

POEMS – PART II

JOHN BANNON

Elephants

Eattocks eye-shot, eleven ebullient elephants enthusiastically egg-wife-trott.
Etherrial egg-filled enspheres, entirely engaging, entice.
Encarty exflunct, exuberant elephant eating embarks.

*Once within sight, eleven elephants bubbling over with emotion, easily jog in the direction of the sweet delights of the Marula tree.
Lured by these heavenly spheres, filled with juicy treats, that cannot be resisted, the pachyderm's self control is thoroughly overcome, and the consuming of the fruit begins.*

This poem is about elephants that eat the fruit of the Marula tree in Africa. The Marula tree provides a great deal to the many animals and humans that eat of its delicious fruit. Although not entirely true, the myth of elephants eating the fermented fruit and getting a bit tipsy had to be put to words. As you will see in several other poems, a trip my wife and I had an opportunity to take a few years ago to Africa has had quite an impact on my poetry. The trip of just about a month allowed us to soak in much of what the very hospitable country of Botswana had to offer.

Francolins

Frightened, fleet-footed Francolin families feverishly flee forest foot followers.
Finally free from fear females forage, fellas flirt.
Fine feathers fluffed, future fatherhood, fowl fatherhood, foreseen.

*Groups of very fast African guinea fowl run away from hikers on safari when startled.
Once they are clear of danger, the hens resume searching for food, and the cocks flirt with their beautiful plumage puffed up, looking forward to fatherhood, avian fatherhood.*

This little poem, about a small type of African guinea fowl, was written after my wife and I had the opportunity to take a walking safari for a few days in northern Botswana. It is amazing to see how fast these little birds can run for cover as you try to get closer. "Many thanks to our guide Philemon." He helped us see so much more than we ever imagined of these and other beautiful creatures.

Gapesnest Goats

Gapesnest, gregarious Golden Guernsey gents gather grass-side goggling gorgeous green-gowned gals, giddily gamesome, glad-warbling, granting great goat gyrations.

What a strange sight, playful Golden Guernsey Billy goats together along side the grassy slopes eyeing the beautiful nannies whose coats are stained by the green grass as they dizzily frolic, joyfully offering good hearted wrestling matches to bucks who are willing.

Hippos

Huge, hot, hungry, hippos, headwater habitat headed, hurry home.
Happy he horse, harem heavy, heaves heavily. Heaven.

*A group of very large over heated and hungry hippopotamuses rapidly head for home in the headwaters of their river habitat.
Contented the male sighs a long sigh surrounded by the many female companions of his group. This is paradise.*

This is yet another poem written about experiencing the wonders of Africa. Hippos, that can be so awkward on land, are a joy to watch as they gracefully lounge in the river waters. It truly is a haven for them. However, as experience will tell, they can be dangerous and care must be taken when observing them up close.