

Stephen Robertson

Beginagain

There was an old man called Michael Finnegan.
He grew whiskers on his chin—but
the wind came up and blew them in again.

Beards are good for finger-fiddling
stroking, tickling, searching in—but
there was an old man called Michael Finnegan—

thought his profile needed broadening
thought he'd flaunt a bushy grin—but
the wind came up and blew it in again.

Beards may need some clipping, shortening
left alone they easily win—but
there was an old man called Michael Finnegan—

crowds stopped by his strange shenanigan
called out all their kith and kin—but
the wind came up and blew them in again.

Beards are great when gales are threatening
keep drafts out and comfort in—but
there was an old man called Michael Finnegan.
The wind came up and blew him in again.