

## Poem one of two: Setting the Scene for Introspection

Alone I sit  
on a Friday night.  
The silent Cell Phone  
sleeps!  
Oh! the hibernation!  
When comes the  
spring  
of my  
life?

It is a  
dagger!  
    a dagger!  
        a dagger!

I die!  
    I die!  
        Death!

## Poem 2 of 2: Why Men Don't Date Me

*by Singing Cicada (801-555-5555)*

A mind-meddling mystery before me is set—  
A veritable vexation o'er which I do fret.  
The insidious issue perplexing me lately  
is the confounded conundrum of why men don't date me.  
So.

I drew up a list of my characteristics  
And found that the answer was, indeed, quite simplistic.

I'm an in-kitchen goddess, a queen of cuisine.  
And you see, I'm a snob when it comes to these things.  
A man can be tall, svelte, suave and/or macho.  
I'm ready and willing to serve him gazpacho.  
So men must prefer a woman who's bony,  
Who thinks it's a feat to make Rice-A-Roni.

It's true that, perhaps, I'll ne'er be a model,  
But I'm cute and I'm funny—I walk; I don't waddle.  
Perhaps men are looking at my ankles and wrists  
As I'm desperately batting my eyes—like this.  
While calculating my Fat Potential, they happen to miss  
the fact that I'm pooking my lips out—like this.

Back to the fact that I think that I'm funny,  
You'd think that that trait would secure me a honey.  
Honey I have not, so I must conclude  
That men like their women ill-humored and rude.  
I mentioned I'm cute, and I have good hygiene.

I'm sure you all noticed I look good in my jeans.  
I gather from this to teach my daughter  
to not bathe, to not shave, but to wear high waters.

One last little thing (and my heart this does wrench)  
Is I've worked my whole life to learn to speak French.  
On dit que français est la langue d'amour,  
mais vendredi soir je me trouve seule'éc mon four.\*\*

I will not—I cannot compare men to vermin—  
It's clear to me now that I should have learned German.

To recap but briefly, my future is bleak;  
Here's me and my opposite—the woman they seek:

French-speaking cook, funny and cute.  
Kind and good mannered, good hygiene to boot  
versus  
Bony, rude, dirty and fashion forsaker,  
a girl who speaks German and not a good baker.

Well, that list makes me think of my freshman roommate,  
Whom, paradoxically, men did not date.

\*\* *"They say that French is the language of lovin'  
But each Friday night I'm alone with my oven."*