

THE PERFECT TIME

The bulb in my bedside lamp burnt out. One of those peculiar, high intensity devils. I headed for the drawer where such things are stored without much hope, but to my surprise I found one, & the light inside my head popped on. This is the perfect time to play the lotto, romance my woman & send new poems out to Wormie.

CLEAVAGE

First time I saw cleavage thought it was a bloodless wound. I couldn't have been more than four when I met Aunt Daisy with this split in flesh dividing the v of her black dress. Scared & fascinated me. Couldn't stop looking. When we left I remember asking Mom if Aunt Daisy was going to be all right.

TWO-GALLON REDWOOD

Pat bought a young redwood to plant at our new place in Pollock Pines. It sits on our deck & awhile back I caught Buffer lifting his leg on it. I flushed it with water & set it on a bench out of harm's way but the delicate lower needles & branches are slowly turning brown & brittle. Only the neglected tree devas in our back yard know its fate.

LOSER

I felt like a loser when I was a kid. I was short, skinny, had huge ears & wasn't athletic. I loved the girls but they avoided me. I could box a little but lost my one big match. I began to fantasize promising myself I'd show up all the bastards that ignored me. Of course my fantasies haven't come true & today I can see very few of those faces I wanted to impress. Still, I refuse to attend our periodic class reunions even though my head has grown to fit my ears.

BEFORE THE WICK BURNS OUT

Al said if I didn't have Jane, if I were left alone, I'd try to hire on one of those big sailboats & go wherever it took me. Me too, but I'd like to get into a log cabin in Montana backed up to national forest with a couple of dogs for company I said. We nodded to each other sharing a bone marrow desire to get away in the short years before the wick burns out.