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Vermivorous Vincent
by Lorin Stanley

Vermivorous Vincent stood alone in the park.
He hid under the bridge where it was nice and dark.
Chomping on worms, defoliating flowers,
these kept Vincent busy for countless, long hours.
Poor little Natalie was his only friend.
She watched him sit lonely for days on end.
She loved to see him bite the heads off of worms,
to mutter to himself, laugh at the sponges,
Natalie too felt alone, for you see,
poor Natalie has narcolepsy.
No one in the park would let her come play for fear she'd fall asleep alone the way.
It was just her luck that Vincent was there, even though he had worm guts in his hair.
She thought he was lovely in each and every way, but little did she know that soon one day,
poor Vincent would wind up dead.
When instead of a worm, he munched a poisonous mushroom.