

## PROBLEMS WITH HURRICANES

A campesino looked at the air  
And told me:  
With hurricanes it's not the wind  
or the noise or the water.  
I'll tell you he said:  
it's the mangoes, avocados  
Green plantains and bananas  
flying into town like projectiles.

How would your family  
feel if they had to tell  
The generations that you  
got killed by a flying  
Banana.

Death by drowning has honor  
If the wind picked you up  
and slammed you  
Against a mountain boulder  
This would not carry shame  
But  
to suffer a mango smashing  
Your skull  
or a plantain hitting your  
Temple at 70 miles per hour  
is the ultimate disgrace.

The campesino takes off his hat-  
As a sign of respect  
toward the fury of the wind  
And says:  
Don't worry about the noise  
Don't worry about the water  
Don't worry about the wind-  
If you are going out  
beware of mangoes  
And all such beautiful  
sweet things.

## Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw -  
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.  
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:  
For when they reach the scene of crime - *Macavity's not there!*

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,

He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,  
And when you reach the scene of crime - *Macavity's not there!*  
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air -  
But I tell you once and once again, *Macavity's not there!*

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;  
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.  
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;  
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.  
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;  
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.  
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square -  
But when a crime's discovered, then *Macavity's not there!*

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)  
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.  
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,  
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,  
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair -  
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! *Macavity's not there!*

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,  
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,  
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair -  
But it's useless to investigate - *Macavity's not there!*  
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:  
'It *must* have been Macavity!' - but he's a mile away.  
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,  
Or engaged in doing complicated long-division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.  
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:  
At whatever time the deed took place - **MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!**  
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known  
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)  
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time  
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!



# JABBERWOCKY

**Lewis Carroll**

(from *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*, 1872)

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought --  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.