

Darkling Dwabidisador

By Jana Yuschalk

To bed I went on that ordinary night,
Not knowing in the morning what I may fight.
I woke up on a pile of hay,
Wondering what would fill my day.
Surprised and frightened, I immediately felt.
Suddenly, I wished I could just melt.
It seemed so sunny without any rain.
Smells of sweat hovered over the plain,
From jumping creatures who seemed insane.
The so-called “Dwabis” had a mane.
No animals were there.
Not even a bear.
I was informed, this was Dwabidisador.
Wow, I really need to study by geography more!
The Dwabi’s legs were awfully long.
They jumped then fell, I am not wrong.
The sound of jumping pounded the ground.
Their favorite hobby was jumping. That I found.
The language they spoke was also Dwabidisador.
At least I don’t need to study my languages much more!
“Dwabi fell down,” they said over and over again.
“English without pronouns,” I thought. Until then,
A young Dwabi who was probably only four,
Came up and said, “Why don’t you enter that door.”
I did as he commanded only to find,
A Dwabi whose name was Filabind.
He bought me a cupcake with sprinkles on top,
The smell was so sweet I thought I would pop!
All that was better than the taste, was the smell.
It looked and smelled like sweet caramel.
The taste was Dwabilicious.
Red velvet without mush.
After I finished my delectable cupcake,
I was sure Dwabidisador wasn't fake.
Then we departed and walked a long ways.
We entered a place called “Dwabi’s Good Maze”.
Since Filabind was my guide, he led me through,
A portal that said, “How do you do?”
Filled with wonder and awe, I heard a loud, “MOO!”
Before I knew it, I was back home on our farm.
Lying in my bed was my noisy alarm,
Trying to wake me up from my-dream?
What it was, it filled me with gleam!