

Poem in the American Manner
By Dorothy Parker

I dunno yer highfalutin' words, but here's th'
way it seems
When I'm peekin' out th' winder o' my little
House o Dreams;
I've been lookin' 'roun' this big ol' world, as
bizzy as a hive,
An' I want t' tell ye, neighbor mine, it's good
t' be alive.
I've ben settin' here, a-thinkin' hard, an' say,
it seems t' me
That this big ol' world is jest about as good
as it kin be,
With its starvin' little babies, an' its battles,
an' its strikes,
An' its profiteers, an' hold-up men—th'
dawggone little tykes!
An' its hungry men that fought fer us, that
nobody employs.
An' I think, "Why, shucks, we're jest a lot o'
grown-up little boys!"
An' I settle back, an' light my pipe, an' reach
fer Mother's hand,
An' I wouldn't swap my peace o' mind fer
nothin' in the land;
Fer this world uv ours, that jest was made
fer folks like me an' you
Is a purty good ol' place t' live—say,
neighbor, ain't it true?

Poem in the Viking Manner
By Alexa Duffy

I dunno yer academic words, but here's th'
way it seems
When I'm peekin' out th' winder o' my little
Class o Dreams;
I've been walkin' 'roun' this big ol' school,
as clueless as a tot,
An' I want t' tell ye, classmate mine, I like
this place a lot.
I've ben settin' here, a-thinkin' hard, an' say,
it seems t' me
That this big ol' school is jest about as good
as it kin be,
With its broken laggy chromebooks, an' its
lectures, an' its tests,
An' its phone addicts, an' cheating kids—th'
gosh-darn little pests!
An' its stressed out staff that taught fer us,
that nobody respects.
An' I think, "Why, shucks, we're jest a lot o'
high school teen rejects!"
An' I settle back, an' drink my juice, an'
reach fer my fren's hand,
An' I wouldn't swap my Vikin' spirit for
nothin' in the land;
Fer this school uv ours, that jest was made
fer kids like you an' me
Is a purty good ol' place t' learn—now
wouldn't you agree?