

The Owl Box



Celebrated in Limerick Verse

By DotRot



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Introduction

I first discovered the owl box in early March 2010, when a fellow *MicroMiniature* artisan posted the link to our group. As with most, I quickly became addicted. I was soon joined in MollyWood by my special needs daughter. Over the course of just a few short weeks, our lives changed in so many ways.

We found old friends, met hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of new friends. We shared much more than just a common fascination with this beautiful creature we know as Molly. We shared our lives.

We soon realized that we each had a thousand pairs of shoulders to cry on when life became difficult. We found that we each had a thousand or more people cheering for us for each accomplishment or victory, no matter how minor. We also found support, laughter, rib-tickling fun, and, dare I say it, we found love.

My daughter found much more than that. She found support and she found love, but she also found a new confidence in herself. She found a forum where she was loved and accepted for who she is, as she is, with no pretense or expectations beyond that. She found a means to practice her rapidly improving communication (and typing, spelling and reading) skills. Even more than that, however, she found joy—unspeakable joy!

Molly brought many other things to my life—some I hadn't even realized I was lacking. Foremost on that list, Molly gave me limericks—again. My father was a great lover ⁵

of the limerick. I was raised on them. Daddy made up many limericks every day, none of which were ever written down. He considered them to be “throw-away” fun—just something to toss out when the “muse” hit him and then gone, like a feather in the wind.

As a child, I quickly learned to “think” in limericks. The AABBA rhyme pattern and the 33223 rhythm of the limerick became as comfortable to me as walking, talking and breathing. Long into adulthood, Daddy and shared limericks. He would often call me, just because he “he had a good one,” as he would put it.

Daddy died just a few days before 9/11/01. The pain of losing him, followed so closely by our national tragedy drove all thought of limericks from my mind. I actually avoided them if I saw them in print. It was just too painful. And then came Molly.

Something in the simplicity of this beautiful creature filled the gaps in my heart. The camaraderie of fellow MOD sufferers (although I don’t suffer from MOD—I enjoy every minute of it) and the laughter and support I received there opened a door somewhere in my soul. This book of verses is the result.

I hope that as my fellow Molly watchers read these verses, they are able to relive with me those moments of comedy, the times of stress and worrying (all for naught, we found) and especially the inspiration that flowed among us. And to Carlos and Donna, I offer my heartfelt thanks and admiration. You’ve given us all a gift that cannot be measured.

Molly

There once was a barn owl named Molly.
As a child, she played with her dolly.

Now with four of her own -
One, nearly half grown
She say, "Oh golly! What folly!"

The Family

In an owl box high in the air
Live Molly and her four babies fair.

Does it make us all dorks
That we enjoy watching horks?
Heck, no. It's just lovely to share.

The Box

Who would think that a small wooden box
Could totally knock off our socks?

To the family named Royal
We're totally loyal.
The world is joining in flocks.

McGee

The barn owl we've all christened Leggs
Hears his mate cry as she begs,
 "Please bring in some food
 For this wild hungry brood.
Oh why did I lay this many eggs?"

Dinner

I always thought raw meat was yucky.
But now I consider myself lucky.
 To see this sweet soul
 Swallow a big rabbit whole
Is somehow just peachy and ducky!

The Babies

Pattison, Austin, Wesley and Max
Gave us something this world sorely lacks.
 We've all found much peace
 And emotional release.
Perhaps world leaders should just watch
 and relax.

Daddy's Coming!

Children Quickly! Get under my wings!
You may peek out to see what Dad brings.
It may be a vole
Or a rabbit, not whole.
No, Max! You may NOT have the whole thing.

Uni-leg Molly

Uni-leg Molly! What balancing skill.
On only one leg, she stands perfectly still.
She sways back and forth
When the wind's from the north.
She tells her young owlets, "I'm napping.
Just chill!"

Man of Her Dreams

To Molly, McGee's the man of her dreams.
She greets him each night with her frantic
screams.
Oh, McDreamy, my man,
Add a room if you can!
This box is near bursting it's seams!

The Day the Camera Died

A day without Molly, no ifs, ands or buts—
We're completely crazy, so stuck in our ruts.

The camera's not there

But we sit and stare.

At a dark, blank screen—we're totally nuts!

The Camera is Restored

The owl box is back now. I think I'll survive.
That E-M-O-D caused my heart rate to dive.

I shook like a leaf.

Oh, what relief.

To see Molly and family, in color, live!

The Floor

Oh, golly, Miss Molly! Just look at that floor!
It's covered in fur and mouse tails galore!

Please give her a broom

Before there's no room.

She can just sweep it all out of the door.

