

**Matthew Byrne**

**Poem for the Burlini #1**

A cold concoction,  
A creamy compound.  
This crisp combination  
lightens the load of  
a laborious life.  
Chiseled and Griseled,  
Sat there like a stump,  
Churning away, Whether we  
choose not to or pump.  
Without any reason,  
Without any luck,  
We keep right on going,  
Through trenches of pure muck.  
And of course it will be waiting,  
It does not need much stating,  
That the just rewards never lose their  
charm on a never-ending day.