

BAN

William Walden

I think that I shall never ski
Because I'm apt to hit a tree.

A tree that's squarely in my way
No matter how I lunge or sway.

A tree that grew up just to be
A cause of injury to me.

A tree that does me grievous harm—
That breaks a shoulder, leg, or arm.

Take care, all clumsy fools like me,
That you don't ski into a tree.

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