Dudley

Poor Little Dudley, you still seem so real.
Who'd think "only an egg" could help us all
deal
With our fear and our sorrow?
You gave faith for tomorrow
And taught us that hope is so wondrous to feel.

ChatterChops

ChatterChops loves Molly with all of her might.
She watches all day and half of the night.
She chortles with glee
And says, "She look at me!"
She's made many new friends on the left and
the right.

I Once Had a Life

I once had a life before Molly came 'round.
Honest! I did! But now since I've found
So many new friends
The fun never ends.
I swear sitting here, I've gained twenty pounds.

Insanity

Without Molly and her babes, where would we be?
There's housework and shopping and people to
see.

But still we all stay
And keep chatting all day
While the rest of the world thinks, "That's
insanity!"

The Royals

Carlos and Donna, we all love you lots.
You keep us all laughing, all tied up in knots.
The things that you've done
Sure give us such fun
And show us sweet Molly and her four little tots.

Middle Children

Pattison and Austin, like the poor middle child,
Get so little attention when the owlets are
piled.

Big Max is a hoot.

Baby Wesley's so cute.

But these two behave perfectly, so meek and
so mild.

Cotton Candy

Cotton candy owlets, so fluffy and bright.
Molly is floating on a soft sea of white—
Like a cotton ball rug
Or a new pair of Uggs.
If I attempted to hold one, do you think she
would bite?

Stacey O'Brien

Stacey O'Brien and her sweet little Wes
Have shown us such things we could before
only guess.
How could we all know
The love owls can show?
Her knowledge and skill are simply the best.

Serenity

Standing serenely, so high on a pole,
The owl box holds treasures and a beautiful soul.
We've been given a peek.
Inside's not so meek.
It's simply fantastic, when viewed as a whole.

Carlos

Carlos! Adopt me! I'm begging you please!
You're a born grandpa and always at ease.
As children, you teach us.
As grown-up, you reach us.
You've given us a glimpse of what none ever
sees.

The Mods

BurghRoots, DetteSophie and all of the mods
Do such a good job of dealing with clods.
They give trolls the boot
And they're also quite cute.
But don't let them know. They'll think they are
gods.

Chatting

As I watch the owl box day after day
I chat with my friends, we've lots to say.
I don't know about some
But my bum's become numb.
But I simply can't tear myself away.

Molly–meek??

Molly's so patient, so calm—she seems meek.
It's amazing how quickly she proves she's not
weak.

Just let an old crow
Or another large foe
Come anywhere near. She lets out with a shriek.

MOD

Where can one go to get treatment for MOD?
My friends have threatened to use a cow prod.
They think it's time lost
And not worth the cost.
But our MOD makes us happy, thank God!

Molly-ese

Molly-ese has become part of my day.
My family, at least, understand what I say.
I don't think there's much doubt
What I mean by “fly ‘bout.”
My friends shake their heads and ask,
“What the hey?”

Molly Watching

In two-thousand-ten, the hippest of fads
Has millions of viewers, all moms and dads
To four little sweeties
With those cute little feeties.
We've been sitting for months, watching. Egads!

Nocturnal?

It seems that "nocturnal" is something that's
taught.
It's a concept the owlets haven't quite caught.
I'm sure they'll soon learn
The daylight to spurn.
And see that night is when dinner is sought.

Mollyology

In the owl box we've studied yoga, math
and ethology.
Then we took art, music, language and
biology.
I'm not fond of school
But this one is kewl.
We'll soon each have degrees in Mollyology.

And yes, I know this one REALLY stretches the bounds of limerick meter, but I had to fit it ALL in there!

Happy Birthday to Mama Royal

Three cheers to a lady we've none of us met.
She gave us a gift that we'll never forget.

There can't be another
Like Carlos' mother.

For such a great guy, we're all in her debt.

Molly Returns After a Day Away

Mommy! You're home now! We're so glad
you're here!

You were gone so long. We started to fear!

You left Max in charge
But he's not all that large.

Please, from now on, try to stay near!

Worry Warts

Many Molly watchers are old worry warts.
Little things upset them, they get out-of-sorts.

Carlos does what he can.

He's the man with the plan.

He and Donna are awesome, awfully good

Rocking Molly

Watching Molly rocking near puts me to sleep.
My eyes get so heavy; my trance is so deep.
My head starts to drop.
Then my eyes open—POP!
As one of the owlets gives a loud “Peep!”

Singing

The owlet named Max likes to sing.
He first tried to sound like “The King.”
But that wasn’t quite it.
It just didn’t fit.
Stevie Wonder’s who makes his heart zing.

