

PANTRY GOBLINS
By Richard Tornello © 2009

The pantry goblins call to me, to see if I'm awake.
When there are no answers they laugh and smile,
while all my pastries.....they partake.

In the morn, as I stumble-stubble, not yet quite awake,
I reach for a pastry here, and grab for piece cake?
Crumbs and empty wrappers are all I do see!
My fingers are empty, oh pity, poor pitiful me.
My eyes go red, my mind is numb as ants go running by.
Some body's been at my goodies and I'm not telling a lie!

Who's been eating my breakfast dessert, who's nibbling at my cake?
A giggle hidden and chuckle muffled, I swear.....some one makes.
I'm not crazy, no I'm not, but driven to despair!
It's the pantry goblins in my home.
I ...know... I'm... not... alone.

I'll fix those goblins-you wait and see.
I'll fix them good-and I'll be free.
Low fat cookies are what I'll bake
Lower fat cakes are what I'll make!
These here items will replace
the well made pastries I stuffed my face.

The low fat pastry's awful smell the pantry goblins will repel.
Good-bye to goblins, good-bye to all.

None to soon will I'll be walking tall,
into my pantry to eat my cake
that the pantry goblins didn't take.

The End