

Wild, Wild Wally and the Magic Loom

In the dark, dark land of the dukedom of Mmadd
Lived big creatures all stringy and hairy.
And the loudest and largest and maddest of all
Was old wild, wild Wally D. Clarey.

Old Wally was quite in the habit, you see,
(As were all of his Mmadd fellow creatures)
Of yelling and whining and hard'ning his heart.
Shades of anger marked all of his features.

Gentle folk from outside of his kingdom so dark
Sometimes strayed by mistake 'cross the borders.
But they didn't stay long. Or were ne'er seen again
By their mothers, their sons, dads, or daughters.

One Wednesday, Wild Wally was walking along
Through a typical afternoon shower
When he noticed a hut hidden back in the leaves
By a rosebush just starting to flower.

"I ain't never *nohow* seen that hut in the trees,"
Thought Wild Wally. "It shouldn't be here."
With wild earsplitting shouts, he galumphed toward the door
When a magical song reached his ear.

Now that song wasn't loud. But it somehow stretched out
To Wild Wally beneath his loud roars.
And his heart, which was almost as solid as granite,
Was pulled, very gently, indoors.

The room that he entered was soothingly dim.
There was just enough twilight to see
A few bodies as stringy and tall as his own
Sitting, standing, or on bended knee.

All the Mmaddites were watching and humming along
To a rhythm embracing the room.
This soft beat was produced by a plump little creature
Who worked without pause at her loom.

Wild, Wild Wally had kept his new anger inside
From surprise at the most odd surroundings.
Now, all of a sudden, his heart creaked and groaned,
And his strong hairy arms began pounding.

But just as he bellowed his best angry roar,
All the threads in the loom started glowing.
Wally's pounding was stilled by the sight of the weft
From which sparkles and star trails were flowing.

"I am weaving," began the sweet voice at the loom,
"Bonds of friendship and love with each heart."
The room shone with the light of her words and her work.
Wild, Wild Wally felt happiness start.

And the happiness warmed him. It grew and it grew
Until Wally's face cracked with a grin.
And you wouldn't have known Wild, Wild Wally D. Clarey
If you'd been his kith or his kin.

Thus the creatures stayed on, warmed and tamed by the light,
And absorbed all the love that did shower
From the loom of the lady whose actions and song
Helped each stony heart soften and flower.

One by one, every creature in Mmadd made his way
To that magical house in the gloom.
And as years passed, the dukedom of Mmadd changed its name
To the Land of the Love of the Loom.

And Wild Wally? "What happened to him?" you might ask.
"Is he really not angry and mean?"
Well, he married the woman who weaves and who loves,
And their home is at peace and serene.

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