

THE TYCOON WHO CRAVED MACAROON

Did you hear the one about the
tycoon
Who had a craving for
macaroon
So he chartered a
balloon
All the way to
Cameroon?

His brave pilot was no
poltroon
He flew them straight through a
monsoon
Where they hit a great
typhoon
That tossed them into a wide
lagoon.

There they met a
picaroon
Who shot the pilot with
harpoon
Leaving the scared and hungry
tycoon
Very much a lonely
maroon
In his wicker basket
cocoon.

He could see this was no
Brigadoon
But still he dreamed of
macaroon
So he swam the wide
lagoon
Two pudgy thighs his
pontoon.

Once ashore he spied a
saloon
Open long before
noon
Wherein sat a wild
baboon
Who played a very fine
bassoon
And wore a purple
pantaloon
Spitting in his brass
spittoon.

His lady singer was a
loon
Who sure did know just how to
croon
She laid the blues on with a
spoon
She made the cross-eyed bouncer
swoon
His love for her would be a
boon

It meant she could retire
soon
To live her life out with a
goon
On a lake somewhere outside
Saskatoon.

Carousing drunkenly was a
platoon
On maneuvers from far-off
Rangoon
Served by bartender
raccoon
Who measured shots with a
Tablespoon.

“I'll promptly pay you one
doubloon
If you find me a
macaroon!”
Declared our still-craving
tycoon.

Thereupon arose a red-nosed
Walloon
Commander of this drunken
platoon
Who rose to spit in brass
spittoon
Silencing his fellows from
Rangoon.

“Did you think with one
doubloon
These drunken soldiers you could
dragoon
Just because you craved
macaroon?”
“Absolutely!” cried our
tycoon.

At which point the wild
baboon
Struck our friend with his
bassoon
Crowning him with the brass
spittoon
To wild cheers from the
platoon.

“Why do you treat me like a
buffoon?”
Cried our bruised and battered
tycoon
“All I wanted was a
macaroon
For which I'll pay you one
doubloon!”

“We'll take your vainly-proffered
doubloon”
Proclaimed the barkeeping
raccoon
“And make a much-needed

festoon
To be hung in the
forenoon
From the remnants of your
balloon."

With this the wild
baboon
Struck the hand of the
tycoon
Sending thus his gold
doubloon
Into the very brass
spittoon
Unretrievable even with
teaspoon.

Our now penniless
tycoon
Stuck his hand into brass
spittoon
To grab his only gold
doubloon
But like the much-storied
baboon
His fist fat with
doubloon
Could not be pulled from the
spittoon.

While thus detained, the entire
platoon
Labored hard through
afternoon
To redecorate the
saloon
With shreds of hot air
balloon
Draped into a bright
Festoon.

Hand still grasping the
doubloon
Thereby stuck in the
spittoon
Our most avaricious
tycoon
Was hoisted upward by the
baboon
Becoming the centerpiece of this
festoon
Without ever receiving his much-craved
macaroon.

The moral, thus, for any
 tycoon
Who thinks to charter a
 balloon
To satisfy his craving for
 macaroon
Make sure your pilot is a
 poltroon
Who steers you clear of any
 typhoon
That might toss you into a
 lagoon
Anywhere close to
 Cameroon.

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