

# OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Drifting Through Space ~

4/23/26

No contact, no noise, *nobody*.

500 casts.

Looking for a little love. Nothing.

No Tugs; no pulls; no nothing.

Not one day; but, two.

Two days of going through the motions and falling asleep at the reel.

There is always tomorrow.

And tomorrow I'll be ready.

Tomorrow I'll be inventive, introspective, and creative.

Tomorrow's approach will produce.

The Ladies can look elsewhere for fulfillment.

The Pussies can slim another day.

Tomorrow, the day belongs to me

For it's my destiny.