Start Over

MC Frontalot

little red riding hood was in good with the food

distribution

by her own volition choosing

to sincerely deliver to old folks: succor, also vigor,

cheese and crackers, salt and coffee,

medicine to help the heart beat solftly

awfully kind in her mission red was yes, in a head-on

collision

with the forces of trouble: long in the tooth plus

stubble...

and this goes double

for all little girls, know who wolves are,

don't be telling them where you're going, how far

in what direction it is, especially if

it's the ungaurded cottage where grama lives

this is just common sense (with which little red

dispensed)

hence she proceeded on her way

through the woods to grama's place.

little red riding hood rolled up,

took one look and was like what the um

what the heck?

grama got a hairy neck?

teeth enough to get wrecked?

next up, wood axe swinging

that's how it happened, that's all I'm singing.

that's the story (that ain't how it happened)

i won't start over if you don't stop yapping

(shhhh)

wolves got it hard on this earth,

ever the subjects of defamation and mirth,

first in line to be out there, lurking,

eyeing ingenues and smirking,

working on a master plan,

trying to get fed about the best he can,

wondering if grama got much meat,

endeavoring not to be indiscrete:

"how many them baskets she go through a month?

how does she react when she misses lunch?

and what direction was she living in again ?

well, you better hurry up and visit her then."

but wolves are speedier than little girls.

barely pausing to devour jackrabbits and squirrels,

the wolf arrived.

all the rest, despicable lies.

all that talk of assumed identity,

let it be, this wolf was indelibly

wolf-like, forthright too.

he said "grama, here's what I'll do:

swallow you whole, your kinfolk for after,

then I'll keep living, so you don't have to.

sorry: starving wolf. no choice.

to get in the gullet, just follow my voice."

that's the story (that ain't how it happened)

i won't start over if you don't stop yapping

(shhhhhhh)

all right, grama was hanging alone,

cultivating the medicine for the glaucoma.

she paid rent in the forest, it was inexpensive

(grama's house was in the intensively wolf-rife section

of town.

she didn't mind, she liked a wild hound).

sound at the door: an intruder.

"is that you, red? you brought food for

me to eat" "nope, the opposite.

no hard candy, so soft chocolate.

just a wolf belly for you to inhabit

and I'm going to need your nightshirt for the next

gambit"

clandestinely reclining in bed,

the wolf awaits (for red!)

expecting their usual banter:

"how's school?" "fine, grama,

here's food." "thanks dear."

instead it's all: "what's up with the ears?"

eyes nose throat teeth

"little red riding hood, why you giving me grief?

bodies change as the years advance

soft features grow unkind to the glance

and hairs sprout

all of it the better for you getting in my mouth!"

"wow, it's dark in here," says grama.

here comes the wood axe, swinging like "yeah, y'all!"

old woman, come on back out

and lock up your door when you're lying around.

that's the story (that ain't how it happened)

that's all I got so you commence napping.

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