

Ass Ponys, Ford Madox Ford

sarah stood upon the bridge
on the railing, near the edge
the only thing that brought her in
was a book that she had read
the novel's name was long since lost
never mind the cost
the only thing she could recall
was that the author's name was ford

it was written in nineteen ten
you could never have met a finer man
worked a farm for fifteen years
just to see if he could
he lost his memory in the war
he forgot what he was fighting for
the only thing he knew for sure
his name was ford madox ford

ford madox ford
the fattest poet who ever lived
his name was ford madox ford

joseph conrad and henry james
were two of the many famous names
that fat boy ford could claim
to be his bosom friends
then one day conrad said to him
i may be climbing out upon a limb
but it would help you out my friend
if you would lose a little weight

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