

Jaime Birch

For Herman Munster

You mean so very much to me -
soft as a pale green peach,
tall as a smallish tree.
An impressive brow - somewhere between
a gorilla and Sean Connery
(unfortunately not in Octopussy).

Since you were born to Mary Shelley
in eighteen hundred and eighteen
you have evolved, found a family
of your very own - a place to be.
All smiles, no longer lonely
among Witch and Vampires - other freaks.

Abandoned by Victor who couldn't see
human heart inside jigsaw body -
the epitome of integrity.
You're no Monster, not to me -
you're still black and white - how could you be.
Even on modern, colour telly.

Ermintrude

It would be totally cool to spend a week or two in your hooves
while away a few five-minute-long days
acquire a real feel for the place
gambol and lollop, frolic around
chill with the mellowest rabbit in town
maybe even hear a few guitar sounds
chew on a flower stalk, see what goes down
take a stroll
chance upon antics
pass by paper trees - uniform in species
dig that whole perfect pastel scene
without worry of cloud or climate
go check out the roundabout
shoot the breeze with Zebedee
be safely narrated
and scripted, consistent
get to sport a groovy blue hat
feel aristocratic and pincushion fat
command respect and be haughty; highbrow
but still get to do the odd Moo of the cow
beautifully bovine
and how