

To Bianca & Erin  
Happy New Year!  
Papa & Mamma

# Seven Jingles: One-A-Day

(What Kind of Guy Do They Portray?)

by

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A Jingle for Ruthie

On the Occasion of Her Sixth Birthday

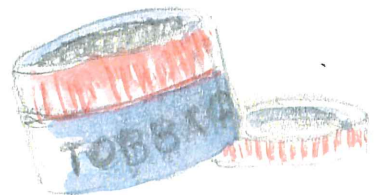
Usta-Bees



There usta be a horseshoe  
On my grandpa's barn door  
I do not think that horseshoe  
Can be found there any more.



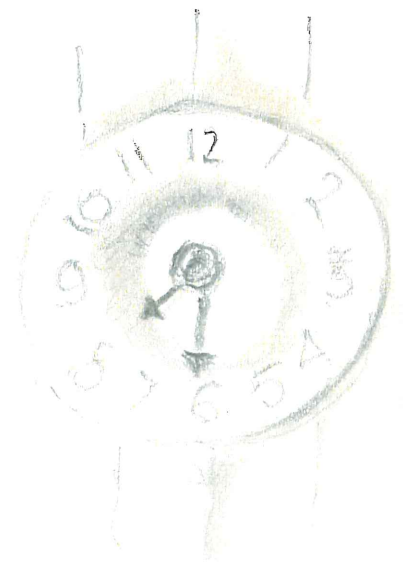
My grandpa was a jolly man  
He usta take his snuff  
This usta make him sneeze a lot  
Until I yelled "enuff"!



I usta wear brown knickers  
That strapped below the knee  
If now I wore those knickers  
What would you think of me?



The school bell usta ring-a-ling  
Exactly half past eight  
I usta rush along the street  
To be sure I wasn't late.



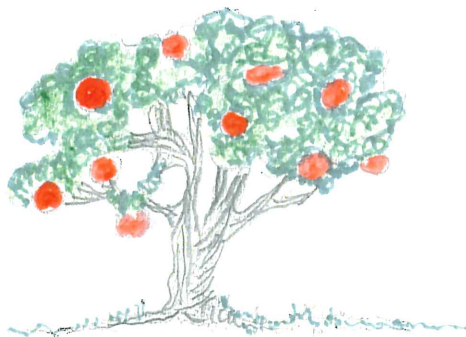
*There usta be a lot of snow  
Much deeper than right now  
Or was it deeper simply 'cause  
I had to go and plow.*

*There usta be an apple tree  
That grew upon a hill  
I usta go and climb that tree  
To demonstrate my skill.*

*I usta have a Willys-Knight  
A model Twenty Eight  
I usta pedal round the yard  
And speed right out our gate.*

*The baker usta come to us  
On every single day  
I do not think the baker now  
Would spend his life that way.*

*What usta be cannot now be  
And that's a steady rule  
And if I told you otherwise  
You'd think me one great fool.*



*From four to six, from six to eight  
You will leave things behind  
But different things will soon appear  
As years get intertwined.*



## Excellent Advice

When I was a lad I worked for a term  
In a World's Fair kiosk for a Soda Firm  
I iced the bottles and I stacked the crates  
And I horsed around with my fellow mates  
I strutted in the kiosk in my green attire  
As I opened up a bottle and I served a buyer  
And I wiped the counter clean from ice.  
For lads and lassies coming up I offer this advice:  
Stick close to the counter and look to detail  
And don't expect a tip from a five cent sale.



## Hafta-dos

My life is full of hafta-dos  
Most of which I did not choose

Fill out that form: it's five days late  
Send out that card to congratulate

Get rid of mail that's mostly junk  
Clean out the stuff that's in the trunk

Pick up those pills to ease my pain  
I'll never slip on ice again

Send off that check to the IRS  
Or else they'll make my life a mess

Get in a tub : long overdue  
But years ago they took so few

Go upstairs and have a look  
Where did I leave that g.d. book ?

Where are my keys? Where are my glasses ?  
How will I get to my morning classes ?

Our children's children come next week  
And the cellar bathroom has sprung a leak

Some dishes wait in pan and soap  
For them I fear there's little hope

But deeper still -- I did not pick  
The brains I have that makes me tick

And gets me through the hafta-dos  
Most of which I did not choose

I think I've got to call it quits  
When hafta-dos defy my wits.



## The Theory of Relativity

When I stand round with a canapé  
I cannot find a thing to say

When parties feature wine and cheese  
I find my thoughts go in a freeze

But sit me down at a dinner table  
Then shut me up if you are able.







