

Laura Will Remember

The limoncello was creamy
Until transubstantiation set in.
It made everyone steamy
To see the change begin.

Water into wine. Lemons into life.
240,000 miles to the moon (on average)
And seven miles into the deep, like vinegar in olive oil.
Has someone thought of drowning W in it?

So, where will we go, now that we are here?
But how do we know where to begin?
“Star at the beginning, go to the end, and stop,” said Alice.
Follow the beat of the drumbone or the dobro or the stritch.

Who am I? and – Why am I here?

The answer is not dreamy
And there is no sin.
Except for the seamy
(Do you want fries with that?)
Or something more creamy?
No, just a pint of gin.