

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 29
Number 2 *Further Reflections*

Article 42

4-1-2009

T.J.

Nick Cafaro
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Cafaro, Nick (2009) "T.J.," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 2, Article 42.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/42>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Trudging along his same old street,
 staring again at his worn out feet.
 Stepping over the lonely stair,
 retreating again into his one story lair.

Yet again feeling worn out and beat,
 he reaches for some of his favorite liquid treat.
 Sitting down he kicks off his shoes,
 knowing he'll feel better after a little booze.

Dishes fill the sink
 hamper on the brink
 of overflowing
 all the while knowing
 his envy is showing
 and his life just keeps on going.

Everything and everyone always seem so unfair,
 to the life he's led no one else can compare.
 All the time all he ever seems to do is lose,
 and it seems like sometimes it's just one big ruse.
 Living like this is not what he would choose,
 hoping to feel better Jack takes a snooze.

Tom woke up quite aware
 that he was again in someone's dreary lair.
 He was always waking up in the same old place,
 but his philosophy was, "a new night to meet a new face."
 Always out and about looking for women to chase,
 and hopefully tonight that was to be the case.

Finding the car keys was pretty easy,
 oh if only he weren't quite so sleazy.
 Down the street he went, tires squealing,
 how he loved that powerful feeling.

Across town he raced to the first bar he could find,
 and at the end of the room he spotted her from behind.
 Not too fast he walked to the end of the bar,
 and he thought to himself, "Another night to be a star."

It started out compliments, some drinks, and small talk
 which eventually led to the two of them taking a walk

just to the end of the street to his favorite motel,
into the lobby he'd come to know so well.
The man behind the desk said, "I gotta room for ya, Jack"
Tom gave him a sly grin and said, "thanks a ton, Mack."

He again woke up in that sleazy motel,
and again wondered why he didn't feel so well.
He put on his clothes and left that creepy place,
once more wondering why he had lipstick on his face.

He rushed home and got ready for his usual job,
still wondering why he always woke up like a slob.
Through his routine day Jack went,
never knowing why his life felt so bent.