Yes, he asked.

I saw him on the park bench as I was walking by. It had been a while since we had spent time with each other. Years had passed. He did look good and I was a little tired from my day. So when he said, “Have a seat” and pointed toward the bench that he sat on, I was not able to do it. My goodness, it could have had those southern termites in the wood. I am afraid to southern termites; therefore, I had to decline his invitation. It would have been nice to reminisce on the old stories of our times together and maybe we could have found some common ground to continue to see each other. But once again, how could I do it when I am afraid of those southern termites. I had to say, “Not today” and just walk away. Yes, he asked, but how could I do it.

The next day, I had to walk near the downtown area to pick up another pair of high heels. As soon as I passed my favorite coffee shop, I saw a dear old friend who was seated outside of the store reading a book. His eyes located mine at the same time, and we immediately felt a rush of past good times. He called out my name and invited me over to have a cup of cappuccino with him. So when he said, “Have a seat” and pointed towards the iron coffee table chair that he sat near, I was not able to do it. My goodness, it could have had some of those southern bird droppings on it. I am afraid of southern bird droppings; therefore, I had to decline his invitation. It would have been nice to reminisce on the old stories of our times together and maybe we could have found some common ground to continue to see each other. But once again, how could I do it when I am afraid of those southern bird droppings. I had to say, “Not today” and just walk away. Yes, he asked, but how could I do it.

More recently, I had to walk down the local river street historical area. And that day, I must say, I was dressed up in my sleek and sexy dress as I window shopped through the stores. And I heard the voice call out my name several times from a beautiful silver horse pulling carriage. It was a strong, sexy voice of a young man who once tried to pursue me as a love interest when I was a younger lady. It was my dear friend who was seated in that carriage all alone, who called out my name. He adored my name. He used to break the letters of my name up into syllables and slowly whisper them into my ears in his most tantalizing deep voice. I was so very pleased to be reminded of all of it intimate flirts. So when he said, “Have a seat” and got out to open the door of the silver horse and buggy carriage, I was not able to do it. My goodness, we would be exposed or led by some of those southern horses from the old stables who also release street droppings from it it. I am afraid of stable horses and their smells; therefore, I had to decline his invitation. It would have been nice to reminisce on the old stories of our times together and maybe we could have found some common ground to continue to see each other. But once again, how could I do it when I am afraid of those southern stable horses. I had to say, “Not today” and just walk away. Yes, he asked, but how could I do it.

In the meantime, I am always going to my maker, up above, to ask him to send me a handsome, simple , creative man who would be interested in some of my ideas and would like to spend quality time with me. So far, I realized that he must be very busy, because it has been a very long time, since I have enjoyed the company of a man of these statutes. I have hope and I will wait for this right man to come across my pathway.