A Giant Named Paul  
  
Just how it started  
no magic or beans  
no crunching on children  
or munching on spleens  
  
but a walk in the woods  
only to find  
a monstrous log cabin  
covered in vines  
  
I peeked through the window  
and the things that I saw  
all seemed so little  
next to a giant named Paul  
  
Curious I was  
so I knocked on the door  
his footsteps like thunder  
shattering the floor

I stood in the entrance  
my head at his shins  
he extended an arm  
and said, “won’t you come in?”

“what are you doing  
in this neck of the woods?  
your not trembling in terror  
like other men would”  
  
“I’m sorry to bother  
I’m sure you’re busy and all  
but I have so many questions  
for a man ten feet tall”  
  
He chuckled and grinned  
then reclined in his chair  
“I can answer few questions  
I think that that’s fair”  
  
Before I could inquire  
or part my thin lips  
he opened his mouth  
and said, “but let me say this”  
  
“We giants are humble  
not like in your books  
we enjoy simple treasures  
despite how we look  
  
We don’t feed on children  
that’s all in bad taste  
we don’t smash or mash bones  
into glue, goo, or paste

but come in for tea  
and we’ll serve you some hot  
and let you decide   
whether you like us or not

You may leave as you please  
but we hope that you stay for a while  
for every guest we receive  
we return with a smile

So tell me,” he said  
“What more can I say  
to answer your questions  
on this fine day?”

But I stood on my feet  
and he grinned back at me  
“No more questions” I said  
but I’d love that cup of tea.