

## **Ode to My Beard**

By Brandon M. Dennis

It may seem strange to smooth-faced folk,  
To see me miss it so.  
The fuzzy thing that graced my face,  
And kept me from the snow.

It shielded me from blowing winds,  
And rain so downward falling.  
I went and cut it from my face,  
And now you find me bawling!

O woe is me! for I have lost  
A friend so warm and true.  
My beard now lies in a tattered pile,  
And I am wholly blue.

I'm singing in a concert, see,  
And thus I hacked it off,  
For I must look my boyish best,  
Lest smooth-faced people scoff.

When night falls I miss it so,  
And grope at my face in vain,  
To find some remnant of my beard.  
I have only myself to blame!

Women gaze at my smooth cheeks,  
But this gives me no joy.  
They're all attracted to child-like youth,  
But I am not a boy!

A beard is the glory of man,  
And is his best feature.  
Alas, I destroyed my facial silk,  
And am now an ugly creature!

But someday soon, when the snows have gone,  
And the trees begin to blossom,  
My beard will emerge once again,  
And then I'll be quite awesome!