



WILD GIFT CHASE

Searching for the perfect gift treasure
For my perfect someone dear
Should be a simple pleasure,
Not evoke fears and a tear.

Gaggles of salesclerks try
To offer multitudes for me to see,
Clothes, accessories, house wares, candy, buy, buy, buy.
But none seem to roost well with me.
No, just not good enough.

Running here, racing there.
Zipping through the mall and all the finest stores,
Like a chicken with my head cut off, everywhere.
Til I just can't bear to search anymore.
No, Just not good enough.

My mind is gyrating, swirling, spinning
Up and down, Round and round,

Not one special gift is winning,
Not one idea for a special someone is sound.
No, Just not good enough.

Exasperated, exhausted, empty-handed, and beat
Finding only gifts that seem off target and foul,
I head home, dejected, full of defeat.
I scream, rant, --almost-- throw in the towel.
No, Just not good enough.

I'll try online, searching sales, specials, and links,
Perhaps a gift certificate or an assortment of candies,
No, nothing good enough, methinks,
I'm off the mark and now empty-handed.
No, Just not good enough.

Taking a break to refresh, renew, and see order,
I find a long-lost photo of a special time past,
Center it in a frame with oaken border.
I take pen in hand to scratch out thoughts, at last!

What better gift than memories of a special time
Carefully crowned in a humble bag, tied with a scrap of lace,
Capped off with a gift of hand-written rhyme,
The proverbial golden egg in my wild goose chase.

Now that's just gold enough!

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