

Aunties on the Rocks

We've all had aunts
Who blanched at
Pants.
Found downright shocking
The fishnet stocking
The mini skirt
The topless top
The long-haired lad &
The Teeny-Bop!

Never forget that in
Their day
These genteel maidens
Would
Swing and sway
To the swirling Waltz
And the two-step naughty.
If a gentleman "squeezed"
The result was ...?
Haughty!

But under the skin
They were IN as
IN!

The world wags on.
We've automation
We've Marsh McLuhan
And integration.

Babies are babies and
Frogs are frogs
And we're still made nervous
By bombs and smogs.

And we still have aunts
Who are shocked at
Pants!

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They sometimes come
For a long weekend
The result is chaos
Unless, my friend,
Some proper planning
Precludes disaster
(Profane low mumbles
From lord'n master.)
Lay in a supply of
Cherry Heering
The Danish Liqueur
That is so endearing
Served on the rocks
In Auntie's glasses
Of Danish crystal.

Result surpasses
Your wildest dreams
And your mate's worst fears.
For Auntie will call you
Her Dearest Dears.

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