

*Arboghastly*

Pam Williams

'Twas Gilpin and the Beyer belles  
 Did Cripe and Carlson in the crade:  
 All Mocas were the Fine Cassells,  
 And the Shaughnessy inpade.

"Beware the Arboghast, my friend!  
 The jaws that bite, the grabbing hand!  
 Beware the Willeford and then  
 The frumious Minassian!"

He took the Vesper sword in hand;  
 He long the Horvath foe did seek—  
 Then rested by a Harper hut,  
 And stood awhile to sneak a peek.

And as he snuck a puck and stood,  
 The Arboghast, with eyes of flame,  
 Came Wallering through the Bessey wood,  
 And Peltoned as it came.

One, two! One, two! Again and again  
 The Vesper blade went Neher-nack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 Went Piecewiczing back.

"And hast thou stilled the Arboghast?  
 Come to my arms, my Wiley boy!  
 O Hepler day! O Watt and Ney!"  
 He Farbered in his joy.

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