# On Beepers

I've read that now they've put small beepers  
On children, dogs and even creepers

To tell at once where'er they've been  
To keep them safe through thick and thin

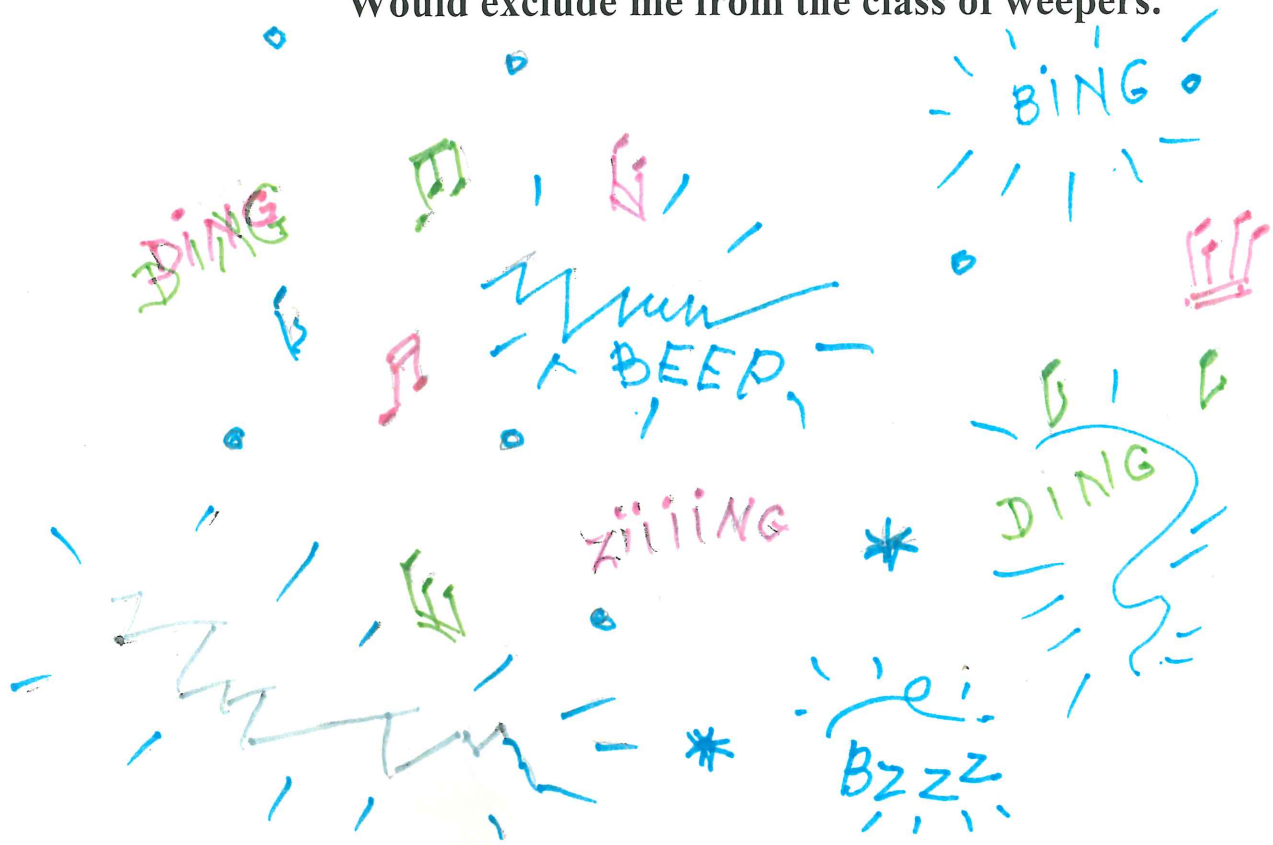
I have a list of many a thing  
I wish would beep or ring or ding

My keys, my specs, my wallet, too  
I'd feel at peace the whole day through

To know my specs are on my nose  
The car keys in discarded clothes

The wallet that has my ID's  
Is safe and sound next to my keys

The time I'd save with all these beepers  
Would exclude me from the class of weepers.



## My Fatal Attraction

My fatal attraction for collecting stuff  
Prevents me from crying "Quite enough !"

That bill from the tailor's in '95  
That novel I started: it's no longer alive

That wedding announcement from Mollie's cousin  
Who needs it now ? It's one of a dozen

That puzzle I thought that I'd finish one day  
Why haven't I guts to throw it away?

