



*Cat Head Biscuits  
And  
Other Limericks*

By  
Zane Dobson

*The Author of Cooter, Rooter, Tooter and  
Other Friends I Have Known....*

2009

This publication made possible by:



And

**RANDOM HORSE  
PUBLISHING**







*For*  
*The Ancient Radio Players*  
*And*  
*All Poet Lariats out there...*

# Eggin My Friends

Halloween has come again  
Ghouls and zombies galore  
Asking for candy and gum  
As they knock on your front door  
But I know what's best  
And where the fun never ends  
I go to the produce aisle  
Getting ready to egg my friends  
The poultry offspring  
Flies like a bullet  
It hits my buddy's car  
And crashes into his mullet  
My ex old lady  
Nearly died of fright  
After I pelted her house  
On a dark Halloween night  
Oh, yes, I know what's best  
And where the fun never ends  
I go to the produce aisle  
Getting ready to egg my friends

They are white and smooth  
Filled with sticky yolk  
They break so easy  
As your trick-or-treat joke  
Eggs for your breakfast  
Eggs to make merangue  
Eggs to poach or scramble  
Eggs to splat and go bang  
Oh, yes, I know what's best  
And where the fun never ends  
I go to the produce aisle  
Getting ready to egg my friends  
I know what's best on Halloween  
Candy, apples on sticks  
Pumpkins glowing oh so bright  
And eggs that hit like bricks  
So this is my chant and pray'r  
Starlight, star bright  
I wish't I may and might  
Who will I egg tonight  
Oh, yes, I know what's best  
And where the fun never ends  
I go to the produce aisle  
Getting ready to egg my friends

## A Greasy Hamburger and a Cigarette

Oh an ode to a greasy hamburger and a cigarette

As I sit on this faded green barstool

The grease runs down my hand in rivers making me smile

I have found the perfect hamburger and I am smiling

Oh, joyful glee at the sound of a frying hamburger

Joy and glee! Joy and glee I tell thee!

The meat is not yet done

There are cigarette ashes mixed with the pickles and lettuce

I smile yet again at the joy I have found

Who can say that they have found so much joy?

Only those who eat what I am eating followed by a cigarette

Oh, the grease

The cigarette ash mixed for taste

The waitress polishing her one tooth with her finger

These are the days to be remembered

Oh, yes, I say

A greasy hamburger and a cigarette

That is what I say to you with parted smile

Fast and furious with a touch of thirty-year old wallpaper

Pieces for added taste and flavor

Oh, yes!

Who can say that they are as happy as I?

No one I say

Unless you have eaten a greasy hamburger and a cigarette

The nuance is divine

The character rich

Its driving me to the point of insanity

Can anyone be as happy as me?

Oh no--unless they've eaten a greasy hamburger and cigarette.



## **You Are a Friend of Mine**

You can entertain yourself for more than 15 minutes with a flyswatter

You Are a Friend of Mine

Your boat has not left the driveway in 15 years

You burn your yard rather than mow it

You Are a Friend of Mine

The Salvation Army declines your mattress

You have the local taxidermist on speed dial

You Are a Friend of Mine

You come back from the dump with more than you took

You keep a can of bug spray on the kitchen table

You Are a Friend of Mine

Your house doesn't have curtains, but your truck does

Your lifetime goal is to own a fireworks stand

You Are a Friend of Mine

The nailgun you own has your blood on it

The car on blocks is your “work in progress”

You Are a Friend of Mine

You painted you and your wife's names on the bridge

You can belch the pledge of allegiance

You Are a Friend of Mine

Yes, indeed

You Are a Friend of Mine

***Road Signs I Have Known***

North 35/South 35

West 40/East 40

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Kilpatrick Turnpike Next Exit

Tollbooth Ahead

Slow Children Playing

Deer Crossing

Duck Crossing

Men At Work

Flagman Ahead

Slow Traffic Drive in Right Lane!

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Dip, Yield, Stop

Merge Right, Merge Left, Merge

Slow Children Playing

\$1.00 for Two Axle Vehicles

Slow Children Playing!

Railroad Crossing

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Yield! Yield! Yield! Aaagh!

