

Taking Charge

We'd packed up our trailer, all ready to roam,
Two gals and two cats far away from our home.
With courage and coffee, we charted our course
East Coast to Cali, on our Rivian horse.

We'd planned for the sunsets, the mountains, the views
Not cabinet bolts on the floor, on our shoes!
Yet the cabinet we saw, could detach with a clunk.
One bump and we'd be in a propane-soaked funk!

The sink pipes would dangle! The gas lines would flex!
A repair was now urgent, to return us to specs
A Sacramento shop said, "Oh no, not this week!"
Drop it off, take a hike, and we'll take a peek!"

A month they might need! Or was that a bluff?
We sensed that our cabinet wasn't their stuff.
So onward to Reno, with hope in the air,
A dealer there said, "Sure, we'll give it a stare!"

Now we're parked near casinos and motels galore,
But cats in the lobby? Most hotels say, "NO MORE!"
We're juggling the fridge and the forks and the plates,
Unpacking the kitchen while tempting our fates.

And just when I thought things could not get more tense,
Jenn's boss went on leave, and she must run defense!
She's managing crises from Reno with flair,
While I tape up the boxes with our silverware.

I'll miss Grass Valley and photos I'd planned,
Of flowers, and fog banks, and great western land.
But life is a circus, and we're center ring,
Two women, two cats, and a wobbly thing.

So here's my report for the folks back home:
Taking Charge sometimes means facing things unknown
Keep your fingers all crossed, and your trailer tight too
And check that your cabinets are bolted right through!



Kimi

