

Monument

Gas Huffer

I dreamt I saw a monument
Erected in my name,
The mayor was there to cut the ribbon
Still nobody came

The pond was stocked with fishes
Hand selected, one-by-one,
Refreshments for a thousand sat there spoiling in the sun

Sculptors from Italy,
Carving a marble me,
Incredibly lifelike hair,
Read the inscription there
Donated all his time,
Concocting silly rhymes,
And waiting for the dinner bell to chime

It was a snow-white edifice, all flecked
With gold and green
But when they pulled the curtain,
There was no one to be seen

The wind blew long and cold
Between the chairs arranged in rows,
The only thing upon them
Were the streamers and bows

Sculptors from Italy,
Carving a marble me,
Incredibly lifelike hair,
Read the inscription there
Donated all his time,
Concocting silly rhymes,
And waiting for the dinner bell to chime

The mayor packed up his scissors,
And removed his beaver hat
He figured he should go,
The Veuve Clicquot had all gone flat

The keynote speaker took one look and got back into the cab
His words already etched
Upon that alabaster slab