Construction Ahead

Exit Five Next Right

Muscogee Turnpike

Indian Nation Turnpike

H.E. Bailey Turnpike!

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Slow Children Playing!

Cattle Crossing

Route 66

Area Closed

Be Prepared to Stop!

Dead End? Dead End?

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Detour Ahead

Hospital

Slow Traffic Drive in Right Lane!

Slow Traffic Drive in Right Lane!

No Parking??

No U Turn

One Way

Be Prepared to Stop!

Slow Traffic Drive in Right Lane!

Speed Limit 65 miles an hour!

Slow Children Playing

Slow Children Playing

## The Pody-do Rodeo

When you smell fresh manure  
Or see convicts in town  
And you are sure  
That you've seen a clown  
Don't be too concerned  
It's just the rodeo  
Down in Pody-do  
There's a snorting bull named Clyde  
That will kick and buck  
The skin right off your hide  
There's ropin' and ridin'  
Broncin' cowboys--Without any fears  
'cos they're all in for 20 years  
They all try to ride  
'til the clock says "08"  
Run for cover  
And upchuck what they ate  
It's a great big show  
That Pody-do Rodeo  
There's barrel racin'  
That will set any  
Cowboy's heart a-pacin'  
But if you get bored  
Just wait...  
It won't be long  
Before a clown gets gored  
What more could you want?



Hooves a-flyin'  
Convicts a-cryin'  
Some a-dyin'  
'cos they weren't a-tryin'  
It's a great big show  
That Pody-do Rodeo  
And then the day is done  
The dust settles down  
Some have lost--some have won  
You say goodbye to the clown  
You leave for home happy  
The convicts are in tears  
You can go home  
But the convicts--  
They've got to serve another 20 years  
And that's the great big show  
At the Pody-do Prison Rodeo

*A Square Dancin' Square*

Hear the music  
And there you go  
Take your partner  
Out on the flo'  
It's just a jump  
And a stomp  
Swing your partner  
For another romp  
But then something goes wrong  
With this square dancin' song  
You grab your partner  
By the hair  
Sling her 'round  
And you don't care  
You're just a square dancin' square  
You kick your partner  
On her knee  
And then poke her in the eye  
Where she can't see  
You swing around  
And then you jump  
Kick your partner  
In her rump  
You come clear around  
Arm in arm  
You don't mean  
To cause her harm

But you sling her 'round  
By her hair  
You don't care  
You're just a square dancin' square  
And there you go  
And dosey-do  
You move your feet  
And stomp her toe  
You spin her once more  
As the music ends  
It's too late  
To end this dance as friends  
But you sling her 'round  
By her hair  
You don't care  
You're just a square dancin' square

## My Love, Part Two

Oh, how do I thank you, my love  
For all the good times we had  
Drinkin', smokin', dancin', spittin'  
At your Daddy's weddin' day  
The time when we hunted deer  
And shot that poor man  
What was his name?  
It don't matter--he's dead  
Oh, and the time you ate manure on a dare!  
What treasured memories we have, my love  
Or that time when you drank  
The 'shine and beat up the cop  
What stories we have for our kids  
Oh my love! My love!  
Oh, the times we have had  
The time we fished with dynamite  
And ended up in the clink  
It was all for you, my love!  
What joy can compare to thee  
And me eatin' fried chicken  
Under the sycamore tree  
Oh, my love  
Polyester and bass boat finish are for you  
Oh my love! My love! My! Love!



## Limericks, Mach 1

Fred got run over by a tractor  
The big hill he did not factor  
Ran home to his wife  
In sorrow and strife  
And she gave him another skull fracture

\*

Anne chased a fly with her skillet  
Her intention was only to kill it  
She missed by a mile  
Hit her son Kyle  
Now a hole in his head she must fill it

\*

Uncle Dan is a hand at moonshine  
When asked he will never decline  
Against glass he will press  
And cause great distress  
Showing us all where the sun don't shine

—*Inspired by my uncle Dan*

## Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening

I was out riding on my four-wheeler

One night

Vroom, vroom I say

We were taking the back way

To my house

To see my spouse

Of seventeen years and a day

The snow had fallen

All around the woods

And they were a-callin'

'Cos I'd been hit by one of my moods

Oh were those woods a-callin'