Limelight

Max nudges his Mama. “Your hogging my light!
You look simply dreadful. You’ve been out
half the night.
You know I’m the star
Of this movie, by far.
Which side looks the best? My left or my right?”

Consensus* Please?

To experts on owls: Please reach a consensus.
Can owls smell or not? Your waffling offends us.

Can they smell all that junk

Or a mangy ole' skunk?

If not, they're quite lucky. To us, it's horrendous!

**It seems that there is a great deal of disagreement among owl researchers as to whether or not owls can smell. Some say not at all; some say maybe a little; while others seem to think they have a keen sense of smell.*

Go Away, Nasty Ol' Crow!

Children! Stand back! There's a crow in the hood!
Max! Watch your siblings! You've got to be good.

Your Mama's right here.

That crow won't come near.

But if he tries entering, we've got some new food!

Max

Look there at Max! He such a big clown!
Who can be gloomy with that boy around?

He rocks when he walks

And sings 'stead of talks.

It's so much fun watchin', I just cannot frown!

Pattison

Perhaps in New York on the Avenue Madison
Or maybe as mouser at the Hotel Radisson.
Whatever his endeavor
He'll do well. He's clever.
He's such a smart boy, our Pattison.

Austin

From West Kalamazoo to North Boston
Folks just seem to get lost in
This box full of joy.
Oh! Just look at that boy!
He'll soon be all grown, our sweet baby Austin.

Wesley

Our littlest is growing, dear little Wesley.
He stayed in the background. We guessed he
Was forgotten by Molly.
But look at him! Golly!
He may be the next Owlvis Presley!

Renovations

Carlos works hard to provide for the owls.
Now he's added a porch made of dowels.

We just need a bunk bed
And a sky light o'er head
And a bathroom for Molly, with soft, fluffy
towels.

Molly Heads Out

“Max, you're in charge now. I'll be gone for a
while.

Look out for your siblings. Remember to smile.

I trust you my son.

Now, I've got to run.

Your father is waiting. We're dining in style!”

The Owlets Wait

There in the owl box are the Fabulous Four.
They sit in the corner, right by the door.

They anxiously wait.

“Mom, come home from your date!
You left us some food. Please bring us some
more.

Who Needs TV?

Who needs the news and who needs a soap?
Just tune into Ustream to see "Molly's Hope."
The news crews are there
And ready to share
With "Dowllas" and "Hork Shadows," there's
no time to mope.

Molly Spends a Day at Home

Molly is home now--all's right with the world.
Her beautiful owlets around her are curled.
Her stay may be brief
But she's brought such relief.
Soon we will see her with wings unfurled.

Close-ups!

“Mr. Royal, I’m ready for my close-up shot.”
“No, Max. Move over. It’s MY face that’s hot.”
“No, guys! It’s ME
They’re all coming to see!”
“You’ve got it all wrong! I’M in the spot!”

Yea, Mods!

Three cheers for our friends dressed in blue!
Without them, what would we do?

They keep the room nice
And count all the mice
And send all the trolls back to the zoo!

Names

Everything in the owl box has a name.
It started with Boltz and became a game.

We've got Gag Shag and Stainz
And Gladys, the remains.
Yes, we're quite mad! The MOD's to blame!

What Will We Do?

What will we do when the owls move away?
How will we function not chatting all day?

We'll continue to sit
And sit . . . and sit
And wait anxiously. For more eggs, we will pray.

Ball of Fluff

All I can see is a big ball of fluff—
Like a snowball or a warm, winter muff.
I wish they'd scoot back
And cut us some slack.
With them all so close, it's hard to see 'nough.

Blending

The owlets all blend together.
They sit there, feather to feather.
Wherever one ends
Another begins
They're there, whatever the weather.

New Friends

Like Molly, I've a million new friends.
We've gathered from earths many ends.
We share with each other
And support one another
We each add to the melting-pot blend.

The Owlets Want Food

The owlets are waiting for food.
They say, “Mom, we’ve been good.
We’re here by the door.
Please bring us some more!
If it’s easier, send the pizza dude!

The Hunter

Our man, McGee’s a hunting machine.
His instincts are sharp, his hearing quite keen.
He flings food in the door,
Then goes out for more.
There’s none to compare, that we’ve ever seen.

Molly’s Place

I’m headed over to Molly’s Place.
I hope I can see that beautiful face.
It’s more than a box.
Her place really rocks!
Perhaps there will be another mouse race!

All That Down!

These four little owlets are sure crowd pleasers.
They've all started looking like silly old geezers.
That soft fluffy down
Gives the look of a clown.
They need a Dust Buster or good pair of tweezers!

