Fo live. Today.

9vol oT

To learn

And so I ask, And this I pray:

I love the Earth But cannot stay. It's not my choice. It's just the way.

Napkin Poem

The monkeys wake in Monkeytown Leaving beds of monkeydown, Monkeydreams of great renown, And Jog around the monkeyblock And jog around the monkeyblock, Monkeycurse and monkeyblock, Monkeycurse and monkeyblock, And jog around the monkeyblock, Monkeycurse and monkeyblock, And Jog around the monkeyblock, Monkeybrouse, and monkeyblock, Monkeybrouse, Monkeyblock, Monkeybrouse, Monkeyblock, Monkeybrouse, Monkey

Monkeytown

That's the thing About being frog: High aspirations, Low expectations.

I still dream: From kiss to king. But I'll take any action I can get.

My tongue is fat. I cough and croak. I mump and mope. I am frog broke.

> ۱ am jumpy, Slightly bumpy. My bed's a bog. I am frog.

My thoughts are dark Like a frog. My skin is moist Like a frog.

> Slimy sheen, Turning green, Head to toad, Frog explodes.

In my wallowing, Sludgy swallowing, Muddy disposition, I feel frog.

> Head drowsy, Sinuses lousy, I feel a frog Coming on.

> > Feeling Frog

Please recycle to a friend!

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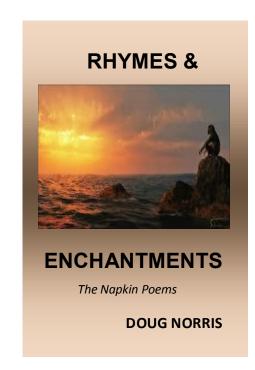
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Rhymes & Enchantments

The Napkin Poems

Doug Norris © 2013





And in the beginning:

Rhymes & Enchantments grew from thoughts that were all scraps , written on napkins and bar coasters over the years.

Genesis

We find a place Among the stones To watch the rising sun.

Begat, begotten, Forget, forgotten -Too late. It's begun.