



With sincerest apologies to Robert Rose:

Boats are the nearest thing to bad dreams that hands have ever made, For  
somewhere deep in their plastic hearts a wad of cash is laid; A wad that  
builds with the boat along through mounting hills of green, And fill the  
hands of many men who fix and wash and clean.

For how could some glass and layers of resin tied with a canvas thread,  
Become a witch on sun drenched paths when the wad of cash is fled?  
Her bottom throbs as her greedy arms clasp the dough in fond embrace, And  
her joyous grin is fresh on her salt washed face.

No storm can smother the lust for cash that wells in her laughing throat.  
Small wonder then that men go mad just tending to the damned old boat.  
For the lapping water is a siren sweet that tugs at the wallets of men, and  
down in the boat the bills go once more and they never come back again.

Eric Bigham