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The Choice is Mine

John Grey

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The Choice is Mine

By John Grey

I wear mismatched clothes,
fill the sink with dirty dishes,
sit and watch football on the TV
until all hours
while drinking beer
and feeding my face with crackling chips.

Sure everything smells musty.
The windows
look like tracts of gravel.
And the curtains don't bear shaking.
As for the ceiling,
let me put it this way—
the spiders and I
have adopted a policy
of live and let spin.

This is my prize
straight out of life's Crackerjack Box.
You are not loved,
so this is your reward.

I'm behind on the rent.
I flirt with the woman
in the apartment next door
who, I swear,
is a working girl.
And I make promises
to the landlady
that I know I'll never keep.

Yes indeed. I've got it made.
And yet, there's someone I'm interested in.
And maybe, just maybe, she's interested in me.
This version of the good life
may be more temporary than I think.

So what should I do?
Put an end to the relationship
before it gets any more serious?
Or dispose of this greasy pizza box?
I ask you,
where does the future come up
with these choices?

