

James D. McIntosh Jr.

2016 Collection

Copyright © 2017 James D. McIntosh Jr.

All rights reserved. No part of this collection may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without prior consent by the author. However, permission is hereby granted to use one or two works from this collection in a small, non-profitable publication or speech as long as there is proper citation. Such examples include, but are not necessarily limited to, a bulletin, newsletter, encouraging office poster or email, or motivational speech.

Literature is a like a parasite that feeds on the mind of the author. It takes his memories, beliefs, desires, joys, fears, sorrows, angers, hopes, and dreams and mutates them into a work of art. It controls him while making him think he is the creator.

-James D. McIntosh Jr.

Table of Contents

FOREWORD	5
WORK CONTEST LIMERICK	6
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT	6
FIVE FRIENDLY FINGERS	6
SNOW	7

Foreword

Hello again, friends! No single year is ever the same, and that definitely applies to this year. Another baby (that makes two), a new job, and lots of personal spiritual growth.

Admittedly, there are fewer works to share with you this year for some reason. I simply haven't been writing as much. The works I do have here are all poems. All of them, except for the first one, are a select few of the poems I made up spontaneously for my children and for fun, so please don't judge them too harshly. The other one I made for a contest at work.

I had two other poems about God that I really, really wanted to share. Unfortunately, I misplaced and/or forgot them. There are also some children's books I am thinking about trying to get published, but you won't find those here. They are incomplete anyways.

There will be no cussing or depression this year. I think a lot of the things that I wrote in past years I should be ashamed of. As I said a moment ago, I've been changing.

But I won't detain you any longer. I hope you enjoy what I do have this year.

Work Contest Limerick

I went to change my young son's diaper,
When suddenly the kid was a sniper.
Covered in pee,
I smelled for a week.
Why is my son so darn hyper?

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat,
Are you picking up my cat?
I don't think you will be able
'Cause he is so big and heavy.
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat,
I think you should stick with gnats.

Five Friendly Fingers¹

Here is Mister Finger standing all alone.
Along comes Mister Middle to walk him on to home.
Here comes another finger wriggling with joy,
For Little Finger here just had a baby boy.
Fat.

¹ This poem is played out with the fingers on one of your hands, sort of like the five little piggies, until all of the fingers are sticking out. It goes one finger at a time from index to pinky, and then suddenly to the thumb.

Snow

There is something you should know
About playing in the snow.
You must dress up nice and warm,
Or to the hospital you'll go.

Thank you for reading the 2016 collection of works by
James D. McIntosh Jr.

Please be sure to read the others as well.