

The Hunt for the Tastiest Head

Brandon Dennis

It's rather hard being a bear
for honey isn't enough.
Fish and game are good and all,
but finding them is tough.
So why be surprised when on nights I spy
some vittles nice and lush,
wrapped in canvas packages
so juicy, sweet and plush?

You can't blame me, oh men of earth
for doing what I do best,
Even if that is snacking on
campers as they rest.
They're in my woods, doing their thing,
having their camping-fest,
So I just walk where I always walk
and approach their tents with zest.

But lo and behold! What is this?
They forsook their nylon homes.
And lay by the lake, under the stars
with their heads fully exposed.
I'm giddy inside, and trot to their beds,
passing the wrinkled crones,
And choose from among them the prettiest head;
the one with the plumpest bones.

Look at this sight! So fair and bright!
He makes my tongue loll out.
For he lays there unknowing, under the stars,
with his body that's oh so stout.
Don't blame me for what I did next,
It's simply a bear's rout,
To grab the head of that plump boy
with my jaws to make him shout.

I think I have quite the tasty meal
as I head back towards the my cave.
But oh, no! what do I get?
Some fool who tries to be brave.
His friends jump up with cries and shouts
with their faces dark and grave,
And beat me with sticks and rocks and thorns

and deny me the meal I crave.

So this poor bear runs off in a hurry
feeling ever so crummy,
And all the night I deal with the bite
of my ever hungry tummy.
Those mean people with their sticks and stones
took my food so yummy,
And so I guess I'll continue my quest
and go in search of honey.