

THE METAMORPHOSIS

He straightens up his three-piece suit
And checks his Rolex watch,
This paragon of industry;
All confidence and poise.

He calls downstairs—they send his car;
He *is* big business – not just flair.
His social status is peerless,
His manners are superb.

He holds the power of failure or success
For those who please him or disturb.
You'll never catch or surprise this man
Fifty-one weeks a year.

His judgement sound and confidence high,
As each day he goes through.
You'll never see him lose control,
Or show any kind of fear.

Then, Friday night, the change—it starts—Unnoticed at the first.
This metamorphosis, slow but sure
To this new creature it gives birth.

The nerves at first are only frayed,
But then, completely gone.
The cold, cold sweat starts at dusk,
And continues to the dawn.

“I'll have a drink,” he says,

“and that’ll do the trick.”
But then he finds it doesn’t help,
And yet he cannot quit.

This paragon of strength and power
Is now a total wreck.
His prayer that night, “God bless us all
Who went to Georgia Tech!”

But no comfort can he find in prayer,
So change he knows he must.
This prince of industry once again
Must turn into a frog.

As from his lips, this primal scream;
“Today we play the Dawgs!”
And from the depths of his tortured soul
His darkest fears escape.

Gushing forth for all to hear,
No matter the disgrace.
He says these words
Anguishing through clinched teeth.

“I cannot stand it anymore,
I cannot take the heat;
Today we play the Dawgs, you know,
And that means WE’LL GET BEAT!”

Michael A. Adams, Sr.

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