Mr. Yes and Mr. No

could not decide which way to (show, go, slow, glow).

They walked all day. They walked all night.
They first turned left, and then turned (flight, bite, might, right).
They ran along a railroad track
then turned around and came right (sack, back, crack, black).
They wandered in and out of town.
They hiked up hills and stumbled (clown, frown, down, town).
They strolled in straight lines, circles, (squares, shares, bears, hairs).
They climbed up ladders, stomped down stairs,
but everywhere they ever went
they wound up there by accident
because the two could not (tea, she, bee, agree)
on where to go or what to see.

We don't know where they are today.
They’ve wandered off and gone (astray, delay, stay, play).
And no one has the slightest guess
where Mr. No and Mr. Yes
have ended up and might be (ground, found, pound, round);
perhaps upstairs or underground,
or in a cab, or overseas,
or on the shores of Lake Louise,
or paddling up the Amazon.
That is to say, they’re simply gone.

But if they do turn up one (tray, lay, stay, day)
I think it might be best if they
decided not to rove and roam,
like Mr. Maybe.
He’s at (gnome, home, chrome, foam).

-- Kenn Nesbitt