## **Invention**

## **Stephanie J. Block**

This evening has been swell, a first date in New York.

You asked the proper questions, you used the proper fork.

You looked into my eyes, you were calm, polite, composed.

You even bypassed my pet peeve and chewed with your mouth closed.

We paid the check, you walked me home, a sweet kiss at my door.

And then came the big question: Would I like to see you more? Well, I shouldnt make a date without my book in front of me,

Cause Im always double booking which can cause catastrophe.

And although its never personal, just merely oversight,

Ive ticked off many friends and with my mother had a fight

About my irresponsibility and how its down right rude

To be so absentminded and show such ingratitude

As to not remember who and when and where I said Id be,

But my mother is impossible and somehow doesnt see

That its strictly lack of focus or theres too much on my mind

So that little things like names and dates get somehow left behind

In some file I cannot access sits some corner of my brain.

But I didnt mean to bring Mom up or stand here and complain!

For the simple point Im trying to make despite the time it took

Is that I really cant do anything without my friggin book! And I guess that we would be remiss to not pay some attention

To the simple fact that both of us are busy, did I mention?

I take a class in pottery and practical philosophy

Which mother finds indulgent but its just my curiosity

About the world around me, so that means without a doubt

That Tuesday nights and Friday afternoons are simply out.

And Im sure you have your conflicts and appointments you must keep,

And then theres all the little things, like laundry, food, and sleep.

Not to say that its impossible and far from insurmountable.

Its just that as two grownups we must always be accountable

For all the little details and demands upon our time

Which can sometimes seem ridiculous and make an uphill climb

Of our day to day existence like a race that cant be won,

And all but just eliminate the time for any fun. And I probably should mention, although maybe its too soon

That I tend to be a little shy and hide in my cocoon.

I really am the quiet type and what you call old fashion

For my physical affection for the one I date is rationed out

In small amounts, and over time it takes a while to bloom

And moving on to second base takes months so dont assume

That the speed of my libido has a thing to do with you.

Its really just some Catholic crap that Im still working through. And then there is the question which is open for debate

Of whether Im in any frame of mind to even date.

I mean is it too soon after the last misadventure

To put myself through that kind of assorted mess again, sure

They say that time is healing and I truly feel of course,

When one falls off the best advice is jump back on the horse.

But the wounds are deep and slow to heal and even though Ive tried

I sometimes feel Im meant to be the bridesmaid not the bride.Oh my God! I must be swimming in some red wine sort of haze.

Im resorting now to metaphors and tired old clichs.

You really must forgive me for its far from illustrative

Of the normal sort of gal I am whos smart and so creative.

This ramblings got to cease, for I know you must be weary

Of this seemingly ridiculous avoidance of your querySo I guess the simple truth, which defies all comprehension If there was a quicker path to take than this prolonged invention.

When you asked me for another date it caused me to digress.

I should have gotten to the point and simply answered no.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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