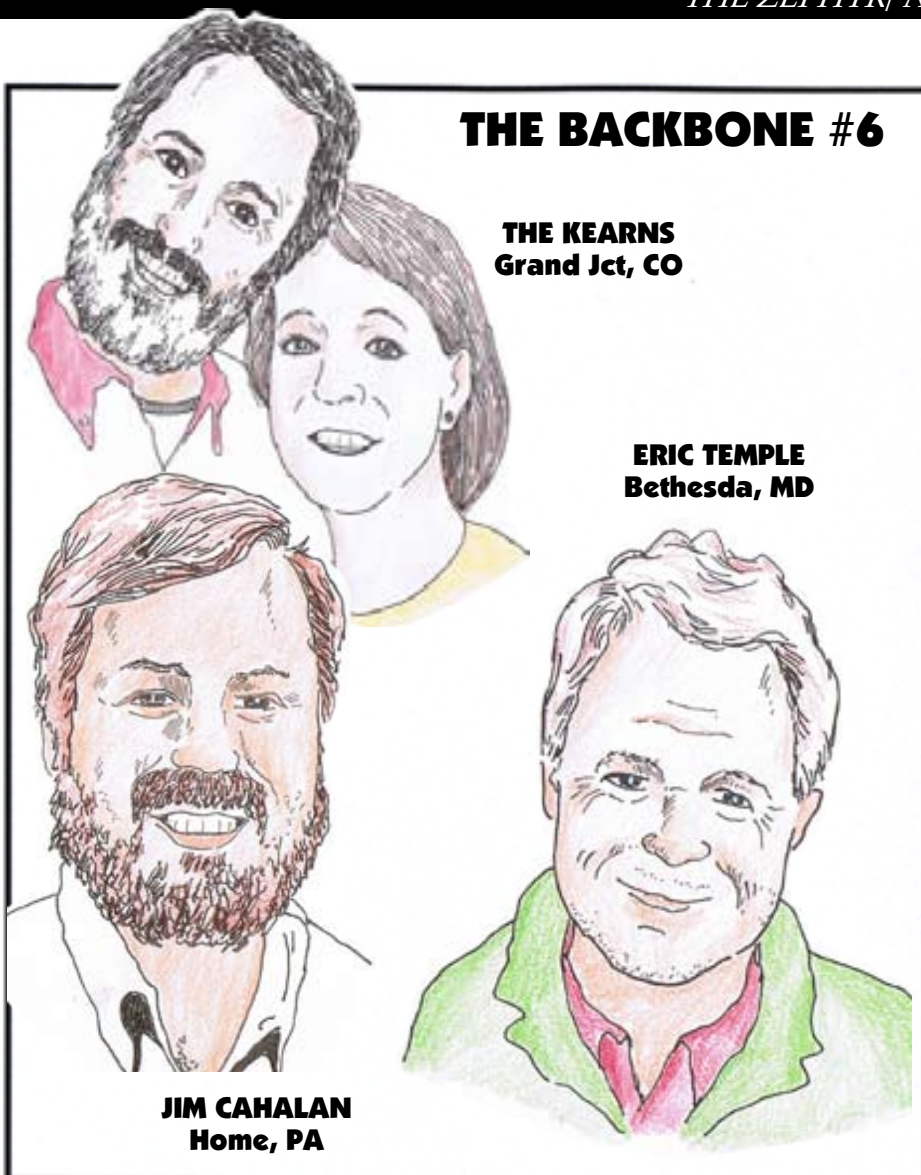


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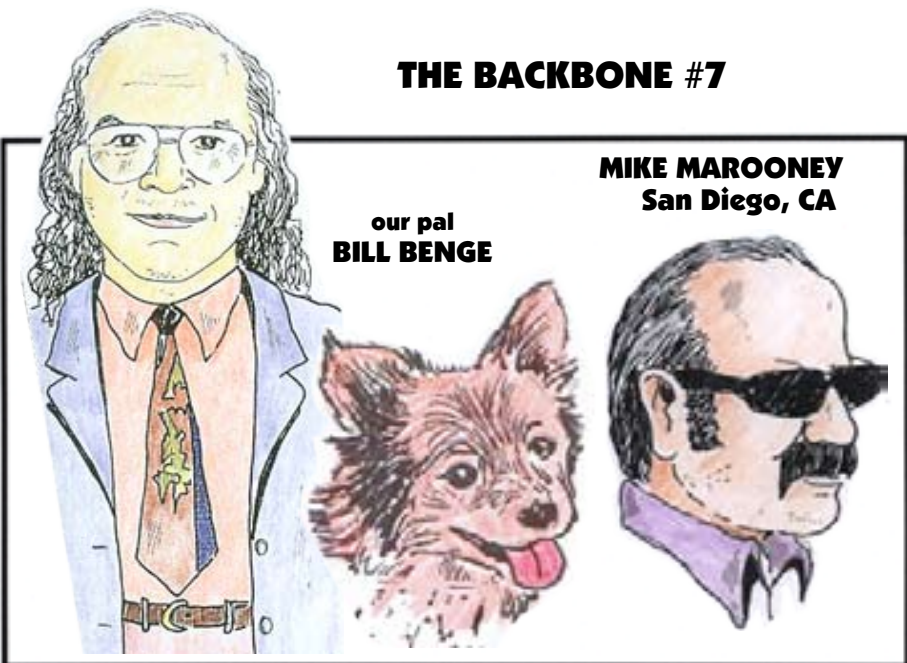


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From the OUTER BANKS...By Judy Banks

GOOD MEN: long time passing

I grew up believing that once I was grown
I'd find a good man and make him my own
My search for this man has left me at a loss
There was one it seems, but he died on a cross

A husband I took and promised to cherish
To love and to honour until we both perish
Forsaking all others, for richer, for poorer
We turned from the altar, and that's when I saw her

A woman enraged with a child by her side
Had entered the church, and loudly she cried
'The bastard! He's already married to me'
Annulment was swift: once again I was free

