



A RIGHT/LEFT GIFT EXCHANGE POEM

This story starts where another one **left** off, like all good stories do.
It's about a girl named Sarah who **right** now is just feeling a bit blue.
Her dog is sick, someone just **left** this earth, things really just aren't great.

And **right** now she's on her way to what will likely be a terrible date.
On the walk to the date, she realizes she **left** her gloves **right** beside her bed,
She turns to go back to where she **left** them and runs into Mr. **Right** instead.
His eyes are bright, his hair is just **right**, and he's as kind as someone can be.

Sarah just stares, plays with her hair, and thinks is he staring **right** at me?
Both Sarah and Mr. **Right** mutter hello not knowing the right thing to say,
Then they both find the **right** words, and they talk the minutes away.
During their talk Sarah gets an urgent text from the man she **left** waiting.
Because during her chat with Mr. **Right** she forgot the man that's she dating.

Sarah apologizes, rushes by on the **left**, and leaves Mr. **Right** on his own,
Before they even write down their numbers to call each other on the phone.

Sarah grabs the gloves she **left** at home sitting **right** beside her bed,
Then heads **right** to the restaurant with no time **left** to clear her head.

On her date Sarah realizes her relationship just isn't the **right** one,
Everything **left** in her life is a disaster and **right** now she just needs fun.
She turns **left** out of the restaurant, and of course who is there in the night?
It's none other than the man she **left** in the snow, the one and only Mr. **Right**.

Hours and hours turn into days and everything seems to be going **right**,
Until something goes wrong, someone feels **left** out, something causes a fight.

No matter how bad it might be, a grand gesture makes everything all **right**,
And the happy couple makes up and celebrates what's **left** of Christmas night.