The Social Director

Edna has put herself in charge
of friendliness at Gulfside Condos.

She spends her days in a full-figured
Catalina with cabbage roses on the skirt,
and covers her hair with a yellow net scarf
tied in a bow. She prowls the deck
of the pool on short pomeranian legs,
asking new guests what church they belong to,
and if they play mah-jongg or bridge.

Edna’s husband drives off to play golf
at eight-thirty each morning, and stops
for a sandwich and fries with his friends
when they finish their game.

If Edna spots somebody reading Fitzgerald
or Faulkner, she sighs. Jeez, whatcha readin’
that for? Try Sidney Sheldon next time.
Folks here just loved “Rage of Angels”
‘n’ “Bloodline,” didncha folks?

Edna’s husband fishes from the end of the dock
every day after lunch, baiting his hook
with pieces of shrimp, and casting
for grouper and bass in the Bay.

If Edna spots somebody playing Solitaire,
she covers the cards with her hands and
playfully scolds. Just look at poor Betty Ann
don down by herself. She’s dyin’ to play Gin,
Go ahead, move your chair next to hers ’n’ play Gin.

Edna’s husband subscribes to three out-of-town
papers, and sits on the porch of their condo
for an hour before dinner, folding each section
in half when there’s no more to read.

If Edna spots somebody sleeping, she touches
her lips with one finger and tiptoes around
the chaise lounge in a slow-motion circle,
Old lazybones here needs a nap. Musta had
a rough night, if ya get what I mean.

Edna’s husband takes a bucket and sponge
every evening at sunset, washes the dust
from their van with long strokes, then
practices golf swings and putting until dark.

If Edna spots somebody swimming,
she walks to the edge of the deck,
pats the scarf on her curls, and calls out,
Wish I could come in, but I gotta keep
my hair nice. We’re eatin’ Chinese
at the Mall with a couple from home.

On cold, rainy days Edna’s husband
stretches out on the couch with his feet
propped up on a stool, and watches TV
Edna sits on the edge of a chair
near the window, not speaking,
and waits for the weather to clear.

Naomi Spigle