

DINKY

O what's the weather in a Beard?
It's windy there, and rather weird,
And when you think the sky has cleared
—Why, there is Dirty Dinky.

Suppose you walk out in a Storm,
With nothing on to keep you warm,
And then step barefoot on a Worm
—Of course, it's Dirty Dinky.

As I was crossing a hot hot Plain,
I saw a sight that caused me pain,
You asked me before, I'll tell you again:
—It *looked* like Dirty Dinky.

Last night you lay a-sleeping? No!
The room was thirty-five below;
The sheets and blankets turned to snow.
—He'd got in: Dirty Dinky.

You'd better watch the things you do.
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You're part of him; he's part of you
—You may be Dirty Dinky.