I did not despair and tried marriage once more
The problems began at the registry door
A honeymoon suite had been booked for the night
But he went to the pub and got into a fight

A policeman was summoned - hubby wound up in jail
I went to the station and posted his bail
So it began - I was no match for the booze
'Tween me and the bottle, 'twas the bottle he'd choose

Divorce followed quickly and after a while
I dated Nathaniel, Ignatius and Kyle
William and Harold, Richard and Saul
Fernando and Marcus, Mohamed and Paul

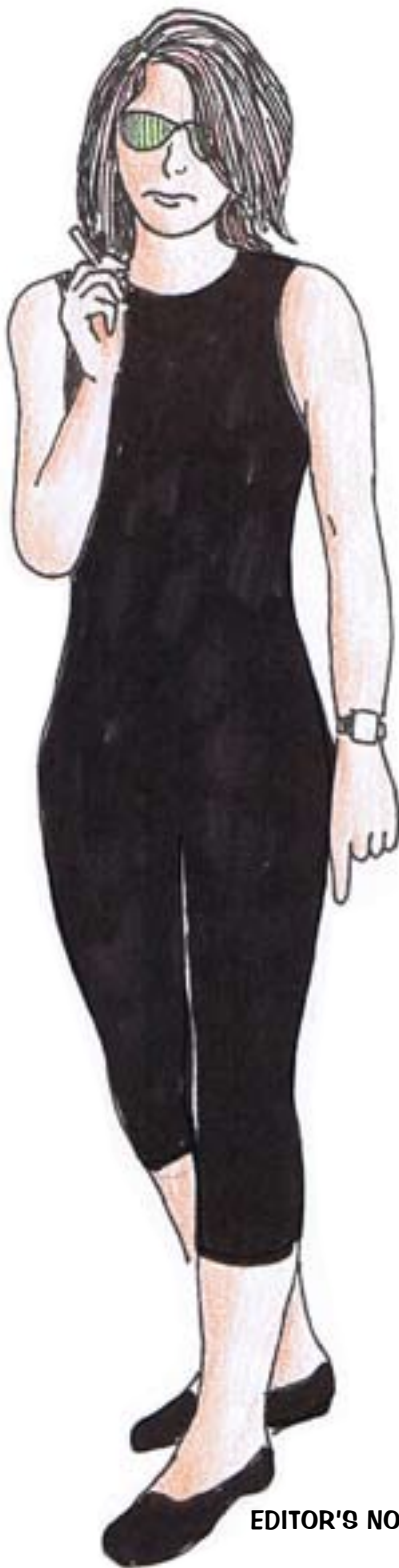
Then whilst on vacation I met up with Todd
And granted, though flattered, I thought it was odd
When he said he would follow to the ends of the earth
But he did! He followed me back home to Perth