I stopped the four-wheeler

To stop and stare

It was a head reeler

Out there in the winter air

Snow falling lightly

The chill deep and cold

And I felt a-mightly

Good and old

The woods they beckoned

Out to me

And I reckoned

That I would be free

I killed the motor swiftly

And walked a-ways

It sure was nifty

Just like the poet says  
The dark was all around  
No birds cheeping  
No, not a sound  
Of anything peeping  
And I was thinking of my grieving  
As I stopped by the woods on a snowy evening  
How they called out  
Asking me to follow  
It was like a shout  
There in the hollow  
And the pain held me fast  
I knew I had to go  
Or I wouldn't last  
There in the snow  
The anguish consumed  
Oh, the pain I felt  
Inside of me it boomed  
Oh, the pain I felt  
As I stopped by the woods on a snowy evening  
And there I found a tree  
In my moment of grieving  
And had me a pee  
On that snowy evening  
I hopped back on my rig  
And was gone in a flash  
The pain had been so big  
More than any rash  
Oh and my grieving  
As I stopped by the woods on a snowy evening

*To Be an American*

Oh, to be an American  
In this country of Red, White, and Blue  
Where a real American  
Don't eat souffle  
I'm an American, as American  
As hot dogs, apple pie, and Chinese buffet  
Oh, to be an American  
Football, basketball, and baseball  
To be an American  
You've gotta love them all  
I'm a real American  
I got my truck, boots, gunrack  
And a dog name Fluffy  
You see, I'm an American  
As American as hot dogs, apple pie, and Chinese buffet  
I love this country  
With all my heart  
For how many countries  
Have a 24 hour Wal-Mart  
Or, K-Mart  
Or a Circle-K?  
None I say  
I ask you what is more American than  
A Collie dog? Or city smog? Or fresh-slaughtered hog?  
Or a pecan log? Or Kermit-the-Frog? Or egg nog?  
You see I'm an American  
I'm as American as hot dogs, apple pie, and Chinese buffet



You see I like greasy food

And being rude

And being crude

I'm always in the mood

I like startin' a fight

Howlin' in the night

Using my trusty spotlight

Flyin' a kite

Belchin' with all my might

You see, I know my rights

You see, I'm an American

And I'm American as can be

I'm good natured, friendly

And not too stuffy

You see, I'm an American

I'm as American as hot dogs, apple pie, and Chinese buffet

*The Rubber in the Bait*

Squiggley pig twisted tail shoot spinner with added stink

Make-shift potato squealer

With a touch of mink

The fish always wonder what they ate

When I go fishin' with RubberBait

Hammerhead slink toothed gumjos

Flat-pink slipped gainer crumblows

Or there's jasper zingers with extra hooks

And milly mouthed jelly spooks

They all do well when fishin'

And if it's flatheads you been missin'

Then don't waste time

Listenin' to this here rhyme

If you wanna catch 'em

Without being late

Make sure there's Rubber in the bait

Glow tapeworm stinkum fasten tailed blood and guts blasters

Use them and you'll catch the fish faster

Jiggle footed possum toe-joes

And the fish will forget what he knows

Oh, yes if you wanna catch a fish and his mate

Make sure there's Rubber in the bait

## Bar-b-que

I like it when you're hot

I like it when you're not

I like you a tittle and a jot

For you are bar-b-que

Bar-b-que this and bar-b-que that

I love you--so much

And for that I tip my hat

I like it mild or even better hot

With sweat running down my cheeks

And my chin slick with snot

You see I have no pride

When it comes to bar-b-que

I love it burning off my hide

I like the gaseous bubble it leaves

In my side

For you are bar-b-que

And I love you--so much

I need the sauce, saucey

The meat, meaty

The smoke, smokey

The mesquite, mesquite-oey

If it weren't for you, bar-b-que

Where would I be?

