

BROTHER TWING'S OVERLY DRAMATIC RIDDLES

ISSUE 1

1.

From the hand we dangle,
Serving greater whims.
Tis our task to handle
All that's cast within.

Perhaps They plan to feast
On what we're bid hold sure.
If not, well, at the least
They'll hoard it evermore.

From the hand we dangle,
All They've chosen, catching.
Tis our task to handle
Whatever They are taking.

2.

'All this time about your flesh,
Hours find each trice refreshed.
'Neath your hand, there it stays,
Ere your hand, there's the day.'

3.

We are the paths from the sky to the dirt,
The very veins of buildings.
Suffer not a glut of rot,
Our humble, helpful task to stop
Or else the putrid, foolish hurt
Shall be of your own making.

4.

Jailers round the house are we,
Rending as we pinion.
Masters' hands decide our deeds
About their stout dominions.

Driven through our charge we tear
Whatever we confine,
And these shall not escape from where
We stand or hang, consigned.

5.

Strutting when not taking flight,
Cursed curser some may say,
Their sight bears plight and much dismay.

Purloining meat or things which shine,
One's a bastard, two are fine;
For one drops evil in your life,
Unless you ask about his wife.

