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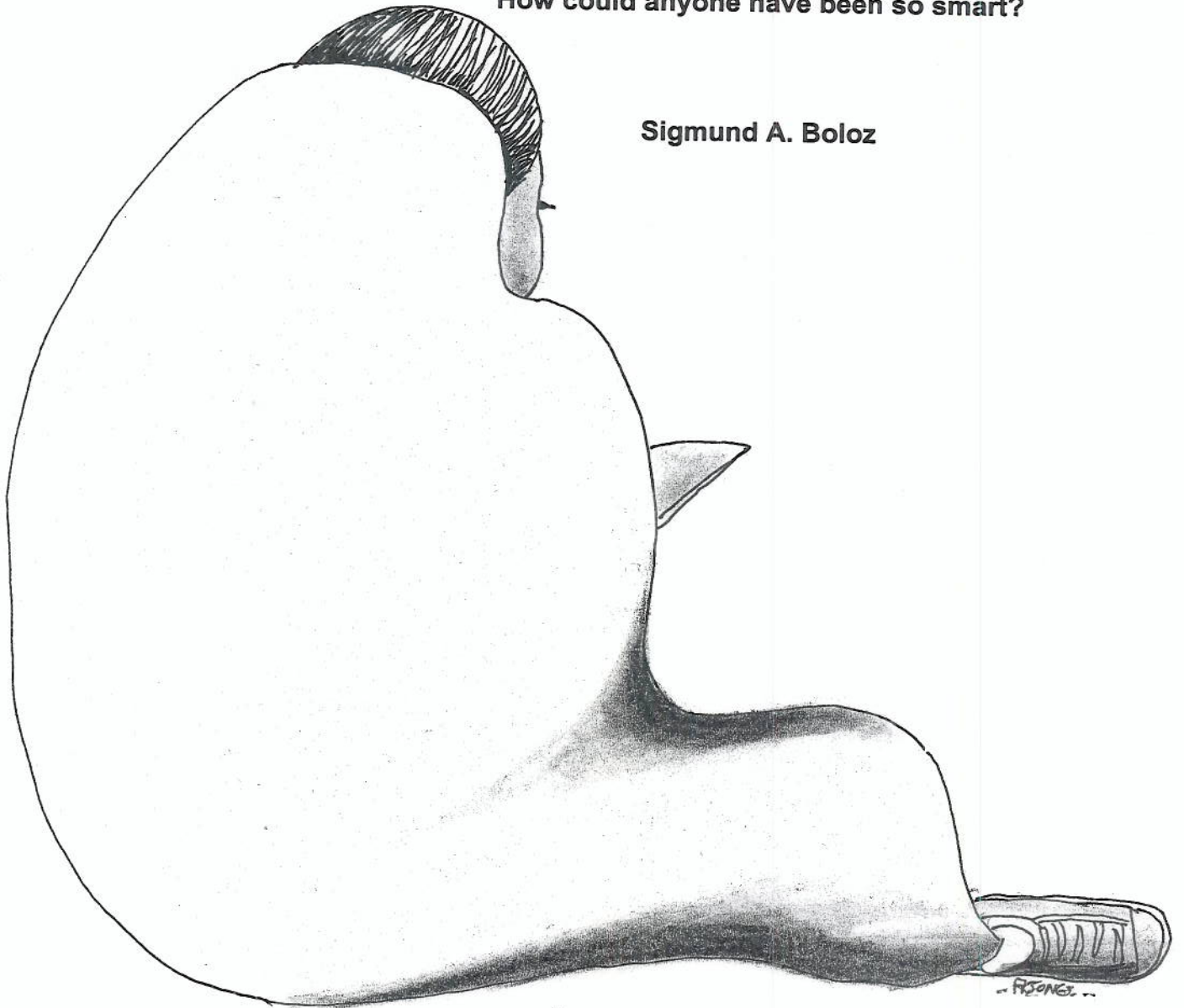
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EARTH HEART

**The EARTH is our mother.
Our mother EARTH is the HEART.
The difference is not in the letters,
But in where you choose to start.**

**EARTH or HEART,
Each not even one letter a part.
HEART or EARTH,
How could anyone have been so smart?**

Sigmund A. Boloz



DRIPPING OF THE BRAIN

Yes, I do have a good excuse
And I would love to explain
Even though my defense, to some,
May sound simply insane,

But I can't take this test
Because I am experiencing too much pain,
And anyway, I've lost a lot of the information
That my mind did once contain.

