out very fine
And Mole every evening could dine.
This fact you cannot escape:
The garden's the best in Arch Cape.*

*So Irene can now celebrate
Her birthday about on this date.
Happy Birthday, Irene and good cheer!
(And please give the mole some more
beer!)*

Jim Markham
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