

Evening Nap

By Robin Lipinski

Went to sleep, talked to Dax, deeply in thought, when sheep started jumping around.
So with a start, I wanted to try, only what the hell was this crazy Pollack thinking.
To take a nap?
Before sleeping?
Thank Zeus, Poseidon's trident poked my ass, causing a mermaid to weep, drenching the nap
away.
With the sound of the sea beckoning me, or maybe it is the wife yelling to turn out the light,
It's time to call it a night and go thinking.

The End