

Sonnet 35

Tony's Sonnet

Across the sands where Moxy Früvous plays
The softly swinging palm trees stood on guard
And there in the soft sand some young cows laid
For in their small herd they were playing cards
But not just any game of cards was this!
For these cows had broken from their tethers
And thing such as cow clothes were quite amiss
And most were down to only their leather.
Strip poker was the game to play tonight!
And each cow only had a covered hock
And what a horror to see by the light
Cows on the beach playing cards without socks!
 And so the river runs wildly on
 And once again a day and come and gone.