PETER AUSTIN

Kismet's Little Treat

Samantha has a syndrome—BBS—
That's left her short, and plump, and round of face,
And lacking in agility and grace,
But gritishly endearing, nonetheless.
She chatters in an adenoidal squeak,
Till consonants, untamable as fish,
Metathesize or flee, against her wish,
Provoking an exaperated shriek.

The progress of the syndrome is unseen, But, shortly, it will filch her nighttime vision, And, we can say with pitiless precision, That Sammy will be blind by seventeen, Confined to feeling kismer's little treat— That extra baby toe, on both her feet.