

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