

Gourds, County Orange

Our little friend
He didn't want to wear
His white buckled shoes
Nor was barefoot
His speed
He didn't like grocery store feet
He was a fussy little kid
When it came to footwear
But on Friday he could wear whatever he damn well pleased

The jive ass trickery
That makes this anything
But what it is
Dressed in county orange or city gray

Got rubber sandals
Just to be safe

Metaphorically speaking
We find our little friend
Back in his white buckled shoes again
The Monday if you will
Of our Friday
Spent in tailored bliss
But if you strip the myth
Away from the man
It's just one to six months
Of Mondays for our little friend