

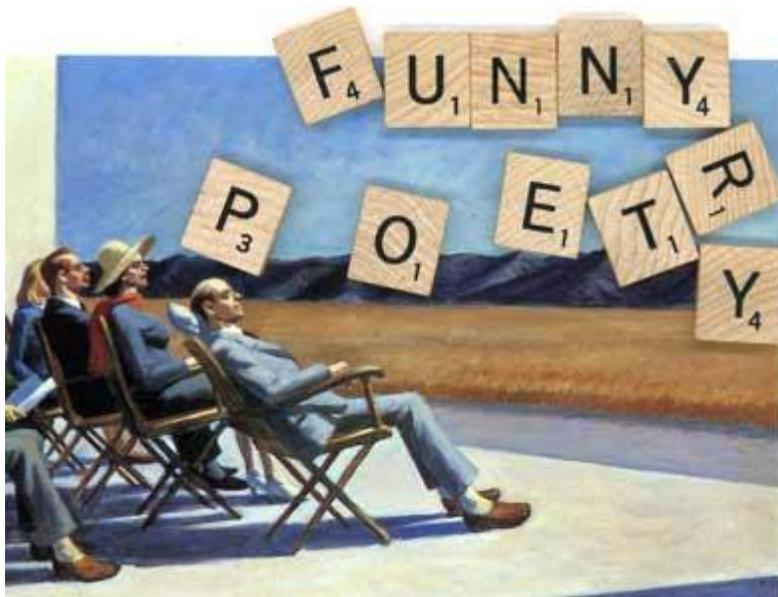
Welcome Highland Park Poetry's Muses' Gallery.

Here are the selections from our 2010 Funny Poetry Contest. Many thanks to all who submitted their rib-tickling poems. Many thanks also to our judges - Charlie Schwartz, Jason Shimberg & Apple Gunther.



Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on writing!



Collage by Jennifer Dotson

<p>Cheaters</p> <p>By</p> <p>Lorraine Brown</p> <p><i>1st Place</i> <i>- Non-Resident</i></p>	<p>My husband calls me four eyes, How rude of him to say. It reminds me I'm getting older, Along with all the gray! The lenses change my point of view, It's amazing how well I can see, Of course, when I don't wear them... <i>He looks better to me!</i></p> <p>Now I carry these cheaters everywhere with me, Except when I can't find them... Am I also losing my memory?!</p> <p>It's uncomfortable to face the facts I've tried desperately to deny, But the time has come to just give in 'cuz my vision doesn't lie!</p>
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	<p>I'd rather see what's in front of me, Than trying to pretend That I'm still the girl I used to be... A fib I can't defend!</p> <p>The day I gave in to the specs Was the day I found liberty, 'Cuz it was more than simple text that I was finally able to see! Even though I still struggle with carrying them around, It's not as monumental as the freedom I have found.</p> <p>So he can make fun of my cheaters, His day is coming too, When he'll have as many eyes as me And a clear point of view!</p> <p>Even though when I don't wear them... My hubby looks better to me, With two eyes or with four, I still love what I see... <i>Oh sweet liberty!!!</i></p>
<p>Food, a Love Song</p> <p>By</p> <p>Judith MK Tepfer</p> <p><i>1st Place - Resident</i></p>	<p>Stay away! I was warned. You are no good for me. But I could not resist your siren song.</p> <p>Your allure is irresistible Your scent Your touch Your taste Arouse my passion, nourish my soul.</p> <p>I tried to forgo you but a voice inside demanded I allow you to fill me up with your sweetness, your smooth sauciness, and ultimately, your bitterness.</p> <p>In the end, I was forced to leave, before you destroyed me totally.</p> <p>I must brace myself to do without you, find some less palatable substitute which will never satisfy the way you do.</p> <p>Wait for me. Deprivation does not suit me. I will be back.</p>



David Dotson, Photographer

**The Poet Addresses
His Literary
Legatees**

By

Tom Roby

*2nd Place - Non-
Resident*

They're closing down the house. Tossing the copies.
Fireplacing the correspondence.

Why not keep some, divide them, donate to book sales,
put a collection in my casket in case I'm exhumed?

Not so fast! Don't throw out the originals. Family poets
of the future won't know that I published in *Poetry*.

Yikes, don't dumpster the drafts. Study my creative
process. Replicate my workshop methods.

Take a second look at those six odd scraps of verse.
Stick them together. Savor their off-rimes.

Look at how these torn manuscripts fit like a jigsaw puzzle.
Don't you see what a great poem they could make?

At last, the funeral. At least I'll get to hear some
affectionate recitation of my published works.

Drat! All they do is talk about themselves, how close
they were to me, how they miss me, loved my poems.

Why don't they quote me, carve my lyrics on my tombstone
where they're sure to endure.

Look at that cute couple burying their own poems in my grave.
What were their names? I think I recall a workshop.

I wonder what they wrote. Probably more about themselves,
their deathless love, their own legacies, their kids.

Say, these are not bad at all. I even get a mention or two.

