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## Pirate Dreams

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## PIRATE DREAMS

A farmer's life is what I lead  
but dreams have I of daring deed.  
I'm bold and brash and short of cash;  
a pirate with a black mustache.

My Captain was a churlish chum,  
he chewed snuff and bubble gum.  
He spit and spat and that was that,  
his chaw could nearly drown a rat.

The mates were just as bad as he  
and played their games while using me.  
A hockey puck, I had no luck.  
From wooden oars I learned to duck.

We sailed to England, sailed to France.  
In Spain the crew taught me to dance.  
I did a rare flamenco there  
with heels ablaze and flaming hair.

When I awoke — sweet bye and bye,  
I fell from bed and bruised my eye.  
To make it worse I had the curse  
Of eating crow and speaking verse.

I'll dream no dreams of Istanbul.  
To dream this dream made me a fool,  
I'll pick no fights while dressed in tights  
instead I'll snore away my nights.

I'll not go back to bed just now.  
My head is sore and black my brow.  
I'll sit and vent and be content  
to milk my cow and pay my rent.

— *Robert L. Gockman*