

## **Old Slobberin' Joe**

By Cassie Memmer

Old Slobberin' Joe was a country hick  
He lived in a house made of corn shucks and sticks.

He held a pipe in his toothless grin  
And grew straggly whiskers down from his chin.

His eyes were dull and slow in blinkin'  
He'd never won any prizes fer thinkin'.

His ears were huge with hairs stickin' out  
His nose big and round like an old hog's snout.

Old Joe had a problem, he was bothered with flies  
Slobbers on his chin, drew them all night.

So's when he'd awake at the mornin' sun  
To get rid of the flies, he'd have to run.

What a pitiful sight Old Joe did make  
Whiskers 'n arms flappin', as the flies he did shake.

An' 'bout an hour later he'd return to his shack  
To start his day's work, beginnin' with a nap.

Now the ground has thawed, snows melted away  
Old Joe's been waitin' long fer this day.

Fer it only comes 'round one time a year  
And the thought of it now brings him a tear.

Fer it brings back mem'ries of Mama now gone--  
Fer she'd done run off with the widower at dawn.

But his Mama once told him, "My sweet dear son,  
If yer wantin' to find a nice young hon,

Remember to always keep yerself clean  
Wash yer face 'n ha'r 'til they gleam."

Old Joe's been a doin' what his mama said  
Fifty-five years and he's still not wed.

He's beginnin' to think there's another part  
Mama failed to tell 'bout the way to a girl's heart.

Yes, it's that time of year to go into town  
Where all the busybodies mill around.

Time to go to the grand hotel  
Where bellhops jump at the ring of a bell.

Yeah, it's time to find some runnin' water  
And take his yearly bath like he oughta'r.

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