

The Skee-zix Dilemma

Tourniquet

Silly childhood game - Uncle Wiggily
I cower in abject horror
Approaching space number 109
Home of the gaunt and haggard shell of the Skee-zixThe emaciated figure
Harboring the greed of a thousand
Invading, thriving, ascaris whittles away
The self confidence of young minds
Casting doubt that they will
Ever reach the finish
To see for themselves
The segacious Uncle WiggilyHis mission now is complete
The arboreal king of misery and woe
Skee-zix reposes high on a knotty forest crag
And the child still tries his best to
Stay in the game
But with insufficient, no volition
Plotted course of demolition
Goes through all the motions
Musing caveat emptor and
A predetermined failureHe draws a card and all his fears come true
Advance to 109
That's what you have to do

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