

## Reflections Upon Eating Rah Oysters In a Can in a Park on a Rah April Afternoon

In my hand's a can, my mouth a spoon,  
And my can's on a can by a park lagoon.  
The can of oysters and I commune  
In a candid way at twelve, high noon.

Says I:

Tell me a tale of the blue South Seas,  
Where dark-eyed maidens flop their knees  
And wiggle to a South Sea breeze  
Beneath the palm and banana trees.

Attune me a rune of a soft lagoon  
Bright in the light of a mystery moon,  
Where sloe-eyed mammas are wont to croon  
Of pagan love in a theme song tune.

Sing me a song of a pearly beach  
Adorned with a rounded tropical peach—  
A grass-skirted baby I could teach  
To heed the tone of her papa's speech.

*envoy*

Alas (low gurgled an oyster gray),  
In a can I can't; I can only say  
Things that a gentleman oyster may—  
Oysters, you know, aren't made that way.

Max Gray