

A Valentine for Mum

I bought a box of chocolates
for my mother's Valentine;
a giant, heart-shaped package
with a flowery design.

They had them at the market
and I got the biggest one.
I nearly couldn't pick it up.
It must have weighed a ton.

I had to use a shopping cart
to haul it from the store.
At home I almost couldn't
even fit it through the door.

I gave it to my mother
and you should have seen her eyes!
I clearly had impressed her
with my chocolate box's size.

That carton was gargantuan —
the largest I could find —
but not because I'm generous
and not because I'm kind.

I didn't buy the biggest one
to show how much I care.
I bought it just to guarantee
my mum would have to share.

— Kenn Nesbitt



Valentine's Day Card

I'd rather fight a tiger covered head-to-toe in gravy.
I'd rather spend a decade scrubbing toilets in the navy.
I'd rather hug a porcupine. I'd rather wrestle eels.
I'd rather run a marathon with splinters in my heels.
I'd rather sleep on mattresses of razor blades and nails.
I'd rather try to skinny-dip with starving killer whales.
I'd rather be tormented by a gang of angry punks.
I'd rather share a bedroom with a family of skunks.
I'd rather dine on Brussels sprouts and spinach for a year.
I'd rather ride a camel race with blisters on my rear.
I'd rather eat a half a ton of liverwurst and lard
than say how much I like you in this Valentine's Day card.



- Kenn Nesbitt

