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Holiday

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HOLIDAY

BY NANCY McBRIDE

Ding dong, over the world we go—
Off to somewhere, no where, anyhow,
Steel wheels grind out
Rickety rhythms on the rail.
What a noise we make—
Faster, takes your breath away;
Hurry up.

There's not much time to get away,
Good food — sharpens up the appetite —
Ski and skate on a mountain top,
Private sunsets on the snow,
Cheap at thrice the price.
Come all, pay out, join the fun:
Somehow.

Ding dong, cocktails in the lounge car—
Luxury (it's reasonable).
You need a rest to set the world up-right;
Look — the sun, it disappears;
The fire is out — but here, have one,
And pull the shade;
The new moon stares at me tonight:
We'll be there — somewhere — in the morning . . .
Hurry up, somehow.