

Vol. Poems-02
Carroll Gambrell's
"POEMS"

Compiled by: Paul M Kankula – nn8nn

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No. 27
A LITTLE HOOTIE OWL
Ginger & Carroll Gambrell
1/17/99

A wee spotted owl sits in his tree
Hooting out his heart to you and me.
His problem is, and we are betting,
The hooter's sun is close to setting.

But then to save its little hide
The law steps in, it's on his side.
It issues one enforced decree,
Thou shalt not cut a single tree.

If you heed the Wildlife man,
That bird must have an old-growth stand.

In Douglas-fir he likes to lurk,
And throws ten thousand out of work.

It's not that we don't like the bird;
He's cute as he can be.
He has just one bad habit;
He demands a virgin tree.

But the biggest bunch you'll ever see
Is nesting in another tree.
It's in a stand, I give my oath,
Of Psuedotsuga, second growth.

No. 28
THE NO-SPIN ZONE
Carroll Gambrell

How do you get O'reilly riled,
And send his Zone a-spinning?
Try using some improper guile
When once you are o-pinning.

Mr. O will take the bait
And cut you down to size.
If ever you should ir-ri-tate,
Just watch his dander rise.

When entering the No-Spin Zone
Take care to do no lieing.
Oreilly uses hides to hone
His wits on tales not flying.

No. 29
THE PEABODY DUCKS
Carroll Gambrell
10/25/05

Pampered pets have all the luck,
And none more so than the Peabody duck.
In Memphis town the ducks have fame
Known far and wide by the hotel's name.
Folks arrive by train and truck

To catch a glimpse of a Peabody duck.

They are properly petted and preened with pride.
Some like them best when they are fried.
But the hotel hires the duck's own chief
To keep them safe from harm or thief.
The chief goes up each morn at nine
To see that all the ducks are fine.

When the ducks are primed to migrate south
They march into elevator's mouth,
Down ten full flights, you may pause to count,
To go and play in the Peabody fount.
This they do in every weather
And none may harm a single feather.

Once a bevy of Leathernecks
Encamped upon Peabody's decks,
The common ground for these Marines
They all were starved, and had no means.
But then they heard the plaintive quack
Of a Peabody duck falling off the track.

Such was the fate of this green-head mallard
To whom we dedicate this ballad,
Departing from this coil of strife,
Giving up his duckly life,
To the Proud and very Few
To feast upon duck bar-bee-que.

No. 30
THE PEG-LEGGED PIG
by
Carroll Gambrell

Sometime back I passed a shack with chickens in the yard,
The ground was kept with a broom that swept, because it was so hard.
Around the stoop there stood a group of flowers in a jug,
Petunias grew in every hue from an old cracked thunder mug.

A man sat in the porch swing sipping cider from a keg.
'Neath a tree, stood facing me, was a hog with a wooden leg.
Now I've witnessed many a wonderous thing; once a two-tailed dog,
But never have I ever seen a wooden-legged hog.

"I'm awfully dim", I said to him, "But this is not a joke.
To think it's fine to own a swine with a leg that's made of oak."
"Son", he said, "you're city bred or you'd know it's not so rare
For a costly pig to have a rig like the one that you see there."

No more to say, he turned away, and left me there a-staring.
It wasn't clear, why a hog so dear? A peg leg had no bearing.
He heaved a sigh and said, "I'll try to give it to you straight.
That boar you see once cost me Fourteen Dollars freight."

The question asked did not unmask the mystery yet abiding.
I was not content with what he meant; just what might he be hiding?
I strained my bean and tried to glean the truth of what he told.
Though I scratched, nothing matched, and the truth would not unfold.

Taking pity on the boy from the city, he sought once more to explain.
Softly spoken, voice broken, and riddled with disdain,
"Before you go I will try to show what is plain to every dunce.
A hog that cost as much as that, you don't eat all at once."

No. 30A
R.I.P.
An Epitaph

Here lies Elder Moore
Met a Husband's forty-four.
He Won't Get No Elder,
and
He Won't Get No More.