Why? Well, I thought it would be obvious,
But then I do hate to complain.
I've been seen by a doctor,
And its something to do with a major vein.

He said it was probably from too much homework,
The bursting of some membrane.
It was definitely something genius-related,
But more serious than a simple sprain.

Related, I think he said, to over-studying.
You can just imagine the strain!
And he says that I've lost a lot of dendrite cells,
Probably impossible to regain.

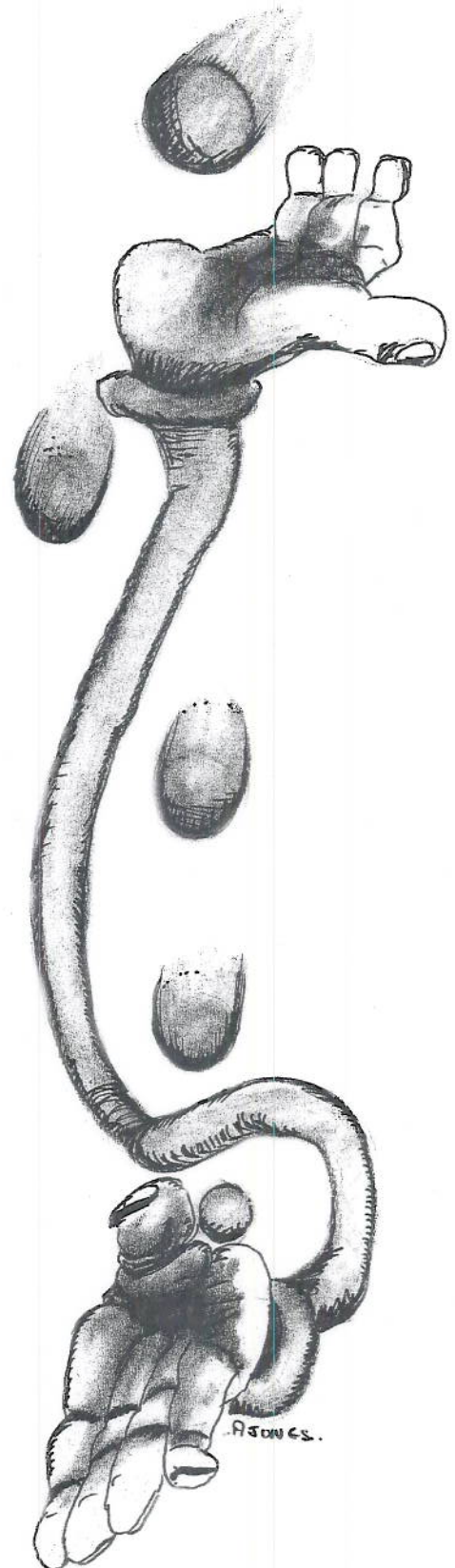
I told him that he should just shoot me!
It would probably be more humane.
But he choose to patch the hole
And to insert a complex drain.

He then wrapped my head in this ace bandage
And covered it with cellophane,
Then ordered no tests or homework for two weeks!
He said that I must absolutely refrain

From any further studying.
He said that I must absolutely abstain.
And that my condition, was related to the high standards
That I've always sought to maintain!

What? You want to know what he called it?
Give me a minute, I'm trying to remain sane.
Yes! Yes! Now I remember! He called it,
"Dripping Of The Brain."

Sigmund A. Boloz



RULES!

Rules and more rules!
What is one to do?
You can't do this!
You can't do that, too!

You can't touch this!
Can't go over there!
You better watch out!
Best better beware!

It's eyes forward!
Sit up straight!
Hands to yourself!
Don't be late!

It's single lines only!
No food allowed!
Do your own work!

