

WOLF DOWN

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When Jim had run across a wolf
Once hunting for the day,
He was quite torn 'bout what to do
While also by his prey.

But Jim possessed a large amount
To his own benefit,
Of steel-tipped twelve gauge shotgun shells
And genuine manly grit.

Once Jim in fact had grasped the full
Significance of this,
He did as well the shotgun stock
Not showing cowardice.

He now was leveled on the ground
Below the lunging beast,
And too in turn so was his gun
Which Jim had not released.

The situation pressed our Jim
To act or be undone,
And so his trembling finger did
The trigger to his gun.

With Jim now fir'd with blazing rage
And that big gun by him,
A shell escaped from barrel aimed
As worry did from Jim.

Indeed no doubt he knew he'd hit
Upon the answer true,
When scattered shot had done the same
Between the wolf's eyes two.

As did his nemesis the wolf
All fears in Jim did die,
And he let go the gun of his
Along with one deep sigh.

And thus our Jim could put aside
His gun and all his woes,
And safe could tend to be content
And also to his clothes.

Note: This poem consists of nine stanzas of iambic tetrameters and trimeters and features twelve instances of zeugma (see Paul Hellweg's "Zesty Zeugmas" in *Word Ways* 26:1 [1993], pp. 17-18).