No. 31
THE MAN WITH A PLAN
Carroll Gambrell
10/25/04

For every dote there is an antidote,
Mistakes will occur each season.
If you wish to gloat about your vote,
Make sure you have good reason.

If you vote for a man who boasts of his plan,
But never consents to share it,
You may wager your ass, it never will pass,

And you'll wish you had bewared it.

I once heard a man with with a marvelous plan
To boost taxes and our education.
The problems with that, it stayed under his hat.
The cost would bankrupt the Nation.

You have my consent to follow your bent,
And vote for whomever might please you.
Just be certain when you draw that curtain
His "plan" was a phantom to tease you.

No. 32
THE HIGH PRICE OF GAS
Carroll Gambrel
08/20/05

If you're think gas cost too much,
Hear my tale of woe and such.
It all began with a bowl of beans,
And I, unaware of Fate's cruel means,
Got trapped into a situation
Far beneath my usual station.

I simply do not have the heart
To let loose one Atomic Fart;
Nor do I ever hope to muster
Courage for a Bunker Buster.
A tinker's toot I would prefer,
As safely quiet as a kitten's purr.

But that is not what Fate had stored
To assure all that my ox got gored.
I could not quell noise nor smells,
For it registered forty decibels,
And evolved into the World's Eighth Wonder
Echoing "**HONNN-DAH!!**" loud as thunder.

Doc scratched his head and rubbed his chin
Once he heard the terrible din.
He said, "Go and see my dentist chum,
And maybe he can make it numb."
I hastened there on a desperate quest
To inquire of him what he thought best.

An Asian sage of gentle humor
Said that he had heard the rumor
Of my misfortune and desperate plight
That held me in its grasp so tight.
He pulled a tooth, but "Why?" I ponder,
He answered, "Ah, so,
Everyone know
Abscess makes the fart go **HONN-DAH!!**"

No. 33
THE SERPENT AND THE ROBIN
by
Carroll Gambrell

The robin paused and cocked an eye,
and gazed in facination.
The serpent lay to stay the day,
and hid his exultation.
Alas, the robin's fate was sealed
in that moment's hesitation.

Unblinking eye and forked tongue,
cold blood runs an icy course;
Steel springs unleash its lightning strike,
coils grip with undimmed force.
Grim Reaper's cold embrace of death
crushed birdsong without remorse.

A smirk, a sigh, dark death glides by
seeking yet some other prey,
A willing dupe, a useful mark
to serve well a future day,
An unsuspecting sacrifice
upon the altar of his way.

AN APOLOGY:

Following is the product of a mind rendered sterile by the accumulated clutter of seven decades of semi-useful, mostly superfluous, mis-directed and disorganized random trivia. Like a whale, it surfaces and blows at completely unpredictable moments before it vanishes in a swirl of foam, to re-surface at a different time in another sea.

No. 34
THE MAIN SQUEEZE
(bottle, that is)
Carroll Gambrell
Words: 480

Folks could get the wrong idea when you confirm your main squeeze is just waiting to be picked up by any old Tom, Dick, or Harriet looking for a little action. If it's action they want, the squeeze will surely give it to them.

They might well wonder where in the world this piece of work originated in the first place, and why the Squeeze would be as welcome in Cafe' Society as in the lowliest hovel. They might be even more amazed to learn of it's humble beginnings. The story begins in a most unlikely place; the flatwoods of North Florida. Baby, it's come a long way since. I shall elucidate.

In the first half of the last century, the Naval Stores industry was a large part of the economy of North Florida and South Georgia. Pine rosin was collected from the longleaf and slash pine forests that grew there in abundance, and distilled into turpentine. It was a labor intensive process, involving, among other things, chipping or pulling a long V-shaped "streak" into the tree. The sap, very slowly oozing into an earthenware pot, was gathered periodically, and an additional streak pulled.

