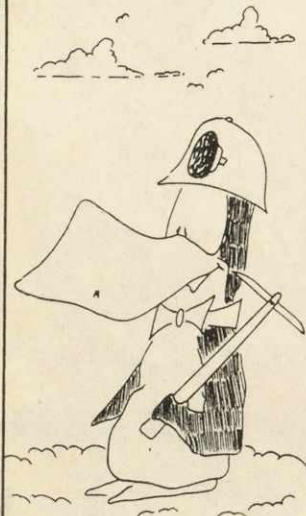


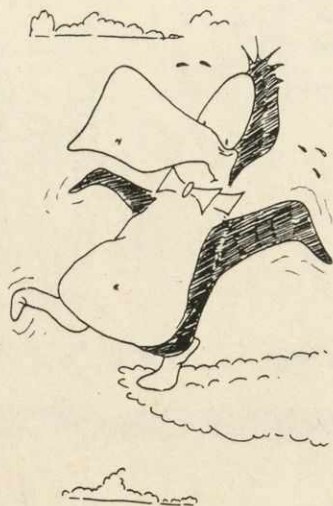
PENGUIN LOST

words by: bruce d. gilchrist drawings by: paul blamire with apologies to Berkeley Breathed

there's a miner up there
a penguin in the clouds
silver ore to be found



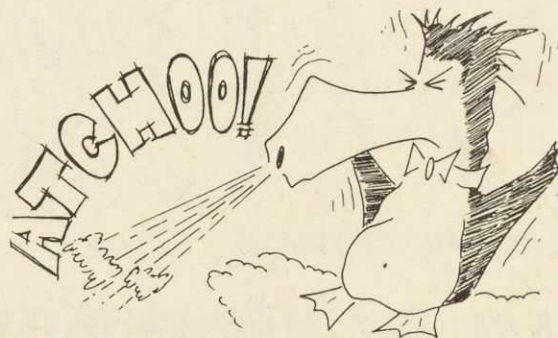
what holds him up -
is it the lining?



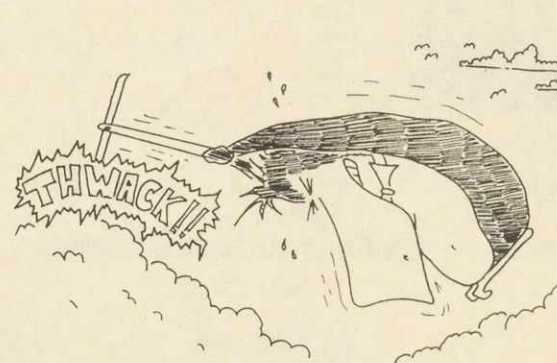
his nice tuxedo
rains with class
his flippers waddle
cumulo-nimbus style



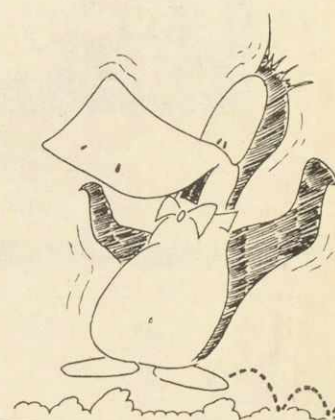
he shakes his trunk
gathers up wind
breathes it out
colobus force
stratifies



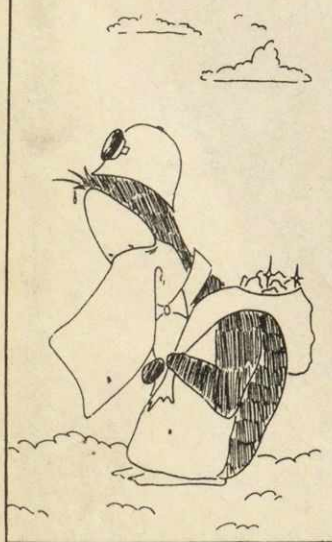
Thwack!
his pick comes crashing down
Emily's Forks
Thor's hammer



webbed feet shuffle
bouncing pillows
causing them to
rumble



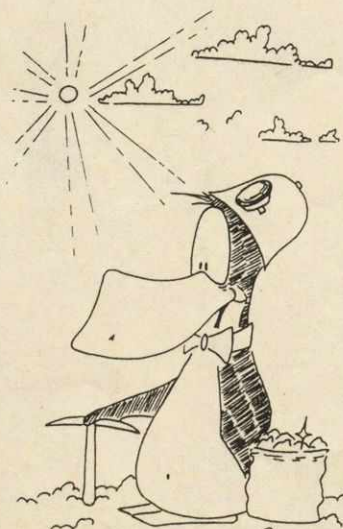
he picks up the ore
shoulder bags it
ready for his
redistribution plan



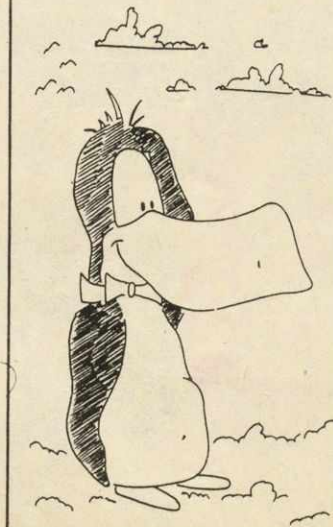
Gulp!
an occasional flying
halibut
or a juicy pop tart



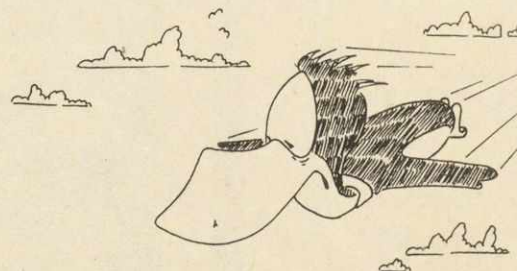
he jumps to the next one
previous dispersal
the sky clears deftly
in appreciation



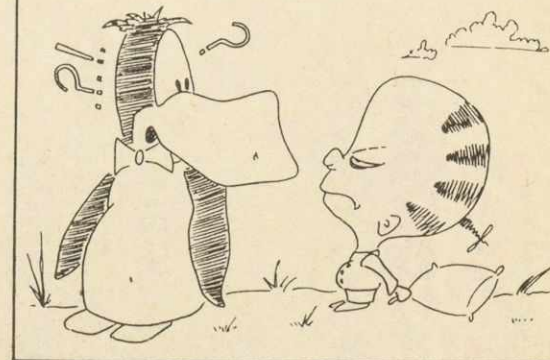
mines this one 'till
his bag is full
he's going to go
Ag'ing



stratosphere swim
mellifluous motion
silent fall
to a child's bed



from one pillow
to the next
ringing with silver
girl's fingers



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