

Preposterous

What is that!?
A hippopotamus that's
preposterous with
bananas tangled in
your short tail and
you
wondering over to bail
me out of the lion's den
that's the mouse's job, is it not?
To escort the frayed
end of the rope through
the tiny hole of the knot
A hippopotamus, preposterous!
with such stubby white
teeth and a jaw
almost too big to chew with
ears almost too small to hear
the witch that's coming to take me
away
the old hag that's
stuffing me into the oven to stay
until I'm golden brown and
you
meandering around
town with your buddies
in the swamps soon
you'll be wearing red pumps
you pompous hero come to save me
—A hippopotamus—
that's simply,
tragically preposterous!

I think, though,
that I might like that...
like that much better than
the alternative gray
silver strong hero
that pompous man with
a plume in his hat
his helmet too tight
his ego too fat
that hippo I like better
than the alternative's letter
of love undying,
devotion unrelenting
but his horse—
more precious more
interesting than I
on my hovering
cloud full of
sympathetic raindrops
sensitive and educated raindrops
—he on his trusty steed
needs only a push
and maybe a shove
before he ends up
on his knees
and lower than my
poor faithful
grateful
stopping for
nothing but me hippopotamus
—my hippopotamus
is not so
preposterous.