

The Other Side
By C.M. Healy
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*Dedicated to Shel Silverstein,
for inspiring my childhood and my writing.*

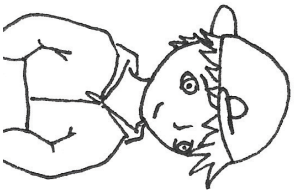
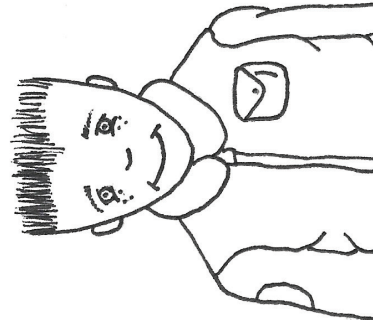
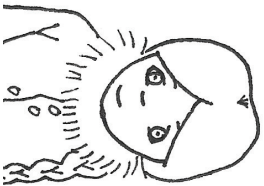
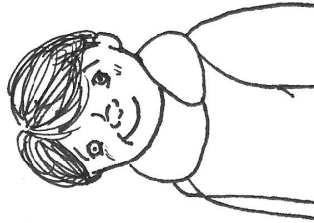
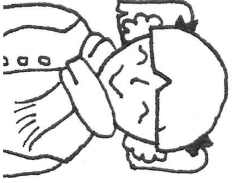
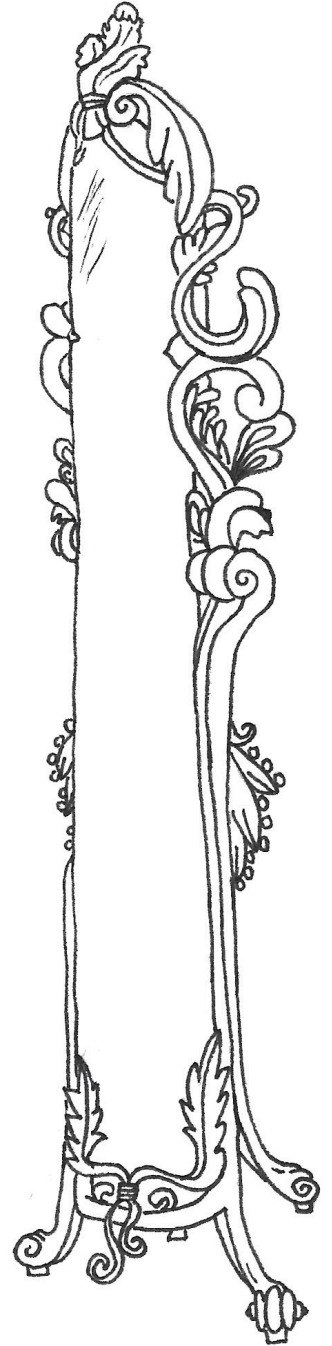


Table of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| The Other Side..... | 1 |
| 9bi2 19htO 9dT..... | 3 |
| The Mission Part I..... | 5 |
| Thirsty..... | 7 |
| Gummy..... | 8 |
| How Does the Grass Grow Green?..... | 10 |
| Cryin’ Lion..... | 11 |
| How High Can a Balloon Fly?..... | 12 |
| The Baker..... | 14 |
| The Juggler..... | 16 |
| Spare Some..... | 19 |
| The Cliff..... | 21 |
| The Transformation..... | 23 |
| Memory Boxes..... | 25 |
| Who Does a Superhero Talk to at the End of the Day?..... | 27 |
| Tony Two-Toes..... | 29 |
| Missing Ingredient..... | 31 |



