

The Song of the Stitches

Poem

n.d.

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THE SONG OF THE STITCHES

Round the campfires of Tule great tales have been told
Of Panzuin no Chobe the great bandit bold
Of blood, hate and vengeance and harakiri
Of courage tremendous, of death and giri.

Oh hearken ye men of the hakujin race
Would ye bring up your little ones never to lose face
They must follow the code which does not know fear
And the method of instructin' them will now be pretty generally made clear.

Tis of a fair maiden this story I'll tell
And of her three comrades and what they befell
This yer event caused them great misery
And these yer the circumstances tendin to this adventure of she.

Twass on a cold wintry evenin' as a workin sat she
As she sot a workin ~~as hard as could be~~ *so diligently*
Hitomi's murder she war narratin' in style ~~and~~ *and* clean
Nought war heard all around ~~but~~ *but* her type-writer machine.

As at that yer point war Hitomi war wallowin in gore
Suddenly, thar came a knock at the door.
Hankey arizz and ~~tossed~~ *she* her work aside
She strode to that door and she flang that door wide.

And what to her amazement did thar appear to view
But Miss Margo Skinner and handsome men two

*She war what dey said made her eyes see
There it was! and yes. Hankey do you remember her*

Like a long pent up torrent which bracks through a dam
Like a dweller in frustration row catchin sight of a man
Like a eager young lovyer agreeting his bride
Hankey grabbed up her coat and tore outside

And now a peku~~lar~~ *lar* circumstance befell
For treachery and villiany do in ~~the~~ *the* de dark dwell
And the powurs of evul had conspired to plan
To lay Hankey low in the shape of a oil can.

Like a storm driven fissel which goes on the rocks
Up agin that yer oil can Hankey she knocks
As far as Castle Rock they heard her yell
And her words, under the circumstances, decency forbids me to tell

Then arose Margo Skinner with courage bedight
And ran out to get a automobile in the middle of the night
She came back with a automobile as soon as she war able
And twarn't very long for Hankey war stretched on the operatin table.

She hadn't been a laying thar but one hour or two
When to her side came a doctor who
Took one look at her laig and quietly said
I reckon pretty generally I'll need a needle and thread.

Meanwhile poor Hankey war a fretting for haste
A Pondering and a worritin over that beer going to waste
To help the doctor work as fast as he war able
She pulled up her skirt till it pretty near reached her navel.

Now it seemed this distracted the doctor in his work
He pulled down that skirt with a tremendous jerk
So Hankey pulled up again as fast as she can
A mutterin meanwhile, Get a move on, man.

The doctor he pulls hit down again with a glance dark and bale
So Hankey just lays there and thinks about the pekuliarities of the male
The doctor he dons his gloves all sterilize
A And he picks up a needle off enormous size.

Even the nurses they turned a bit pale
When like a master harpooner a-harpoonin a whale
Like a bold Newfoundlandsman a spear in a sale
With his needle ~~xxxxxxx~~ the doctor Hankey's laig did imapale

And when in her carpus that thar needle war buried
The doctor commenced to git a bit flurried
Fer he pulled and jerked with tugs so stout
Yet ~~out~~ a Hankey's haug-like hide he could not get that needle out.

Like a ~~bold~~ crew up sailers a draggin up the chain
That doctor ~~xxxxxxx~~ hauls that needle again and a gain
The Nipponese 'spected ~~xxx~~ the hakujin would scream and bawl
But realizin her throat war dry, and she coun't make no sound a tall.

Twarn't till they ^{right} took the harpital ~~right~~ apart
That they found a needle suoficiently sharp

*apart + tight + the doctor was through -
and they fished pretty generally they in a good way*

*Now Pat Flynn + Campbell were sitting with the
doctor for Hankey + Blaine to appear.
Almost then was readyin' I think sent for to call
when they saw Blaine a-come in that way all*

Now dismal gloom fell upon the lone three
 And up stood Pat Shannahan and quierid of she
 Now what air befell her, since you come in a lone
 Margo Skinner made answer in sepulkural tone.

*I likely will now see Hankey no more
 For she layin' with her piteer all covered with gore
 All surrounded by Nippon with intention
 A hon d'ing knives, scissors, scalpels, thread & a needle.*

They visioned pore Hankey a-swounding from pain
 And while her cold carpus was insengibilly lain
 Hordes of little sons of Nippon with vengeance devilish
 Were slicing up her carpus to make them raw fish.

*Now she was dead, Hankey was a murther of her
 But what could she do when insens' billy lain*
 And With her pore ~~hair~~ just a danglin by a thread
 So They figured under ~~these~~ such circumstances Hankey most likely war dead.

*The my spouse Pat Shannahan who his carpus air foun
 & buried so next morn in the buryin ground.
 Allen & he her hand held out a piece of white
 so the gangle in that pig will remember her of she.*

To drown out thar woes they drank up the beer
 And oft they sighed, "Oh that Hankey were here."
 Down thar pale cheeks thar ran many a tear
 When suddently at the door a weak knock they d id hear.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Thar to their horror they spied at the door
 A wild woeful figyure just a drippin off gore
 Her laig all off scarlet looked whacked off at the knee
 And they figured pretty generally twar the spectre of she.

The section fell sigant with supernatooral dread
 Pat Shannehan, a Irishman, crawled under the bed.

Allen Campbe 11, he stared as of reason bereft,
 Queried the figyure in the doorway, "Is anything left."

And then was their sorrow exchanged for glee
 At the meerkulous recovery of she
 On the bed ~~it~~ they did lay her as quick as a wink
 For that figgered pretty generally she needed something to drink

And such was the gladness on all y^e the
 They then decided stop drinkin' till 1 a.m.
 Then came Campbell to Hufner in generalness, time
 Better than yer circumstance I better way ya know

now the swell is present now on this yer night
 As usual had their nose to their windows pressed tight
 And when they saw Campbell accorpin' o' beam
 They figgered pretty good that ~~it~~ drunk again weren.

Oh hear ye men of the hakujin race
 Ye ~~haxx~~ can meet disaster without ~~fear of~~ disgrace
 Be ye ignorant of bushido ye need not fear
 For better than giri is ~~xxi~~ good cold beer.