

## **Casey on The App, by Dan Hershfield**

Casey's way with women had been waning for awhile.

His Members Only Drakkar Noir was no longer in style.

Time was the folks of Studville would have gladly made him mayor,

But time had turned him into just another fading player.

Clubs had beat him down, and he was too slow for speed dating.

Blind dates that could once have been had seen no point in waiting.

He'd had enough of all the bars that had no love on tap.

And so, in desperation, Casey downloaded The App.

For pics, he chose the perfect three to make him look the star.

One surfing and one drinking and one good one with his car.

For age, although it felt too high, he made his own the ceiling;

The low end, he made 20, as that's how old he was feeling.

With that, the prospects quickly started littering his screen.

They stood in line for his rejection, which was swift and mean.

He felt his manhood surging with the power of each choice.

That's why his head was where it was when he was given Joyce.

Sure, Joyce was cute, he would admit, with big eyes and full lips  
Atop a body ratioed just right from waist to hips.

But he saw something manly in a chin that was too cleft,  
So with a muttered "Not my style," he swiped her picture left.

Ten thousand neurons fired at once, all shouting their dismay.  
Ten million sperm cells hung their heads, all calling it a day.  
For while they'd too been wired in a time more hedonistic,  
They realized, more than Casey, it was time for realistic.

But Casey would not hear them as he firmly clenched his jaw.  
He knew just what he wanted, and it wasn't what he saw.  
He still had his standards, and from these he would not stray.  
He'd be a catch for any girl, and that included Fay.

Fay was blonde like platinum and certainly a hotty.  
Pictures of her surfing showed off quite the surfing body.  
But Casey thought her comment made her seem not DTF  
And with a quick "Why bother?" finger-shoved her to the left.

His blue balls grew much bluer, but this time out of sadness.  
To have so little compromise – that was surely madness!  
But Casey just gave them a scratch that said "Respect the plan."  
For he was captain of this ship, the S.S. I'm Da Man!

His faith was soon rewarded when he saw his goddess, Penny.  
His needle in the haystack, and his one among the many.  
That smile, those eyes, that body – it was love at online sight.  
And with his index finger, Casey swiped that picture right.

Oh, somewhere fish are plenty, and the cupids are OK,  
And Christians happily mingle, and the Jews are dating J,  
And E's are all in harmony, and matches aren't in doubt.  
But there is no joy on Tinder – Lonely Casey has struck out.