The Other Side

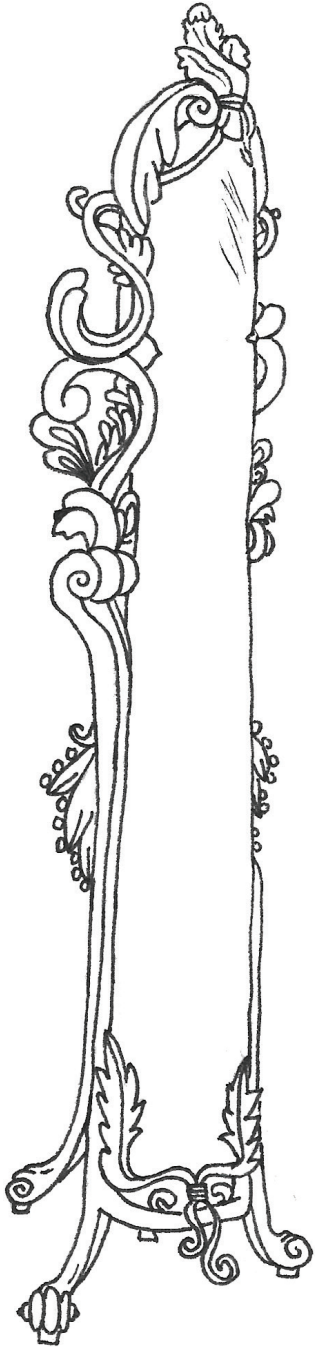
What are we like on the other side?
Are we round like a ball?
Would we stand ten feet tall?
Do we still have two eyes and ten toes?
Are we stinky and mean?
Unkempt and unclean?
Never washing ourselves or our clothes?

How would we dress on the other side?
Put our gloves on our feet?
Wear thick coats in the heat?
Maybe turn all our pants inside out?
Put our hats on our bums?
Wear all plaid just for fun?
Maybe dress in a suit made of trout?

What would we eat on the other side?
Fuzzy cheese with green mold?
Soggy pizza that's old?
Wash it down with milk curdled with lumps?
Stale crackers and chips?
Rotten French onion dips?
For dessert chocolate mousse with hair clumps?

How would we talk on the other side?
Would our language be strange?
All our words rearranged?
Sounding weird to our family and friends?
We could whistle or blink it?
Perhaps only think it?
Speaking solely with thoughts that we send?

So I can't really say,
what we're like day to day
on the other side of this great mirror.
They might have way more fun,
live to be one-oh-one,
but I think I'm glad I'm over here.



The Other Side

Bathing daily and wearing clean clothes?
Nice and neat like we mind?
Are we pretty and kind?
Do we have colored eyes and a nose?
Maybe short like a snail?
Are we thin as a rail?
What are we like on the other side?

Wear a fitted suit dyed royal blue?
Get dress up in silk threads?
Wear our hats on our heads?
Maybe put on a high-heel or two?
On our feet wear flip-flops?
Put our shirts on our tops?
How would we dress on the other side?

For dessert a smooth sherbet of lime?
Spread on bread of rye dough?
Caviar, escarot?
Wash it down with a bottle of wine?
T-bone steak if you please?
Fresh cut salad with cheese?
What would we eat on the other side?

And then whisper when secrets to leak?
To send sounds to someone?
Or use lips and our tongues?
A world silent, where no one would speak?
Use our hands to make signs?
Act out words like a mime?
How would we talk on the other side?

but I think I'm glad I'm over here.
live to be one-of-one,
they might have way more fun,
on the other side of this great mirror.
what we're like day to day
so I can't really say.

The Mission Part I

It was all too easy for a pro like me
A present wrapped nicely under the tree
Just out in plain view like a sitting duck
I call it skill, but some call it luck
There were two different boxes, but exactly the same
One labeled for my brother, the other my name
See I knew the contents of my brother's gift
A mechanical dog that would bark and would sit
It was the mystery of mine that made me insane
And was driving me slowly down criminal lane
I needed a plot to unwrap my gift now
But the question was when and the question was how
I knew when time came I'd have to be quick
I had to be careful which one I would pick
So hours in advance I set mine aside
To know just where my gift would reside
Just some nonchalant looks, a shake here and there
Disguised my true intent of secretly where
I placed my gift, in a camouflaged spot,
Would the parents suspect? Oh, no I think not.
Yes, all to do now was to sit back and wait...