I would be lost and alone

Without a pork rib bone

To munch on

And I love you mild or even better hot

With sweat running down my cheeks

And my chin slick with snot

For you are bar-b-que

And I love you--so much

I love you---so much

## *The 'merican Flag*

Red, White, and Blue are you  
Hanging on my flagpole  
You are tattered and torn  
And a little forlorn  
That would be my fault  
I hung you out there in 1984

There are some folks out there  
With too much time  
That like to torch & burn you  
They ain't worth a dime  
You see, they are outta luck  
When I run them down with my pickup truck

For you are the 'merican Flag  
And I don't mock or gag  
When your colors are flown  
Even though my own  
Has faded with time  
The colors of mine are now pink, cream, and baby blue  
The threads unravel  
And fly through the air  
But what do I care?  
The meaning is still true  
I can still go anywhere



If I want-in my underwear  
Even though my own  
Has faded with time  
I can read whatever I like-when I learn to read, that is  
I can take a hike on the biggest mountain  
Or go skinny dippin in the deepest creek  
And if I get caught, it's no one's fault but mine  
I can say what I want to  
Without being afraid of being beat up  
Take off for a ride in my pickup  
Through the valleys with you  
  
And that's the Red, White, and Blue  
  
For you are the 'merican Flag  
And I don't mock or gag  
When your colors are flown

## Daring Things I Like to Do

I like to eat hot sauce with my ice cream  
While 3 below in the shade  
I like to go down the stream  
Right after and wade  
I like to chase armadillos at night  
With my John Deere mower  
I like to give them a fright  
I like to play baseball the country way  
With aluminum bat in hand  
I knock the mailboxes for a triple play  
I like greased hog catches in June  
Suck helium from a balloon  
Put red pepper on my watermelon  
What I'll do, there ain't no tellin'  
I like to gig a frog  
Get stuck in a bog  
Eat 12 pecan logs  
Oh, the daring things I like to do  
I like to jog in my skivvies  
Throw the girls into tizzies  
Oh, the daring things I like to do  
I like to throw cow chips  
I like double burger flips  
Surf boarding on the hood of my truck  
Selling my blood to make an extra buck

I like to spit tobacco juice in the wind  
Or, see how much money my mamma will lend  
There is no end to the daring things I like to do  
    Eat horse radish stew  
    Give my friends the flu  
    Join a chain-gang crew  
    Blow up an outdoor loo  
    Become an exhibit at the zoo  
Oh there is no end to the daring things I like to do  
    Wouldn't you like to join me, too?  
    In those daring things I like to do?

## **The Dirt Track Races**

The dirt track races  
That cause my heart to skip a couple of paces  
And in the middle of the dirty gloom

You can hear the cars go  
Vroom! Vroom!  
Vroom, vroom, I say!

They eat up dust  
'til their tires bust  
They crash and burn  
And it makes me yearn

For the dirty gloom  
When their engines go  
Vroom! Vroom!

The man he waves his flag  
I eat the popcorn from my bag  
Who has a night such as this?

No one, I say!

The dirt track races  
Where all our faces  
Get dirty from the cars

When they go round and round  
All around the town  
I love it when they zoom

But I love it more  
When their motors go  
Vroom! Vroom!

Vroom! Vroom!

Vroom, vroom, I say!

I eat their dirt

It doesn't hurt

This is hours and hours

Of endless round and round

The track kinda fun

You can take the old 'uns

And the young 'uns alike

It wholesome family fun

'specially when they crash

And the drivers' bodies mash

And lie bleeding on the track

What more fun is there that?

None I say!

Oh, the dirt track races

My heart skips a couple of paces

I could watch them from night 'til noon

'cos I love it when their cars go



## **An Ode to Boots**

They are dirty and filthy  
with all kinds of grime and slime

From a day's busy work

Covered in grease, cow dooky, dog dooky, kid dooky

Always steppin' in some sort of stuff like that

You never complain or cause me pain

For you are my boots

Oh, an ode to my boots

They are sometimes wrapped in duct tape

To add years to their life

They've seen dozens of miles

And most of them hard road

You've walked in snow, rain, sun, and hog yuck

You don't ever seem to mind

For you are my boots

Oh, an ode to my boots

You come in different shapes, sizes, and skins

Rattlesnake, ostrich, eel, cowhide, nagahide-

which I haven't figured out yet

I've seen so many different kinds

Jaguar, puma, duck, and dog

Anything dead makes a good boot

Just shoot it and wrap it on your foot

How many miles have we walked together, my friend?

Who can tell?

