

# Turning the Corner

The Romantic Quest of a Lost Love

By T-BONE SLIM.

Once again my surging spirit rushes thru the eerie murk  
And I'd love to gently fondle seven kinds of honest work;  
Once again my nature tells me that some labor I should steal  
Just to revel in its glory and to glory in its feel.  
Oh, I'd love to hold it in my hands, my arms around it clasp  
And I'd squeeze it in my fingers till I made the poor thing gasp;  
I would draw it ever closer, coax me sustenance thereof—  
Am I growing batty? Nossir—It is simply burning love!

There's a cause for sullen sorrow, for the teardrop in my eye—  
For the charms of daily labor is what money cannot buy;  
It is something I can't borrow or establish with a sob  
And I fear I'll have to essay forth and burgle me a job.  
How I used to love my labor, watch it make the kettle boil,  
Even as I loved my neighbor, I did love my daily toil;  
Even when the selfsame labor had me down to skin and bone—  
Please excuse my blind devotion; I feel dreadful, all alone.

Came a day my labor left me, proved unfaithful to her troth,  
Left me for to perish, dammit!, or survive the mission broth—  
I've survived, but, oh, my brethren, look at what a fearful cost!  
Count my ribs and count the poundage my old noble frame has lost.  
But I hear my lovely labor, wasted, thin and deadly pale,  
Wanders o'er the hills and valleys of this lachrymosal vale,  
So I gird my loins a notch or two and leave my cozy shack,  
Grab a string of empty box-cars on my lost beloved's track.

Woe is me! the lovely labor hath at last laid down to rest  
And, no doubt, she murmured bravely, "I have done my very best—"  
Nevermore to even snore she tore thru miles of sodden dream  
And, poor fool, that's me, stood vigil—please excuse me if I scream.  
Is it, then, a six-day wonder that my soulful eyes shall blur  
When the lovely, lissome labor doesn't lift a leg or stir?  
I am lost! but all's forgiven, and my skeleton's good as wired—  
When I lifted up the burlap, I found labor had expired.