

Dear cousins,

Every great classical piece of literature starts somewhere. The professors at the school told me if I write what I know – their sure I might could write a classic, too, someday.

This here one is based on real events (as best as I can remember them.).

School is really the best I will be a gooder writer when I masticulate this spring.

In the meantime enjoy my poesia. I have other poem's for to cher later.

And Merry Christmas

You're cousin

Zip

One Night before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas in my new first-floor pad
The second-floor walker had me tossing in bed

The little red Christmas tree burnt its last candle
Shopping for more was more than I could handle

Directors and actors still ran through my head
And all of the plays that still had to be read

There's comedy pieces I pray they'll find funny
There's another one witty - I hope not too punny

When out on Milwaukee - it might have been Tripp
I heard a loud clatter – someone driving ripped

Away to my window I shuffled and stumbled
I could almost make out a squat form with a bundle

The bright safety lights from the Schurz parking lot
Lit my tiny courtyard and half of the block

I peered so much closer at the form with the sack
It was little old man who was straining his back

The little old man smiled up at the light
His eyes kind of sparkled in the still of the night

More rapid than camels the cruises pulled up
The blue stripe a blur - but the bright lights lit up

“Don't move!” one guy yelled and he pulled out his gun
“It's been a long night. You've had way too much fun!”

To my front door the old man sprang with a stride
I – quick – hit the buzzer to let him inside

As crippled-up sprinters the cops tried to soar
But the old guy made it in and slammed the big door

So up to my stairs he carried himself
I opened the door to the out-of-breath elf

And then like a movie the bull horn did roar
“Send out the old guy or we’ll break down the door!”
I returned to the window and what did I see
Twelve service revolvers all pointed at me

The old guy just sat down and pulled out a smoke
“You got any whiskey?” I thought it a joke

“I lost all the toys. They’re out there in the dark,
Now who’s going to deliver to Jefferson Park?”

His eyes looked so tired - a bright shade of red
His cheeks were so sunken deep into his head

His mouth was so wrinkled it looked like a prune
His beard was so threadbare there’d be nothing there soon

The butt of the cig he held clenched in his teeth
Smoke circled his head like a smelly death wreath

He had a sad face and a pasty white tummy
His death rattle laughter just wasn’t that funny

He sat on my nice couch just creeping me out
There was something pathetic about this old lout

With a turn of his head his old neck gave a creak
Something told me he was ready to speak

He spoke just one word – he whispered the rest
Those words hit me hard like his boot in my chest

He took one more drag from that damp cigarette
He thanked me and told me, “It ain’t over yet.”

Then he got up so slowly heading back to the night
“I’ll leave you alone now Kid – this is your fight.”

I heard his words echo as I watched him just leave
“I’m nothing these days if the kids don’t believe.”