

*I CAN'T SAY*

People ask about the Rumble  
And I tell them I can't say --  
You really have to be there --  
There ain't no other way.

It's different for each Rumbler --  
For that thing they take away;  
I can't tell you what it is --  
But remembrances will stay.

Just maybe it's the people  
Or conceivably the boats,  
Or maybe it's the camping  
But woe I try to note.

Just maybe it's the river --  
The momentous Mississipp',  
Another way to see a town? --  
But zippered is my lip.

Maybe some it is the beasts  
Or the living from a tub?  
For maybe some the paddling  
Or maybe it's the grub.

Maybe it's Our Fathers' Land  
Between the fruited plains,  
Which proudly from our boats we stand  
In sun and pouring rain.

Maybe it is none of this,  
For I really cannot say;  
You have to be a Rumbler,  
There ain't no other way.

G. Kittell  
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