

Near the town of Sahuarita,
By the warm Sanoran desert,
In the backyard of his new house,
In the warmish winter evening,
Noscut Anozira , gazed upon it,
Gazed upon his barren backyard,
And beyond to neighbors' garden,
Neighbors' grove plush with foliage,
Looking up to evening blue sky,
With the glowing half-moon rising.

Soft moonlight was on Noscut,
Lit no tension there but peace.
From the desert slowly glowing,
From the west beyond the rooftops,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mist of evening,
Glided shapes diverse and jumbled,
Floating lazily above,
Coming nearer going further,
Rising higher dipping lower.

Were they Ratbelongs the pigeons?
Or eyeforhunt the hawk?
Or quickwind runner of the roads?
So rarely seen in heavens,
So often sprinting, chasing?

Full of wonder, filled with kindness,
Noble Noscut, hands to heavens,
Offers prayers to higher power,
Prayers of thanks and gratitude,
Then bows in supplication,

For serene and peaceful sleep,
For restful dream-filled slumber,
Then he enters his abode.

In the desert night lurks evil
While Noscut lulls insentient,
As the darkness lets in wicked
Things we shan't reflect on,
Stuff we dare not see,
Stuff, though, that delights the
Awful presences like Gort,
Gort The Short and sycophantic,
Known to all for scandals many
Spoiling all that's dear and loved,
Blighting lovely spring flowers,
And their habitat the garden,
No one loves the Gort and
Everyone stays away in dread.

In the night Gort the Short
Senses something so perverse
To himself and others like him
That his nostrils open wide,
That his eyes expand and burn,
Detecting peace unknown to him,
Tranquility latent over there,
Over to the west horizon,
Gort turns to it filled with rage,
His resolution rousing up,
boiling up within his gut,
His maniacal thoughts boiling to
Erupting into a roar so brash

The earthly environs are
overwhelmed,
He, Gort the Short, shrieks loudly
“Now I will crush yonder
righteousness horribly,
And entomb peace and good will
forever.”

Now all who hear Gort’s anger
tremble
All who sense his rage cry, “mercy”,
and
Fall to the ground shuddering,
moaning while
Those than can, pray for their souls.
Fair reader will the Gort find victory,
Or will noble Noscut Anozira thwart
him?