

## Nathaniel Naste

Nathaniel Naste  
once ate some paste  
he'd taken home from school.  
He scooped a bit  
and tasted it  
and hollered like a fool.  
His face got laced  
with paste that graced  
his forehead and his hair.  
Some paste got placed  
upon his waist  
which glued him to his chair.

Nathaniel cried  
and, mortified,  
his mother came to see.  
She tugged, she tried,  
she pulled and pried  
but couldn't get him free.  
For she was stuck  
in pasty muck  
and called Nathaniel's dad,  
who raced in haste,  
embraced the paste,  
and pulled with all he had.

But father too  
was stuck like glue  
to poor Nathaniel's mother,  
and it ensued  
they also glued  
his sister and his brother,  
his cat, his frog,  
his bird, his dog  
(a parakeet and spaniel),  
till each at last  
were fastened fast,  
cemented to Nathaniel.

The neighbours came  
and soon the same  
was happening to all.  
They faced the paste  
but soon, disgraced,  
they placed an urgent call  
to nine-one-one  
and on the run  
came firemen and police,  
who tried with ropes  
and prayers and hopes  
and bucketloads of grease.

But nothing helped  
and each one yelped  
to be in this position  
encased in paste  
to find they faced  
a sticky proposition.  
Across the floor  
and out the door  
and halfway down the street  
with knees on hips,  
and hands on lips,  
and elbows stuck to feet.

The Army marched  
but soon were starched.  
The Navy gummed their ships.  
The Air Force flew  
but stuck like glue  
to all those knees and lips.  
The President  
gave his consent  
for every single person  
to lend some aid  
but this just made  
the situation worsen.

And in the end  
it's true, my friend,  
no solitary granule

of any worth  
was left on Earth  
not pasted to Nathaniel.  
So don't you fail  
to heed this tale  
and never taste your paste,  
or you may find  
you're in a bind  
Like poor Nathaniel Naste.

— Kenn Nesbitt