

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.