

EYJAFLLAJÖKULL & THE MORTAL WOMAN

Hey, Eyjafjallajökull,
What *do* you think you're doing?
Why *have* you blown your top off
And in the air are spewing
Great clouds of glass and ashes
Above the north Atlantic?
Those specks of glass are deadly;
The situation's frantic.
At home they've closed the airspace;
And in the States I'm stranded;
I must return to Britain –
My stay here be disbanded;
For I must leave; I must press on
To reach the London Marathon.

Oh puny mortal woman,
What care I for your moaning?
I'm tired of human hubris
And scorn their piteous groaning.
They think the skies are theirs now
To cross just for their pleasure;
I'll give them pause for thought now
And vomit without measure
And cover *all* of Europe
With plumes of glass and ashes;
No plane will fly o'er Britain
Nor Europe, lest it crashes.
Now you should stop and not go on;
Forget the London Marathon.

Ah, Eyjafjallajökull,
For all your mighty power
Not all of Europe's shaded
By your volcanic shower.
Th' United States I've quitted
And am no longer stranded;
I've flown across the Ocean;
In Lisbon have I landed.
And now I am much closer,
My goal is drawing nearer.
The route that I'll be taking
is surely getting clearer.
I'm doing fine and shall go on
To reach the London Marathon.

Oh foolish mortal woman,
You really think you're winning?
You really think you're clever?
But I will stop your grinning.
I've covered northern Europe;
There's no more chance of flying.
With trains and coaches crowded,
Nor rail nor road's worth trying.
There's still some sea before you;
With ferries booked already
For days and days ahead now
You're stuck as in an eddy.
Give up; go back; do not go on;
Forget the London Marathon.

Ah, Eyjafjallajökull,
The taxis still are running.
I've reached Madrid already,
Your dread advice I'm shunning.
They say there'll be arriving
Some coaches to convey us
To ports where boats are waiting,
And nothing will delay us.
So now I'll get to Britain
With many days remaining
Before the race is scheduled;
There's time enough for training.
'Twill not be long; I shall go on
To reach the London Marathon.

Misguided mortal woman,
'Tis only idle chatter.
Too late will any coaches
Arrive to really matter.
You've hardly got more northward –
Madrid is still too distant.
Forget your fruitless journey;
Give up! Don't be resistant.
Your time is running out now;
There's no way you will make it.
Your quest is vain and foolish;
Forget it – just forsake it.
Spain's nice; stay put and don't go on;
Forget the London Marathon.

So, Eyjafjallajökull,
In Paris now you find me;
Your threatening words are hollow;
They have not undermined me.
Indeed, they made me stronger;
They fired me, not dismayed me.
A taxi to the border
And into France conveyed me.
And then by train I travelled
To Paris, where I'm scanning
The various options open
To make my final planning.
For mark this well: I *shall* go on
To reach the London Marathon.

Oh stubborn mortal woman,
You're really very mulish;
The plans you'll make are pointless;
They can't be done; they're foolish.
The Eurostar is booked up;
And Channel ports are crammed now.
For days and days you're stuck there;
I've really got you jammed now.
For soon you will discover
The race will be completed
Ere you can get to England.
You're done for; you're defeated.
Enjoy Paree! You can't go on;
Forget the London Marathon.

Well, Eyjafjallajökull,
In London I'm arriving
With days to spare for training;
For this I have been striving.
My cousin's plane's prop-driven
And though it may be slower
Than jets that you have grounded,
It also flies much lower
Than all the ash you're spewing;
At Calais he was waiting
To fly me on to Shoreham;
Then without hesitating
He got his car and took me on
To reach the London Marathon.

Oh valiant mortal woman,
I know when I'm defeated.
Your resolute resources
Held out – are not depleted.
Well done! But now I'm tired
My anger has been vented;
My fires are abating.
Let planes fly – I've relented.
And now I'll take things easy
And worry you no longer;
But pray my sister Katla
Stays sleeping; *she's* far stronger.
Good-bye! Good luck! You carried on;
To run the London Marathon.

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