

The Ice Cream Mantra

by sean m. poole

Chant the ice cream mantra.
Prance the do dah day ballet.
Trot the t-bone tango two-step.
Dance the livelong day away.
Spout the heady hipster lingo.
Sing that breathy beat-box rhyme.
Skip the trippy light fantastic.
Mother, may I have a dime?

The time we've waited for is here
The truck of frosty treats draws near.
The dime is yours to spend my dear.
The frosty sparkling spear of
Living in the now will sweetly melt
Upon our tongues and these and
Those and thou doth sweetly cool
The summer's heat.
Go! Pay the piper now!

