

ON BONEFISH-SUGARLOAF [12-98]

**The folks in the Keys, quite interestingly,
Sip their beer through a straw.
They scorch their fish four shades of black,
Yet eat their shellfish...raw.**

**Indeed, they're as kind as any you'll find,
'long mainstreet USofA.
They'll stop 'n help a stranger along,
Even give 'em the time a-day.**

**The weather down here...hey, fine all year,
'cept for the hurricane.
But the locals'll hunker and rider 'er out,
Through the roar and the walls a-rain.**

**No finer place will you find on the face
Of this earth, for your holiday.
The weather's warm and the local charm,
Boasts a paradise for play.**

**So, come on down...just lounge 'round,
And let ol' Sol kick in.
'twill warm your heart and your bones'll start,
To feel like they'll work again.**

**Yeah! Folks done questioned my sanity,
But the smartest thing I done.
Was to save the last of this *Odyssey,
For the Keys 'n the tropical sun.**

*The "Odyssey of '98," 298 days and 4400 miles o'er the Eastern Continental Trail (ECT) started and ended in Florida.