

Our Last Night at the Nunnery Motel 2.0 in Milano

by Jerry Ratch

They make you work
For your pizza in Italy
You have to slice it yourself
While wearing a gas mask
To ward off the cigarette smoke
From every neighboring table
While chasing away the
Mosquitos and the pigeons
The flies and the gypsy rabble

And on our last night in Milano
We stayed out near the airport
At Motel 2.0
We slept on half a pillow
Though they did give
Good apricots and towels
Really it was
More like a nunnery
Than a motel

Well it was Motel 2.0 after all
But talk about weird dreams
In the nunnery, Oy vey
Yea, for I have seen
The Father, the Son
And the Holy Toast

But in that room
We didn't even have
Bare bones to gnaw on
Though I could have sworn
I smelled the ghost
Of someone's burnt toast

