

Next Time We'll Get it Right

I'm sure you've heard the song, the one where Bob Seger took a look down the westbound road

And made the choice to get on his big two-wheeler.

If Bob was tired of his own voice, was this guy having the same?

Not twelve hours out of Macinac City, nowhere near to Michigan,

Guy stopped at my bar to have a brew.

I did feel lost, I felt double-crossed,

Sick of what's wrong and what's right.

I looked out the window, and looked at other points low and high.

I took the long, long moment Bob described.

Bob Seger got the girl to get on his bike.

Silent, I got on that bike.

And thought, next time.

Next time, I'll get it right.

Greg

The guy in the job before me was named Greg.

He was perfect.

Certified Excel expert, operate Office with ease

Had a basket of red paperclips.

No one lets me forget Greg's greatness.

He helped with Panera orders

And raised money for stray cats.

Created spreadsheets that looked like cats.

I can't operate the sum function.

I have a masters, no ease at Office.

I'm on a low-carb diet.

And I'm a dog person, anyway.

Turning Forty at the Mai-Kai

I'm not twenty-two anymore.

Probably good, spoiled child

I was. Prettier then.

Definitely thinner.

Still couldn't shake my ass like the hula girls.

No fire batons, for me.

They light up the drinks, carved mugs.

Taste of the tropics, sweet.

Sticky, humid.

Real palm trees.

Another scorpion bowl, I'm entitled.

The spoiled child returns to remind me

I haven't been her for a while.