

Mr. Bill's Poetry Group

by Bob Boucher March 2010

It was my first day, I took in the scene.
That guy with the beard, he looked kind of mean.
Do you write poems? "I have in the past."
Go sit in the back, I'll call on you last.

Old Mr. Bill has that thing in his ear
but even with that, he can't really hear
Speak Louder, Louder and into the Mike.
You learn to do that, or go take a hike!

His Apple Computer, vintage unknown
has a left margin with a mind of its own.
Every single week he printed our stuff.
Thank you Mr. Bill can't thank you enough!

Alfred's poem was both solemn and sad.
Then Selma's poem was cheerful and glad.
Arthur was chasing a girl on the Bus.
Wild Bill's Bulldozer was making a fuss.

Gary the Druid was always in rhyme.
Helen longed for a French chef next time.
Marvin's been happy these sixty years.
My Kennedy poem brought me to tears.

Been twenty years since I poetry tried.
So your class gave me one hell of a ride.
Thank You!