

Just some Jewish Talk

When Gudrun Tastad answered yes, she said it with a stammer,
And for a while he couldn't tell a crow-bar from a hammer.
In thoughts of happy days to come, he did so often revel,
His head was so unbalanced that he couldn't read the level.
He tried to plan a cabinet but found he could not draw it,
And when he took a board to cut he ~~found he could not~~ ^{was too weak to} saw it.
He wrote a note so amorous, the page began to sizzle,
But then we think the reason was that he had used a chisel.
He said, "I'd better see her for I'm really not a writer",
But to make the corner driving there, he had to use a mitre.
His mind was rather dizzy so he took a sea sick pill.
By then his thoughts were spinning so, he thought it was a drill.
If asked what occupied his thoughts--oh yes, he sure could name her,
But there were times that he forgot, that his own name was Tamer.
The neighbours couldn't understand such radical behaviors,
They knew it couldn't all be blamed, to power tools and shavings.
But when it comes down to brass tacks, and speaking on the square,
They'll hinge together very well, and make a polished pair.

Mrs. G. Loken