



Devil's Food Cake

There was a hell of a hullabaloo In heaven!

Timothy had passed over

And seemed to be lost

Somewhere in the nooks and crannies

of downtown paradise

He never showed up!

Mother's ghost appeared in a panic,

“HAVE YOU SEEN HIM??”

“He’s lost, TIM never had any sense of direction
Like the time he rode backwards on his bicycle
Down a one-way street to Grape Alley
Of course he was only ten years old.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM??

I hope he doesn’t wander into purgatory by mistake.

If Ann hadn’t said ‘take a right’

They would still be doing wheelies in Wilmington.”

Suddenly mother's ghost seemed to notice me.

“HARUMPH!

Oh Duane, I HAVE A CONFESSION

I always thought you were a flop

NOT THAT YOU WERE NOT NICE

Your show closed out of town.

You were a dress rehearsal for the Timothy John smash

How didn't you notice that?

You were only 5' 7" but

your brother was six feet tall.

And you were bald by forty

while he had great hair to the end

TIM WAS MY FAVORITE!

I can't lie in heaven

That's the honest to God truth

HA HA, JUST JOKING

Of course I thought you were number two

And **TIM** number one

We saved up all our Wonderbread™ coupons

To send him to medical school.

That's why you hate Wonderbread™ today

We didn't have enough cash to buy you

Expensive hair, with a lifetime guarantee

I can't lie in heaven

That's' the honest to God truth

Ha ha, just joking.”

“LOOK! THANK GOD! IT’S TIM!!”

Tim’s ghost arrives holding a purgatory map upside down.

“I took a left at the Garden of Eden by mistake.”

Mother...

“Tim, would you like a nice piece of devil’s food cake?”

Suddenly an interruptus.

A booming voice announced

“THERE’S A SPECIAL OF HUGS AND KISSES
IN AISLE SEVEN.”

Mother pushed her shopping cart

Tim inside, his legs dangling

He waved goodbye with chocolate icing

On his lips and yelled,

“I say hello! Love you! Miss you always

to my grand Anne and the gang!”

And he died
happily ever after.



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