

THE CARDSHARKS



Raoul, Sylvie and her half-a-brother Yish
Were door-to-door cardsharks in search of sum fish.
“Let us in or we’ll torcher!” they all chunted with gleem,
All afiery of eye, all connivy of scheme.
“We mean no borderly harm,” they taled a nu family.
“Off course if you ‘fuse, we’re three pyros, you see!
“So ply us a few rounds of blackjack or poka,
“We’ll luff and we’ll merrymake and we’ll java some mocha.
“Is it too mush to ask? ‘Tis in yearnest we’re franker.
“Let’s let bygoons beat bygoons, don’t be sore as a canker!”
The main of the house shivered his timbres quite frightly
As the trio of gusts burched and belped impolitely.
“I demandate de deal!” Raoul Tabasco then sat.
“If it pleaseth the coat, just shaketh you hat.
“Jacks be nubile, jacks be wild,
“Jacks jumbo o’er thy first-bored sonchild,

“Doozies be wild, johnnies be good,
“Redqueens be monty, clift palettes be wood.”
So they plied and they plied by yon slivery moon.
The hosts heebie-jeebied and staid pat as a boone.
The cardsharks won potfuls as they mad their own luck.
Their cop ranneth over with plundy good buck.
“It’s been quite a pledger,” Raoul then boweled graciously.
“You’re a batch of good spots, believest ye me.
“Maybe sobtime we’ll all do it once more for the gypper,
“Only nicks time my Sylvie will bake a yum kipper.”
So into the horizone they twilighted three--
Raoul, spousewife Sylvie and her semi-sibly.
Dem’s de bones, dem’s de breaks, de cookies, de crunch.
Some gets de judy, some gets de punch.

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