

## Mixed Messenges

by Jeff Goode  
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I'm waiting for an email from my significant other.

He or she – because it's none of your business – and I had a fight.

Well, we had words.

Well, we had emoticons.

And now we're not speaking.

So to speak.

You see, I have a sticky shift key,

which, by the way, is not entirely my fault, because if someone who shall remain nameless, had not instant messaged me photos of themself wearing nothing but a strategically placed mouse pad...

then my shift key would not be sticky.

And you and I would not be having this conversation.

So I'm not the one you should be disgusted with.

Unfortunately, last Friday did happen.

And I do have a sticky shift key.

And that means sometimes my semicolons come out colons and vice versa.

And that means the difference between sly wink and a cold stare.

And I apparently did one when I should have done the other.

And that's all the excuse a certain someone needs to shoot me the P mouth.

Which, in my opinion, was uncalled for.

But I, perhaps, should not have said so in so many words.

And with an unblinking smile.

So now we're not speaking.

Or messaging.

But I did have a few beers,

And send an email,

In which I may have implied,

In very general terms,

That if one wanted to be a bitch

One might not accept my apology

Which offer, I have apparently been taken up on.