

THIEF ODES

A second-story man was he,
Who made his play at A.M. three -
Made off with neighbor's jewelry
And found himself to be quite free.
Back home was he by A.M. four,
But found unlocked his hallway door;
To his surprise, upon the floor
Were footprints made of mud galore.
And when he slowly climbed the stair,
A second-story man was there,
So in his neighbor's flashlight glare
They traded loot...just fair and square.

He pulled his gun...the trigger jammed,
So to the floor he then was slammed;
He bounced up quickly...swung a left,
At boxing, though, he was not deft
So once again assumed the prone...
A quicker left had crushed a bone;
But not to worry, not to fret,
He was not through...at least, not yet;
He drew his blackjack, switchblade, too,
Thus, in each hand was derring-do.
Alas, alack, jack-handle broke,
Dull, rusty switchblade was a joke;
So to the jail well-cuffed he came,
And figured crime was not his game.

There once was a lock-picking thief,
Who entered the house of the chief,
And got for his trouble
Some barrels of double
That, aimed at his face, brought him grief.

He cased the bank three weeks or four,
Decided then to make the score,
And so at nine he patiently
Conveyed his note to Teller #3
Who quickly gave him bills galore
Then simply fainted...hit the floor;
By noon he was in handcuffs tight,
Had given up without a fight,
His note was stuck...oh...such a shame
To driver's license...with his name!