We've been everywhere and seen everything

But you never gripe or beg  
For you are my boots  
Oh, an ode to my boots  
Your toe might be made of steel  
Which is good when I grab the wrong wire  
Your inside might be woolen and thick  
Which is good when I'm lost in the snow  
Your heel may stomp a lot  
Which is good when we line dance at the honky-tonk  
For you are my boots  
And I love you  
Oh, an ode to my beaten, torn, taped, beat up, stripped, Weathered,  
worn down, worn out,  
Dooky covered boots  
Oh, how I love you  
For you are my boots

## *Moonshine*

You come in a jar, you are bought with cash

You are strong and potent

Because you are made from corn mash

You are smooth as you go down

And then I pass out

Without making a sound

You are worth the effort, you are worth the time

You are clear as water

For you are Moonshine

I don't sip you, but take one mighty gulp

And you clear my sinuses and my intestines

And turn my brain to pulp

You are not sweet like honey

You're more like turpentine

And you cost a lot of money

You are worth the effort, you are worth the time

You are clear as water

For you are Moonshine

You are kind, noble and regal

But aren't a full-bodied wine

And in this state, quite illegal

I share you with my friends

We pass you around  
And the good time never ends  
We then forget who we are  
And we forget each other  
When we pass around the jar  
You are worth the effort, you are worth the time  
You are clear as water  
For you are Moonshine  
Oh, moonshine where would I be  
Without you there  
You are worth the effort, you are worth the time  
You are clear as water  
For you are Moonshine--And I love you

## The Night A'fore Christmas

The night a'fore Christmas  
And all through the trailer  
Not a kid was stirrin'  
Not Bodean, Jareldean, or Taylor

The kids were all wrapped in a quilt  
And dreams of givin' their daddy guilt  
My old lady in her moo-moo, me in my John Deere cap  
Had laid down for a long winter's--siesta

And then on the front porch there was noise  
I got my gun thinkin' it was the neighbor boys  
To the polyester curtains I ran like lightnin'  
Opened the door to see something frightnin'

And then in front of my eyes did appear  
A crusty old codger in red drinking a beer  
And I could tell from his drawers  
That it could only be ole Santy Claus

I resisted shooting his deer on sight  
And dressing them out in the middle of the night  
But he belched and shouted: "C'mon Cupid,  
Dander, Blitzkrieg, Victim, and Stupid!"

Oh, his eyes, how bloodshot and red  
He looked just like my Uncle Fred  
His mouth curved open to burp  
I thought he might upchuck or urp

The stump of a cigar clamped in his mouth  
Stars and bars on his buckle said he was from the South  
He had a dirty beard and state trooper belly  
That quaked when he cackled like momma's peach jelly

He didn't say a word and jumped in his sled  
Throwing toys and stuff right in our flowerbed  
He burped to his team and flew off in a speck  
And he yelled: "Christmas is better when you're a Redneck!"

## *A Redneck X-Mas List*

What do you wish for  
When your neck is Red?  
You like lots of things  
Including a jet-powered moped  
Oh, the Redneck X-Mas list  
So nothing will be missed  
You make your list  
And check it twice  
And don't forget to buy  
The brand new cooler  
And three bags of ice  
And what about the ostrich boots  
And the plastic pig that toots?  
Oh, the Redneck X-Mas list  
So nothing will be missed  
Five gallon cans of caramel corn  
The brand new truck horn  
There's rolls and rolls of duct-tape  
A new hat that will keep its shape  
A case of dipping snuff  
And new drawers  
To keep you from going in the buff



Oh, the Redneck X-Mas list  
So nothing will be missed  
I like to get a box of nails  
A hound-dog that never wails  
Another industrial fishing pole  
And a new outhouse hole

These are the gifts  
That keep giving and giving  
Oh, the Redneck X-Mas list  
So nothing will be missed

And let's not forget  
The can to collect spit  
Or the pocketknife of steel  
And the four wheeler wheel  
Or the tight-fittin' jeans of teal  
And the bags of cornmeal

So think of the one you love who's neck is Red  
And check your Redneck X-Mas list  
So nothing will be missed

## Ode to a Burr of the Cuckled Kind

Oh, burr of the cuckled kind  
You drive me out of my mind  
The flavor of dried mule carcass  
With a touch of honey from the bee  
Honey from the bee, I say!

