

Its Mother
Laura Tuzzio

'Twas brillig they say, you remember the day.
My Jabberwock he stood, nose to gale
He picked up your scent not far away.
Teeth, they gnashed, claws, they splayed.

Vorpal sword gripped by weak fleshy hand.
An unexpected foe did present itself
Vigor for which my seed had not planned.
Young snack turned hunter, trophy to shelf.

Your mother, she beamed, my Jabberwock unalive.
Your stench, boggish, still attached to his scales
Now to mine. Lying in wait, anger did thrive
Callooh! Callay! Echoing nightmarish wales.

'Twas brillig, they say, you remember the day.
Nose to gale, a familiar malodor.
Unfortunate timing, dear beastly prey,
Claws meet flesh, beamish no more.