Curse of the Crooner
by Kyle Webb

Ol’ Blue Eyes croons
as you swoon
in the moonlight.
Silky smooth
and clichéd
till the sun goes down.
Time after time,
and all for nothing.
The blast of brass
when you’re horny.
A little sax when
you face the facts
and see that life’s
all Days of Our Lives.
Keys lead in faithful
fashion when you
reminisce, wishing
to relive those Precious
Moments. It had to be you.
No others would do.
For those blonde bobby
soxers screaming.
Just wonderful you.
Posing for paparazzi,
claiming the hot seat,
lounging the throne.
All that money
you see yourself
swimming in. It’s
that easy listening.
That voice like no other.
Yeah, man. That’s what
it is. That record, man.
Frank Sinatra.
Yeah, that’s what
you call it. Desire.

*First place, James and Christian LaRoche Memorial Poetry Contest, 2009*