

Uncle Percy

Cretin

Retarded Uncle Percy lives
At his sister's place
Her children help clean up his mess
While she is away
One day he hugged the family dog
Tighter than he should
Then dragged the dead thing by it's leash
Around the neighborhood

Grieving in the cemetery
Where they bury pets
Uncle Percy yelps and barks
Not understanding death
He tries to cheer the children up
He hates to see them cry
His simple ways just make things worse
Percy wonders why

He plans to resurrect the pet
Dig it from the ground
Present them with their faithful friend
Their decomposing hound
He finds his way back to the grave
Very late that night
Digs up the dog and skins it with
His rusty pocketknife

Stab into the rotting beast and strip it of it's pelt
Double-knotting shoelace strings, he ties it to himself
Dropping down onto all fours, he hopes they can pretend
This naked, bloody cretin is their favorite furry friend

Wearing dog skin like a mask, he lumbers through the yard
He chases birds and squirrels and toys - a growling, yelping ta
rd
He scratches at the children's window, hoping they will play
Horrified, the children scream and scare Percy away