

Golden Pancake Dream

by Bob Boucher, Jan 2011

One cold Mohave morn
with half a mile till dawn
I'm hungry and forlorn
my credit's overdrawn

My cash is running dry
I'm almost broke, I cry
fifty cents to my name
Why it's a crying shame.

Here comes this tiny town
a place of no renown
it only has one street
one tiny place to eat.

I ask an Hombre there
what is the going fare
the cheapest meal in town
something that is marked down

That pancake house right there
ten bits the going fare
for pancakes golden brown
best pancakes in the town

I have but fifty cents
I can't afford the rent
No problem says the gent
will gladly share the rent

We two can make the fare
and get our pancake there.
The waitress takes our money.
Here's your batter Honey.

Don't start to bitch and moan,
for that price, you cook your own.
The batter is poured around,
two drops fell on the ground

The Pancake looking good
golden brown as it should
I was now ready to eat
but Hombre was a cheat

He grabbed it for his own
I then began to moan
awakened from my Dream
My Pancake! I did scream.

That guy stole my pancake!
My wife was now awake.
Your pancake, your Schmancake!
Now what's with your pancake?

Now it's only a dream
Not so bad, it would seem.
Now you get back to bed.
That was all that she said.

On that very same morn
I'm still sad and forlorn.
Got dressed up and all that
to the kitchen and sat.

And then to my surprise
what greeted then my eyes
a pancake, giant size.
I stopped feeling deprived.

Now really I must say.
My good wife made my day!