

Ode to Arizona

The Devil wanted a place on earth.
Sort of a summer home:
A place to spend his vacation
Whenever he wanted to roam.

So he picked out Arizona.
A place both wretched and rough.
Here the climate was to his liking
And the cowboys were hardened and tough.

He dried up the streams in the canyons
and ordered no rain to fall:
He dried up the lakes in the valleys,
Then baked and scorched it all.

Then over his barren desert
He transplanted shrubs from Hell.
The cactus, thistle and prickly pear --
The climate suited them well.

Now, the home was much to his liking.
But animal life, he had none:
So he created crawling creatures
That all mankind would shun.

First he made the rattlesnake.
With its forked poisonous tongue:
Taught it to strike and rattle
And how to swallow its young.

Then he made Scorpions and Lizards
And the ugly old Horned Toad.
He placed spiders of every description
Under rocks by the side of the road.

Then he ordered the sun to shine hotter.
Hotter and hotter still.
Until even the cactus wilted
And the old Horned Toad looked ill.

Then he gazed on his earthly kingdom.
As any creator would:
He chuckled a little up his sleeve
And admitted that it was good.

'Twas summer now and Satan lay
By a prickly pear to rest.
The sweat rolled off his weathy brow.
So he took off his coat and vest.

"By Golly," he finally panted
"I did my job too well.
I'm going back where I came from
Arizona is hotter then hell