

## **That Blasted Log**

by Brandon M. Dennis

Walking through the garden green,  
hand in hand for all to see,  
my lovely lady, Sohwyn.

To the fountain, turtles and doves,  
spouting water up above,  
trickling back into the mist,  
stood we there to make our tryst.

“Such a lovely fountain dear,”  
she said to me, in my ear,  
spoken for only me to hear.

“Certainly, very nice indeed,  
but at the moment I have a need  
for a hotdog, if you please,  
to make my stomach well at ease.

See yonder man and cart?  
Off I go to play the part!  
Of a hungry man at the morning’s start.”

And so I walked away from she  
to get some food for her and me,  
and she stood there, so serene,  
my lovely lady, Sohwyn.

But as I walked to hunt the dog,  
lo! I tripped over a log!  
and fell to my face in the morning fog.

Bumped my head did I just then,  
and saw the stars that are spoken of men  
when they too bruise their heads  
and are laid to recover in their beds.

But more than that, I saw a swirl,  
and colors resplendent begin to whirl.  
Descried I then the shape of a girl,

coming to me through the mist,  
and I tell you all, she looked pissed.  
But also there was on her face

concern and worry, escorting her grace.

And thought I, "What, all this for me?  
Who clumsily tripped over the tree,  
and banged up my poor knee?"

And I knew then, more than ever,  
that forever we would be together.  
If once I doubted love returned,  
I need not ever, this I learned.

"You clumsy oaf, look at your knee!"  
said Sohwyn, coming towards me  
as I struggled to my feet.

"You think with your belly, but not with your head!  
I swear some day you'll wind up dead  
from walking blind and forsaking your eyes.  
Look to the ground and not to the skies!"

"My dear," said I, taking her palm,  
"Hug me now and be quite calm,  
and over my knee should ye not fawn.

I am quite fine and have no major wound,  
but when was it last I said I love you?  
Well I'll say it, right here, I do.

And find it amazing, a sprite like ye,  
could ever love an oaf like me.  
But never matter, I dare not complain!  
Now let us walk to that hotdog wain."

And so we walked through that garden green  
With a lovely scrape on my knee,  
Me and my lady Sohwyn.