

Addresses for Margo

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I thought that Margo was too bitchy when she complained about not having these addresses. She acted like it was my fault. In response to her demand that I give them to her, I wrote this poem and sent it to her. She hasn't asked me for any more addresses. For those of you who worry about such things, the addresses provided in this little poem are all safely obsolete.

In days gone by I journeyed there,
An 'bode so distant I'd not care,
To fancy it so wondrous faire,
That I'd go there again.

Unless, pray tell, I thought there were,
Some reason I could not defer.
Some cost that I could not incur,
Some consequential sin,

That I'd not dare to undertake.
I'd go there to avoid mistake.
That long and arduous journey make,
To ending from begin.

Except I needn't. I can send
A letter, and my errors mend,
And that is better, I contend,
Than going there again.

The needed info I'll transmit
By methods most astutely fit,
And if Dear Margo fancies it,
Perhaps her pardon win.

There's Andrew, whose address she needs.
So, **Box 371** it reads.
Where **Wabag, Enga Province** breeds
Papua's New Guinea hen.

Now, lest you criticize my verse,
Take thought! I could do very worse,
Than using puns, although perverse,
To hide an address in!

And now, there's Catherine, for sure!
Who lives in **Space 464**.
In **San Jose**, where breathing pure
Air may not be again.

To **Senter Road**, her mail should go,
To street address **2580**
The zip code's the next thing I'll show,
And then I'll pack it in.

The Zip Code's **95111**
This poetry has been such fun!
I guess you're happy that I'm done.
I doubt you'll ask again.