

MISPLACED KEYS

by Nancy Martz

Oh, where is my key chain?
Oh, where did it go to?
I'm taxing my poor brain,
And still I have no clue.

I'm going to be later
Than I had intended,
They won't want to wait,
And they will be offended.

Should I try to walk it,
Or stick out my thumb?
Wait! What's in my pocket?
Oh damn it's my gum.

It must be here somewhere;
I came through the door.
I've given a hard stare
From counters to floor.

I've stared at the table
I've stared at the book case
I'm not once more able
To check the key hook place

Where I should have hung them
Had I not been careless.
I insouciantly flung them
Somewhere in my lair mess.

I've stared in my purses
And bags from the grocer.
I've pitched a few curses
And now I am so sure

The key chain has left me
Alone with my headache
I'm all dressed for high tea
And later a thick steak

The Brown Palace beckons
But I'm stuck at home.
No Devonshire cream seconds
No pastries no scones.

I throw my door open
And hear something jingle
Oh Lord I am hoping
My pores start to tingle

And what to my wandering eyes
should appear
But my long lost keychain
And 8 tiny reindeer....
No skip that, I was just trying for easy
rhyme.

And there in the keyhole
What should appear?
To hell with the tea,
I'm having a beer.