A Little Mud for His Turtle

Jon Paulette
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You were doing so well.
Had that girl... 
(The blonde with the money.)
Two cars and a country house.
Until that unfortunate dalliance
With an aspiring chanteuse
Who looked good under the footlights
And was oh so energetic...

You woke up soooo hungover
Like the seven dwarves
Were hi-ho hi-hoing
Through megaphones in your head
Too many double scotches
And too little memory
Lying there sweaty on the bed
Beside a girl who was calling you "Baby."

"Well, honey, there was this girl..."
You hear yourself saying
To your dear wife and her lawyer.
As she glares and he takes notes
"I didn't mean to...
The blonde thing sits up in bed
And you notice the makeup
That mixed very well with scotch.
You wish you'd chewed your arm off...

Nobody knew you at that bar...
You were just slumming
Getting a little mud for your turtle.
Getting some dirt on your shoes.
Sure beats blood on your hands.
Or a mark on your permanent record.
Or a skeleton in your closet
Just in case you ran for president someday.

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