Island Lady’s Bill-Green Sky

By Robert Wehling

Riding dauntless dolphin
Coast to coast to oil wells,
Stopping to sup of gasoline and glycerine.

Supercharged, again we’ll fly
Like jetstreams through the bill-green sky
Over cloverleafs and swimming pools
Motor plants and grand hotels.

The racing steed then surges home
To a stainless steel stable,
While I, exhilarated from my lofty ride,
Sit down to sumptuous dinner,
Sapphire wine, and sensuous you.