The Song of the Minstrels

Ryan Maureen Tubbs

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.
The Song of the Minstrels

You and I, babe, we’ve got that irrepressible spirit of wandering in us
a thirst for adventure
We’ll never be content to stay in one place for very long
Never.
We need that rush of adrenaline, baby, and we need it now
We’ll be retro-modern bards
mysteriously fading in and
out of cities
We’ll glorify other people’s poetry and we’ll survive on love
and canned potatoes
We’ll pretend to be international spies; people worth knowing.
We’ll travel across the country in a big yellow bus
knowing no boundaries
The days will stretch into one Great Exciting expanse of
EXPERIENCES
And we’ll be able to tell the states apart by
the taste of their air
and the smell of their dirt
We’ll be Pseudo Modern Gothic Beatnik Metallic Minstrel Bards
travelin’ around the world
with our silver shoes, playing our bongo drums
and we’ll live lives worth remembering.
So pack your bags, honey,
The World’s a waitin’....

Ryan Maureen Tubbs