

ARIZONA

The Devil wanted a place on earth, sort of a summer home.
A place to spend his vacation, whenever he wanted to roam.

So he picked out Arizona, a place both wretched and rough.
Where the climate was to his liking, and the cowboys hardened and tough.

He dried up the lakes in the valleys, then burned and scorched it all.
He dried up the streams in the canyons, and ordered no rain to fall.

Then over this barren desert, he transplanted shrubs from Hell.
The cactus, thistle, and prickly pear: the climate suited them well.

Now the home was much to his liking, but animal life he had none.
So he created crawling creatures that all mankind would shun.

First he made the rattlesnake, with its forked poisonous tongue.
Taught it to strike and rattle, and how to swallow its young.

Then he made scorpions and lizards, and the ugly old horned toad.
He placed spiders of every description under the rocks by the side of the road.

Then he ordered the sun to shine hotter. Hotter and hotter still.
Until even the cactus wilted, and the old horned toad looked ill.

Then he gazed on his earthly kingdom, as any creator would.
He chuckled a little up his sleeve, and admitted it was good.

T'was summer now, and Satan lay by a prickly pear to rest.
The sweat rolled off his swarthy brow, so he took off his coat and vest.

“By golly,” he finally panted, “I did my job too well.
I’m going back where I came from. Arizona is hotter than HELL!”

