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## A Little Mud for His Turtle

Jon Paulette

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## A LITTLE MUD FOR HIS TURTLE

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.

*Jon Paulette*