

East is east and west is west
And I'm not saying either's best
But Kipling said that never the twain shall meet and he was WRONG
They're getting closer every day and never is just too long

People have crap on their i-pods
People watch crap on TV
People are not getting smarter
Because of smart technology

Roller coasters and water slides
A very long wait for a very short ride

The nudists on the Baltic coast are mostly old and fat
But I'm not so young and thin myself, so I can't complain about that
I looked at my wife and she said "Don't"
So I said "Oh, all right, I won't"
But the next morning when I woke up and got out of the tent
The wife and kids were still asleep, so up to the beach I went
The sky was somewhat overcast but the air was warm and still
The water wasn't cold at all, I barely felt a chill
It was very liberating, I felt free and clean
There was just one little thing that I had not foreseen
I waded out a hundred yards, two hundred, maybe three
The water's depth was still below my knee
It was legal and acceptable to be there without clothes
Nonetheless, I felt a bit exposed

At The Vatican, tourists come and go
And see the work of Michelangelo

The map is not the landscape, it can never be complete
The menu doesn't hold the flavor of the food we eat
Et le dessin d'une pipe n'est pas une pipe selon René Magritte

A Sonnet on the First Day of School

New born babies are one of life's great joys
But, Jesus Christ!, they make a lot of noise
They cry, they poop, they poop, they cry, they cry
And there are moments when we wonder why

We thought it would be fun to reproduce
As we suffer through an earful of abuse
We eagerly await that golden day
When we can send the little brats away

Today, there is a cool and pleasant breeze
The leaves are brown and falling from the trees
It's time to send the children off to school
That's the schedule, the tradition and the rule

Every year we see the seasons change
We should not be surprised, it's not so strange
The green of summer wasn't meant to last
It fades into the sweet nostalgic past

It's natural and always has been so
autumn is the time for letting go