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The Randomness of My Thoughts

I think, if I had an ice cream truck,
I'd let the jingle echo throughout the neighborhood,
And when the hopeful children emerge from their dens,
With their excited eyes lit up like lemons,
And with their small hands
Carrying copious amounts of piggy-bank change,

I think I'd wait until they approached the side window,
Before suddenly revving the engine,
And bolting to the end of the street,
Where I'd park once more,
And let the my enticing vehicle
Continue to
Sing.

And I think, if I had a small stereo set-up,
One with durable batteries and a waterproof exterior,
It'd be nice to leave it beneath a sewage grate,
A few meters in front of the neighbor's apartment,
And proceed to let the popular Beatles' song,
"Help" loop continuously throughout the night.

It wouldn't play loudly though.
Softly, such that the music rides the night
Atmosphere in a manner that would effectively
Haunt the sleeping world within that housing complex,
Greeting them with only the best of classic rock.

And I think, if I owned the proper clothing,
I'd wait for the train while wearing a black business suit,
With an expensive brown suitcase to compliment it.
And as the doors of the train slid open, and the conductor
Beckoned us to quickly proceed inside,

I think I'd like to strip my suit of its boring nature,
And reveal my superhero costume hidden beneath,
And, I think I'd enjoy sprinting through those doors,
Ahead of the other commuters and past the conductor,

(No Stanza Break)

Letting my red cape rise heroically behind me,
And allowing my lightning bolt shirt to flash
And play the sound of thunder throughout the station.

But after I arrived inside and started making my way down the aisle,
I would open up my briefcase to reveal another
Black suit and I'd disguise myself once more, and
I'd reach the end of the train, where I'd innocently lift
A baggage-worn newspaper and begin to read quietly,
As if nothing extraordinary had ever occurred.

And, I have to say, I think that
If I came across five stalls in an
Office restroom, I think I might gather
Three other friends and we'd place ourselves
Within the most exterior enclosed spaces,
Leaving one lucky spot in the middle of our quartet.

And, upon receiving notification of the
Fifth performer, we'd begin auditioning him,
Starting out by singing 'Row Row Row Your Boat'
In Rounds, allowing the familiar and well-known
Tune to swing back and forth, between
Each end of the stalls, until finally
The spotlight would fall upon him
To continue,
And end,
What we started.

And I think, if I was a delivery man,
I'd shake every soda bottle that fell into my trust.
And, I think I'd occasionally like to tip the costumer,
Or at least ask them if I could buy the pizza back.
But, above all, I'd certainly make sure
That I'd climb the fire escape; knock on their back door,
Or perhaps simply locate the most appropriate window,
In order to ensure that they would not have to
Depart from their television sets and be
Bothered by someone at their front door.

And, I think if I worked in a general store,
I'd promptly leave the doors locked, with the
Neon 'open' sign active, and when customers
Waved at me through the glass doors,
I'd politely respond by smiling and waving back,

(No Stanza Break)
Before returning my gaze down to my book.

And, I think that if I worked in an arcade,
Each and every time someone approached me,
With their hands full of tickets, requesting
To exchange them for one of the cheap
Products on the wall, the type of toys that would
Either break before the end of the day or at least be
Left behind and forgotten in a trash bin,

I think I'd strictly accuse them of trying
To fool me with counterfeit money, or maybe
I'd simply state, without looking behind me,
That the toy they were pointing to no longer existed.
And if an arcade participant arrived at the counter,
With no tickets at all, I think I'd let out a sorrowful
Gasp, and respond by hiding myself behind the counter,
Just until they retreated and returned to the machines.

But, I think that if I was a poet,
I'd like to recite a piece entitled,
"Thirty-three seconds of silence", or maybe
I'd utilize coding 'if' statements so that
Readers can resort to the appropriate pages,
Depending on their mood throughout the poem.

But, most importantly,
I think that if I was a poet,
I'd simply write about what I enjoy,
Nothing serious, nothing meaningful,
Nothing with purpose or cause,
I'd just toss down the randomness of my thoughts,
And, I think I'd enjoy, as a poet,
Watching as people read deeply into my work,
Still somehow obtaining inspiration from what I thought was
Nothing.