You are made into pie

And that is no lie!

And I hear the humming, thrumming,  
Drumming, plumming, strumming,  
Blumming, crumming, slumming

Of the burr that is cuckled

I smell the steam from off you

Smell the steam! I Do!

You are a devine device

Sent from above

We eat you by the slice

With care and with love

You make our waists wider

Where our pants are buckled

That is why we love you so

Oh how we do!

Oh, burr that is cuckled

## My Love

Where did you come from

Oh, pretty one?

With that boo-font hair-do

Did she arrive from her trailer

Of silvery tin?

Or, was she delivered by the angels?

She is the pig and I am the mire

She is the cow and I am the trough

She is the dog and I am the bone

She is--

I think you get the pitcher

Look!

Look at her I say!

She wears my love like a black

Chiffon dress with the sleeves

Cut off

See it! See it, I say!

I wear her love like a new pair of boots just now walking in the manure

The manure! The manure, I say.

Oh, she is a wonderful thing!

My love.

One precious princess of polyester

Oh! My love!

My love!

**For Thy Name Is As Honey**

Oh, joy to me at having found you  
beside the sycamore tree  
How can I describe you, my love?  
Your lips, oh how they speak!  
Speak! Your lips!  
Oh, I am weak--oh, how I swoon!

I am thine and you are thou—  
enough for two men to handle  
Joyous cheeks! Joyous!  
Joyous! Joyous! I say! Joyous!

You are as the rabid lark who feeds on bugs at midnight!  
My heart does flutter at the joy of thy name!  
For thy name is as honey  
from the doomed bumble bee!  
Joy! Honey! Doom!  
Doom! I say! Doom!

You are a turtle-you are a dove,  
but not together!  
Oh never!

Yours is the name that I cannot utter,  
I am not worthy  
Never could I be!  
Never, never!  
I shiver, quiver.  
Shiver! Quiver!  
Your eyes! Your lips!  
Your nose! Your cheeks!  
Your tooth!

Oh, oh, oh.  
You have bewitched me, you have.  
I faint! I weep! I die!  
Faint! Weep! Die!



## Towns in Oklahoma That Tickle My Fancy

Apache, Bokoshe, Comanche, Kiamichi, Nelagoney, Skedee

Spavinaw, Tiawah, Tonkawa, Tahlequah, Konowa, Etowah

Oh the towns in Oklahoma that have tickled my fancy—

Texhoma, Tushahoma, Texola, Dacoma, Panola, Indiahoma, Indiaola, and  
Lahoma

Just to name a few—

Box, Doxey, Duke, Zeb, and Zena

Swink, Poteau, Slapout, and Blue

Quapaw, Ninnekah, Sasakawa, and Coodys Bluff

And if that weren't enough, there's

Wapanucka, Waurika, Weleetka, Wetumka, Wewoka, and Wakita

And if you hurry up and hussle

You might see

Nowata, Pocasset, Loco, and Bugtussle

Or if you're looking for something fair, there's

Fairfax, Fairmont, Fair Oaks, Fairland, and Fairview

Grainola, Geronimo, Canute, and Gotebo, too

Oh these wonderful towns with the funny little names

If we didn't have them our state wouldn't be the same

We've got—

Pawhuska, Okemah, Tushka, and Cookietown

If you're looking to get around, there's

Aledo, Ahloso, Chilocco, and Arapaho

But in your travels take this advice

Don't get caught dead

In Briartown, Rubottom, Yahola, or Bushyhead

Oh the towns in Oklahoma that have tickled my fancy

Go out and see them, it is a must

But when you want love

And just a bit of nutsiness

Come visit my hometown of Red Dust

# Cat Head Biscuits

## Limericks

### I.

Jeb ate a big cat head biscuit  
But before he did he squished it  
He laid it out flat  
Now twasn't fat  
He pack so much in his bowel twisted

### II.

Mom made a batch of biscuit dough  
She stood on it mashed it flat with her toe  
Her nails weren't too clean  
Fed to son Gene  
And now he feels sick like he has to blow

### III.

Cat head biscuits gold and flaky  
They are so much fun to make and bakey  
To get a brawl on  
Try and take one  
Upon your neck I will choke and shakey



*My RV and Me*

What can I say of thee, my RV?

