

Six Feet Apart Better Than Six Feet Under

By Eydie McDaniel

Some folks at a stoplight, who've lost all their hearin',
Make me roll up my window, their damage afearin'.

Sometimes in America, land that I love,
Some choose for another, as though from above

Who cares if the sign says, 'don't park your car here'?
No one's as important as my time so dear.

And why should I bother with wearin' a mask?
No virus will hit me in my hungry task.

It's silly to worry when your time will come.
My exhaling spittles are cool, here have some.

To Parking Lot twelve from the building affected,
A too easy blunder of touch I've suspected.

Could press on a surface and go undetected,
Then onto my portal where I'd get infected.

From such utter nonsense, away I do prance,
No bare face at my house nor hallway I chance.

I aim to keep livin' for I am not done,
With joys so ebullient and duties begun.

Yet someday I'll be going, and I have prepared.
My Shake and Bake's paid for when I am not spared.

But it could be quite funny or fretful I s'pose,
'Cause a 10 cents refund in their letter arose.

For doing my duty I surely have boasted,
But with 10 cents rejected, what part won't get roasted?