

Winter Haiku

by Oscar Treadwell

Copyright (c) 2000-2005 by Oscar Treadwell
All Rights Reserved.

Snow flakes fall a hush
Sculpting the promontories
Dusting roadways – slush.

Country Music

by Oscar Treadwell

Copyright (c) 2000-2005 by Oscar Treadwell
All Rights Reserved.

He was a scary dude, and strong
They called him Sam the Ram.
No woman denied him in his realm
They swooned for Sam the Ram

But time and juice, and fol-de-rol
The better of him got,
The ladies would snicker behind their hands,
And Sam was soon forgot.

No more the stud, no more the ram
Sam had gone to pot.

What can you do at fifty two
No longer at the helm,
No longer able to steer the ship
The course to overwhelm.

He met a lady of seventy five
Or seventy six or so,
Who showed him that the secret lies
In learning to take it slow,

To let your partner do the work,
And just enjoy the show.

She steered the course, and set the keel
Her homily sank in for real
And Sam adopted a reasoned view
That the ram had been conquered by the ewe.