

beards for freaks

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and google

*«There are two kinds of people in this world that go around,
beardless - boys and women - and I am neither one.»*

Greek saying

*«A woman with a beard looks like a man. A man without a beard looks
like a woman.»*

Afghan Saying

*«You should be [i.e. look like] women, and yet your beards forbid me to
interpret that you are so.»*

Banquo, to the witches, in Shakespeare's Macbeth

A beard is the collection of hair that grows on the chin, cheeks, neck, and the upper lip, typically of men. Usually, only males going through puberty or post-pubescent males are able to grow beards. However, women with hirsutism may develop a beard. When differentiating between upper and lower facial hair, a beard specifically refers to the facial hair on the lower part of a man's chin (excluding the moustache, which refers to hair above the upper lip and around it). The study of beards is called pogonology.

In the course of history, men with facial hair have been ascribed various attributes such as wisdom and knowledge, sexual virility, masculinity, or high social status; and, conversely, filthiness, crudeness, or an eccentric disposition. In many cultures, beards are associated with nature and outdoorsmen.

...enjoy the beauty of beards and poetry*

*You might read these poems to your children to introduce them as soon as possible to the beautiful world of beards.
Feel free to draw some faces on the beards.

When I was five, I asked my dad,
«Why do you shave your face?»
He said, «I do not know, my boy.
It does seem out of place.
I really don't like shaving. It's
Unnatural and weird.»
I said, «I'd like it very much
If you would grow a beard.»

At first it was all stubbly
But then it grew and grew.
At last it was a proper beard
After a month or two.
«Should I let it grow longer, son?
I'll do what you think best.»
By the time that I was seven
His beard was to his chest.

«Is this beard long enough, my boy?
Perhaps not, don't you think?
And if I were to shave it now
I'd clog the bathroom sink.
For you I'll grow it longer, son.»
And so he did post haste.
And by the time that I was ten
It hung down to his waist.

My dad he kept on growing it.
He grew it to his thighs.
He entered many beard contests
And always won first prize.
«Perhaps I ought to shave today.»
He'd often like to tease.
By the time I entered High School
His beard was past his knees.

And now that I am twenty-one,
I cannot help but grin.
I think about my dad's long beard
And stroke my bearded chin.
I want a beard just like my dad's
A beard down to the floor.
It represents the love we share
Now and forevermore.



He wasn't too good with a razor
and every time he would try
Kris Kringle would cut himself shaving,
so badly it caused him to cry.

The townspeople laughed when they saw him
with cut marks all over his face.
He felt so embarrassed and foolish
he'd lower his head in disgrace.

So one day he threw out his razor,
and all of the townspeople cheered!
No longer would Santa be shaving.
Instead he was growing a beard!

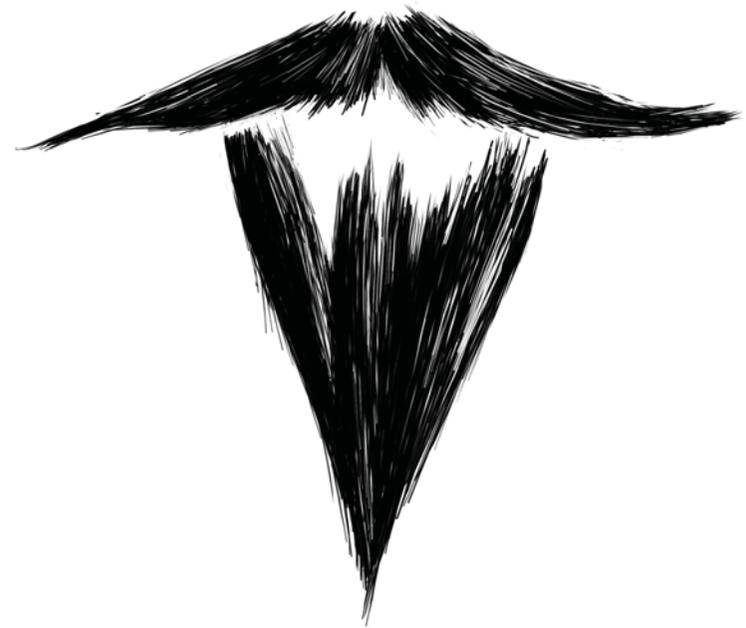
But though he has given up shaving
and grown out a beard white and thick,
most folks still remember those cut marks
and that's why they call him «Saint Nick».



Jim said he could get our music
On the radio.
He said that we had talent
And could make a lot of dough.
Jim said that he could get us gigs
In restaurants and pubs.
And if we grew our beards real long
We'd play the hottest clubs.

Our beards are super long now
And we need to thank old Jim.
He put it in our contract
Not to shave and not to trim.
He said that we should grow 'em long
'Cause they would be our "Thing".
And now we are the hottest band
Of long beards who can sing.

Our fans go crazy for us.
«Your beards rock», they scream and shout.
The girls they seem to love it
When we whip our long beards out.
Guys say we're wicked awesome,
Oh so cool beyond compare.
Who woulda thought that we'd be known
For growin' facial hair.



The hair on my face
What a wonderful place.
My beard is my strength.
I feel stronger the longer the length.

I forgot what I look like shaven and clean.
My beard is so fly, from space it can be seen.
Don't touch a hair on my chinny chin chin
My beard is so thick I can't find my skin.

Facial hair is the sign of wisdom and virility
And I'll stay loyal to my beard to the best of my ability.
Beards in religions, beards in sports
Beards come in all shapes, sizes, and sorts.

So when people say «Why don't you shave?»
I say «Didn't you know a real man's beard never goes away!»



