

# Sloppy Joes

Jaime Jones

It started with a simple question,  
“Mommy, how come you don’t make Sloppy Joes anymore?”  
The mother paused just for a second  
Before she started answering.

“It’s not that I’ve quit, you see,  
The sandwiches had slipped my mind.  
So let me get some Manwich  
And we’ll have them tomorrow night.”

“I WANT THEM NOW!!!!!!”  
Came the wail, of the disappointed child.  
“I WANT SLOPPY JOES  
FOR MY DINNER TONIGHT!”

“We have no Manwich to make it with,”  
Said the mother with true patience,  
“And it’s too late to go tonight,  
So you might as well just drop it.”

“I WANT THEM NOW!!!!!!”  
Came the wail of the disappointed child.  
He stomped his feet  
And growled real loud.

“I WANT THEM NOW!!!!!!”  
Came the wail, of the disappointed child.  
“I WANT THEM,  
AND I WILL HAVE THEM!”

Now the mother’s patience was tried and true,  
But she’d heard enough for that day.  
So she took that cranky child of hers  
And banished him to his bedroom to stay.

The child did eat what his mother had fixed  
For his dinner on that night,  
And quickly as he’d thought of them  
The Sloppy Joes had slipped his mind.

So a couple of nights later, when the request was fulfilled,  
The son was caught by surprise.  
When he smelled that sweet smell of the Joe's in the air,  
The excitement could be seen in his eyes.

So they sat and they ate the delicious dinner.  
When the son looked up at his mom,  
She recognized that inquisitive glow  
From the night when he asked the Sloppy Joe question.

Mom remembered how the son threw a horrible fit,  
Which the infamous question began.  
And she took a few breaths  
To ready herself in case of another fiasco.

The mother relaxed for the son did stay quiet,  
But after the son finished his meal,  
It rolled off his lips like a ton of bricks falling,  
"Mom, how come you don't have ice cream cones for dessert anymore?"