

**On a Satin Laced Innertube, or, Marooned Without a Muse, or, Abandoned, or,
Never Trust a Wormhole, or, Where Have All My Boats Gone??**

Floating here all alone
Beneath the burning sun,
Without food, water, or, really anything for that matter,
I just can't help but wonder

Where did all the boats go?

Because I'm going to be honest here, I am a tad worried
Concerned, rather,
About my current state

You see there were
boats
here. Lots of them. And now they're gone.

Where to I've no idea...

I mean for all I know they could have been violently ripped from my location
through a swirling chaos that could only be explained as a rip in the fabric of time
and space and then deposited inside of an extremely unfortunate canary who was
in the middle of serenading his elderly owner, who, by the way, was enjoying a
beautiful evening in her midtown apartment before her bird exploded into at least
50 different seafaring vessels.

But that's just one theory

I think the heat is starting to get to me.

All I can do now is ponder my fate...

Am I destined to float here forever until I die?
My bleached bones on an eternal tour of the ocean,
Until that too dries up and disappears?
Will this inner tube be my coffin?
My final resting place?

Please tell me,
Where did all my boats go?

the yacht the tugger
the dinghy the ironclad

the tanker
the battleship
the galleon

the cruise ship
the privateer

Where did they go?