

John's Keys

After John noticed his jacket was ripped,
He frantically searched for his keys.
Wilbur, who tried to tack it, was tripped,
When a rolling ball passed through his knees.
Not far behind came Miss Hackett, who slipped,
On a mud puddle starting to freeze.
The brunt of her fall made her crack it, she flipped.
With a moan, she started to wheeze.
Next, was a man, Too Tall Trackett, who clipped
His toupee on a branch from the trees.
With a stick, he swung to whack it, but whipped,
Miss Hackett who was fending a sneeze.
"I'm terribly sorry!" to Miss Hackett, he tipped,
When his toupee disappeared with the breeze.
"It serves you right, Mr. Tackett," she snipped.
"Do help me up if you please!"
"What is the cause of this racket?" he quipped,
Helping her up from her knees.
"I think it began with a jacket that ripped,
For look! I found somebody's keys!"