

32

As 32 stands on my stoop, I click the lock and
latch the bolt.

I clutch my pearls (yes, I wear pearls), and ready
for my fierce revolt.

32 smiles patiently and sings, “Why don’t you let
me in?”

I yell, “I can’t! At least not yet, I’ve far too much
what could have been.

“I failed at marriage, started over. My love life is
such a mess!”

“I have no children, have no money, just mounds
and loads and heaps of stress.”

“It’s okay!” says 32 “I can help with all of that.”
“We’ll take this journey step by step. I’ll pick you up
when you fall flat.”

“I come in peace,” assures 32, “and I come with
Tacobell!”

My resolve fades, I undo the lock, shrug and mutter,
“Oh, what the Hell.”

