

Holidays Galore

Traveling to distant lands of exotic destinations
all expenses paid on my own private jet
intrigue and unbridled excitement abound
it's how I dreamed it would be.

My last significant vacation was 4 years ago
a faint memory on an eclipsed horizon
desires trampled, as we couldn't sail to a tropical island
my trusty cell phone wouldn't work.

An adventure trek through the Amazon wasn't possible
email wasn't available via satellite
no fax support on safari, slow mail in Tibet
incompatible computer connector ruled out Egypt.

So we went to Utah, a lovely hotel with an indoor pool
it rained the whole time, but at least I was away
when we booked Australia, the great barrier reef
a major client had a system failure, and duty called.

Reflectively, there was a large system installation
3 years back it was a milestone project deadline
ironically, I only recall reasons for my clipped wings
voyages spread on blankets like a forgotten picnic lunch.

Now, as I cruise the oceans of the world-wide-web
swing amidst jungles of uncharted territories
I wonder why I envisioned myself to wait for this
grateful, thought turned to the reality of holidays galore.

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