

A Real Cream Puff

A dramatic monologue, modeled after
"Porphyria's Lover" by Robert Browning

By William True

Hey, Dude, look here, a real cream puff,
A set of wheels that's more than good,
When this car's yours, you'll see its stuff,
Two hundred horse beneath that hood,
The finish could be Hollywood.

Oh, no, it's had but owner one
Who drove to church but once a week,
The maiden lady got her fun
From driving thirty, that was her peak,
Such gentle use, this gem's unique.

Upholstery worn? You have an eye
For details worthy of a pro
In truth I'm forced to ratify
Your judgment, it's most apropos,
We'll drop the windshield price, though low.

But first my boss must hear the deal,
Excuse me while I check it out,
With luck I'll get you quite a steal,
(Oh, man, a live one! Mustn't shout!
My take will double with this lout!)

The boss was tough, he said "Get lost,"
But when he heard of your strong will,
The wimp caved in, "Just get our cost,
At least our quota he'll fulfill,
But profit margin will be nil."

You're one sharp dude, that's plain to see,
At games of skill a sure fire terror,
No poker play with you for me,
You've stole a peach and that's our error.
But skill will out, what could be fairer?