These "streaks", resembling so many chevrons, might eventually extend as high as a man could reach before the tree was abandoned, leaving that portion of the bole unfit for lumber. Since sixty-five percent of the volume and best grade of lumber is found in the butt log, a great deal of the tree's value was lost.

A US Forest Service research team at Olustee Experimental Station, headed by Dr. Cliff Shopemire, tackled the problem. This same team was the first to graft scion from superior pine trees, and pioneered the development of genetically improved trees, greatly increasing per acre production. This is helping to offset the damaging effects of "environmentalists"; which foresters often regard as a whole lot of "environ" without a great deal of "mental".

The team found that a small amount of concentrated hydrochloric acid (HCL) applied to a fresh streak dramatically increased sap flow. Furthermore, the streak hardly pierced the bark, leaving the butt log undamaged. This was indeed a revolutionary find.

It came as no surprise to the local cracker-boys that teaching the labor force to handle acid safely just wasn't going to happen. For the system to succeed, it had to be made safe, simple, and sure.

As the falling apple inspired Sir Isaac Newton, Dr Shopemire was struck by the sight of a plastic bottle; at that time a novelty. It was acid neutral, portable, pliable, and possible. A short stint in the lab produced the familiar spray bottle;

which, at one fell swoop, revolutionized the Naval Stores industry, cleared stuffy noses, and rendered the underarms of the world less offensive.

Turpentine is now a by-product of cooking the pine chip during the paper making process. Trees no longer need to be injured, and everyone benefits by asking,

"Pass the ketchup, please."

No. 35
THE LAST BOWL OF WINTER

Carroll Gambrell
01/10/05

I am certain there is good reason
For the rumors that I hear,
That the last bowl game of the season
Is the first bowl game of the year.

From watching each and every game
There is one thing I discern.
It's halftime shows that have no shame
Promoters never learn.

The folks who make the best bowl fans
Are not some college student.
Mature folks always fill the stands,
Hard rock is not too prudent.

Janet Jackson bared a breast
And said her costume failed her.
That it didn't pass a simple test,
Was ample cause to jail her.

Ashely Simpson once took a shot
At hard rock, but failed to gage,
The only thing she really got,
Was booed right off the stage.

The Super Bowl of the NFL,
Is a game both rare and hearty.
Beginning at the opening bell,
Everyone wants to party.

No one watches, no one cares,
The game is a crashing bore.

The only thing that anyone dares
Is to ask the final score

No. 36
THE WOUNDED CENTER
Carroll Gambrell

I left my heart at the Spartanburg
Area Medical Center
It was winter.
At the Center
No, it was fall
After all.
But, I am told
It was cold.

I left my heart at the Spartanburg
Area Medical Center.
Wounded heel
I feel
Pain bad,
I'm sad.
"Could be worse,"
Said nurse.

I left my heart at the Spartanburg
Area Medical Center.
Band-aid working,
Caused jerking,
No good,
Bad mood,
But fast
Apply cast.

I left my heart at the Spartanburg
Area Medical Center.
Worked slick,
Healed quick.
I sighed,
They cried,
"Return!"
I yearn.

I left my heart at the Spartanburg

Area Medical Center.
>The end<

No. 37
A WO' OUT WOMAN
by
Two Wo' Out Old Friends

There once was a lady in trouble,
Whose backbone appeared to be rubble
"There's nothing," she said,
"Can keep me in bed,
Unless it is Errol Flynn's double."

We went out and bought her a card,
The sentiment caught her off guard.
The words that she read
Hoped she was not dead,
But resting and merely just tard. (poetic license)

So, here's to milady in blue,
A greeting card only for you.
We hope that you might
Stay with us one night,
Fall foliage is just about due.

So, it's not a Shakespearian sonnet,
ut here is a bee in your bonnet,
You can buy for a nickle
A Kosher dill pickle,
With mustard and catsup upon it.
YUK!

No. 38
A NODE TO A N-VIRON-MENTALIST
Carroll Gambrell

Who sits in a chair and guards the air,
lest we should all be choking?
Who patrols the stream and keeps it clean
for our clothes in which they're soaking?

