

Finders Keepers

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Finders keepers losers weepers. I lose I weep, I find I keep. It's simple, it's in the bible, it's the law of the land, it's a ten commandment, so this is my find, my keep. Didn't I lose a dollar last year, didn't it fall out of my pocket, didn't it go somewhere into somebody else's pocket, didn't I weep weep weep. And I am not absolutely sure that this, this that I found is the very same exact puppy named Spot that I saw that girl from the other street playing with in the park, her "christmas puppy." Well, there were a whole lot of spotted puppies from that litter and this one is not that one. This one has a whole different name that I am going to give it...I am going to call it...Spot is the perfect name for this puppy with a spot over his eye, but so what, there's a hundred million dogs named spot and this is just another one, but it isn't that one, and even if it were, so what, finders keepers...she shouldn't even be allowed to have a dog if all she's going to do with it is lose it. They came to our door, "have you seen our puppy? We turned around for a spilt second and he was goooone." Hey, I didn't get my dollar back, did I? I had plans for that dollar, I was going to go to the movies, see Lassie Come Home, buy popcorn. But it was gone, it was gone that dollar, I was the weeper, it never came back, I never saw Lassie Come Home, I'm still the weeper every time somebody says how they saw it and I didn't get to see it. I weep and weep and weep. And now I have the dog and she can weep. She weeped at my door and she's probably still weeping. Her mother weeped, too. Weepers. Dog losing weepers. They feel terrible. It's worse even than losing a dollar to lose a dog. And every time they think about losing him, they're going to weep again. (Brief pause, kicks dirt) Oh, okay, alright already. What street did they live on again?