

HARE UNAWARE
(OF THE MORAL OF THE TALE)

Yeah sure I let my concentration sour
racing 'gainst ambulatory rubble
who moves at under zero miles an hour
for all his comic effort and trouble;
to wind him up, breezing past in haste,
announcing vast superiority
to that worthless peevish-faced old turtle
was not remotely interesting to me.
So now he is the tortoise of renown
preening stamina before the masses,
celebrating his triumphal crown,
reward for being slow as molasses?
If that's the way the contest saw its end
I've other fish to fry my humble friend!

As a hen who lays eggs of purest gold,
my high value is indisputable,
yet the cur who now holds me, truth be told,
is a dim young bird brain unsuitable.
Prattlers paint him hero of the tale,
bold and adventuresome beanstalk climber;
I know the snatcher is beyond the pale,
light-fingered thief and sneaking two-timer!
Cad slid into my master's house one day,
to do some peeping, skulking and robbing,
leaving he and my good mistress sobbing.
Yes, I'm bitter, of honor I've been bleb,
think I'll skip gold, start laying eggs of lead.

While walking out I met a man with bricks,
baked red ballast for my new demesne,
high-piled array formidable and thick,
stout soldiers ready for redoubt defense.
I marshaled these into dense construction,
used serried gray slates to armor the heights,
now wolf is baying for my destruction,
with leathern lung and hot appetite,
he wants to make my castle his larder,
clearly enough, tis on me he would feast,
I'll teach the dog his ambition to sheath;
down chimney he comes with effortful toil,
luckily, my iron pots on the boil.

What's yours is mine, I stake my golden claim,
you fill up your home with accoutrements,
investigate I will, inhabit same,
peeking, gentering, using what I saw,
un, deux, trois bowls filled up with fragrant mush,
temperature varying to finger's touch,
I will choose the one my tongue feels most lush,
go on to test the furniture and such,
the chair that best fits, the bed that most soothes,
comfort is essential to one, n'est-ce pas?
If not found at home, others' must be used.
Sensual? Dare you warble "oo la la"?
Who is not a voyeur, window peeper,
second-story woman, secret keeper?

RUFFLED FEATHERS

THINKING AHEAD

THE VOLUPTUARY

TALKING
BACK
TO
TALES



By

LAURI BURKE

Sonnets Inspired by:

Little Miss Muffet

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

The Three Little Pigs

Jack and the Beanstalk

Tortoise and the Hare

VINDICATED

Grass hummock makes a pleasant oasis,
while sun sheds its weight in heavy gold,
curds and whey soothe one into soft stasis,
heat-steeped noon hour, all unconscious, unfolds;
from whence rises this chill intimation,
under bowl of brass-blue bannered sky,
feeling of creeping intimidation,
stealthily, hellishly inching close by?
Idle talk carries wide in the village
paints me a lassie of cowardly case,
gossips dismiss true fright of foul pillage,
as home-spun daydreams without solid base.
So you see, even groaning fear's fell moan,
joy it will be, leading this beast to town!

Please recycle to a friend.

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