Food!

Somehow the topic always turns to food.
Owls shredding rodents seem to set the mood.
Whether pizza and chips
Or ice cream and dips.
Our diet's not great, we must conclude.

Ten Million!

The number of views is a million times ten—
An astounding number of women and men.
The owls call us here
And bring us much cheer.
I wonder if we can do it again?

Chat Names

Day after day and every night--
At noon, at dusk and morning light--
I see name after name.
It's never the same.
This MOD is so hard to fight!

Back Up!

Max! Not so close to the edge!
I know Carlos gave you a ledge!
Just step back a bit.
We're not ready to quit.
We don't care if you're ready to fledge!

Carlos, The Photographer

Owlets! Line up for a photo shoot.
Max! On the left. Wes, you're so cute.
Pattison! Look alert!
Austin! Lose the dirt!
You each look so nice in your grown-up suit!

The Owlet Stomp

The owlets have a dance called the Stomp.
They hop and they pounce and they clomp.
They bump and they wiggle.
Their fluffy pants jiggle.
As dances go, it's quite a romp.

Who Will It Be?

Who's coming first and what meal?
Is it Molly who'll make Wesley squeal?
Or will it be McGee
From out of his tree?
In his beak he'll be holding a side of veal.

Dudley, the Soccer Ball

The owlets have found a new toy.
From the corner they rolled our sweet boy.
Dudley looks cleaner
And just a bit leaner.
He's still in one piece - oh such joy!

That Big Pellet

Oh geez, that is one gross pellet.
That had to hurt to expel it.
It's huge and it's gray.
Carlos take it away.
Put it on eBay and sell it!

Growing Up

I often see the owlets wall-leaning.
The peck and they peck, just preening.
They're growing up fast.
I wish this could last.
We'll soon all need some owl weaning.

Rude Awakening

My computer stays on every night.
I fell asleep with owls in my sight.
I slept very well
But awoke with a yell.
I forgot to mute 'fore I turned out the light.

Max Is Out

Our little Max has discovered the world.
Out on the perch with wings unfurled.

He seemed quite curious -

The others quite furious.

Millions watched with teeth clenched and
toes curled!

Max Is In

Hey, guys! Watch what I do!
Everything Mom said is true.

There's lots to see!

I can fly! I'm free!

Oh! let me back in! Someone said, "Boo!"

On the Roof

Look guys! I'm all grown up!
I'm on the roof. I've flown up.

The world's not square.

There's a lot out there.

I'm hungry. Has mom shown up?

Getting Down

Uh, guys? Call Mom. I'm stuck.
I'm trying, but not with much luck.
I'm on top - I'm a star
But the perch is so far.
Does Carlos have a ladder truck?

The Rufus Hop

Let's all do the Rufus Hop.
Out to the perch and up to the top.
With one little bounce
We practice our pounce.
The fun and the laughter never stop!

Austin Flies

Austin barreled out with a blast -
Quite like a pellet that's been cast.
He said, "Excuse me.
Wesley, don't goose me.
I don't need help to fly fast!"

Austin's Out

Austin didn't beat 'round the bush.
Wesley just gave him a little push.
He said, "If you flee
The food's all for me!
Do you need another kick in the tush?"

Wesley's In

Wes is surely as sly as a fox.
He's in no hurry to leave the box.
He says, "I'll stay
And party all day.
This all night buffet really rocks!"

One Remains

Wesley's the youngest of the four.
He's in no hurry to head out the door.
I think it's 'cuz
He's still covered with fuzz
And now he can stretch out on the floor.

Decisions, Decisions

Wesley can't make up his mind.
Fly - or kick back and unwind?
Take the big leap?
Or stay in and sleep?
When he's ready, his courage he'll find.

Finding Courage

Wes found his courage, it's clear.
He's discovered there's nothing to fear.
Just a few minutes out,
But now there's no doubt -
When they're gone, we'll shed many a tear.

The Wesley Flap

We've got a new dance. Everyone clap.
Spread out your wings. Do the Wesley Flap.
Hop to and fro
And bounce as you go.
But don't fall into Carlos' lap!

Everyone Dance!

Everybody out! It's time to dance!
Let's see you shake those fluffy pants!
We'll jump and we'll stomp.
We'll have a good romp.
Carlos is looking! Make a good stance!

The MOD Squad

The MOD Squad. I'm a full member.
This will be such a time to remember.
If Wes has her way
She'll not fly away
And we'll all be here come September!

Max Stays Out

One owlet from the box has flown.
It hardly seems possible she's so grown.
I thought I was ready
But my heart's unsteady.
Why didn't we give her a cell phone?

