

The Nags

Hear the softest, calmest nags –
Gentle nags!

What a tale of Motherhood their worried pleading
brags!

How they bother, bother, bother
Till you do that deed forgot!
While your napping, tired father
Feigns escape from yet another
Which he either did or not.
As they grate, grate, grate
In that caring tone you hate

To your utter exasperation as your nervous system
sags

From the nags, nags, nags, nags,
Nags, nags, nags –

From the whispers and the murmurs of the nags.

Hear the pleasant, teasing nags:
Playful nags!

What a world of harmless cheer their witticism
brags!

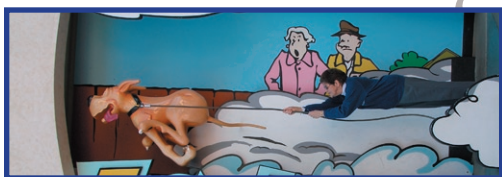
Meant for those specific ears
Pointed mocking, stabbing jeers!

To the rhythm of the jags
And all for fun,

What a liquid ditty flags

From the nagger as she wisecracks, while she
nags:

And she has won!



Oh, from out the running gags,
What a gush of sardony sarcastically wags!

“No more drags

On those fags;

No more drinking!! No more tags
From the supermarket bags!”

In the mocking and the talking

Of the nags, nags, nags,

Of the nags, nags, nags, nags,

Nags, nags, nags –

In the leering and the laughing of the nags!



Hear the shouting, piercing nags –
Threatening nags!

What a world of terror they induce in one who lags.
Through the ears they ebb and flow
For a while you just don't know



What you took or
Where to look or
What to do!

And a clamorous appealing is a failure at revising
And your mad expostulation cannot stop the
vengeance rising,

Emphasizing, -sizing, -sizing,
that your meager, weak uprising

Is a desperate endeavor

From a knowledge that you'll never
Escape – escape the nagging ever,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the nags, nags, nags!

What a fear their thunder drags
From a man!

How they groan and moan, cajole,
What a bloodsucking they extole

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, though fully closed,

Hears the grating

And berating

Of the terrors they proposed;

Yet the ear, although it sags

In the abusing

And refusing

How the hour merely drags

With the insanity and profanity in the maltreat-
ment of the nags –

Of the nags –

Of the nags, nags, nags, nags,

Nags, nags, nags –

In the enervation and deflation of the nags!



Happy Mother's Day!

