

The Missing Blogger

Words: Gary McGath, Copyright 2007

Music: The Frozen Logger (traditional)

As I sat down one night in
An Internet cafe,
A forty-year-old waitress
To me these words did say:

I see you are a blogger,
And not a common bum,
For no one but a blogger
Would type while drinking rum.

My lover was a blogger,
Someday we might have met.
He told me that he loved me
By posting to the Net.

He never took a shower;
He ate just once a day.
He'd snack on beer and munchies
While reading his LJ.

One day we chatted online;
He said he had no grub.
I cautiously suggested
He go out and buy a sub.

He told me he would risk it,
First time in months, I guess.
But little did I know that
He forgot his GPS.

They saw his pallid figure
As through the streets he came.
In this strange place called "outdoors"
He wandered without aim.

He tried to get his bearings.
He tried his level best,
First heading south, then eastward,
Toward what he thought was west.

He wandered off through China,
Then to the Bering Strait.
At a hundred degrees north of Greenwich,
I lost my blogger mate.

They tried in vain to find him,
And then, or so they say,
They sold off all his storage
To Google Milky Way.

And so I lost my lover,
And to this cafe I've come,
To sit and wait for someone
Who types while drinking rum.