

Mixed not Matched

This year it just could happen
That I get down from the shelf.
Does he exist, this creature rare
Who fits with my good self?

It could be time I listened
To my friends' impassioned pleas,
And *tried* at least to find a bloke
Who'll end up my main squeeze.

There's clearly no one local
There doesn't seem to be
A chance of winning in this search
For someone - just for me.
I've pondered on it deeply,
Somewhere there'll be a match.
Maybe I have to mix it up?
A plan started to hatch.

The modern thing to do, they say
Is search around the web.
It should be safe to look, at least.
I'm plainly no young deb.
Now to find a photograph
That's true but kind as well.
Writing up a profile, arghhh!
How much do I tell?

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So many are on offer,
Swipe left, swipe right, who knows.
Now he looks cute, a match or no?
Not sure about that pose.
I'm all mixed up and still unmatched,
Where will this mission end?
Oh where is that eharmony
Of which these sites portend.

The key is to keep trying.
To meet and have a go
At making conversation when
Your head says, plainly, NO.
It's said to be a numbers game
But when your number's called,
Chances are your wish for change
Has lessened, if not stalled.

I'll keep my options open,
For somewhere in the mix,
There'll be a match for me at last
(It may take many clicks).