

**Goats on Boats**

If whatever floats your boat,  
just so happens to be a goat  
Then by all means go boating  
See the goats in water floating

Floating goats in water gloating,  
Gloating goats, going goat boating,  
Float-boating, goat-boating

Boats that float  
Float in moats  
Boats that float,  
that float in moats.  
Goats that float in boats, that boat  
In moats that moat.

And they moat the most.

These gloat-ful goats gloating  
While in boastful boats, boating  
Sitting, swirling in most moat-ful,moats, moating,  
These goat-ful goats need coat-ful coats.

And what coat more goat-ful,  
What goat more coat-ful,  
Than a boated goat  
In a bloated coat,  
Made of floated

Goat.

Goats go boating  
In coats, goats go boating  
The goats in coats, in boats that float, in moats that moat,

Release their troat:

Scream that comes from out their throats,  
To attract the attention of foreign goats.

These goats promote themselves

Gloated- Boastful-  
Coat-ful- Moat-ful  
Boated.

The coated goat, alone-remote.

Drifted far out into sea,  
Eyes behold water and sky(not land) you see  
Formerly boastful, boatful goats boating,  
Find themselves lonely, floating  
Lonely loathful goats proceed loathing  
Water splashes aboard the boat foaming.  
The sounds of floating goats groaning,  
Moaning,  
sit solemnly, no more gloating.

No more jolly o're floating.  
Too cold, even in goat coats, coating.  
The floating goats, in boats floating,  
Alone forever loathful floating  
The goats, the goats  
The goats.

**An approximation of the location of my home.**

I come from a place of little relevance.

A town benamed Muskegon.

And this town of little elegance,  
harbors a street with lesser significance

than the town it considers home.

Houses line this road-

this lonesome road, vacant of anything  
worth fixing one's gaze on.

Traversing down this lonesome road nearing further from its start,  
will reveal no appeal,

no rampant beating heart to feel,

no excitement of any sort,

just a structure

near the road's end

that I would barely call a house.

The first thing one's sight may grasp,  
the large oak tree

dying

in the front yard.

Peeling eyes away from

the high-stretched oak to the

peeling brown surface coat

revealing the original

white paint

underneath.

It has been many years since this house was white.

Many holidays and yard parties,

rushed mornings and slow nights,

many comings and many goings,

many-many years since this house was white.

If you were searching for a clue,

as to the nature

of the inhabitants within

the once white building,

look not to the decaying bushes

beneath the windows,

nor the cracked driveway

outstretched before you,

instead seek out

the camping trailer planted

to the right of the garage door.

The mostly grey Jayco,

once uprooted frequently for

voyages across seas of land,

a ship with a crew:

two spry boys,  
a Captain,  
his Mrs'  
and the first mate  
who regularly walked on four legs,  
now stuck,  
anchored indefinitely  
in its place beside the house.  
The trailer, reeking of neglect, sits quietly  
longing for the return of its crew.

Now the house, nearly as forsaken as  
the oak,  
the trailer,  
the bushes and the flowers,  
inhabited by two, a man and a son.

There once was room for more,  
but I guess the three bedroom, two bath, full kitchen, two story home wasn't big enough for four.  
"It's still too small if you ask me."

I say, while walking into my house-the next one down.

**The Mallard.**

Without question it is the iridescent feathers heading the bird that draws the most attention to it. But this one in his adolescence knows very little of what it's like to possess such a desirable trait. In time and maturity he will understand.

As for now, the little duckling waddles in unison following suit of his brother in front of him, who follows his brother in front of him, all of whom are unaware of where they are going though that does not deter them. They are happy to blindly follow and that is the beauty of innocence. Blissful innocent ignorance.