To my surprise it is right around eight
The ladies are leaving to shop around town
They have no idea what's about to go down
The greatest heist in all Christmas history
That will finally solve the puzzling gift mystery
The dads will be there, but please, are you kidding
They'll be talking all night, at the table be sitting
With all the girls gone and the dads unaware
I quickly decide now's the time for my snare.

Slowly I descend down the stairs

not

a

peep

And into the living room I cautiously creep

As my hand goes out blindly to locate my gift

I keep an eye on where all the dads sit

They have no idea, they just all go on talking

While demise is coming for the present I'm stalking

A quick check to make sure that it is the one

Then off up the stairs I take off in a run

No one has heard me, it goes down like the plan

I can hardly believe it, I think "I'm the man!"

I sit down on the floor and begin to tear paper

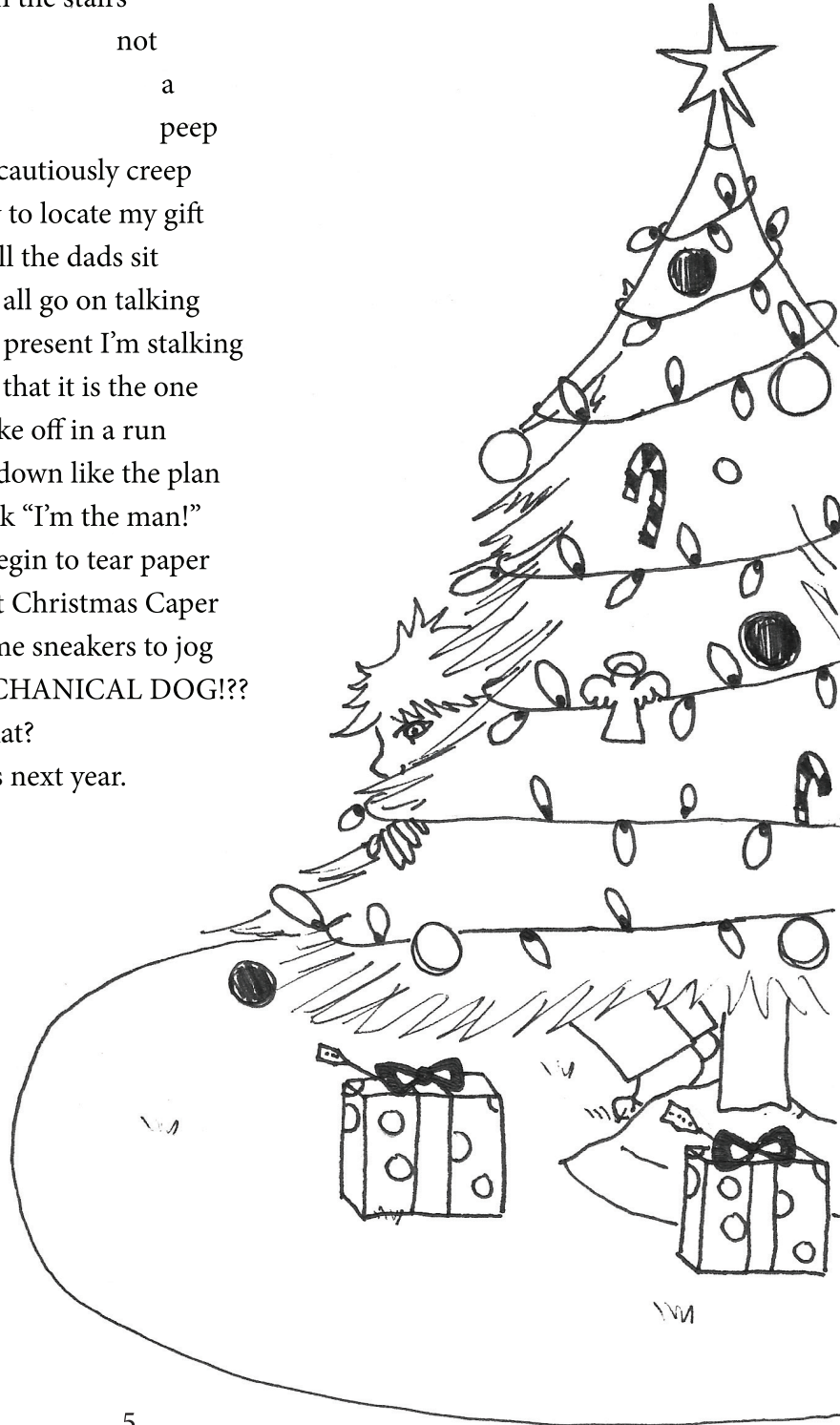
To see my reward of the Great Christmas Caper

