

Poems of the Manatee
Volume One

The following poem was the original poem that started the manatee's career as the Ridgecrest Poet-in-residence. It is entitled...

Birdie, Birdie

Birdie, birdie, in the snow.
He was cold, this I know.
So I lured him with a piece of bread.
Then I smashed his little head.

The next poem in the Manatee's repertoire came about because of the suggestion of his friend for eternity, The Buck. It is one we are all too familiar with, and have grown to know and love. Thus I bring you,

Mary Had A Little Lamb
"Ode to the Koala"

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was black as soot.
And everywhere that Mary went, his sooty foot he put.

Mary went to the butcher shop, but the prices didn't please her.
So Mary had a leg of lamb and put the rest in the freezer.

My next poem that I bring to you really needs no explanation. The poem, in its entirety, shall clear up any misconceptions. I hereby dedicate this poem in honor of the Apache Egypt. Thus it is entitled.....

Morning Showers

There are those mornings when you go to take a shower,
and it would be oh so nice to just smell like a flower.
And as you stand there brushing your hair,
That oh too familiar smell starts to infiltrate the air.
And as you turn up your nose in disgust and disbelief,
You discover that, there on the floor by your foot, someone has taken a leak.

Just the mere thought of this next poem brings much joy and excitement to my life. No, I can't claim the fame for penning these eloquent lines, for the credit must go to my dear

friend, the Salamander. He wrote this at a very young age and I would like to share it with you now. It is simply entitled...

MMMM....AHHH

Mmmm, ahhh, I want a piece of pie.
Pie too sweet I want a piece of meat.
Meat too tough, I want to ride the bus.
Bus too full, I want to ride the bull.
Bull too black, I want my money back.
Money to green, throw it in the grass.
Grass won't grow, chop it with a hoe.
Hoe won't shop, take it to the shop.
Shop makes money like a bee makes honey.
Ha, ha, ha, ain't that funny.

The next poem, I am happy to say, is one of pure inspiration. I don't quite know the source of the inspiration, but it did come from somewhere. Let me share it with you now. It is entitled.....

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
His shell was all broken
And his insides oozed out,
And all of his friends,
They started to pout.
It was a sad, sad, day,
They all begin to fret,
Until one in the crowd said,
"Hey! Lets make an omelet!!"

My last poem for this volume of "POEMS OF THE MANATEE" is one that I am quite proud of. This will live in the hearts of many because it was first read on opening day of the last two weeks of the Summer of 1991. It is so affectionately entitled...

The Ten Places at Ridgcrest

This is our camp and we love it so,
But there are ten places you should not go.
We're not trying to be ugly nor trying to be mean,
But in these ten places, you should not be seen.

The stables are a place where the horses reside,

They like their solitude so there they abide.

The Lake Lodge is a place for business only,
If you go in there, you'll be sent home and be lonely.

Roger's Retreat is only for staff,
If you get caught in there, you'll be hung from the raft...ers.

The House by the Gate is where Ron takes a snooze,
if you disturb him there, his anger will ooze.

The Little Chief Lodge is for those who have passed,
If you go in there you will surely be gassed.

Council ring Hill is only for Sunday.
If you go past the ditch, you'll be doomed come Monday.

Other people's hills are a big ole nuh-uh,
If you go over there, in the lake they'll dump ya.

Trailblazer Inn has been recently condemned,
If you go near there, it just might fall in.

The Little White House is what houses our women,
Don't go up there because they're probably still primpin'.

The dining hall kitchen is no place to play,
If you wander back there, you could be the next entrée.

With much love and affection, I must leave you now. I know you will treasure this collection of poems for as long as you live, because it is truly an original and one of a kind. All joking aside, I hope these verses bring you much laughter every time you read them because our God is an awesome God and we should always be happy and willing to praise him. I love you and may God bless you and keep you in all that you do. You are in my prayers.

For the Sake of the Call,
Mellow Manatee
Chuck Myers '91

Addendum:

This special addition to the first volume of "Poems of the Manatee" is necessary because of one last poem that I must share with you. This is a special poem because it is the last one of the 1991 Ridgecrest season. And when your friends ask you, you can say that yes, you were there. Thus I bring you, with much happiness and joy, the 1991 final.....

“Closing Poem”

Camp is almost over, the stress is nearing its end,
Now maybe everyone will stop acting like Doxidan is their best friend.

Though constipated we've seemed, and at times raised our temper,
This summer will be one that is fondly remembered.

On a note more serious than this,
At the end of the day my heart will be full of bliss.

With campers all gone and nothing to do but clean,
Camp won't be camp, all quiet and serene.

After you leave these gates, our spirits will not plunder,
For our heart will swell with pride when we hear that Choctaw Thunder.

But pride is not pride 'til you've walked with their stride,
As the echoes fill the mountains with, “Go Shawnee Tribe,”

You think you know what's hot, but you've not been through their town,
For the memories will heat up with a good Arap breakdown.

With hair on their chest, and cheers that are mighty,
Apache spirits soar with each thought of Hedidi, Heidi.

The trails of the mountains will be blue and feelin' sad,
For they are no longer the place where the Sioux make their pad.

Never you fear, our wits are as sharp as a razor,
For the tune of Overture brings great thoughts of the Blazers.

These are the tribes that have caused all the fun,
And when asked who's the best I'm sure your tribe is the one.

God is the reason that we are in this place,
we thank Him for the Son, His love, and His grace.

As you exit these gates, give Jesus your best,
And keep that fire burning brighter than ever,
We Love You Ridgecrest.