

This is a verse I wrote decades ago before the event of a wedding. Bride and groom had already each accumulated sufficient towels and toasters and tongs. As an alternative to the traditional, one of our family members instead threw them a tool shower, thoughtfully, because neither had yet acquired the necessary hammers and nails and screws and nuts to hold things together. I read this to them with great ceremony before I allowed them to unwrap my lovely gift.

Flushing with Pride

By Dennis Payton Knight

They figured you needed all kinds of tools,
And concocted a party with outrageous rules.

I knew, I was sure, it wouldn't be tough,
The hardware store has plenty of stuff.

A kitchen widget would be a winner,
An ice cream scooper for after dinner.

A giddy upper for the mules,
A phantasm smasher for the ghouls.

The price was no object, I was feeling just great,
"What have you got for a buck twenty-eight?"

The salesman pondered, hand to his chin,
"Just nails," he said.
I said "come again?"
"Nails," he said, "right there in the bin."

I had to get something, it had to be quick.
"How much is that thingamajig with a stick?"

"Sir," he exclaimed, "I admire your taste.
It's the finest one made!" he cried out in haste.

"I'll take it! I'll take it! Just put it on credit."
My confidence soared, I was happy I'd said it.

It's an absolute secret, what I brought you today,
But a hint I will give, just to prove I'm okay.

Your drain pipes will, unobstructedly, rush,
And your toilets will now,
With regularity,

Flush.