

Sherbert is Not a Sissy
by pg

On the sixth day of November...

Sherbert is a sissy I'm sure.
I saw him come in from the canyon.
Well, he wobbled in.
Delicious day, creamy and camp.

Later that evening...

My buddy at the bar said, "This one's orange and on a cone."
I nodded, not knowing how to act.
Slid Sherbert a beer while my bud was in the can.
It kept going and he didn't seem to care.

On the first day of December...

I wrote a letter.
It read my dearest Sherbert.
Thank you.
You got me off my elbows.
And out of an outdated waltz.

Sincerely,
William H. Brumberry