

“Briefly Noted”

Sabin Willett

The Corpsmen wonder  
What's *he* got under?  
And so they file a brief report.  
Whereat the starch of camo rustles  
-- Here strides he of massive muscles! --  
Glowing, full of quick retort.  
Loudly then the Sarge responds  
“For Clive Stafford -- Double Wands!  
None penetrates *my* sally port!”  
“Aye aye, Sir!” says Corp sman wander  
Stroking wand as ‘gain to ponder  
(crouching ‘neath Clive’s legs asunder)  
What’s this fearful Brit got *under*?

Away at JAGville, colonel’s striding,  
One thought tormenting, one thought riding --  
(Certain as he is, well knowing, *knowing* --  
Clive’s got something, and it’s not showing!)  
His mind aburn, afire, consumed  
And so paces. Stops. (Pace resumed.)  
Stride -- Stop -- Turn -- and stride again. Pace --He  
Yet never can evade the thought. *Is it lacy?*

In his oaken keep the SG broods  
No sense of confidence exudes.  
“Daily he assaults our core beliefs  
To Justice deals so many griefs!  
That hugger mugger terr’ist-hugger  
With his hugger-mugger briefs!”  
So ruminating calls staff to brief him  
“What mighty force, what untold vim,”  
Demands he of the underlings,  
“Lurks in Stafford’s underthings?  
(None knows. Yet fear’s asowing --  
The wretched Scotus granted cert  
The wretched Kessler’s on alert  
Is it -- this fell unknown -- is it *growing*?)

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All quiet then. SG cries out  
To staffers in that dark redoubt,  
“It’s only safety that I seek  
For all from all our desperate foes!  
I need a clue, a hint, a little peek --  
I need intel on the underclothes!”

And now its on the ‘serv and in the papers  
Food for thinkers and for gapers  
The question rages (all must know yet no-one knowing)  
Clive’s got *something*, and it’s not showing!  
And so we daily, nightly wonder  
*What’s Clive Stafford Smith got under?*