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Gargantuine & Harold

Ian
Hollenbaugh

Gargantuine and Harold
were walking hand in hand.
“Gargantuine,” said Harold,
“oh, can’t you understand?
There’s never been a child,
so far as I recall,
one fourth the height that you stand—
some twenty-four feet tall.
At half the way to seven,
it’s really no surprise,
the world has got its hands full
with your tremendous size.
A garden’s but a mouthful
to your ungodly jaws.
The mowing of the pine wood
a somersault may cause.
To you a mighty sunflower
is but a dandelion.
Perhaps you are descended
of Dawn and great Orion.
You’re sweet as summer breezes;
you cannot help your wrath.
Yet everywhere you go you leave
destruction in your path.
And so I speak to warn you:
When walking down the street
look low, or your friend Harold
might squish beneath your feet.
You love to dance, I know it,
as any girl your age;
but wreckage of their village
puts townsfolk in a rage.
We can’t be driven out, now,
from every place we go.
Your Harold needs to rest a while,
I’m getting old, you know!
Gargantuine, I love you,

so please don't take offense.
It's just, you must use caution
when being so immense."

Gargantuine and Harold
were strolling down the way.
"Harold," said Gargantuine,
"I have something to say.
I'm young and fond of laughter,
and singing when I will.
I only want the simple joys
of any little girl.
I'll watch my step from now on,
be careful where I sit;
but if they still won't let me be,
I'll throw an awful fit!
I'll stomp on all their houses,
I'll play with all their toys,
find candy for the little girls
and punish all the boys!
If no one there will love me,
I'll have to make them pay.
They'll soon regret their cruelty
when dolls I come to play.
They cannot see beyond my height;
they'll never comprehend.
And so we must move far away,
for you're my only friend.
Dear Harold build a cabin,
as tall as any oak,
for you and me to live in peace
away from fearful folk.
If run from town and shunned at inn,
we'll simply make our own.
As long as there's still you and me,
we'll never be alone."

And so it was that Harold,
 with sweat upon his brow,
built, taller than a mountain,
 the castle standing now.
For years the two lived happily,
 apart from everyone;
but Harold's bones grew weary,
 and soon his days were done.
So harsh a fate so young a girl
 could hardly comprehend;
and to this day, the locals say,
 she mourns her only friend.
At night she often wanders,
 heedless of her feet.
Searching far and wide she goes
 for some new friend to meet.
But terror she brings with her,
 as desperate children do;
so lock your doors and stay inside
 if she comes passing through.
Her name brings fear to hardy men,
 and none will dare confront her.
And friends, it seems, Gargantuine deems,
 could never really want her.