

I, the Puffinator

By Ilan Puffinator Kelman

I, the Puffinator
fly as would a troll
emerging gnomish and unfettered
from the ancient Bridge of Beats
Subsumed by parsley and chives.

I, the Puffinator
wings and beaks collide
as mist settles across the valleys
the rill rolling round the Hill of Hues
With pieces of cucumber among the radish.

I, the Puffinator
squeaking for the purity of pipers
enveloped by the ceaseless sunset
the timeless tone echoed by the Castles of Choreographies
In which crunchy carrots are consumed.

I, the Puffinator
gliding with lilted lilies
scattering through narrowed streets
enchanted into the Woods of Oration
Leaves and greens dressed lightly with oil and vinegar.

I have never known
a tomato so flavourful
or a pepper so tasty
as those brought by
I, the Puffinator.