

LONG TRIP TO THE NORTH

Jammed in a chariot, elbows in ears
Sardines would laugh, with homesick tears
Beans for lunch? Oh god I fear
 This trip will memorable be!

A man of the land, huddles and groans
A victim of puns, none let him alone
Bad jokes break fingers, at dinner he moans
 Indigestion made bowels fly free!

Our turkey, she trembles, "Cannibal" she cries
To the death of a sandwich and fries
Therefore must I duly her immortalize
 To justify her fears!

Quiet she sits, out artiste sublime
Poetry of light, held by eyes and mind
Flows from her hands, a different rhyme
 With dragonsong it rears!

Asleep in butt and limb she sits
Holds the reins, bites her lips
Forty miles, and calls it quits
 And our Pollack takes command!

Bangs, wails, thumps and caterwauls
Bulgarian she calls it and loudly bawls
Noises and snarls bounce of the walls
 While dancing on the seat!

What hides beneath that riot of curls?
What wicked plots her mind unfurls?
What gleeful romps with likely churls?
 A little bird told me!

I too suffered, and traveled that road
Boredom I fought with a pen-and-ink load
So wrote I these lines, and vengeance unfold
 And run for my castle, before they can scold!