Who never says thanks while he sugars the tanks
of hard working logger's big rigs?
A duly placed spike will tear like a knife
through sawyers, and slay them like pigs.

When all cutting ceases, and all timber leases
are no better than the bark they're written on;
No houses, no paint; no table, how quaint
our "protectors" now feel downright smitten on.

What's wrong with this scene, where the troubador's paeon
is written on scads of white paper;
And the guitar he strums for the crowd, as he hums,
comes from spruce trees with hardly a taper?

The cradle in which you were rocked,
The coat in which you are frocked;
The fire that burns nice and warm,
And walls that preserve you from harm;
The word that's written in ink,
On paper, they all have a link.
They are all goods
That come from the woods,
And who is the one who knows them?
It's a Forester, you see, who has the key
To the way that Nature grows them.

No. 39
A VALETINE POEM TO MY SWEETIE PIE
By
Carroll Gambrell

As a mudhole is to a porky hog,
As a hydrant is to a puppy dog,
As a blossom is to a honey bee,
Sugar, that's what you are to me.

I'd cross the Ocean, if I had to wade;
I'd fight off pirates with a pen knife blade.
I'd crawl through jungles on
my hands and knees,
I would do anything you please.

I know I'm just a gosh darn fool;

That you can treat like an old tar tool
To pry the rim right off that tar;
But, Baby, you set my heart on far.

Honey, they'll surely come to get me,
If you deny and refuse to let me
Crawl up your leg, and down your spine.
'Cause You Are My True Valentine!!

No. 40
TRAVELS WITH GUSSIE
Carroll Gambrell
04/21/06

When Gussie plans to take a trip,
She preps for a long sojourn,
And packs into a monstrous grip
Those things for which you yearn.

She once left everything she had
A-hanging on a hook,
And when she got to journeys end
She took a second look.

Now, coming from a sunny clime
To a land where the North wind blows
She wasn't exactly in her prime
In the frigid winter snows.

Since then she has paused to think
And plans with a little more wise.
She packs in all but the kitchen sink
To avoid the Big Surprise.

No. 41
A KANGISER VALENTINE
G-Pop
2-5-08

Who are the apples of our eyes?
Much sweeter than cider or dumplin' pies.
It's the bunch that's called the Happy Gang,

Known far and wide as the Family, Kang.

A fine family of four,
Would you like to know more?
There is Marty and Erin, and Adam and Ryan
And we hope they will be
Our Valenti-yan.

With Emmies for boys,
A Hershey with nuts
is there for old Pop,
A plain one for Mom
And there I will stop.

No. 42
VETERAN'S PARADE
Carroll Gambrell
31 May 2004

Old men with white hair,
on canes, in chairs,
Spirit undimmed by time;
The Greatest Generation
passes by
To take their rightful place,
one by one,
Alongside the heroes
Of Valley Forge.

No. 43
VULCAN'S MOON
Carroll Gambrell

**(Vulcan stands on Red Mountain in Birmingham, Alabama
and moons Mountain Brook daily.)**

Do you think the folks in Mountain Brook
Blush red when they are forced to look
Upon the Lord of the Mountain Crag
Who cannot boast a single rag
To protect his Southernmost exposure
From a discerning eye's disclosure?

Though gird in iron from ear to ear,
He did not deign to guard his rear.
Lord Vulcan! We do declare,
Must have a suit of underwear!
A product of Fruit-of-the-loom
Would preserve us all from being mooned.

For through the armor's gaping chink
All may see that he's tickled pink,
And, if smitten from his lofty peak,
Would he but turn his other cheek
To show he passed the acid test,
A great big smile greets every guest.

No. 44
ON BECOMING AN OCTOGENARIAN
Dedicated To The Valedictorian of
Aunt Mary's Charm School
by
Carroll Gambrell
6/30/08

When one attains a certain age,
Let's say three score and twenty,
He is already on borrowed time,
And he has borrowed plenty.

What do you think of this missing link,
This a-ged octogenarian?
He's laughed at the gods,
And defied all the odds,
The ocean is just his aquarium.

