

Blueline Medic

"Making The Nouveau Riche"

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You say I have to get a real life,
But I'm not sure how that in making someone
Or other rich is any more real than making a riche for
yourself.
I'm without a zack, a truth, a coin,
A kopeck or an elusive brass razoo.
But my dear rationalist, don't dream I couldn't care.
I too grow quickly bored of the clothes I wear.
So maybe I should go an get a real life,
Real like cutting a fine figure
Or scraping a deposit together for it, heaven forbid.
Just suppose I cannot live on taxes and goodwill
forever.
But how is it that the problem just doesn't seem to
press
While my fingers are themselves pressing hard against
the neck?
I was sure that I suffered
And worked as hard as anyone I knew . . . well it seems
I haven't.
I better damn well fix and make it look every inch as
though
I do but still have to go and get a real life
And I've no doubt that it will happen.
Maybe I've put it off for too long now,
Gonna see if I can't get something better than a
Maybe I'm amidst of a real life

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