

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 shouldn't make a date without my book in
front of me,
Cause I'm always double booking which can cause catastrophe.
And although it's never personal, just merely oversight,
I've ticked off many friends and with my mother had a fight
About my irresponsibility and how it's down right rude
To be so absentminded and show such ingratitude
As to not remember who and when and where I said I'd be,
But my mother is impossible and somehow doesn't see
That it's strictly lack of focus or there's 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 didn't mean to bring Mom up or stand here and complain!
For the simple point I'm trying to make despite the time it took
Is that I really can't 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 it's just my curiosity
About the world around me, so that means without a doubt
That Tuesday nights and Friday afternoons are simply out.
And I'm sure you have your conflicts and appointments you must keep,
And then there's all the little things, like laundry, food, and sleep.
Not to say that it's impossible and far from insurmountable.
It's 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 can't be won,
And all but just eliminate the time for any fun. And I probably should mention, although maybe it's 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 don't 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 query So 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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