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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.