A new toy to play with or some sneakers to jog

What could it be? It's, it's A MECHANICAL DOG!??

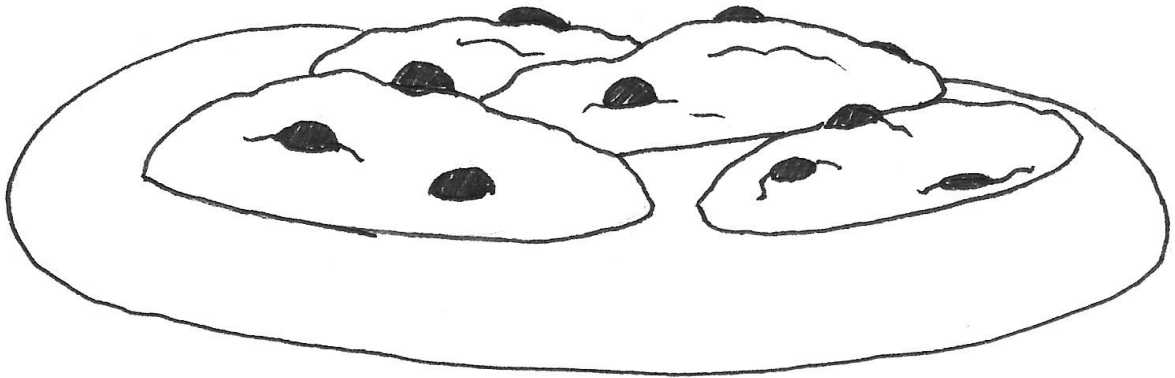
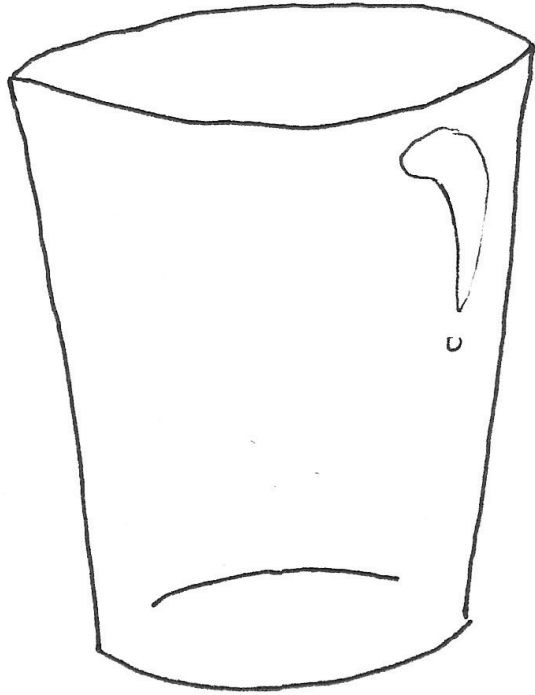
How... I... what?

