Fossil Hunting

High expectations, soon to be lost,
From searching for dinos to warding off frost.
We entered the van, dry clothes, shoes and all,
That lasted one night, then on mudslides we’d fall.
First awed by some potholes, and some pahoehoe,
We then removed boulders, and some received joy.
A brachiopod! Holy shit! There it is!
Now we excite when we can take a wiz.
We got to our campsite, and boy was it cold,
We forgot that, however, when a coon got too bold.
That very next morning, a beautiful sight,
A nick was much more than geologic delight.
“Go up, over there”, said Ashworth with a smile,
“We’ll go around and meet up in a while.”
Yeah right, that was steep and we’d soon lose our breath,
Then I slide down a valley; almost fall to my death.
Willow River we stopped, and found rocks to hit,
Some more fucking brachiopods, a hyolithid, and shit.
Where are our fossils you lying son of a bitch?
“First let’s dig at Prairie du Chien, I hear it’s oil-rich.
Oh yes, it is, as Joe would find out.
Your whole fucking shoe? Smooth move boy scout.
Finally some fables were to be true,
A campsite, hot showers, a warm happy crew.
But wait! Now that can’t be, we must be in pain,
I’ve got it, “Hey God, could you please bring the rain?”
There we go, now we’re cold wet and pissed, hey thanks bud!
Then says Ashworth, “Let’s trek through eight inches of mud.”
Digging through shale, a promise was made,
A trilobite bed that was all ours to raid.
A pygidium here, half a cephalon there,
Above me Costarica’s happy, smiley underwear.
    I tried as I may, and tried as I might,
    But not one fucking trilobite!
Yes Mike, nice specimen, what? No, I’m not lyin’,
Just sleep with one eye open bitch, you nod off it’s mine!
    We hunted for fossils, and hunted for beer,
    Well, all except Roger, he hunted for deer.
Then we got muddy, and drenched to the core,
    I soon lost my sanity and will to explore.
We all turned to pansies and slept in the van,
    I awoke feeling less than half of a man.
But that’s fine, we’re smarter, and drier I’ll bet,
Wait, nope! We wake up and we’re STILL fucking wet.
    Our trip will soon end, and yes, it was fun,
As today is our last chance to see the damn sun.
To Rockford we go, expectations renewed,
And it’s legal for once! Not a chance to be sued!
    A trilobite! There! And it’s all mine to take!
Thanks Rourke, now it rests far below in a lake.
    I’d settle for coral as I’d poke, dig, and prod,
And find more of those fucking damn brachiopods!
    Now it’s time to retreat and return to our homes,
And try to remember how to brush and use combs.
    We started as strangers, and ended as friends,
Comradery would measure our success in the end.

Joel