



Personal Experience à la Poe

Once, in winter nearly deadly, in a car with steering steady,
Turning corners up the Eastern highway, moving slow,
My family and I made a visit, to a splendid state (or is it?)
To Vermont, for so 'twas kismet to vacation filled with woe.
'Twas a visit filled with sad misfortune and abundant woe
 To a state with summer snow.

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas in the bleak December,
And with each separate sight we saw I let my sorrows more unload.
For still my parents, never flinching, made decisions, my fate clinching
They all but deserved a lynching, delivering that heavy blow
Such my fate was doomed to moving to the state where cold wind blows
 To the state with summer snow.

Much did I protest their choice, with frequent bursts of angry voice,
But solid stood they in their thinking, saying we would surely go.
So I began the chore of packing, though I confess that I was slacking,
With efficiency lacking, trying not to move by moving slow
If only I could make the time I had extend by moving slow.
 To avoid the summer snow.

Soon 'twas time to leave our home and to the highway take to roam,
Leaving behind everything. We couldn't stop from thinking though,
What was left ahead to find; our futures still to keep in mind.
Mixing memories left behind, thinking thoughts from long ago,
As we left the home we started making many years ago,
 Toward a state with summer snow.

Soon we found the journey changing, all our plans were rearranging
As our car was surely ruined on the parched and dry plateau.
With concern we started quickly, situation looking sickly,
To the city where we slickly planned our dying car to show
To a garage staffed with people who the problem sure would know.
 Then to the state with summer snow.

Soon with little hesitation, we left the car at that location
Left for them to sell it off for very little spending dough.
With no idea what we could do, or how our trip could continue
We got a ride, a little view, to a town of little show
A town so small that on a map the borders one could never show
A town that's far from summer snow.

This town had but one attraction, barely more than a distraction
On the highway passing through Nebraska's desert, low.
For a bus we sat there, waiting, new solutions innovating,
Attitude almost elating, spirits still were all aglow.
Even with our problems mounting, still our spirits were aglow.
Waiting for that summer snow.

Long we sat there waiting, hoping, wondering, planning, thinking, moping,
Then the bus at last came rolling up the highway from below,
Across the road we saw it drive, and on the other side arrive
So hoping we could just survive walking through the traffic slow
We gathered everything we had and crossed the highway very slow.
Toward the state with summer snow.

At long last we slowly boarded, all our efforts thus rewarded,
Sinking deep into the cushions of the cold seat – comfort? No.
Then relaxing if just slightly, though still clenching our bags tightly,
Hoping we'd be taken lightly to the east coast, all aglow
To Vermont with friends and family – houses lighted all aglow
In the state with summer snow.

Quickly moved we expedited, with the highway reunited,
Under swift and quick control of a driver deemed a pro
We soon, without much annotation after clever navigation,
Arrived at a destination far from home, but even so
This destination, Omaha, was hardly foreign thus and so.
Not like the state with summer snow.

'Twas soon enough that without fuss we made our way back to the bus
And settled down to start again toward our new home where we would go.
With spirits sinking, slowly falling, finding everything appalling,
The bus moved onward, slowly crawling -- toward the destination, though
That much at least was worth a smile, we couldn't really smile though
Thinking of the summer snow.

Another stop was made at last at a station, bustling fast
With travelers weary of their trips, a station called Chicago.
Here we waited many hours, bending timidly at the powers
Of the staff who o'er us towers, answering our questions "No!"
Can we go yet? Is it leaving? Can you help us? Always "No."
Little hope for summer snow.

Hours later, filled with rage, for those who put us in that cage,
The cage of having little choice in what we did, in where to go,
Finally we reached that state, if only several hours late,
Where we were home with pleasant fate and comic tales that we could show
To our friends and family there, the people who we'd want to show
About our trip to summer snow.

Our journey over, long begun, our suffering at last was done,
We stepped off the bus and found my father there, who waved Hello,
Then took us kindly to a place where we could shower, wash our face
And eat a meal with all the grace of people who the royals know.
For we had gotten home at last, with only memories to know.
Home with all the summer snow.