

Jerry

Next door to my teenage home
Lived Jerry, the network producer,
Who sat outside and drank martinis
Whenever he was home.

No doubt he drank them when he went
To far-off places like Tashkent
While a small-breasted wife and a
Large-breasted daughter stayed behind at home.

But then he left our neighborhood
To find the SoCal sunny skies.
He ditched his suit and bought a car
For an affluent L.A. guy.

In L.A. we dined, Jerry and I.
The small-breasted wife could have come,
But preferred her Wednesday skating time
To dining with such as me.

I can't remember anything
Of what we ate or what we said
Just the martinis, coming fast,
And Jerry's astounding gaffe.

Martinis tend to inebriate.
When speaking of our heads of state
He hailed the greatest of the great:
Alexander Hamilton.

Since Jerry was picking up the check
I swallowed my laughter and simply said,
"Harding, for sure, was a lesser man
But he, at least, was president."

© Bart Greene 2021
Blog 10.13.21