

A SPRING POEM (PART III)

By Bruce Creamer

I was out of jail,
From my second conviction.
But I couldn't help myself,
Crime was now an addiction.

I could feel it in my bones,
I was going through withdrawl.
So I raced to the phone,
And made a collect call.

I said "Doc, it hit me so fast,
Without any warning"
He said "Take two ashtrays,
and call me in the morning"

I said "C'mon doc,
I feel like I could kill,"
And then doc said,
"You'll want to, when you get my bill"

So with that in mind,
I took off down the street.
And that's when I did it,
I ran over a lady's feet.

I laughed so hard,
While she was in pain.
She was a real funny sight,
Trying to stand without her cane.

She said "Help officer"
"He hit me and ran."
And thats when it started,
It started all again.

The cop was on his feet,
And I was on my bike.
This was the kind of chase,
I would really like.

I thought I had lost him,
So I turned back to see.
If the big idiot,
Was trying to find me.

I went down by the harbour,
Actually just a port.
But that's when he jumped me,
And said "See you in court."

Well I struggled and wiggled,
Then I started to cry.
And he let me stand up,
You see he was a nice guy.

He waved his arms and said,
This chase was a hunderger.
But that was a mistake,
Because I bit his finger.

He said "Hey you little jerk,"
"Don't be so defiant."
And I said "Hey look,
It's the friendly giant"

The cop said,
"Come on, you expect me to belive that
Then the giant put his foot down,
And the cop went "SPLAT."

I said thanks Friendly,
See you next trip.
And then it dawned on me,
I gave the cops the slip.

