



ANOTHER POEM, PART IV

134 Bruce Creamer

Now that I lost the cops,
I had to go away.
For surely they would find me,
One of these days.

So I packed up all my things,
And headed for the bus station.
It was time for me to go,
On a little vacation.

I got settled in,
On the 409
As she pulled out of the station,
And headed down the line.

After an hour,
We were faced with an ordeal.
The driver dropped dead,
And I had to take the wheel.

I said to the passengers,
"In me you can confide",
"Now hang on you idiots,
We're going for a ride."

I tramped on the gas,
And boy did she burn,
But I really should have slowed down,
For that hairpin turn.

The bus tipped over
And scraped along the ground,
Then it smashed into a village,
And burned two houses down.

I scrambled out the door,
And up on to the road,
I couldn't help the other passengers
Because they were all out cold.

I stuck out my thumb,
And tried to thumb a ride.
But people wouldn't stop,
So my face, I tried to hide.

My face was all mangled,
And I looked like Freddie Kruger
So the next guy that didn't stop
I shot with my Ruger.

Now I had a car,
But where would I go.
This was one of my jobs,
The cops would surely know.

The fire department was busy,
As they wrapped up their hoses.
That's where I picked up Joey,
He was going to see Guns N' Roses.

Joey was now a working man.
He even had his own office,
But he nearly took a fit,
When I told him he was now my accomplice.

He said "Let me out,"
And I said "No way man,
just shut up and listen,
here's my plan."

"First we leave the country,
maybe goto Rome."
"And then we'll get some women,
to clean up our new home."

So anyway we moved,
And started a new life.
But now me and Joe,
Had each nine kids and a wife.

