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.