

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