

## NOT IN SERVICE

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I discovered a secret place  
a few select may only go.  
You see it noticed everywhere,  
hidden in the open space!  
'NOT IN SERVICE'  
You see it advertized as though  
a candy land, a vacation place  
big block letters,

It's In your face!

Can You or I, anyone go?  
oh no!

## NOT IN SERVICE

I looked in maps and on the globe,  
that mark their place and in some mode  
a place that only satellite probe,  
and give me that geolocated secret code.  
Just where it was, what and why?  
Who goes there? Does one fly?

'NOT IN SERVICE'  
on the screens  
of busses, trains and limousines.  
Why do they taunt us?  
What does it mean?

That NOT IN SERVICE run.  
Every now, and a then  
I want to ask them:  
"Where have you been?  
Did you have fun?"  
Since They all come back  
The very next day,  
Then off they go  
Their separate ways,  
"Why do you ask?" they might retort  
"We're back, so who here gives a snort?"

‘NOT IN SERVICE’

I have an idea:

We’ll sneak on board

We’ll be real quiet.

We’ll stow away.

They have to take us!!

And when we get there,

We’ll dance and sing..

We’ll leap and bound!

We’ll have a fling!

One more idea I here propose

To open the door jam with my toes.

Do you think

Were I to hike

Thumb outstretched

Sign in hand:

“NOT IN SERVICE Bound”

THEY would stop?

Pick me up and...mmmffffm mmm?

I’m Back!

A call to my shrink just set me free.

And Now I’ll continue my soliloquy:

Maybe NOT IN SERVICE is

the multiverses;

other dimension’s

way to traverse.

THEY think they’re smart,

And sneaky too.

Hiding that place of marvel

from me and you.

Have you noticed or wondered dears:

Why the

NOT

IN

SERVICE

drivers bound,

Smile,  
from ear.... To..... ear?  
They appear so happy  
Full of bliss.  
I'm sure it's something  
THEY'RE/ not/ telling/ us.

One thought before I go  
To give credence to my charge,  
have you noticed  
In tax and talk:  
Never a cutback  
To THEIR funds.  
The NOT IN SERVICE,  
The best of runs!

THE END