

**The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at [www.gcwilkens.com](http://www.gcwilkens.com)**

**Leroy Looks for His Razor**

Leroy LeRoi pilfers for his razor,  
pilfers for his straight razor.  
All he finds is his shotgun and his .44.

“Bertha Mae, for cold lovin’ you gon’ pay,  
for your cold lovin’ you gonna pay,”  
sings Leroy as he pokes around for his blade.

He finds a gun, he finds a whip and he finds bullets,  
finds a shotgun, finds a bullwhip and bullets,  
but nothing to carve a wound to match own.

Leroy finds a bazooka and he finds a laser,  
finds a bazooka and finds a laser.  
No blade, no silver, no cutting edge.

Leroy swims in blasters, he wallows in weapons.  
Leroy can’t find anything to reproduce the cut.