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Ride

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Ride

*John
Withee*

Help me conquer this pineapple
with spoons
piece by prickly piece.

Then dress me in spurs
and a ten-gallon hat
and send me out to ride whales
through the Atlantic.

I promise to holler your name
when I come up for air.

Take me up an Alaskan mountain,
hold my sweaty palm,
take me to ecstasy
until I shout, "Enough!"

Then burn me at the stake
until, smiling,
I ask for more flames.