

## MOO

Escorted by albino princesses I am led to the Great Hall,  
shaky ankles, I am awed by the enormity of it all.  
"But all I have is one small gift", my quiver-voice did chant.  
"Worry not, oh little one, have some of our decant."

'Tis precious was the liquor poured into the goblet thus;  
the liquid had such majesty, red flecked with silver dust.  
I put the globe up to my lips and sipped exotic brew.  
This mind of mine did wander and my mouth began to 'Moo'.

"Oh no", I thought, "What have they done, have I misplaced my trust".  
"You have not, oh silly one, you merely need adjust  
to a fine, ethereally brewed, albino bathtub liquor."  
"Moo!", I said and then I thought, "a pity I'm not quicker."

"We can hear, oh thoughtful one, you needn't use your voice."  
"I see that now, my princesses, I haven't any choice".  
"But yes you do, oh human one, we understand your Moos."  
"Moo Moo Moo Moo Moo Moo Moo Moo", "It's thought then I do choose".

And then a wondrous thing occurred, a rare fulfilling site.  
A ray of gold did split the sky from left and then to right.  
And from this gold, a bud appeared from where there once was none.  
Six purple petals peeled themselves and when their work was done.

A lovely greenish woman stood inside their radial spokes.  
"My princesses, my princesses, is this one of your jokes?"  
But instead of princess voices, 'twas the greenish one who thought  
"Relax my man, they work for me, I am the one you sought"

"Moo!", "I mean, uh, I did not expect for you to actually show,  
uh, please may I have back my voice. I, uh, really have to go."  
"Ah, That is but a small request, I thought you would have more,  
but if it is all the gift you want then kneel upon the floor."

And so I did, I put my knees down on the polished marble,  
then with surprise the greenish gal began a swallow's warble.  
She danced around her flower like a dervish with a whirl  
and then her foot was in my face, "Oh heavens! Greenish girl"

I looked at it and thought aloud "What crazy plan is this"  
"In order to retrieve your voice you must give it a kiss."  
Then pondering a life of moos, I tightly pursed my lips.  
And closed my eyes to wiggling toes I kissed upon the tips.

When my eyes did finally open, the three ladies smiled at me.  
"What's so funny, Is my voice back?" I said with nervous glee.  
Now back upon her flower, the greenish one said "Yes...  
but foolish man, the Moo effect would quickly effervesce.

You needn't ever kiss my foot to get your sick voice back,  
but since you did I'll throw some inspiration in the pack."  
"Oh goddess of the poets you are truly wise and kind,  
for your gift I thank you, and I think if you don't mind,

I must be going now. It has been such a wondrous day."  
And so I turn to leave and the greenish one says "Hey!...  
the princesses said something about a gift exchanged per wish?"  
"Oh foolish man I am. I am! I forgot to give you this."