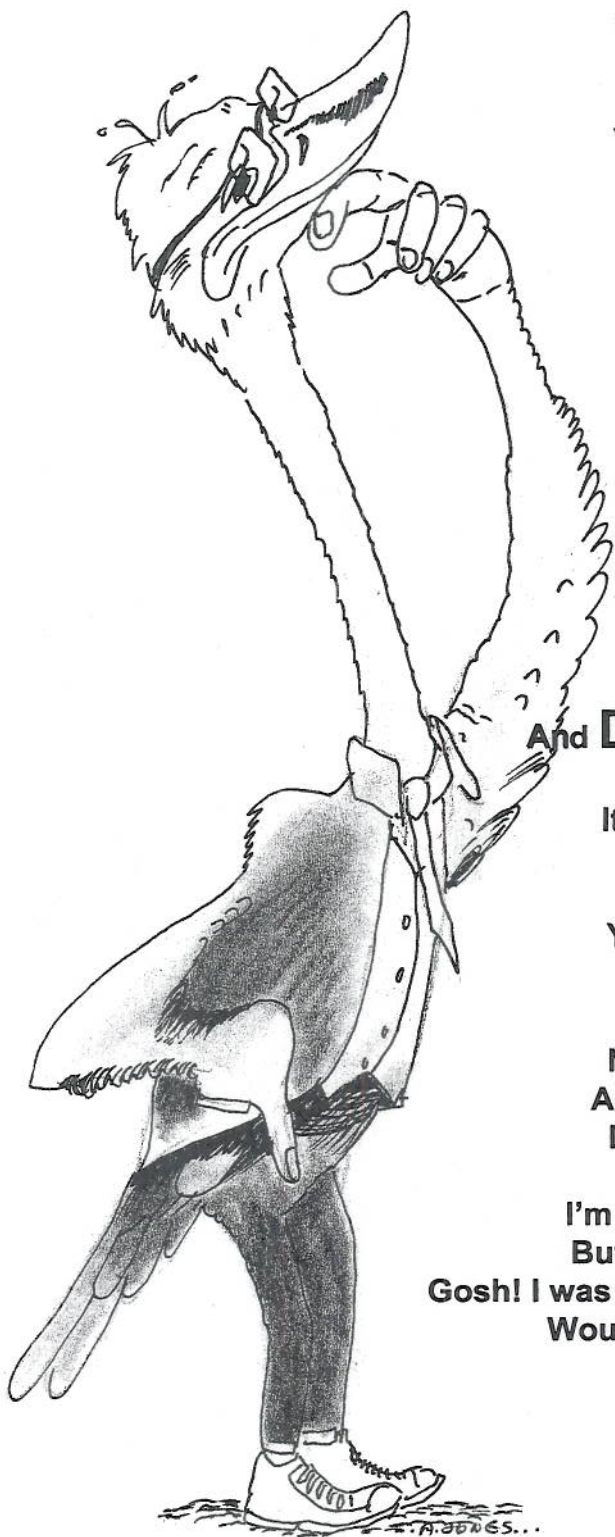
And **DON'T BE LOUD!**

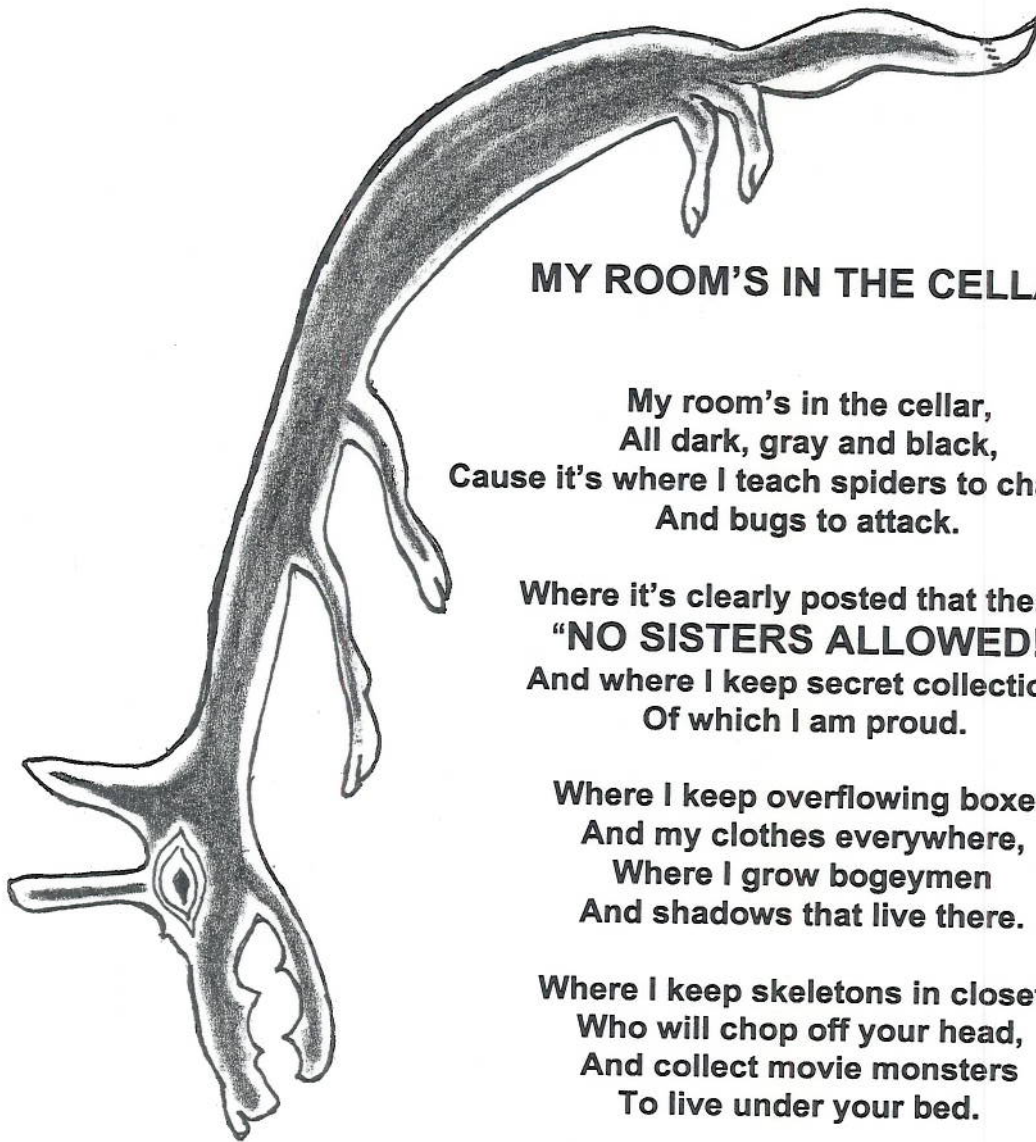
It's hands off! Hands up!
No talking out of turn!
Stay in your seat!
You came here to learn.

It's **NO! NO! NO!**
No getting out of hand!
And just what part of NO,
Don't you understand?

I'm thinking of staying home
But I'm not allowed to miss.
Gosh! I was sure hoping that being a principal
Would be a lot better than this!

Sigmund A. Boloz





MY ROOM'S IN THE CELLAR

**My room's in the cellar,
All dark, gray and black,
Cause it's where I teach spiders to chase girls
And bugs to attack.**

**Where it's clearly posted that there's
"NO SISTERS ALLOWED!"
And where I keep secret collections
Of which I am proud.**

**Where I keep overflowing boxes
And my clothes everywhere,
Where I grow bogeymen
And shadows that live there.**

**Where I keep skeletons in closets
Who will chop off your head,
And collect movie monsters
To live under your bed.**

**But my sister's a girl,
And she's a whole different story,
Because she loves to play with silly toys
That are softer and less gory.**

**I mean, she has this room,
Where a brother could never survive,
Unless, of course, her dolls and teddy bears would suddenly turn against her
And become actually alive.**

**Brothers need rooms in the cellar
That are shadowy and black,
Where we can teach spiders to chase girls
And lovely bugs to attack.**

Sigmund A. Boloz