

If I Were a Fabulous Fleet Flying Fleeve

*by Dennis Payton Knight, a Familiar Human Being
(With Thanks and a Hug for Janvi)*

If I were a fabulous fleet flying fleeve I would wear my fabulous pea-green-pink turtle-neck with a pocket for my fabulous quadruped quadruplet baby fleet flying fleevies with a secret pocket deep down inside that one for the fabulous peppermint leaves which no fabulous fleeve could ever fleetly fly anywhere without. I would have fabulous pea-green-pink tennis shoes on all four of my fabulous fleever feet with soles of fabulous bouncy fleever flubber for fabulous landings.

My great-great-great-great-grandfleeve Fabulous Fannie Fleeve came from a long line of fabulous unicorns but the horn I inherited from her in the middle of my fabulous forehead is not a plain old pointy unicorn horn. No, it's a fabulous unicoronet for tooting my fabulous fleever tunes.

At flight time I would file my fabulous fleet flying fleeve flight plan, flap my fabulous pea-green-pink gossamer fleever ears for a fabulous lift-off into the fabulous pea-green-pink clouds all the while tooting the fabulous notes of my fabulous "Fly Me to the Moon Somewhere Over the Rainbow on Gossamer Wings Hot-Diggity-Dog-Diggity-BOOM-What-You-Do-to-Me Cha Cha." I would wiggle my fleet flying fleever fanny to punctuate the cha-chas, toot up another fabulous number, and fly, fly, fly.

But my turtleneck has no pockets and nary a tint of pea, green or pink. My plain white tennis shoes are from Costco, I have nothing musical protruding from my very white forehead, and I am without baby fleevies, fabulous or not. My ears are not made of gossamer, they do not flap, and they have the aerodynamics of a broken wheelbarrow. I can't do the cha-cha, and I am fresh out of peppermint leaves.

So, instead I will take my familiar stroll in my familiar green park in my familiar neighborhood under familiar clouds with my familiar fellow human beings. Fabulous? Phooey.