

Life's Great Eternal Internal Questions

Or
The Tale of Giggle-mesh
by Richard Tornello © 2012

Deep thought and great minds desire,
with a need to know
how/and/why/giggles
come to, and go fro.
*"Where do they come from?
We, want, to, know!"
shouts the crowd from below.*

I ask-about as I walk-about and no one here appears to know.
The answers are quite all the same OR,
oh...so...lame.
Of this dearth of knowledge
point a finger-at-who, is to blame?
Schools, teachers, preachers, parents
the cat, the dog, or
maybe
the local magic frog.

Where do they come from and, **WHY**
you may wonder,
am I even asking, begging the answer's question try.
Giggles of course, important like a river, we need to know their source:
A genies bottle? A soda flask with bubbles, carbon dioxide
infused? I'm confused.
Bubbles up the nose,
Toe-cheese between the toes, giggle cheeses?
I don't know!
Do they start with a burp OR heaven 4 bid
A fart? Now that doesn't sound too smart.
Stinky yes but a giggles start?
(Or would that be a sneeze that got stuck in reverse?)
A bit of a mess, would be my guess..
How about... from... **that look?**
You know **that look,**
you get it from a friend
a secret between you two
to keep to the very end.

Important minds want to know?

Or from a belly.
Yes, the bottom of the belly
full of peanut butter and jelly.
Gurgle, gurgle, wiggle, and shake
And up it comes
Grilled and baked
and
you don't want-to-know.

I'm still not sure just where they come from
but come they do
Point a finger at you know who
And
Giggle, giggle non stop, or worse.
Even when mom or pop demands
(while under their breath they laugh of course):
"Next one to giggle, to their room, good-bye!"
(And turn their heads, you know why.)
On harder, and harder till it hurts.
Infectious, the giggles come and eyes squirts.
Out of your mouth and your nose too.
Has that one ever happened to you?

To sum the issue, the problem sewn
I'll look under the couch below.
Dust-bunnies yes, but giggles? No!
here to fore,
and we've been **there** once before.
I'll look in the cat's mouth,
(the stink of fish, no giggles there.)
I go back on the couch
I'll think and slouch.
Someone must know
to Life's great question.
Please, I beg you.
Please, do show.