

Ani-palz I: The Tail of Art the Aardvark and Zed the Zebra

Art embarked on a funny little walk
to close out a hurried night.
He wanted to clear his fuzzy little head
of the blurry thoughts of life.

It had been a hard night –
Just as hard as the rock
he now plodded upon
as he walked out the clock.

Aardvarks live in the dark
and they never wear shoes.
So when Art stubbed his toe,
the half-moon sang the blues.

As he scaled the last slope
of Horizon View Peak,
fresh rays lit his way,
turned the sandy floor pink.

Art sat in a dip of the cliff,
then tilted his ears to the east.
He heard the warm sun climbing up,
with the hooves of a towering beast.

Clip cloppity clop –

No that can't be the sun!

Art turned fast to find

some-striped-horse-ey-one.

"Have I missed the sunrise?"

this odd creature said.

"I watch it each morning.

How are you? I'm Zed."

"I'm okay and I'm Art,

you have not missed it yet.

But I must now return

to my home and my bed."

Art intended to leave,

but they chatted a while.

And he found, on his face

that had frowned, twenty smiles.

They talked like the old pals

that they'd soon become.

But they missed it that morning,

the rise of the sun.

Each night, Art looked forth
to that chat with a friend,
when he'd tell Zed his night dreams
that never would end.

And each day, Zed went home
from the peak with a grin,
and recalled the real joy
that made hurt feel pretend.

One day, one pal's schedule
required a change.

So an alternate plan
was agreed and arranged.

They met for the sunset
and found it quite strange,
as Art skipped to the night
and Zed's energy waned.

Art had shouted about
what he dreamed in the day:
Like parades on the moon
where the saxophones play.

Zed said "Oh don't be dull,
that's a tame dream for you.
Go be free, change the world!
Let your WILD dreams come true!"

And as the years passed,
there was not much to say.
Art the aardvark shrank down,
Zed the zebra turned gray.

But they kept on returning,
both finding their way,
to the end of the night
and the start of the day.