

Kevin 47

A cavalcade of Kevins went riding out one day.
To see who was the fastest, a race was just the way.
Kevin 47 was riding down the street.
He stopped his bike upon the pike to have a bite to eat.

Kevin 46 sped by, giggling with glee.
“You’ll end this race in 2nd place! I just passed 43!”
“What about Kevins 48, 49 and all the rest?”
“Well, they’ll just have to duke it out to place in 3rd, I guess.”

“What about Kevin 41?”
“For him, this race is over, Son!”
“What about Kevin 42?”
“I don’t see him yet, do you?”
“What about Kevin 48?”
“Oh you know him, he’s always late!”

So Kevin 46 fondly bid his clone adieu
And 47 watched him ride off with a laugh or two.
If only Kevin 46 had witnessed his own face
When he reached the finish line to find he didn’t win the race.

“What’s the big idea?” shouted Kevin 46.
“41 through 49 are still stuck in the sticks!”
“You may have beaten us,” said 47 with a smile.
“But the other 40 Kevins had you beat by half a mile!”