

A Collection of Some Things That I Wrote Myself

This document was first completed on Monday, April 6, 2015 and was most recently revised on Friday, May 7, 2021.

A Bedtime Prayer

From the February 1969 collection.¹

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I swear to God this world is cheap!
If I should die before I wake
Oh hell, what difference does it make?
If I should live another day
The last damned thing I'll do is pray.

Daisy Bell

Harry Dacre

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

Daisy Belle

Sam Aurelius Milam III
Wednesday, August 15, 1990

Harry, Harry, here's what we're gonna do.
You'll get credit. Get us a mortgage, too.
And buy me a B M W.
I hate to have to trouble you,
But don't forget the dinette set
And then one little gift or two!

Dreams

Tuesday, April 9, 1991

To sleep I go, and there I know
The world obeys my will.
For you were there when last I slept,
And there you're waiting still.

Give Money to a Poet

From the February 1969 collection.

I see you're reading poetry.
Have you nothing else to do?
The world is full of problems yet
That no one has the answer to.
Why don't you move, you loathsome slob?
You've got a brain, now show it!
Make the world a better place!
Give money to a poet!

Water and Sand

Date Unknown, probably sometime during the 1960's

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Wash away together
And destroy the land.

¹ On Sunday, April 19, 2015, I discovered a little collection of poems in one of my file cabinets. They were the original, hand-written versions. They were stapled together in a bunch, behind a piece of paper labeled February, 1969. I suppose that they'd been in my files for a long time.

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I'm Her Little G-Spot

Date Unknown (Long Ago).

Sung to the tune of *I'm a Little Teapot*.

I'm her little G-Spot

Short and stout

There're her handles

Here's her spout

When I get all steamed up

She will shout

"Tip me over

and wear me out!"

Lady Jan and Her Goat

This limerick was first completed on Friday, September 23, 2005 and was most recently revised on Saturday, September 25, 2010.

A lady named Jan, and her goat

Decided to swim in the moat.

They had some good times

And my limerick rhymes

But it can't be called worthy of note.

Limericks for Jeffrey

Date Unknown.

Lord Jeffrey, a poet of note

Collected the poems that he wrote.

He read some out loud

and they baffled the crowd

Which gave Jeffrey a reason to gloat.

A worker told Jeffrey, I hear

That what he wrote wasn't real clear.

So Jeffrey replied

That his poetry tried

To deliver a path to good cheer.

Whatever you think of a verse

Remember that things could get worse.

A poet can speak

With his tongue in his cheek.

And his talents are very diverse.

Milam's Irrefutable Redundant Temporal Tautology Concerning Time

October 4, 1978, 9:50 P.M. Pacific Daylight Saving Time, Exactly.

There invariably arrives a time at which the unavoidable certainty of the indisputable fact of the absolute timeliness of the existing moment is of such unsurpassed and unquestionable magnitude that there cannot be a further instant's doubt of the universally apparent certainty that beyond the faintest hint of hesitation, the time has inarguable come.

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Panacea for Hypochondriacs

From the February 1969 collection.

Panacea is, you see,
A very useful remedy.
No matter what you have, they say
The stuff will cure you right away.
So if a little pain you have,
Just use this wonder working salve,
And it will fix your every quirk
You hypochondriacic jerk!

Sweet Pikesey From Bett

Saturday, January 10, 2009

Oh, have you heard tell of Sweet Pikesey from Bett?
She has the best boobies that I have seen yet!
They dangle and wobble and swing too and fro,
She follows those boobies wherever they go!

The Coming of the Horde

Thursday, January 28, 1993

My eyes have seen the flurry of the coming of the horde.
It has trampled out the vintage where the grapes of truth were stored.
And the pen has been the victim of its terrible swift sword,
The horde goes marching on.
If you let it, it will rule ya!
If you let it, it will rule ya!
If you let it, it will rule ya!
The horde goes marching on.

The Little Man Who Wasn't There

Tuesday, November 4, 1975

I saw a man the other day
Who looked like he had gone away.
I asked him where he was. He said,
"I am not here. I'm home, in bed."
I pondered on his absence then,
And asked if he'd be back again.
He never told me if he would;
He wasn't there! So there I stood,
And hung around awhile to stare
At the little man who wasn't there.

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The Rubbin' Out

Thursday, August 17, 1978

The Moving Grader bites; and, having bit,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Lane,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Curb of it.

The Snake River Limerick

Wednesday, September 14, 2005

A writer in Firth one fine day
Distracted, while mowing some hay
 Neglected to brake
 And drove into the Snake
Where his mower submerged all the way

The Wanderer

From the February 1969 collection.

Men have always tried to roam
And always ended up at home,
For home is where you hang your hat
And that, I guess, is that.

The Craftsman's Lament

This poem was first completed on Monday, February 27, 2017. I named it *The Handyman*. I renamed it *The Craftsman's Lament* on Friday, May 7, 2021, because that's what I'd been calling it in my head for the past several years. I also made a few minor changes in wording and punctuation.

I'd like to make it
Level, straight, and plumb, and square,
But I have to make it
Fit what's there.

The Marching Song

I invented this while I was in boot camp, in Millington, Tennessee.

Leader: My recruiter lied to me
Recruits: My recruiter lied to me
Leader: 'bout my life in Tennessee.
Recruits 'bout my life in Tennessee.
Leader: Said we'd have a piece each day
Recruits: Said we'd have a piece each day
Leader: T'help us keep the blues away.
Recruits: T'help us keep the blues away.
Leader: So I joined up to have some fun
Recruits: So I joined up to have some fun
Leader: The piece turned out to be a gun.
Recruits: The piece turned out to be a gun.
Leader: One two
Recruits: One two
Leader: Three four
Recruits: Three four
 One two three four
 One two — three four!
