

So Many Balls, So Little Time

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "I got stung by a cotton ball".)

Places to go, too many to slow down.
People to reap, money into meat,
To sustain myself and every selfish bastard who works for me!

Invited to parties each night, for it is right,
To praise the man who promotes,
And holds their whims in the palm of his hand.

For the same who invite, talk about me behind my back,
With no respect for my concerns, only they're wants,
Without once saying, "How are you doing?" and giving a damn!

So I am the honored guest once again at the annual Cotton Ball,
Dressed in my best "cotton" casual attire as a prelude to retire
The end of next week...when I hand out all their pink slips!

The End