

Loopers

a satiric poem by Douglas Alan Frank
Sung to the tune of "Venus"

As hemlock loopers infested Great Cranberry in the late 1980's, I was compelled to write a song to memorialize the outbreak and calm some fearful landowners (Joanne Shorey in particular.) Frankie Avalon recorded the original hit song.

Hey, Loopers! Oh, Loopers!

Loopers if you will
Don't eat those little spruce trees on my hill
For all I know you'll eat them all one day
And then tiny eggs you'll lay

We've got high tech spray
For larvae that you dropped along the way
We'll bomb you like we did Saddam Hussein
And you'll say goodbye to Maine

(refrain)
Loopers, *Lambdina fiscerllaria*
Or is it *athasaria*?
We've got some ripe bacteria, for loopers

Kiss your ass goodbye
Adult moths, we'll no longer see you fly
Our spruce and pines will thrive again in peace
As feeding and nipping cease

Overwinter's stage
Of pupals will not be our latest rage
And back to lots of gossip, books and rest
Which this island does the best

(refrain)
Loopers, how can we know what you feel?
Wastefully eating needles
You've been replaced by beetles

Statistics end this song
The looper's one point two five inches long
And barely worth attention, song and rhyme
They've ruined our isle summertime

Hey, Loopers! Oh, Loopers
Make this song come true.