Two Out—Two In

Two out - two in, we can see.
The oldest now sleep in a tree.
Once Austin has flown
Lil' Wes'll be alone.
He can't leave, by MOD decree!

How Can They Leave Us?

How can they leave us so soon?
Without them, we just might all swoon.
There will be more space
To land on our face
When we all stand and do an owl phoon!

An Empty Box

An empty box in the night.
The owlets have all taken flight.
The box is so quiet.
But chat is a riot.
I laugh until tears blur my sight.

Wesley Alone

Only dear Wesley remains.
Seeing her alone gives us pains.
 She's claimed the whole place
 As her personal space.
Now, who's the owlet with brains?

Cassie and Jackson

The neighbor has posted a guard.
They faithfully patrol the yard.
 They sound out a warning
 And greet us each morning.
And out of our sleep, we're jarred!

She's Still Here!

I tune in each morning with fear.
How many owlets remain here?
 Is Wes all alone?
 Or has she also flown?
Oh, she's back. Everyone cheer!

I'm Staying

Now that Austin has finally gone

Wes says she's not moving on.

She's decided she's home.

There's' no need to roam.

She'll just kick back with a yawn.

Carlos' Voice

When the Royal RV drives away

Who will help start my day?

How fond I have grown

Of his sweet, soothing tone.

It drives all the stress far away.

Donna's Plan

Donna, was this in your plan?

Did you really know that your man

Would take it this far

And become such a star?

I must admit, I'm a big fan!

One More Day

We've now one more glorious day!
I peeked and now I say, "YEA!"
Let's take a collection
To send her direction.
If we pay her, maybe she'll stay.

Two In the Box Again

Austin and Wes missed each other.
Wes said to Austin, "Hey, Big Brother!
There's plenty of room
And I'll help you groom.
Won't Donna laugh to see another?"

Wes Has Flown

The youngest owlet named Wes
Has now finally left the nest.
She's joined Mom and Dad.
Oh, the fun that I've had.
I already miss her, I confess.

The Wind in My Face

The Royal Palm is the new place
For owlets who want open space.
The breeze through the leaves
Now gently weaves
And cools each beautiful face.

The Miracle

What a miracle this adventure has been.
How can I say it with my simple pen?
The words just aren't there
To allow me to share.
I pray that I'll find such a miracle again.

No Good-byes

To my friends, I won't say, "Good-bye."
This isn't final. There's no need to cry.
We'll continue to chat.
And even without that,
Through cyberspace, emails can fly!

What Makes a Limerick a Limerick?

A limerick is a five-line, usually humorous poem with an AABBA rhyme scheme. This verse form is believed to be about 500 years old, and seems to have first been used as a distinct form at the end of the sixteenth century. The limerick as a verse form was popularized by Edward Lear in *A Book of Nonsense*.

Limericks are written in what is known as “accentual verse”, meaning that the rhythm, or meter, of the line is based on the number of accents. There is little attention paid to the number of syllables. This form is distinctive. Most verse is composed with “syllabic metered” verse, which relies on the pattern of accented and unaccented syllables. Accentual verse allows for a great deal of flexibility in its construction. This type of verse is often used in nursery rhymes, folk ballads and country music. In limericks, the accents usually work like this:

Line 1: 3 accents

Line 2: 3 accents

Line 3: 2 accents

Line 4: 2 accents

Line 5: 3 accents

I will admit, I have taken a few liberties (or exercised some “poetic license”) in the meter of some of the verses contained in this volume. Each of the verses maintain the traditional rhyme structure, but a few use a 4-4-3-3-4

rhythm. While not, in the strictest sense, a limerick at that point, they still work, in my opinion. I hope you agree.

I would be the last to ever claim that I am a great poet. I have fun playing around with words and rhyme and enjoy sharing the results with others. I am no Keats, Wordsworth or Shakespeare. I'm just DotRot, my father's daughter, and a lover of the limerick.

All of this having been said, I leave you with a couple of more famous, traditional limericks (source unknown—I learned them as a child), often used to teach the limerick verse form:

The Limerick Bard

Introducing a limerick poet
Whose meter and rhyme are inchoate.
 They feathered and tarred
 This limerick bard
For it isn't great art and they know it.

Limerick Poems Easy?

If you think limerick doggerel is cheesy,
That it's light, unrefined, even breezy.
 I beg to demur,
 Make your own, it will cure
Any thought their construction is easy.

To the Royal Family

My heartfelt and profound gratitude for a gift that cannot be measured or defined. You've changed our lives.

SONSHINE CREATIONS

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