

Junk

By Mike Berger

The garage is full to the brim.
I need to clean it out before
the winter comes. It would be
nice to park cars out of the snow.

Where to start is the question.
What do I do with all this junk?
It seems so bad they'll need a
dumpster to hold it all.

That old weed eater hasn't run
for two years. I don't have time
to make a repair. The same goes
for the shovel with a broken handle.
I'll put them in scrap metal pile.

Here is a half used bag of fertilizer.
It got wet and is hard as rock. There
are a dozen pieces of odd wall board
I was hoping to use some day.

Now I've got it all sorted into piles.
I'll save the garden tools and supplies
and throw the rest out. What good is
a wheelbarrow with a gaping hole
in the bottom?

All of this sorting is taking its toll.
I need a long rest. I'll open a cold one
and kick back. I don't have to move
those piles until it starts to snow.

The Diver

By Mike Berger

The rock outcropping looked a mile high.
The lake below was an exotic postage
stamp. The intrepid diver stood in the
near distance.

He moaned some kind of chant, steeling
his nerves; he went through the routine
half a dozen times. His face turned stone;
finally, he was ready.

Before advancing to the edge, we reviewed
the safety procedures: hold your crotch with
one hand and your chin in the other. stiffen
your legs and point your toes; try to enter
the water as vertical as possible.

As he advanced to the edge, we handed
him a bright orange life jacket. He said,
"I am an expert swimmer, I don't need that."
We laughed and said, "The jacket isn't to
keep you afloat; it's so we can find your
body."

Sorting

By Mike Berger

Not for the timid or the fainthearted.
It's a demanding sorting process.
Prepare your self to be slapped.
Pinch the girls on the fanny;
looking for the one who laughs.

Mean Drunk

By Mike Berger

I went to the only tavern in town.
It's a place to relax after a long day.
There was some jerk from out of
town making an ass of himself.

A snout full turned him mean;
itching for a fight. He had no
takers so he pushed the envelope.
He started to groping one of the
local ladies.

I jump right in and told him to
back off. He snarled at me and
said, "Buzz off." I took a step
forward. He laughed and snarled,
"You don't want any part of me
old man; I am a junkyard dog."

"I am old," I told him; "I also have
an artificial leg." I pulled up my pant
leg to show him. When he looked
down, I smashed his nose all over
his face. Laying on the floor and
moaning, his mean vanished away..

I kneeled down and told him, " If
anyone gropes the ladies it will
be me."

Flying Cows

By Mike Berger

Those who say that cows can't fly have never been in a tornado. Our cows sailed away along with the chicken coop and an old pickup truck. The roof of our house is in the neighbor's field.

The mound of dirt on the storm cellar is in the next county. Dust has settled on everything, at least an inch deep.

Our new Ford automobile was untouched, so we drove into town to see if we could help. The town was in a shambles; that gas station was on fire. Dazed people filled the streets; while others were frantically digging through the rubble.

The steeple on the City Hall was lying in the street. The old brick library stood untouched. Someone hadn't lost their sense of humor, etched on the front widow was scrawled, "Wash Me."

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