This ancient and cultured Victorian
Left the Charm School as its valedictorian,
With aplomb and no doubt,
Grabbed a bus headed south,
To the land that's life's cushy emporium.

He dreams of building a wall
Around his Mountain Rest Hall
To keep all those Yankees at bay.
He says,

“Please shut the door
We don’t need any more
To come in and show us their way.”

But, what takes the cup,
Bud was conned by a pup,
A pointer by the name of sweet Beck,
Who sleeps in Bud’s bed
Right up by his head,
And one paw that covers Bud’s neck.

But, here’s to the Squire of the Mountain,
Whose good deeds spewed out as a fountain.
May his old age be blest.
Be forever our guest,
For what you brought to our table is aboundin’

No. 45
WHEN THE WORLD MADE SENSE
Carroll Gambrell
04/30/05

It seems that when the world made sense
People weren’t all up tight and tense,
What they said had a deeper meaning,
Without a superficial leaning.
Now you must take care that what you utter
Is smooth as silk, and slick as butter.
I failed to be so circumspect,
And the upshot of my gross neglect
Was a timely faux pas that resulted
In a lawsuit filed by those insulted.

I hardly knew what I had done
Since what I said was all in fun.
I meant it only as a joke,
But fun at some, you should not poke.
For up with it, they will not put,
And out the source, they’ll try to cut.
When the joke’s on you, they lead the laughter,
But a horse on them is a different matter.
Things may appear, and I’ll scotch the rumor
That these folks have a sense of humor.

We must take care that our speech reflect
Political phrases that are Correct.
Never say what you intend,
Lest you care not to offend
The goatherds of far off Pakistan,
Or the grapefruit men of the Rio Grande.
Since what I say may cause a riot,
Must I hold my tongue, and remain quiet,
Or let the chips fall where they may,
And guard not what I have to say?

No. 46
WHO IS LOOKING OUT FOR YOU?
Carroll Gambrell
09/15/05

We are told that we may
choose our fate
By electing those who legislate,
But it's not always strictly true
That they are looking out for you.

I once relied upon a guy
Who promised earth, and moon, and sky,
But when it came to the final crunch,
We found that he was out to lunch.

I then decided upon another,
Who might remind one of his Mother,
With rosy cheeks and gentle smile,
Regard for me was not her style.

If there is one thing I have decerned,
In life's game your way is earned,
Not by those who were your choice,
But by you, who has no voice.

No. 47
WHY THE ANGEL SITS ON TOP OF THE TREE
Carroll Gambrell

'Twas the night before Christmas

And up at the Pole
Elves filled Santa's sleigh
With all it could hold.

But all was not well
On this Christmas Eve
Rudolph is late,
And Saint Nick's in a peeve.

And, if that weren't enough,
Santa misplaced his list
Of all the Good Children,
And some might be missed!

Then in the midst
Of all this confusion
He was further displeased
By another intrusion.

'Twas the Littlest Angel
Who innocently
Inquired of St. Nick
What to do
With the tree?

Before thinking he turned,
And without a Ho! Ho!
Told her forthwith
Where the tree should go.

Well, that's the whole story,
My friend, now you see
Just why the Angel
Sits atop of the tree.

No. 48
YARDBIRDS

Carroll Gambrell

I'm not a very particular man,
Nor am I awfully mean;
But when it comes to certain things,
Truth is, I'm not so keen.

I eat my veggies with no fuss,
And devour soup with cheer.
I will chew a chop until I drop,
And wash it down with beer.

Whoever discovered the turnip green
Knew not which end to cook.
The guy who grew zuchinni first
Should have had a second look.

Blue John's an abomination
I never shall endorse.
Served with baked chicken,
Nothing could be worse.

When I am ill is just the time
They place them on my tray.
There is no salve, I always have
A grossly Bad Hair day.

So, feed me hams and candied yams,
And stuff with lots of grease.
Pass up the food they say is good,
And let me die in peace.