

Fitting Out

PC Don Smolenski

It's the time that boaters have been long waiting for!
Uncovering and spiffing up the boat that they adore
Be prepared, though, and don't you dare pout
You will be working your butt off rubbing her out!

And waxing and cleaning – little gifts from spiders and birds,
Somewhat like Super Glue – how to get rid of their turds?
Undoubtedly, little surprises will darken your day,
But nothing you can't handle, as long as you're ready to pay.

Painting the bottom, on a par with eternal damnation!
No matter how you gown up, you'll look like a Dalmatian.
And where in the heck did this new leak come from?
Of course, it's unreachable, the design's really dumb.

You'll look ahead to the first cruise on the lake,
Only another dozen jobs left that make your head ache.
But eventually you'll finish – you have been through so much,
You are exhausted and strained; your Visa is hot to the touch!

Loading all the equipment: PFDs, flares, horns, electronics, and such,
How on earth did you manage to collect so darn much?
The first sunny cruise on a lake with a well-earned, cold beer!
You'll forget all your trials --- until it comes around next year.