Turns out 'twas the only truth he ever told
Such lies he concocted of deeds brave and bold
Said he'd fought in the jungles and sailed on the seas
Rescued children from fires and kittens from trees

The truth was unsettling - he was escaping the law
He'd thought I would hide him but I showed him the door
He was tall dark and handsome, 'twas really a pity
That Todd was no more than a young Walter Mitty

Next there was Steven who thought I was loaded
It started okay but the whole thing exploded
When money went missing, my car disappeared
I was the victim of crime it appeared

Unknown to me the culprit was Steven
Tho' sadly I ne'er had the chance to get even
He maxed out my credit card then ceased his tomfoolery
To leave without trace, along with my jewellery



A short time thereafter I paired up with Tom
But booted him out when he hit on my mom
Then Theodore loved me as he'd loved no other
It lasted a week then he fell for my brother

I was smitten by Jacques, so suave and so charming
With a voice and an accent completely disarming
A lover of history and a critic of art -
I succumbed to this Frenchman and gave him my heart

I believed that together our future was sure
All that I'd doubted, I doubted no more
Drowned in illusion, I wallowed in bliss
His promise of eternity sealed with a kiss

Needless to say, we all know love is blind
And his diary one morning I happened to find
Each week there was written a name, place and date
A record of meetings with Nancy or Kate

With Barbara or Sally, with Donna or Dot
Although I'd been faithful, it transpired he had not
With a heart that was broken I pushed him away
He went on to another the very same day

So with this true tale there isn't it seems
In all of the world the man of my dreams
And when the words 'good' and 'man' are combined
There's naught but an oxymoron you'll find

After years of my quest, knowing men young and old
Dating poor men with nothing and rich men with gold
Catholic and Muslim, short men and tall
From tailor to sailor I can speak of them all

Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Australian
Egyptian, American, Kenyan, Iranian
Good men? A joke! There's not one I'd deny
A stump up the arse and a knife through the eye.

Judy Banks © 2007

EDITOR'S NOTE....A FEW WORDS ABOUT MS. BANKS

About a year ago, I received a 'fan letter' from a Zephyr on-line reader in Perth, Australia. I thanked Ms. Banks kindly for her words of encouragement and never heard from her again.

Then, in November 2008, as I descended into unprecedented depths of self-pity and despair, even for me, from my most recent "life crisis," Jude pulled me from the gutter, metaphorically speaking, fed me, endured my long whines, and allowed me to sleep on her couch from time to time (4 day maximum). She even permitted me to work on this issue of the Zephyr, while perched on a footstool in front of her coffee table. All the while I suffered quietly from her bloody godawful cigarette smoke.

In short, Jude became the little sister I never had or wanted.
And vice versa.

During my time there, I also discovered that Judy Banks is a brilliant writer--poetry, prose, fiction, non-fiction---she is very gifted.

One day she said, "I think I've heard enough complaints about women...you men have a few faults of your own." She proceeded to recite this poem...it was the first time I'd laughed in months....JS