

One Night I Walked Down To The Arb

One night I walked down to the Arb
On the eve of autumn's first full frost,
And everywhere saw old summer's garb
Shriveled or browned or dead or lost.

But then I felt a pinching pain:
A mosquito was drilling through my jeans!
Any man of lesser brain
Would've smashed that bug to smithereens.

But I? I couldn't help but feel
That end this bug would soon be gone to.
So now, drink on! Sip your last meal!
A toast to those creepy bugs that spawned you!

One may eat, but a score will feast.
And a score of stingings stilled my swoon.
I took my beer can and crushed the beasts.
A frost tonight? Not a night too soon!