

MOONLIGHT FLIT

Peter Austin

'Neath Selena's light—God bless her!—
'Tween the hours of three and four,
Bed and chairs, they dragged, and dresser,
Down the stairs and out the door;

For they'd had it, with the plaster
That alit on head and feet,
With the neighbour's ghetto blaster,
And the Laodicean heat,

With the rodents, and the roaches,
And the landlord (damn his eyes!),
Who requited soft reproaches
With barbaric battle cries;

Yes, they'd had their fill of fighting,
And the time had come for flight,
Though the ice lay, uninviting,
'Neath Selena's silver light.

'Cross the lot, they slipped and sidled,
While their hands and feet grew numb,
Till the van that softly idled
Was as full as Falstaff's tum;

Then (for freedom sweetly beckoned)
"Go!" said Sharon: "Move your ass!"
He was shifting into second,
When the van ran out of gas.

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