Hush little mustache don't say a word
Upper lip hair is very preferred
I love the way you bend and curve when I smile
You keep my face warm and you do it with style

Great men in history had you under their nose
Charlie Chaplin, Ghandi, and Chewbacca, I suppose
You make other guys jealous and ladies swoon
With a mustache you'll be knee-deep in poon

You compliment a beard, but you look good on your own
You make us men look smart and tougher than stone
Mustache, mustache, you are so great
Mustache, mustache, your growth I await



Once upon a time, long long ago
there was a beard which didst grow
luxurious and soft in a wondrous goatee
and that beard was a beard of me

One sweep of fur from crown to chin
always thick and never thin
black and brown and amber too
and shades betwixt of reddish hue...

But beard, oh beard, where hast thou gone?
with fur so sleek and fur so long?
What cruel fate has struck thee down?
Oh, where's the fur so lovely and brown?

Now an expanse of bare smooth skin
nothing to hide my little fleas in
just a chin alone and blue
nothing there to strain soup through

It's gone, gone, lost and dead -
now less fur on this poor head;
Alas, oh beard, alas;
thou art dead...



I am not the man today
That I was yesterday.
I keep getting better looking
Each and every day.
I grow my beard. I grow it long,
I grow it endlessly,
Because I want to be the man
That I was meant to be.

I refuse to live my life
Looking like a clone,
Walking down the pavement like
Another mindless drone.
Cookie cutter people,
No sir, that is not for me.
'Cause I am really into
Individuality.

Just because I'm bearded
Doesn't mean that I'm a joke.
Doesn't mean I'm dirty
And it doesn't mean I'm broke.
I'm an individual.
I'm rugged wild and free.
I am just expressing
The true man I'm meant to be.



To make You think
I'm growing This
Beard for You
But Actually for me
It would Be just one Less
Thing I Have to Do
Anyway Why Should I Shave
When she doesn't Shave
The part of her That
Makes me her Slave



My beard it is
not more to say;
I'm proud of it
he will forever stay



What can I say but I am sorry,
I apologize for what I do to you,
my daily ruthlessness and cruelty.

What can I do but ask for your forgiveness
and your patience. For someday,
I promise you, someday I swear
on the beards of the prophets
and on the beard of the poet Whitman and
on the beard of the president Lincoln,
I will not stop you any longer,
I will let you go free, I will take down
the fence around you made of sharp blades.

For someday, I promise you, I will let
you run wild through the valleys
of my face like a stallion, I will let you
wander over the desert of my face
like a holy man in his vision of heaven
and hell, I will let you grow, blossom
and flourish, and I will stroke you
and comb you and keep you orderly
and free of knots and tangles,
and you in turn will make me look
distinguished, a wise old man as I stroke
you looking serious, looking as though
I were thinking deep thoughts about
life and death. But I will be thinking
only about you, my beard, my second face,
and this will be our secret.



My mustache is so full
So graceful
So thick and vivid
It has no rival
No one else to compare

In the winter
It's as black as night
And in the summer sun
It shines like gold
It cheers me up
When I am down

Saying,
«Hey buddy how are you»
It will always be my friend
My loyal companion
Forever by my side
Or should I say
Above my lip



My beard grows down to my toes,
I never wears no clothes,
I wraps my hair
Around my bare,
And down the road I goes.



To ye moustache, I grow with delight,
You keep my nose warm all night.

To ye moustache, I groom all day,
For you make my insides feel all gay.

To ye moustache, held by the powerful,
That I love, like for making them charitable.

To ye moustache, I'll always love
Because for me you're like a little bruv.



Some men they grow short beards.
Some men grow theirs long.
It's a choice that they make,
Neither's right or wrong.
I choose to grow a long beard.
Trimming's not for me.
I let it grow «Au Natural»
I like mine wild and free.

I'm not a homeless guy
Or a crazy terrorist.
I'm not some slacker dude
Or a fundamentalist.
I'm not a criminal.
I have nothing to hide.
I let it grow so I can show
The man I am inside.

There is no law that says that I
Cannot grow facial hair.
And if you do not like it,
Well, so what, I do not care.
You think that I'm too hairy,
Well, you ain't seen nothing yet.
I choose to grow my beard
To see how hairy I can get.



I decided it was time
For me to be a man.
So I went and threw my razor
In the garbage can.
If I didn't cultivate it,
It would be a crime.
So I'm gonna grow my beard
Until the end of time.

All this hair upon my face
It grows there naturally.
Having me a long beard
Is the way I'm meant to be.
I don't care if people say
I look like Z-Z Top.
Gonna keep on growin'
And I'm never gonna stop.

Don't you know, I like the way
It billows in the breeze.
Just for fun I'm gonna let it
Grow down past me knees.
Gonna let it grow and grow
Until it hits the floor.
When that isn't long enough
I'll let it grow some more.



How I wish I could grow a moustache,
so that people could see me as cool.
With a fashionable style, a furry smile,
the ladies would drown in their drool.

Oh I wish I could grow a moustache,
so that people could think me a man.
I would work on a farm, have a rugged charm,
and probably drive a white van.

I wish I could form a moustache,
maybe people would think I was snappy.
I would keep it in trim, I would go to the gym,
with some hair on my lip, I'd be happy.

How I long, and long, for a moustache,
so people could think I was smart.
I would hypothesise, that a moustache is wise,
and then show my results, in a chart.

I wish I could own a moustache,
so that people could think me their friend.
With a jolly old tash, I would sure be a smash,
and a man on which you could depend.

But alas, I cannot grow a moustache,
my face is unfavourably bare.
And now I have disclosed, that my lip is exposed,
'til I can, a fake moustache, I wear.



There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'

