

# PARALEGAL

*C.B. Anderson*

So many people have betrayed  
My trust, I almost don't know where to start.  
So many deals I lately made  
Have been consigned to overflowing dustbins,  
It's time I raised my voice. It breaks my heart,  
But I indict my brothers and my cousins,  
My statutory lovers too,  
My closest friends, including you.

My brother found his perfect boat,  
And I agreed it was a splendid craft  
And furthermore agreed to float  
A loan enabling him to soon possess it;  
But when I asked him to repay, he laughed  
And fed me hot dogs from a Boy Scout mess kit,  
His method for reminding me  
Of his abysmal poverty.

My cousin thinks I should support  
Him. When I do, it's never quite enough,  
And when I don't, he begs the Court  
To grant the services of an attorney  
Appointed by the state. Their firm rebuff  
Forever fails to set him on the journey  
Toward laudable upstanding ends  
Or any plan to make amends.

My former wife rolled into town  
And sued to get her alimony raised  
Because she thought I was a clown  
Who'd pay. I told her I'd retained a lawyer  
Much better than my first—she'd be amazed  
How good he was, how quickly he'd destroy her  
With witnesses who would attest  
To all the times they'd fouled her nest.

My current wife looks good in heels  
And wears them while she makes attempts to woo  
Me with a host of special meals.  
She promises a life of culinary  
Delight (as many wives have sworn to do),

But sadly, food she serves just isn't very  
Enjoyable. An artful cook  
Is not a butcher with a book.

And you, the one I trusted most,  
Invited me to ogle handsome girls  
Imported from our western coast.  
At first I was unable to accredit  
My eyes—the cleavage, tiny waists, and curls  
Of homespun gold—so then you went and said it  
Was only an alluring show  
To make me think, but never know.

An injured man like me gains less  
From claiming damages in civil court  
Than malefactors who confess  
Their crimes, expecting a suspended sentence—  
A breach of contract or a grievous tort  
Counts little next to spurious repentance.  
I seem to have an aptitude  
For reaching out and getting screwed.

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