	<p>Hope they saved a copy to publish.</p> <p>Anyway, it's something to read on my way back to where I can get on with my own writing.</p>
<p>I Could Not Find My Shoes</p> <p>By</p> <p>Sandra Phillips</p> <p><i>2nd Place - Resident</i></p>	<p>I planned to go out dancing to Chicago's House of Blues. I donned my satin dancing dress but - I could not find my shoes!</p> <p>My friend called for an outing. "Let's take a river cruise!" I found my favorite boating hat but -- I could not find my shoes!</p> <p>Today was someone's birthday. I can't remember whose. I must go out to buy a card. Where did I put my shoes?</p> <p>I'd join the local social club. They said I must pay dues. Why, I'll just come on over but -- it seems I have no shoes.</p> <p>There's a huge bird in my garden, it may be a duck or a goose. I really do need to investigate but not without my shoes.</p> <p>So people heed my warning. For if you value your feet, place shoes where you can find them and keep your houses neat -- and tidy.</p>

Anne Bell, Photographer



<p>Eve, the Short Version</p> <p>By</p> <p>Carol Spielman Lezak</p> <p><i>3rd Place - Resident</i></p>	<p>Caught in the garden. Asked for a pardon.</p>
<p>The Birth of a Son is a Joy</p> <p>By</p> <p>Jo Stewart</p> <p><i>3rd Place - Non-Resident</i></p>	<p>In the depth of winter great expectations colored that gloomy December day -- the elm tree had lost its leaves snow filled clouds hung over our hermitage inside the soch pine all aglow and star crowned noels the smell of mincemeat and apple pie <i>still hung in the air</i> but there it was on the horizon the new year and you!</p> <p>the official date for your arrival booked for the third day of January yet you hurried landing in our lives on the 29th of December Oh, what joy! You gave us something no one ever could design <i>an exemption -- \$600 dollars for 1959</i></p>

haiku

By

Charlotte Digregorio

*Honorable Mention -
Non-Resident*

caught in the firing line
of the corner evangelist
--
no salvation

Collage by Jennifer Dotson



Black and Blue
Blues

By

Jean Walbridge

*Honorable Mention -
Resident*

The trouble with oil
Is that it's goo.
I put some on me, it gets
All over you.

Besides that, it's costly
Derived, by my notion,
From olives or oil wells
Down deep in the ocean.

The olives -- not bother,
Put that on the salad;
Their oil works wonders
And will please your palate.

But then there's the other,
The one we make gas of
To power our autos
We can't stand to see the last of.

So drill, baby, drill
And you'll be in the pink --
That is unless blowout preventers
Break down in the drink.

Then run, baby, run
For something's gone wrong;
No more fun in the sun;
Black oil blues are your song.



Self-portrait by Miranda Dotson



Beauty Sleeping

By

Eileen Rose

Honorable Mention - Resident

Along a weed-infested track, beyond a cobbled cul-de-sac,
A dark, deserted castle glowers; vines and brambles choke its towers.
Every gate is stiff with rust; inside a furry cloak of dust
Has settled over everything, and to the walls great cobwebs cling.
Atop a crumbling spiral stair, there is a bedroom, small and square,
Where underneath a canopy, a princess slumbers endlessly.

Once long ago, the legends say, an errant prince who'd lost his way
Rode right up to the castle door. He entered, hoping to explore
And thus obtain some kind of map. He found the princess, and her nap
Was cut short when he kissed her brow and cried out, "Here and now I vow
To save you from this tragic fate -- I only hope I'm not too late!"
The princess, sneezing from the dust, sat up and uttered with disgust,
"You imbecile! You cad! You creep! You've just curtailed my beauty sleep!
Good gracious, I could simply scream -- You woke me from a lovely dream!
Now go away," the princess cried. The prince withdrew with wounded
pride.

Then many years went by; at last the castle was again trespassed
By yet another prince; his quest: To rescue anyone distressed.
He went inside and quickly found the princess; though her sleep was
sound,
His gentle kiss upon her cheek elicited a piercing shriek.
"You oaf!" she screamed, "I can't excuse this rude disturbance of my
snooze.
You nincompoop! I think it stinks to interrupt my forty winks!
Please leave at once!" the princess said. The prince turned tail and
quickly fled.

The princess wrote a note right then, and quickly fell asleep again.
It hangs still from her bedroom door, a message no one can ignore.
DO NOT DISTURB it says; no prince has had the nerve to do so since.



Apologies to Nell Gwyn

Frivolous Shoes

By

Amy Shannon

*Honorable Mention -
Non-Resident*

I have an entire closet full,
so very many do I own.
As does every best girlfriend
that I have ever known.

Some have never seen
the light of day. Oh, God, NO!
Just precious jewels, lovingly
admired and then packed away.

A few, mementos of a milestone,
of which I cannot, faithfully, recall.
But precious for that occasion,
though I don't remember it at all.

Several, to seek revenge upon a
moment of particular joy or despair.
Beautiful, every single one but rarely,
if ever are they the shoes I wear.

**Ode to a
Corkscrew**

By

Marcia Pradzinski

O, corkscrew --
You're supposed to be easier,
easier than the one with
bird wings that press down
and pull the cork up,

easier than the one with
rabbit ears that I press
with the strength

*Honorable Mention -
Non-Resident*

of a stevedore
lifting cargo,

and much easier
than the simple one
with a blond wood pull-handle
and snaking metal tooth.

The salesclerk told me with a smile
how you lift yourself up
by twirling and twirling like
a ballerina in a pirouette.

But I stare at your black plastic
inscrutable body.

O, corkscrew --
will you ever
let me understand
your parts,
and how

oh

how

they work together.

