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umbed pages
d letters to a friend
like my Grandfather's
rtune

0/10/29.

-- Ben Pleasants

Los Angeles, California

Nuns

Surely more Baptist than Roger Williams
I am surprised to come upon
Nuns on every single travel.
Today, for instance, four appeared
With five prancing loud nymphets
In bathing suits of flowered net;
The nuns were habited.

Through my window that looks at the sea
I watched the girls wade out to their knees
Followed by nuns -- only three
Through the water, up to their ankles
And even beyond; the fourth nun,
A sandpiper lady, chose to run
Instead of having her picture taken.

Before I could dress and get down to the beach
For a casual stroll the group had finished
A quick picnic of sandwiches,
Potato chips, and Fanta drinks;
They were engaged in a jumping match.
The skittery nun stood and watched.
She also smiled at me, I think.

The girls went out of their matted heads
When the contest dwindled to two of the sisters.
The fatter one was acclaimed the winner.

Once I knew a Baptist lady
A missionary who carefully mothered
Seven daughters, and none considered
Ever becoming a missionary.