

# Monument

Gas Huffer

I dreamt I saw a monument  
Erected in my name,  
The mayor was there to cut the ribbon  
Still nobody came

The pond was stocked with fishes  
Hand selected, one-by-one,  
Refreshments for a thousand sat there spoiling in the sun

Sculptors from Italy,  
Carving a marble me,  
Incredibly lifelike hair,  
Read the inscription there  
Donated all his time,  
Concocting silly rhymes,  
And waiting for the dinner bell to chime

It was a snow-white edifice, all flecked  
With gold and green  
But when they pulled the curtain,  
There was no one to be seen

The wind blew long and cold  
Between the chairs arranged in rows,  
The only thing upon them  
Were the streamers and bows

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Carving a marble me,  
Incredibly lifelike hair,  
Read the inscription there  
Donated all his time,  
Concocting silly rhymes,  
And waiting for the dinner bell to chime

The mayor packed up his scissors,  
And removed his beaver hat  
He figured he should go,  
The Veuve Clicquot had all gone flat

The keynote speaker took one look and got back into the cab  
His words already etched  
Upon that alabaster slab