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Your Chauffeur

Your Chauffeur's at the front door,
And despite your best wishes,
You're not riding shotgun.

You'll be sitting in the back,
But you can bet,
Just like any other day.
You'll go where he wants,
You'll stop when he pleases,
This won't be a luxurious commute.

Some folks can
Press their forehead
Against the glass,
And admire the
Scenery as it
Passes by.

But not you,
You find that your whole body
Becomes tense and all your
Concentration is dedicated to
Supervising your
Uncontrollable driver.

Because,
You don't know where he's going.
He doesn't ignore your directions,
He just forgets, but it's not his fault,
There are so many more interesting places
He'd like to show you.

First stop,
The neighbor's street corner,
Next stop,
The neighbor's lazy cat,
A cat who barely manages to

(No Stanza Break)

Propel himself off is perch and
Skydive into the nearest bush
(Your final stop, by the way).

It's worth attempting,
To instruct him to avoid the obstacles,
Because even though you can't,
Tell him where to go,
You can at least tug
At his collar
And let him loose
On some other unpredictable
Path.

Some chauffeurs,
When you tug on the line,
To communicate directly with them,
They'll turn their head sideways,
Politely listen to you with
One eye guarding the road, and
One eye watching you.
They'll listen, respond,
And accommodate your
Humble requests.

But, when you tug on your Chauffeur's
Leash, he growls in irritation, and
Makes no attempt to heed your call.
But, sometimes, if you're lucky,
He might respond, he might just,
Drive faster, spin the
Runaway train around,
And continue on his chaotic
Driving spree until you learn
Not to question his motives.

But, it's okay,
Because when you return to the front door,
When you unhook his leash and let him
Trudge into your home, tired now,
Worn from his travels, discoveries, and adventures,
Now he'll repay you, now he'll
Compensate for his
Seemingly bad behavior.

(Stanza Break)

Because, it's not his fault,
It's in his nature,
To run and play,
To chase and leap.
To act as any free spirit would,
If given the chance.

And now,
As you prepare yourself for
An evening's rest,
He'll jump up onto the couch,
Nestle himself by your side.
He'll press his soft black fur
Against your blanket-covered legs,
And tuck his great tail,
By your side.

And his gaze,
So loving and innocent,
As his chin rests upon the sofa,
And his ears tilt back in devotion,
His gaze will repay your troubles.
He'll protect you, he'll love you,
He'll sit faithfully by your side.
With just a glance, just a whimper,
He'll alleviate all your problems.
All your fears, all your worries,
Not just the ones brought about by him,
They'll all dissolve, fade into oblivion,
As if his smooth fur absorbs your miseries,
Like a black hole replaces
Absolute darkness.

And at the end of the day,
The slight drain of energy,
Seems like a small price to pay,
For your loyal Chauffeur.