

## Thank You, Dogs

Irene lives here, and that we hear  
Is how it's always been;  
She dreamed back then, and then  
again  
These logs to dwell within.  
She came here, in yesteryear,  
Escaping city's din;  
For she desired, and then  
conspired  
These logs to dwell within;  
And so she thought that if she  
brought  
About four dozen dogs,  
That they could help, with lots of  
yelp  
To get her in the logs.  
Outside the logs, then all the dogs  
Began to bark and howl;  
While inside Bert said "My ears  
hurt",  
And he began to scowl;  
"I can't stay here, these dogs to  
hear,  
I just may have to go."  
Behind the dogs, outside the logs  
Irene said, "I thought so".  
But then inside, Bert did decide,  
"I think I'll stay some more;  
'Twas not an elf, 'twas I myself .  
Who built this back in yore.  
If Miss Irene, who has been seen  
Among that pack of dogs,  
Would make them stop, then she  
could hop  
Right here inside these logs.

Please make them cease, give me  
some peace,  
Just make them go away;  
Without your dogs, inside these  
logs,  
I think that you could stay."  
Then said she, "So will it be,  
You dogs have done your task;  
Now you can roam, or go on home,  
But come back when I ask."  
Then dogs moved on, the dogs were  
gone  
And door was opened wide;  
And there stood Bert, the cabin  
flirt  
Who said, "Irene, do come inside."  
Irene came in, with great big grin,  
And said, "I think I'll stay;  
I'll stay here, year after year,  
Remembering this fine day."  
Then yet once more, before the  
door,  
She told the dogs, "You're through;  
You've done so fine, now please  
don't whine, I'll send your pay to  
you."  
Then without dogs, she lived in logs  
Until this very day;  
When we can say, on this fine day  
"Irene, HAPP-Y BIRTHDAY!

-- Jim Markham, August 2008