

The First Day of Tres Días

'Twas the first day of Tres Días and all through the joint,
The people were singing a song with no point.
As I stood in amazement I was soon led away,
Down to the kitchen for a hearty buffet.

I fixed me a plate and got something to drink,
And just sat in a seat not knowing what to think.
We no sooner got started and now time to go,
Up the stairs for what, I just didn't know.

A room full of faces, and stories of sin;
I thought to myself, what have I gotten myself in?
So many new names I have come across;
The last one is Kelly, I think he's the boss.

He spoke a few words and that was just great;
Then Bill counted heads, but he could only count to eight!

To the chapel we went, because he had wished it;
We were moving so fast, someone passed an air biscuit.
I knew it was Kelly; I was not quite sure why,
But he just had the look of a guilty guy.

Don Kinser and Tony chuckled under their breath,
And Hubie just had that look of death.
We took a quick seat and chapel began;
I ponder the question of just who I am.

From room to room was just a short walk,
And then we were told we just couldn't talk.
A "Silent Retreat" is what it was called,
And for a few minutes, the Weekend had stalled.
I yelled out inside, "Is that what he said?"
And then just resigned myself to the safety of bed.

As I lay on my back, I thought "This is neat,"
But was soon overcome by the stench of stale feet.
I fluffed my pillow and stomached the smell,
And convinced myself this was better than *jail*.
I tossed and I turned; this bed's not my own,

Then realized the problem of my own comfort zone.

Morning had come, we could now make some noise;
It's funny to see how men are just boys.
We talked of our night and all the loud snoring,
And hoped that today, Kelly wouldn't be boring.

Chapel was over; we were in a big bunch,
So down to the kitchen we went for a munch.
Breakfast was good, sweeter than honey;
Everyone who ate, gave the kitchen some money!

While the cooks were still dreaming,
We didn't leave 'em a buck;
Up to the rolo room to listen to Chuck.

The first talk was great; I'd say it went well,
But the coffee I drank caused my kidneys to swell.
To the bathroom I went with the greatest of pleasure;
I stood there and pondered where I'd spent my time, talent, and treasure.

Outside we all went, some for a smoke;
I just went for the tiebreaker jokes.
Hubie rang the bell that started the race;
Up to the rolo room for the next talk, "Grace."
We started our talk about grace with our leader;
Oh, by the way, "Tres Días 22, Table of Peter.

Breakfast just settled, now lunch? That's just wrong.
To add to the mix, we're singing that song!
Down the stairs in one mighty chorus;
Could someone please tell me, who in the world is Delores?

We'd like to read more, but the Weekend just started;
By the way, Kelly has motioned it was Hubie who farted.

Like a hot ham sandwich with the sweet taste of cheddar,
This Weekend, dear fellows, only gets better and better.
There's more to the story, but you write your own;
Kelly's doing his best, so throw him a bone.

And I heard them exclaim, as this chapter does end...
Don't forget to tip the kitchen staff, once again!