

The Race for Fuel

The started truck began to sing once John
Had turned the key. Upon the turning on,
He made a holler and began to pray
For help surpassing this atrocious day.
Pray now I for the Muse to bless me here
In order to reveal the dreadful fear
Of man in such a horrid, awful state,
Beyond imagination could relate!

A man of youth is John, a student smart,
And first to school gets an early start.
Not once he gave the time to comprehend
That maybe his fuel is at an end.

The reason John gave recoil so much in shock
Is that “empty” shows at eight o’clock.
As time is very fleeting, leaving fast
And draining, depleting, slowly cast,
In every minute must there be use,
For time will march on to always deduce.
Like time is gas, diminished every day.
The fuel use must be in a careful way.

In rush to get to work, he knew what might
Be done. Himself he armed in glasses white
And camo hat equipped. Then, making haste
To use his every second, being braced,
Began the journey did he for the sake
Of his depleting engine’s life. No brake
Was used by him, and, speeding through Detroit,
He rushed his way to carry out his exploit.
Like when the hawk detects prey down below
And shoots in hasty manner to kill his foe,
So John is shooting for the target now.
To satisfy his engine is his vow.

The station near, almost John gets there,
But slowly driven was a car with care

In front of John. He swerved with anger right
And left, but useless it was: She with spite
Would not allow his passing. Screaming out,
He started crying, "Help me win this bout,
O God!" Now at the brink of losing hope,
The angels and sprites returned this grope
By swooping down to move the wench away
From John's reducing path. No more dismay
Does John possess now; and, speeding passed her.
He reaches the station as if it were
A blessing so great, while the angels above sing
Of him who conquered his quest like a king.

Written by Michael Sibille