

alpha three



"Should the day ever come"

There was an OC from New York
Who at chow would never eat pork.
Though gastronomically meek
When allowed to speak,
His tongue proved sharper than his fork.

There were various guides of Alpha 3:
Lynds, Quinn, O'Brien and Garvy.
But for making a face
When marching in place,
No one could out-grimace Donald T.

in Just
spring when the world is mud—
luscious commander moon calls
cadence far and wee

If OC Sinn comes, can Mr. Barry be far behind?

If it moves, salute it.
If it doesn't move, pick it up.
If you can't pick it up, wax it.

Lo the poor Carlson, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Fox never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in appearance a wantonness;
But two salutes rendered improperly
Coast OC Veen his liberty.



"From Aztec shore to Tripoli"