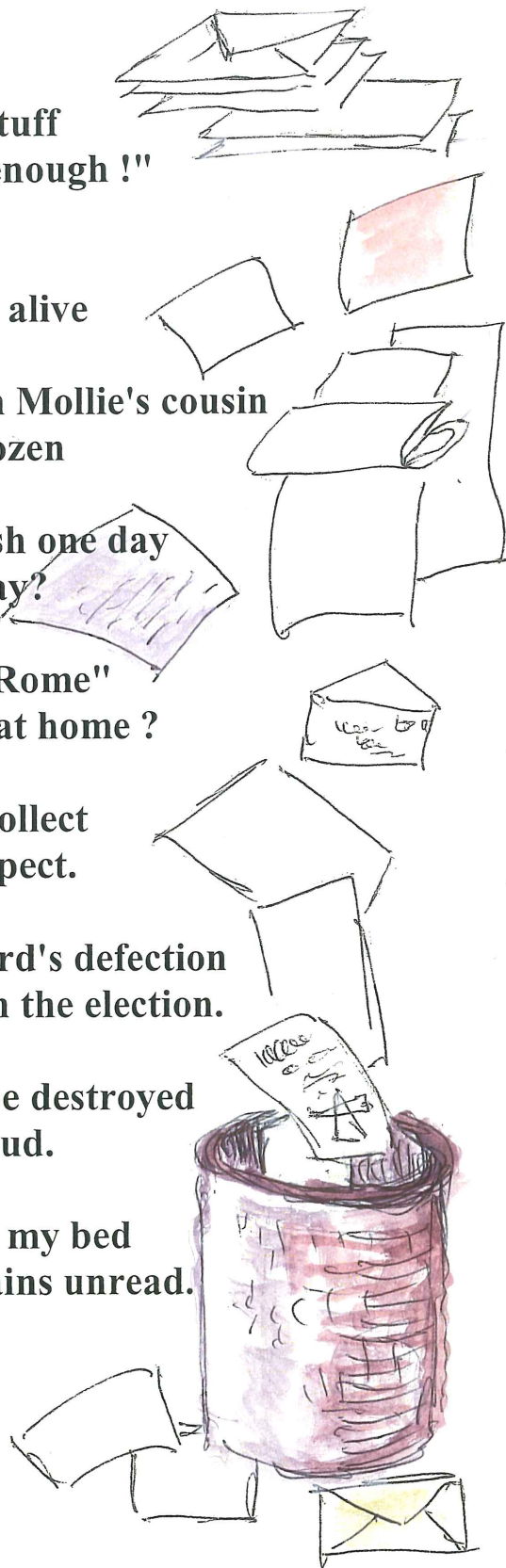
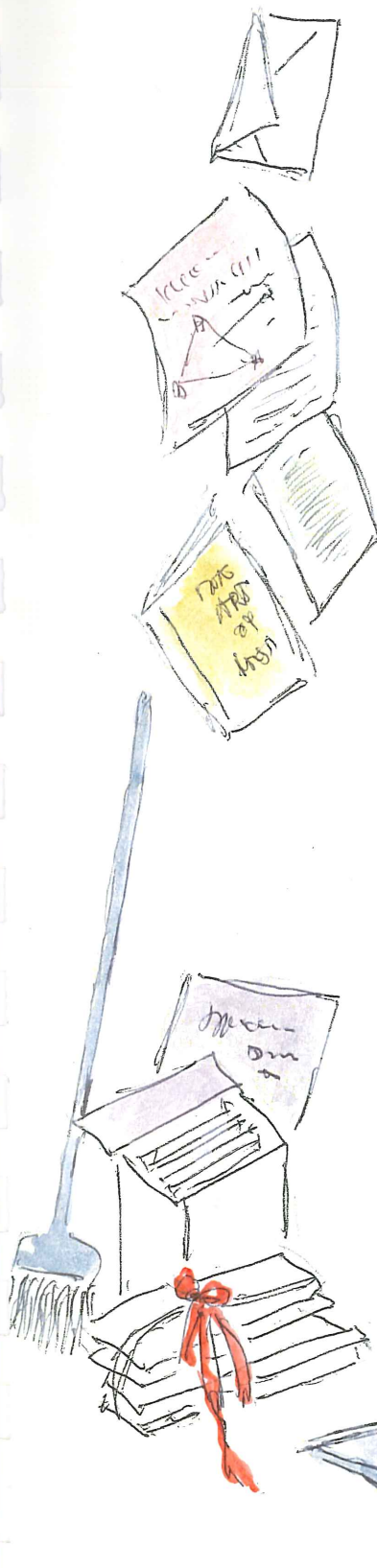
I found in a pile "Amusements in Rome"  
What use is it now that I'm safely at home ?

More dangerous yet is the stuff I collect  
Sent on to me always by ones I respect.

That clip from the paper on Edward's defection  
That notice that Roosevelt has won the election.

Stuff clings to me when it should be destroyed  
They tell me I ought to see Dr. Freud.

I have his main opus right next to my bed  
It's been there for years and remains unread.  
.... and I can't throw it out.



## Tucking In

The night is long and dark and deep  
But I have promises to keep  
And pills to take before I sleep.

