

Title: For My Girlfriends

Author: Sandi Roy, formerly of Piper

THIS ONE'S FOR MY GIRLFRIENDS I have a new delightful friend, I am most in awe of her. When we first met I was impressed, By her bizarre behavior.

That day I had a date with friends, We met to have some lunch. Mae had come along with them, All in all . . . a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented, We ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups. Except for Mae who circumvented, And said, Ice Cream, please: two scoops.

I was not sure my ears heard right, And the others were aghast. Along with heated apple pie, Mae added, completely unabashed.

We tried to act quite nonchalant, As if people did this all the time. But when our orders were brought out, I did not enjoy mine.

I could not take my eyes off Mae, As her pie a-la-mode went down. The other ladies showed dismay, They ate their lunches silently, and frowned.

Well, the next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Mae. My lunch contained white tuna meat, She ordered a parfait.

I smiled when her dish I viewed, And she asked if she amused me. I answered, Yes, you do, But also you confuse me.

How come you order rich desserts, When I feel I must be sensible? She laughed and said, with wanton mirth, I am tasting all that's possible.

I try to eat the food I need, And do the things I should. But life's so short, my friend, indeed, I hate missing out on something good.

This year I realized how old I was, She grinned, I've not been this old before. So, before I die, I've got to try, Those things for years I had ignored.

I've not smelled all the flowers yet, There's too many books I have not read. There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down And kites to be flown overhead.

There are many malls I have not shopped, I've not laughed at all the jokes. I've missed a lot of Broadway Hits, And potato chips and cokes.

I want to wade again in water, And feel ocean spray upon my face. Sit in a country church once more, And thank God for It's grace.

I want peanut butter every day, Spread on my morning toast. I want un-timed long-distance calls, To the folks I love the most.

I've not cried at all the movies yet, Nor walked in the morning rain. I need to feel wind in my hair, I want to fall in love again.

So, if I choose to have dessert, Instead of having dinner. Then should I die before night fall, I'd say I died a winner.

Because I missed out on nothing, I filled my heart's desire. I had that

final chocolate mousse, Before my life expired.

With that, I called the waitress over, I've changed my mind, it seems. I
said, I want what she is having, Only add some more whipped-cream!

"Be mindful that happiness is not based on possessions, power, or prestige,
but on relationships with people you love and respect."

Money talks. Chocolate sings.