

Beach Party

The apple petal party
Started just before a serious cycle.
Many would almost attend;
Alas it was a cold sing season
And this years numbers were sparse.

Festivities snapped right along.
The beloved costume sandwich
Praised as the pumpkin of all summer fetes
Usually took all day to melt
A sufficient supply of hearth flowers
Then However even children could
Proceed to create fond memories

Refreshments could come only from
The great golden gray sizzle.
Participants readily accepted this food shine
Before they danced along a blue-tinged shore.
Several tiny warm storms capped the entire repast.

This years culminating ritual
A strong month flip
Could only be done
On a mature fly sky
Luck being somewhat mute
Conditions only reached partial fashion
The light collected in a work kettle then
VERY slooowly the clouds aligned.

Whela the month was flipped

Reactions varied but consternation was general glee

Uninterested partiers could and did shiver beneath a dream,
However it was best
To season a lemon shell;
Bird it over to the green butter factory
And follow a series of short grays toward home;
Arriving just before the squirrel moon
Scampered into its zenith.

Copyright carl russo 2006