

UPSIDE DOWN



One morning the world turned upside down and inside out.
Nobody noticed, except Evelyn,
Whose usually messy eggs turned over perfectly easy
And toast was golden brown, instead of burned.

Her hair styled exactly as she imagined, first try,
And her makeup simply flowed on, as if of its own accord.

Driving to work, she marveled as the traffic opened up and let her through,
Even where gridlock usually jammed up and irritated her no end.

Parking was a breeze, and Mr. Grumpy Boss actually returned her smile.

Evelyn settled in at her desk, feeling grand, expansive,
Well prepared to handle all complaining customers with kid gloves.
She smiled, sipped her perfect latte, and waited for the onslaught to attack.

By lunch time she had dusted her office,
Rearranged the shelves,
Alphabetized the files, and checked them twice,
Polished the *Customer Service* complaint sign,
And sat twiddling her thumbs.

On the way home, she stopped at the incredibly handy grocery store
Where she was the *only* shopper in line to check out.
The smiling clerk was kind, and her bill surprisingly small.

Her apartment door unlocked on the first try.
She was amazed that her living room looked so very chic,
Yet comfortable and welcoming.

Her kitchen was bright and cheery.
Cooking was extraordinarily easy.
Dinner was a culinary delight.

In the evening, she sat down in her beautifully appointed study,
Poured a glass of deliciously fruity Zinfandel,
And pondered the stunning, radical changes in her daily life.

Seems that, in spite of the grace and beauty of her perfect day,
Where all details dovetailed with precision, something was perfectly wrong.

She missed the challenges. She wanted some difficulties to overcome.
Needed problems to solve and people to calm down and help.

She closed her eyes to think about the unexpected situation.

"Holy Toledo!" she said aloud.

"I *really don't* want to live in a perfect world!"

She opened her eyes to a suddenly *repulsive* apartment
Desperately in need of new window treatments,
Indirect lighting, antique furniture, and fresh paint, for sure.

She leaned back on her wretched couch,
Sighed with relief, smiled,
And took a sip of vinegar.

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