

FARRAGUT (DDG-99)

T'was the night before wait; what did I say?
Forgive me, I've mixed up the wrong holiday.
For you see, on the seas, it can get quite mundane.
This week alone, thrice, I've been called the wrong name!
And rank, and rate, and gender no less,
But whoosah, breath in, there's no time to stress.
For its New Year's Day, if you're wondering when,
So with that, let me start over again:
Once upon in a time in a land far away
We'd returned to fourth fleet for one more underway.
"Catching drug smugglers" the name of the mission,
Disguised as small boats supposedly fishin'.
Like bloodhounds fresh on a new T.O.I.,
Flight quarters away and it's time to fly.
LEDET attached always second to none,
Simply shining their guns 'til it's time for some fun.
I'd hate to be smugglers, cuz they're going to jail.
Operating area: the Caribbean Sea, blue,
Steaming independently, just the 99 crew.
"We'll see so many islands!" the Captain did say,
But all that we saw was Guantanamo Bay.
I must include plant status or they'll throw a cow,
And use my rotting corpse as a temporary brow.
So 1A, 1+2 A/C's running online
#1 reefer cooling rations just fine.
2B GTM, 1+2 GTG,
EMCON Condition Delta, readiness condition III.
SWSP 1+2+5 ready,
And FP 2+5 Pumping firemain steady.
Look at that, worked it all in, oh aren't I clever?
(Though I can't tell a lie, it took me forever.)
With the countdown complete, I can lay to my rack;
[Redacted] OOD, keeps the ship right on track.
[Redacted], the Conn, eyes forward and keen,
Through the night, ensures no contact goes unseen.
Dreams of holiday routine, I'll quickly shelve,
For I must be up early for the 09-12.
Happy New Year to all from our tropical tour,
We look forward to the Yards all 2024.