

The Idiom Maniac

by Eydie McDaniel

Caught in the storm and
down in the doldrums,
she thought she had it made in the shade,
when like greased lightning
he came like a bolt out of the blue.

Surely her dry spell would end and
he would be the silver lining of her clouds.
On cloud nine
she threw caution to the wind and
began to shoot the breeze.

But one look
rained on her parade as
he was seven sheets in the wind and
looked like the twilight zone.
Her thunder was stolen.

Right as rain there was
a cloud on her horizon.

Always chasing rainbows,
she hoped this blue sky would
brighten up her day.
But alas this guy in a fog
had a cloud of suspicion over him.

So not to give him the cold shoulder,
she asked for a rain check .

So much for any port in a storm.
She drew a blank.

This was no piece of cake.

Even though she felt like a basket case,
she would have to play it by ear.

She hoped her goose was not cooked.

Wouldn't you know it, just then
someone started making eyes at her.

She wanted to turn on a dime and
head for the hills.

But she crossed her fingers and
listened to the bee in her bonnet.

To this knight in shining armor,
she said "A little birdie told me
you love to cut a rug".

Her match made in heaven replied,
"No comprendo English seniorita."