

The Coddlesnigger

*Thrun wolgin' mire and bolgin' smitty,
Intoning thrust and none too pretty.*

Come sleet or snow, come hail or rain,
It lumbers through the waste and trees.
Seen by few, but ne'er again.
Leather hide and plagued by fleas.

Devil's spleen, ye savage beast!
Capacious mouth, devouring meals,
Claws and teeth, to catch the feast,
Large oak hands to smother squeals.

Back through mists to watery bed,
Steamy tracks of cloven feet.
Legacy of liquid red,
Home to tear and rip and eat.

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Intoning thrust and none too pretty.*

W. M. R. Simpson