



The New Yorkshire Times

by D. R. Smith

“...Since my aim is to amuse, I shall read the daily news
Using ancient rhymes deranged.”

Wee Willie Winkie, liked to show his pinkie.
A pervert out again on bond, teased the boys of which he's fond.
He'd flash his digit as a lure; t'was not his finger, *that's* for sure.

“...Says here my little Mabel, that in Motown by the lake,
Half the cops are under paid, the rest are on the take.”

Psycho man, freed from jail,
Delayed killer case out on bail
With a black jack, slash 'n hack;
Victim number four.
Why's this nut out stalking more?

“...Now I'm sorry to disclose, but there's no more twisted prose.
But if wait 'til evenin' tea, sixty channels on TV
Will flood the air with freaks and crime-filled shows.”