A Fun Poem

we walked out of the desert

our faces red, our eyes burnt

our feet no longer feeling the sands

there was an ice cream stand

they were selling cherry-vanilla

aaaaah!

we could have sung hosannas

but that’s old-school

instead, we built a temple there

the earth is called Adama

Adama gave us some trees, some mud

and a cooling breeze

we worked in the light of Yarech

(the moon,

if you haven’t been introduced)

when the work was done

we had a kosher pop

and entered the temple

we rocked until dawn

most excellently

there was no God handy, but so what?

after, we went back into the desert

there were still some idiots out there

ice cream just melts in the heat