

The Primeval Party Animal Indigenous to North America

From some obscure, probably prehistoric, evolutionary turns
our curious creature, its reputation earns.
Note the particular anatomical anomaly of relevance:
one end's a jackass, the other, an elephant's.
Its wondrous wings are often in a flap, though never in flight;
for it's a flap on the left, then a flap on the right.
Doubtless would she soar, but for that double ended condition;
and, of course, a very similar disposition.
Conspicuously carnivorous of porcine provender à la barrel;
modestly though, 'neath the patriotic apparel.
Often are laid eggs of golden promises, platitudes, and hype;
from which nothing good ever comes – you know the type.
Cute little 'boondoggles' then, when they hatch;
but come April, they make us all to scratch.
Why then, of our beast, boast we so; are we out of our mind?
For all its faults, who hasn't those, it is one of a kind.
So we natives, naturally, are proud as we can be.
Only problem is, all that pork ain't free.

Bill Kitchens

Owed to My Bank
(with apologies to Elizabeth Barret Browning)

How do I owe thee? Let me count the ways.
I owe thee to the depth and breadth and height
My credit can reach, with interest out of sight
For the ends of high living and ideal style.
I owe thee to the level of every day's
Most frivolous desire, from catalogs and the mall.
I owe thee freely, how else could I have it all;
I owe thee purely, it is the most honorable of ways.
I owe thee with the passion put to use
In my old manias, and in my childhood's fancies.
I owe thee with a debt I tried to lose
With my bankruptcy petition
I owe thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and if probate choose,
My estate shall but owe thee more after death.

Based on EBB Sonnet 43

Bill Kitchens

Some Oily Thoughts

The Oil Sheik

The Bedouin chief, with caravan of limo's sleek,
enjoys the life of oil chic.

Lesser potentates may envy, but can't afford'er
if they're too low on the OPEC'ing order.

The Worm's Turn

Though oil slicks most foul
at times coat beach and fowl,
it's an ill wind that blows no one good.

Every dog has its day, and should.

Why then, doth it seem absurd
that the worm gets the oily bird.

The Wishing (Oil) Well

No drilling here, not so much as looking there;
from oil's greedy grime, the earth we must spare!

If only oil's need we could wish away.

Beggars would ride, they used to say,
if wishes were horses.

If beggars could ride,
they'd probably prefer Porsches;

but think of the methane,
if wishes were horses.