

A Collection of Poems

by Lisa Waller



This collection of poems
was given by Elizabeth Jane Waller to
George Waller-Frye on May 8, 1983 for
his birthday.

Table of Contents

Poems	1
Dimericks	2
Haikus	3
Songs	4
Unoriginal	5

Poems

Once there was a man named
George,
And he was very jolly;
He loved to play, then eat some
porridge,
and play his game of volley.

My daddy is a special guy,
He means so much to me;
He comforts me whenever I cry,
And helps me cheerfully.

My father plays computer games,
He plays them night and day;
Although we've tried to cure this vice,
The games are here to stay.

Daddy is the best of friends,
He always gives me help,
A program bug he quickly mends,
With not even a yelp.

Although my dad isn't president,
Or leader of a band,
I'd be so very sad if he went,
Because he's so very grand!

Limericks

There once was a man, was called
Waller-^{Wye},
He'd never let a volleyball
pass him by,
When Bunnie was out,
He'd let out a shout,
And call in the gang for some
apple pie.

My daddy is so very nice,
He'd never make me eat wild rice,
He calls me cute names,
Plays video games,
And tried my computer game "Dice".

My dad is the sign of the Bull,
Taurus has strength, and can pull,
A trainload of people,
Or even a stepple,
But only if he's not very full.

My dad is a genius at volleyball,
He never gets angry at a bad call,
He just waits a while,
With a very big smile,
Then spikes the ball all the way
through the wall!

Haikus

Daddy
Kind, Loving
Bump, Set, Spike
I Love Him So
Father

George
Silly, Funny
Kiss, Hug, Pat
He Is So Nice
Pa

Tony
Phony, Cloney
Moany, Moany, Moany
Can only eat Bologna
Pony

Anthony
Nice, Lively
Play, Sing, Romp
It's Lots of Fun
Pappy

Dada
Smart, Intelligent
Think, Think, Think
He just knows everything
~~Lawman~~

Songs

"Sounds of Horserace"

Hello, Daddy, my old friend,
I've come to play with you again.
And I know that we'll have lots of fun
Although the day has hardly begun
And the games, that were implanted
in our brains, still remain,
Within the sounds of "Horserace"

"Lisa in the sky with Digits"

Picture yourself on a couch by a
t.v.,
With fuzzy black cats, and fresh
apple pies;
Somebody calls you, she's calling
quite loudly,
The girl with the Commodore eyes.
Lisa in the sky, with Digits,
Lisa in the sky, with Digits,
Lisa in the sky, with Digits.
Aaah...

"Hey, Dad"

Hey, Dad, don't let me down.
Take this bad song, and make it better.
Remember, to let me into your heart
So we can start, to read a letter.

Daddy Made Us Breakfast

by Unknown

Daddy made us breakfast
He made us each a waffle
It looked like gravel pudding
It tasted something awful.

"Ha Ha" he said. "I'll try again.
This time I'll get it right."
But what I got was in between
Bituminous and Anathatite.

"A little too well done? Oh Well,
I guess I'll start all over."
This time what landed on my plate
Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork
The fork gave off a spark.
I tried a knife and twisted it
into a question mark.

I tried it with a hacksaw,
I tried it with a torch.
It didn't even make a dent,
It didn't even scorch.

Next time Daddy makes us breakfast,
While mommy's sleeping late;
I think I'll skip the breakfast,
I'd sooner eat the plate!