

My Favorite Old-Time Poem

“I found this poem in my mother’s things after she passed away,” writes Diane Rock of Easton, Illinois.

The Plea

Girl:

Why must it always be like this?
Why do boys just like to kiss?
No matter the faces, no matter the name,
Alone with a girl, they’re all the same.
While driving on a road that’s dark
Their first impulse is to park.
And after the kissing match is done,
You really wonder who has won.
Your lipstick is gone or smeared a lot,
A swell hairdo, all but shot.
And in the dark he sure looks queer,
With lipstick smeared from ear to ear.
I’d really like to meet a boy
Whose company I would really enjoy
A boy who simply inspires respect
Simply because he doesn’t neck!

Boy:

The answer girls is simply this:
It’s you who makes us want to kiss
You spend the night on that hairdo
To win a date you simply stew.
With luscious lips and painted nails,
You trap us unsuspecting males.
You pose and flirt and look so sweet,
Dry ice would melt if you turned on the heat!
But if a boy won’t kiss and neck,

You call him "Mama's Little Pet,"
So turn off the pose and turn on the heat,
The boys you go with, neck with you
Simply because you want them too!