

Horrible Misunderstanding

I met the NICEST sort of man
Who did his travelling all by plane;
He had a keen and canny brain
Inside a most attractive head!
I fear I grew quite white ... then red.
When he with light sophistication
Extended me this invitation.
“Let's hop my plane, sweet child,” he said,
“We'll cruise around the clouds awhile, and then
Land on my lawn ... you'll stay to tea
And then, I'll fly you home again!”

He'll never know, how tempted I
Went “teetering” yes, and “tottering” no
I simply said, “It can't be done” ...
And he replied, “Of course not. No!”

And now I'm HAUNTED by the thought
He'll think me cowardly, indeed.
If I could just explain to him
It wasn't flying that I feared
I've been aloft before you see,
But just ... I never did like tea!

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