



Ode to a Fungus

There's a fungus among us....a culprit I say
That plagues me and haunts me...scares others away
It lingers and waits in the cracks of my floor
It hovers on curtains, on windows behind doors

There's hair loss and itching, paranoia and fret
Each cat, every child, the whole world's got it I bet!
I can't run, I can't hide the spores chase me by day
Land on me, grow on me, at night while I lay



If I itch, if I crawl if I see a red spot
To the cabinet for cream and a shower.....scalding hot!
Oh.....the madness this fungus stirs up inside
The power it has - volunteers run and hide

It is RINGWORM I tell you....not a worm or a bug
It's just a fungus among us growing deep in my rug
So I scrub it and bleach it, vinegar might work well
Pull the hair, pick away, until no signs of it swell

I'll keep it confined till the snow flies and then....
Hold my breath 'til next spring when it comes back again



Where Did The Space In My Bed Go?

Not long ago I had a bed
With pillows high to lay my head

A welcome spot for me to lie
I crawled in peacefully every night

It took not long for all to see
My bed was made for more than me

Now at night with great due care
I crawl in midst the purrs and hair

The creatures pile high and wide
My feet stay still and have to hide

They pin me down I dare not rustle
They'd run off quick if I move a muscle

I guess it can be truly be said
Not long ago I had a bed

