

## Ode to Texas 200

One hundred souls,  
Sixty craft,  
Set sail of every kind  
'Neath a fervent Texas June sun.

Two hundred miles to beat,  
Tack after tack after tack some more,  
'Gainst a fickle north windless demon  
Not known in these southern parts.

Tales that the telling can't describe  
Of quivering lips, darting eyes and hearts that  
all but failed.

Whispering survivors speak the truth,  
Twe're Suffering and Pain who ruled.

Broken boats, bodies maimed,  
Ships that wandered off,  
Sailors lost for days on end,  
Omens not a few,  
"Elsie B" lost her foremast!  
Lightning from the sky!  
Fiery serpents and the like

Found easy prey that day.

Despite all this,  
None regret  
That long hot slow misery ride  
Their battle 'gainst Murphy and Mishap  
So wantonly marching side-by-side.

Truth be told,  
Some barely survived,  
While others inexplicably thrived,  
Here one day, there but two,  
Some even made it three.

In the end, a dozen did  
Find Maggie's sweet shoreline rest,  
Where Bravado and Beer heartened those  
lucky few  
With shrimp, sausage and corn to spare.

What Lies and Promises flowed brazen free,  
"It was great!"  
"We'll be back!"  
"Have you seen so-and-so?"  
"No?"

'Till the time to leave came and went,  
And now all's what's left  
Is Maggie's smile  
Lapping at the Beach.

'Twas the Texas two hundred  
Two thousand nineteen  
That will live forever  
In Infamy!