Oh well, there's always next year.



Thirsty

Give gifts to your mom
Like scarves of fine silk
So she'll give you treats
Like cookies and



Gummy

My friend's life is pretty crummy,
And it really isn't funny
When I tell you all his strange
predicament.
He's lost every single tooth,
he simply said, "They all came looth."
So his days of chewing food have
came and went.

He can't eat his favorite things.
No more flavored chicken wings.
No more need for moist towelettes
or fancy bibs.
No more Hawaiian roasted hogs,
or fully loaded chili dogs,
no more Ray's delicious barbeque
smoked ribs.

He's been out a couple times,
with his toothy friends to dine,
but watching simply made it worse in
many ways.
They ate steak and fresh piranha,
char-grilled burgers and iguana;
it made him long for his old chomping,
grinding days.

He can't have lamb or fried pork chops,
or tender veal with sauce on top,
even shepherd's pie is hard for him
to chew.
His cherished meal was slow-cooked brisket.
Pulled or sliced he sure does miss it.
Such cuisine he can enjoy is far and few.

You see there just aren't many foods
that will brighten up his mood;
slurping soup and cream-of-corn just
don't feel right.
Mashed potatoes are too bland,
he despises stuff in cans
and baby food can't satisfy his appetite.

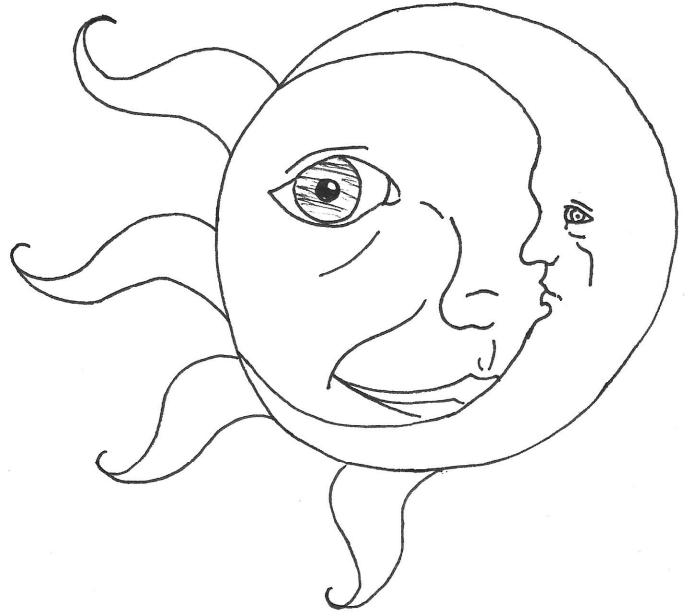
He can sometimes gnaw on fish,
because it's the only dish
he can gum, but still it takes him
most the day.
His friends all bought him bendy straws
and a blender for his cause,
but it doesn't taste the same when
meat's pureed.

So I think you must admit
that my story's quite legit,
and a life without your teeth would
be just crummy.
But imagine if you will,
the tale I've told gets much worse still,





because my friend's a T-Rex
everyone calls Gummy.



How Does the Grass Grow Green?

How does the grass grow green?

Is it because it awakes to the clear water drops of morning dew?
Or perhaps because it flourishes with the sun's yellow beams under a sky of blue?
Maybe it's because it slumbers with the black blanket of night
And the stars twinkling bright with the light of the pale moon white
I know it's eaten by a brown cow,

so now,

can anyone tell me how

the grass grows green?





Cryin' Lion

I once knew a lion who couldn't stop cryin'
'cause somebody stepped on his tail.

See try as he must he still whimpered and fussed
and chewed all of but one of his nails.

It's possible maybe he's just a big baby,
who cries all the time but I think,

the reason he wails is his beautiful tail
is now ruined by an imperfect kink.