

## Pine Cones©2009

By Alan Chenworth

---

I went to do some prospecting  
One day, early in the fall  
Out in the Deep Creek Mountains  
With her majestic peaks so tall.

I was chasing an old tale  
Told of some rich golden ore  
That was rumored to be high  
Above the lakes western shore.

When mother nature made her call  
I was around eight thousand feet.  
And knowing my constitution  
I brought a roll of TP.

So, after finding a likely spot  
I reached for the paper I'd so need  
When with a start, I came to find  
I'd left that roll on my front seat.

I was half-way up—and half-way down—  
There wasn't any going back  
I was kind of dragging my feet  
When I had a panic attack.

Now nature was getting impatient  
She don't like being put on hold  
She said it was now or never  
And she was really getting bold.

For some of those broad leafy things,  
I was sure looking around  
But in this dry desert clime  
They just weren't to be found.

The prickly pear was abundant  
But then, it just wouldn't do  
A rock, a stick, a bunch of grass  
There wasn't a thing to use.

But Lo! About three hops hence  
Sitting there—all clean and dry  
Were six pine cones, and I thought  
I could give them a try.

I'd heard of using corn cobs  
And compared these with some pride  
Though I would have to be careful  
So as not to spoil my hide.

The pine cones weren't too bad  
--and I'll tell it to you straight--  
They actually work pretty well  
If you don't go against the grain.

Well, I fastened up my britches  
And pulled on my old pack  
Then started climbing up the hill  
And I had a spring in my step.

That's when I noticed something else  
—It was something subtle at first—  
There was something I'd overlooked  
And it was starting to get worse.

It seems that those little cones  
Were just chuck full of gum  
It was an awful sticky mess  
And I was feeling pretty dumb.

There was gum on my hand  
And there's gum in my shorts  
And my nice vertical smile  
Was stuck in a pucker, of course.

I tried hard to stay positive  
As my mind began to whirl--  
I couldn't help but think this  
would be worse if I were a girl.

And when I got back to the truck  
There, sitting on my front seat  
Was that old Scotts Family Roll  
—And it was laughing at me.