

## TIGHNA

A scrawny and a scurvy crew  
    Ventured forth by day;  
To seize a certain twittish lass  
    And hide her quite away.

Her twin was even in the plot  
    By vocal cords erst joined;  
And fancied vengeance for half the brain  
    Her twit-twin had purloined.

But had she had that half brain still  
    She surely would have known;  
The scum guild's true and certain son  
    Would come to claim his own.

They crafted then a ransom note  
    Plastered with eyebrows fair;  
And on his door they ghastly wrote  
    And scampered to their lair.

Deep within my lord's fair guise  
    Dwelt another face and form;  
Sleeveless kimono, tabi'd feet  
    Twin han-bo armed and hakama torn.

He took him past their hiding place  
    And round its rear he crept;  
For he had thought his lady true  
    Was in durance vile now kept.

Up the front steps he move'd slow  
    No creak no whisper of a sound;  
Then slammed his staves upon the door  
    And flattened his back the door's edges round.

This home of fools was full of fools  
    And one the door assayed;  
Whilst the others bagged the lass  
    Who remarkable humor displayed.

The door unbarred, my lord came though  
    A ravening hound was he;  
One-two, one-two, and through and through  
    One less fool, thought he.

Now one last door was still to pass  
    The evil twin held braced;  
A warning push and then the board  
    Was plastered top her face.

Once more the staves rose to their task  
    I think you're dead, quoth he;  
Indeed I am, and yet what's more  
    My elbow's skinned, quote she.

And so from Cedrin was rescued fair  
    Kriemhilde well from bondage ill;  
And warning given to imposters all  
    The scum guild can, and will!

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