You are big

And you are loud

I rev your engine

And you make me proud

For you are my RV

And I love thee

I love your hot-tub

That is three foot deep

And your vinyl interior

Just makes me weep

I punch the cruise control

And leave the wheel

To fix a sandwich,

My afternoon meal

I love your king-size bed

That I fold out in back

I haven't changed the sheets in years

But that don't mean jack

For you are big

And you are loud

I rev your engine

And you make me proud

For you are my RV

And I love thee

My RV and Me  
Go driving together across the land  
The mileage may be poor  
And there's a missing door  
But we make our stand

For what is more 'merican  
Than roaming around wild and free  
Wind whipping in my hair  
Without a care  
Watching others stare  
Knowing it ain't fair  
That I have my RV

For you are big  
And you are loud  
I rev your engine  
And you make me proud  
For you are my RV  
And I love thee

*My Gun and Me*

Cold, blue steel art thee  
You glow in the sunlight  
With a wondrous glow  
A wondrous glow, I say!  
Double-pump art thee  
Your gauge is twelve  
Oh, how I do love  
To think of  
My gun and me—  
My gun and me  
We go hunting together  
In the warm sunlight  
Or by firelight  
Or in the dead of night  
With our trusty spotlight  
It matters not to thee  
As we blast everything in sight  
Oh, to think of my gun and me  
As we target a bird  
Or stray dog  
Or rabid hog  
It matters not to thee  
Oh, my gun and me  
It is no great toil  
To feel your quick recoil  
Or do a fast re-load

When I need to blast a toad  
Your walnut stock is fine  
Your crosshairs all in line  
I do love thee,  
Oh gun of mine  
It matters not to thee  
Whether I blast a defenseless critter  
Or a tree  
You don't care if it's a deer  
Or an empty can of beer  
Or whether it's far or near  
You are loud and fast  
When I point and blast  
Blast! Blast, I say!  
And when my dying breath lingers  
They'll have to tear you from my fingers  
And then you'll be buried with me  
Oh, my gun and me

## To be a Reindeer

Oh, to be one of Santa's own reindeer and given a dumb name

My name is something like Comet or Blupid

I don't really know

The man in the red suit just calls me Stupid

The jolly, fat elf shakes his fist

And cusses me out

About a house I've missed

Or my uncontrollable gout

You may look forward to Christmas Eve night

But my guts shake

And I am filled with fright

Because the man in red quakes

He rages and yells our names

He isn't interested in playin'

Fun little reindeer games

He loads his sack with toys

For the good girls and boys

But he curses us and kicks the snow

Flicks cigar ash on me

And quickly lets me know

Where I would be

If it weren't were for him

And with that, I would have to agree

I would be in a place where

I would know my name

Instead of Comet or Blupid

And especially his favorite name for me

Stupid.

## A Dream of Christmas

Oh, the things you dream at Christmas time—

Oh, that dream of Christmas!

Stockings with Nascar tickets

And under the tree

Solid chrome sink spigots

For thee and for me

I do love Christmas time dreaming

With scenes of ice water swimming

And chitlins hot and steaming

A chainsaw under the tree with care

And a toupee of real folks' hair

Oh, a dream of Christmas! What a dream!

A new collar of leather for my birddog

A bow of silk for my prize-winning hog

An all day and night burning gas log

And a gallon jug of gran-pappies' homemade egg nog

Yum-yum! Yum-yum, I say!

For when your neck is red

All you want for Christmas

Is a gas-powered snow-sled

Oh, a dream of Christmas

Dreaming of new stain for the redwood deck

A roll-bar for the ATV

A case of skoal dippin' tobacco, by heck

Or a velvet Elvis for thee and for me

Oh, a dream of Christmas

And as I go back to nightie-night land

I hope for a new liner

To my solid brass spit-can







*"...Dobson's poetry is like a taste of home...with other stuff added in..."*

*—Chuck McFadden*

*Poetry Today*

"There's poetry out there and then there's Zane Dobson...an who goes somewhere other author's fear to tread."

—Marc Toland

*Metrical Foot*

**RANDOM HORSE  
PUBLISHING**

