

**Trying To Convince Ms. Kartsonis
That I Really Meant To Turn In My Sestina Today,
But Was Blindsided By Life And Then Run Over By Randomness**
By Myrtle Ross

I was going to write a poem that rocked,
Until this monstrous, bothersome fly
Showed up. Fed up with this pest, I built a bomb
To banish my unwanted guest, it worked but
Then I got a call from my uncle at the bar.
He was drunker than a sponge and that meant

I had to give him a ride home. I meant
To swerve when I saw that chunk of rock,
But crashed into a cop, who put me behind bars.
My sister paid my bail in exchange for my flyer
Miles. I grab my pen and got back to work, but
Was distracted by how badly this day had bombed.

I began to write, only to hear the ticking of a bomb
From under my seat. I had to defuse it, that meant
Getting my wire cutters from the shed, but
My path was blocked by the unemployed The Rock.
A sack of cash and a bad movie script let me fly
Right past. I got the cutters, but tripped on the crowbar.

I heard ka-boom and was hit by my mini bar.
My house turned to ash; I dropped the F-bomb.
With no where to stay, I decided to fly
Out to L.A., but without my miles that meant
I needed cash. I tried to sell my rocking
Chair. It was a little singed and smokey, but

It still worked. I sold it for a hundred, but
Noticed I lost the cash right after a bar
Brawl with a drag queen. Things looked pretty rocky,
Until I sold a screenplay that critics called the bomb.
My influx of cash, got me a new house, which meant
I needed to finish my poem about a dragonfly,

Who plots world domination for cancelling Firefly.
I continued writing of this green cynic, but
Was stopped by a computer virus. Who meant
The ruination of me. So, I barred
Him from entry with a Norton A -bomb
I lost my train of thought because a rock

Band called "Savage Bar Fly" from next door
Began blaring their rock, because they were bombed
I really meant to write it, but life got in the way.