Esther

Phish

It was late one fall night at a fairground near town
When Esther first saw the Armenian man
Who groveled toward her and stood by her side
With a bucket that swung in his handHis grin stretched the folds of his pasty white cheeks
And his lips hurled a dollop of murk on the curb
And the lights from the rides showed a mischievous sparkle
That flashed in his hollow eyed stareHe said, "Little girl, you can chop off my legs
And then peel off my socks if you want to
But I'd rather you took this old puppet from me
That I hold in my pail as we speak"And he stood looking down at the innocent girl
And she stared at the bucket bewildered
Then he lifted the doll for the young girl to see
And a giant smile grew on his faceShe saw the doll's eyes and she couldn't resist
And she thanked the man quickly and ran to the church
And she burst through the door with puppet held high
And a hush filled the chapel and the people looked meanEsther tried in vain to pacify the mob
Quibble grew to spat, to wrangle, then to brawl
The frenzied congregation struggled desperately to fetch
The pretty puppet snugly nestled deep in Esther's leather sackThrough the window of the church, a storm began to rage
And Esther knew the time had come to flee
She scurried down the aisle toward the doorway in the distance
And out into the rainstorm where she felt she would be freeBut the wind was blowing harder
And her skirt began to billow, until finally her feet began to lift
And she rose above the houses and the people and the chimneys
And Esther and the doll were set adriftFloating higher over the hills
And the valleys and treetops they'd flutter and glide
Soaring and turning suspended on air
With the earth far below them they'd tumble
And dive through the cloudsAnd she began to plummet earthward
Till she landed in the nasty part of town
She glanced about the village sure to find the evil men
Who rob and pillage in the darkest hour of nightNervously she fumbled for the pouch that held the puppet on her rump
Feeling quite outnumbered Esther hid behind
A nearby pile of lumber, where she waited till the dawn
'Cause it would have been a blunder
To succumb to a hoodlum on the prowlWhen the morning came, she wandered through the streets
Along the chilly lake that lay beside the town

At last a peaceful moment, but she thought she heard a sound
It was an angry mob of joggers coming up to knock her downAs Esther stood and shook her head the joggers were approaching
And she knew she had no choice left but to swim
As the frosty water sank its bitter teeth into her hide
She tried to slide the heavy clothing from her skinNaked now she made her way toward the shore
When suddenly she felt a tiny tugging at her toe
And the puppet she'd forgotten wrapped its tiny
Little arms around her ankle and wouldn't let her goThe waves seemed to open and swallow her whole
As the doll pulled her down through the eerie green deep
And the sound of the laughing old man filled her ears
As she drifted away to a tranquil and motionless sleep

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