

Hawaiian Shirts

Evenings in Summer are just the right time
to sit on my deck and work on some rhyme.
Accompanied, of course, by smelly cigars
while dressed in "fancy shirts" with photos of cars
(and Palm Trees)

I have developed a secret obsession
Bad taste I've acquired as if by a lesson

Even though my problem is very recent
local children declare the look is indecent
"Why do you wear that horrible shirt"
Innocent young Rene did blurt
"Well" said I "It's the design
of this lovely shirt that is oh so fine'
Those dancing pineapples had caught my eye
and I did (defensively) reason; it requires no tie.

Their quality it mimics a handsome silkscreen
But price says its done by commercial machine
Despite the fabrics tendency to run
I strongly maintain those shirts are great fun

My exclusive source is a common supplier
WalMart showcases them in its monthly flyer.
The selection they harbor is second to none
At prices like these they sell by the ton.

My dear loving wife endures this foolhardy whim
Though she truly believes I'll never look trim
Unless I toss these garish shirts
In a bin set aside for charitable works

For this fashion faux pax I shall never apologize
Even when G.Q. declares me unwise
I'll never give up on my unseemly strays
Just leave me, please leave me, to my tasteless ways

Carl Russo