

Bin Laden Seen at Caboolture

This daily shaving seemed a drag and hardly worth the trouble
to rasp the razor back and forth and hack away the stubble,
so New Year Day I searched my mind to seek some clear solution:
I'd grow a beard and that would be my New Year resolution.

I'm proud to say my beard grew well when shaving I relinquished,
in fact I rather fancied that it made me look distinguished.
Well, very soon Australia Day came round with celebration
and so I felt it fitting that I join the jubilation.

The hall was packed, and feeling hot, my jacket I divested,
then seeing that my wallet fell my patience then was tested.
A passerby with careless feet my wallet sent a-flying;
I got down on my hands and knees to find where it was lying.

As people sang "Australia Fair" with voices raised collective
I saw beneath a woman's shoe my keenly sought objective.
I grabbed my wallet lying there right where her foot had rested
when suddenly she screamed aloud "My God, I've been molested!"

The crowd turned round and stared at me, I felt my arteries harden
as someone yelled "Go get him, men, this bearded guy's Bin Laden.!"
The someone jeered, "he's kneeling there and facing some direction
towards the east and plans, no doubt, some evil insurrection!"

I spluttered, "Can it, mate," I said, "you've made your point, don't spoil it;
the way I'm facing, can't you see, is straight towards the toilet."
I waved my wallet in the air by way of explanation
till someone screamed, "he's got a bomb, we face annihilation!"

As one the crowd rushed out the hall and fled in each direction
to leave me kneeling on the floor in meaningful reflection.
I slowly stood and stroked my beard and felt my slight contusions
and wondered how this town of ours can jump to wrong conclusions."

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