Once upon a Monday day, as pondered weak and wily,
Our texts and sermone of my ample store;

Suddenly there came a knocking
As if down our fiercely rocking
Rocking down my parlor door.
This it was and something more:

Oh, how will I recollect it; and how little I did expect it
And how helpless to reject it;
When a visitor stepped upon my parlor floor.

Maddly she began her jawing
At my face I began to clawing;
Or my heart there was a gnawing
As to make both wild and yawning.
Pond Creek, Okla.

Pawing at his stable door
This it was, and then down more.

Earnestly with her I pleaded
Told her how this time I needed
But how poorly I succeeded,
For cold she stood upon my pole.

"Yet this house, I do implore the
Take thy fist down from before
Do where more they do adore the
O'with the sister - "Never more"
This did aid and even more."

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In my haste my anger filled me. But my love for woman stilled me. Up my back the cold shills chilled me. Through my veins my "gawm" blood thrilled me. As it had often done in days of yore. As I listened to this swell, saw the face where I once kissed her. Now as her jaws I'd like to blister. Yet her jaws and something more. Presently a thought o'er took me. While my passions and anger shook me.Quickly the phone I took As I'd often done before. Eagerly I called the desron. Ahnt while she still was speaking.
Told him how his wife was freakin'.
Told him this and something more.

Asked him if he'd come and get her.
This big, bitter, little spitter.

Just a slip in my answer should flicker
Over the dash of nothing more.

And the phone there came a 
Laughing
As if someone was only chapping
Laughing, chapping as he answered
"Never more."

Author: Elma Van Fleet
Dedicated to J. Bill Van Fleet.
On the visit of Mrs. Van Fleet.